

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

"PERSEVERANCE."

Just at the instant of sunset the light broke through the leaden masses of cloud like a belt of brass, red, threatening, yet most welcome. For there, darkly outlined against the sullen gulf, stood a little cabin, with its thread-like wreath of smoke curling upward, and an old fisherman sitting mending his nets on a bench beside the door.

And Mr. Cheston, who had been wandering hopelessly among the marshes for some time, with a lively sense of the inconvenience of getting lost in those saline deserts, stood and stared at it as if it were a wild-of-the-wisp.

"It is sure it could not have been there five minutes ago," he pondered within himself.

"Evening, stranger!" said old Zadoc Peck. "Been a shooting, eh?"

"I've lost my way," said Cheston, plunging through the tall reeds, until at last he gained a secure footing by the cabin door.

"Well, I thought likely," commented Zadoc. "Aint many folks comes here a purpose."

"Could I obtain a night's lodging and some supper?" hinted our weary sportsman.

"I guess so," serenely answered Mr. Peck, "if you don't mind sleeping up garret. As for supper, Perseverance has gone to dig clams for us. Like baked clams, eh?"

"His son" thought the major. "What a quaint couple they must be!"

But he sat down in the red light and looked at the morning glory vines trained to the window, the busy fingers of the old man, the murmuring wilderness of reeds and rushes beyond.

"That's right," said Zadoc; set down and take it easy. Perseverance will be back pretty quick with the clams, and then you'll get some good, hot supper. Perseverance is a master hand to cook."

"Perseverance" came presently but, to Major Cheston's infinite surprise, she was no lubberly boy, nor half-civilized young man, but a tall, blooming maiden of sixteen with jetty black hair floating down her back—large dark eyes, long lashed and almond shaped—cheeks like roses.

Her short, gypsy-like skirts revealed shapely brown ankles and pretty feet, yet bearing the impress of the wet sand where she had waded out to dig clams, whose weight would have been no trifle to the stalwart muscles of the major of cavalry.

She was not at all embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, but came frankly up to him, setting down her basket to examine the contents of his game bag.

"You've had poor luck, stranger; haven't you?" she said pityingly. "I could not have done better myself on them marshes at this time of year."

"Perseverance is a first rate shot," chuckled the old man. "Go now, girly, and cook us some supper."

The roast clams, coffee and corn bread were most palatable; and after supper Major Cheston gave Perseverance a newspaper from his pocket.

"It is this morning's," he said. "Would you like to read it?"

She motioned it away.

"I can't read," she said indifferently.

"You can't read," echoed the amazed Major. "How old are you?"

"Sixteen," Perseverance answered, reddening.

"My sister Kate is only sixteen," said Major Cheston, speaking without due reflection, "and she reads and writes four different languages, plays the piano and guitar, draws and paints and—"

"Pshaw!" said Perseverance, arching her slender neck. "Can she shoot black duck and curlews?"

"That is hardly one of the accomplishments prescribed for young ladies," said the Major, smiling.

"Can she swim?"

"No, but—"

"Can she clip a blue heron on the wing? or get a haul of blue fish when the tide is strong and the wind due east? or fight a shark, hand to hand, with only a marlin spike for a weapon?"

"Once again Major Cheston was compelled to answer in the negative.

"Well," said Perseverance, complacently, "I can."

And then she rose and went out of the room, and Major Cheston saw her no more for that night.

"She isn't offended, is she?" he asked of old Zadoc Peck, who was smoking a pipe and staring hard at the fire all the while.

"Offended? Our Perseverance offended?" echoed the man. "You don't know her, stranger."

"But, really," hazarded Cheston, "it is scarcely right to bring up a girl like that in such total ignorance, now is it?"

"Well, we haven't no schools nor academies hereabouts," said the old man; "and if we had Perseverance wouldn't go to 'em. I don't see but she gets along all right."

Major Cheston wasted no more time in argument.

He slept well and soundly that night under the sloping roof of the little garret, through whose slatted boards the quite stars peeped down at him, and at daybreak he went down upon the shore.

The reeds were all effaced now—the tide was coming in with a rush and a roar, and an occasional shower of spray. The fresh wind took off his hat and whirled it in the

water. He made an involuntary plunge after it, lost his footing on the slippery sands, and the next instant he was struggling for dear life with the surf, dragged constantly down, and still further out to sea by the treacherous undertow. In a last effort to regain himself, he struck his head against a jagged point of stone and knew nothing more.

"You needn't thank me stranger," said old Zadoc Peck, as he stood over the recovering patient, with hot towels and brandy flask. "I didn't know a thing about it till she ran up, as white and breathless as a snow flurry, to get me to help you in. She had swum out to sea, and dragged you back to land herself!"

Major Cheston thanked his young rescuer earnestly; but nothing would induce her to take the gold he offered her.

"It must be a poor creature that wants reward for saving a man's life," said she with a short laugh.

And Cheston desisted.

"The girl is too pretty," he said to himself. "No one but the hero of a third-class romance ever marries a half-civilized young savage, because she has dark eyes and hair growing low on her forehead. I must get away from this place—and I must keep away."

Physically, this was an easy thing to do; but mentally, what is there but the wild winds of heaven so uncontrollable as a man's thoughts?

At the end of the year he came back from Switzerland, and went straight to the Long Island Marshes.

"I must see her," he said to himself. "I must tell her that I love her. I must ask her to be my wife."

But in the train which ran out to Ninewells, the nearest station, a tall, beautiful girl, in a cashmere dress, sparkling with jet, and a saucy black hat, came to him, holding out her hand.

"You are Major Cheston?" said she.

"And you," he answered, "are Perseverance Peck?"

She smiled and nodded. How beautiful she had grown!

"I was going out to the old house," he said.

"I do not live there any more," she said. "Father's dead, and I'm being educated. You see, she added, "that your words, hard and cruel, as I then thought them, were not without their effect. I am staying with some friends, and I share the advantage of their governess. And Mr. Russell thinks I am not a stupid scholar."

The name was very familiar to him.

"At Castle Point, a little way down the island," explained Perseverance. "They know you very well. Hugh Russell and I often talk about you."

Hugh Russell! A dagger thrust of jealousy went through Major Cheston's heart. Hugh Russell, whom he remembered as such a handsome, daring young fellow! Was he, then, too late in his decision? Had some other hand gathered this exquisite wild flower?

And then, with the innocent hypocrisy of lovehood, he vowed that he had intended all along to visit the Russells, and accompanied Perseverance thither at once.

"Yes," said placid Mrs. Russell. "Is she not beautiful? She used to come to my Sunday School class, last summer, at my little Sandy Point chapel, and when her poor old father died I took her to stay with me. And we are all so attached to her, and she is so lovely and winning. Quite like my own daughter."

Late that evening Major Cheston went out on the stone-paved terrace, where Perseverance was sitting on the rail, looking up at the million golden stars which spangled the violet sky. She welcomed him with her quiet, self-possessed smile.

"Perseverance," he said, "you are seventeen years old, now?"

"Yes," she assented, "I am seventeen years old."

"Almost a woman," said he.

"Quite a woman," she responded. "Oh, it seems as if I had grown so many, many years older since poor father died!"

"Has any one spoken to you of—love?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she answered with gravity.

"But they will—sometimes?"

"I suppose so," said Perseverance. Evidently there was nothing of the coquet about her.

"Would you be very much surprised, Perseverance, or displeased," he said, "if I were to tell you that I loved you?"

She started and colored to the very roots of her hair.

"Surprised?" she repeated. "Yes—oh, yes! For you dispised me in those days."

"Never!" he cried.

"Or at least I fancied so," she faltered. "But I love you now, Perseverance—sweetest, precious treasure of my soul!" he went on, reading some encouragement in the downcast eyes, the red, quivering mouth. I will not let you go until you promise to be my wife. You have saved my life once, and it is in your power to save it from further shipwreck now."

"Will you promise me, Perseverance?" he gently reiterated.

"Yes," she answered.

And that was the way in which Major Cheston, whose heart had been so long regarded by his lady friends as an invulnerable fortress, won the beautiful young wife who was so unlike the other belles of society as is the tropical blossom of the scarlet pomegranate to the commonplace red roses of the garden bower.

It was a strange meeting, a still stranger wooing, but a most happy marriage. And perhaps this is the most satisfactory record that any love affair can leave.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS. FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 a. m. and 2.15 p. m.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 a. m. and 7.45 p. m., daily, Sunday excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 p. m., daily, Sundays excepted.

New Brunswick Railway.—Trains leave Gibson daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 a. m. for Woodstock, Aroostook, Caribou, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 p. m. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain overnight at Grand Falls.

Intercolonial Railway.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 a. m. daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.50 p. m. The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 12.20 p. m., and arrives at 7.35 a. m. daily, Sundays excepted.

THE POST OFFICE. The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp and Registry Offices are open from 7 a. m. until 8.30 p. m. daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 p. m. The Money Order Office is open from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. Letter Boxes are located as follows: Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sundry streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Telegraph Office, the Banker's House, the U. S. Telegraph Office, the Bayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 8.30 a. m. and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row box at 12.20; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Bayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W. U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.30 a. m., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 p. m.

THE CITY OFFICES are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

SOCIETIES. Church of England Temperance Society.—President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 108.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secretary. Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Steadman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary. Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its rooms in Reform Club building.

St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, F. McFadden; Treasurer, J. W. U. Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. P., R. H. Mackey; R. S. A., G. Jarvis. Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips. Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, F. A. J. Quinlan; Sec. Secretary, G. E. Coulthard, M. D. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 9 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 103.—W. J. Crowdon, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Master; Geo. S. Patten, Secretary. Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 p. m. Limit of insurance, \$3,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Waycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; Master, Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m. Inauguration from \$200 to \$2,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.—John J. Wedel, Leader; G. B. Coulthard, Secretary. Meets on the first and third Thursday in every month, in Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Inaugures from \$500 to \$5,000.

Fredericton Historical Society.—George E. Fenwick, President; A. Archer, Secretary. Regular meetings on the second Thursday in January, April, July and October in each year.

Hiram Lodge, No. 6 F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; J. L. Laggie, Secretary. Meets in Masonic Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77. Reg. G. R. A. Chapter of Scotland.—G. D. Lagin, P. M.; R. H. Pinder, H. N. Campbell, J. A. F. Street, P. P., Scribe E. Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary. Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13 I. O. O. F.—J. D. Fowler, N. G.; J. F. Richards, Rec. Secretary. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.

Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master, Joseph Walker, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall on Queen Street, west end, on the first Friday in every month.

Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35.—H. S. Carman, Master; Geo. S. Patten, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

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Summer Time Table.

ON and after MONDAY, JULY 31ST, Trains will run as follows until further notice:

7.00 A. M. Through Express Train leaves Fredericton for Fredericton Junction and St. John, arriving 9.50 a. m.

9.00 A. M. Train leaves Fredericton for Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train leaving St. John, arriving 11.45 a. m.

10.35 A. M. Train leaves Fredericton Junction after connecting with Train from St. John, arriving 11.45 a. m.

1.40 P. M. Train leaves Fredericton for Fredericton Junction and St. John, arriving 4.30 p. m.

3.00 P. M. Train leaves Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, arriving 4.00 p. m.

4.00 P. M. Through Express Train leaves St. John for Fredericton, arriving 7.10 p. m.

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All subscriptions before January 1st good until December 31st, 1882.

CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881