

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

A STORY OF THE CONSCRIPTION

Up four flights of stairs in a house at Paris was a suite of apartments consisting of three rooms, which were inhabited by a family named Romilk. There were only peaked roofs and chimneys and the blue sky to look out upon; but the rooms were so pleasant, neat and sunny that there was small temptation to turn the eyes away from them.

It was evening, and the family had assembled at supper. They were celebrating a *fete*, and their best gilt china shone on the table; a little bouquet of fresh flowers stood by each glass, and an iced cake, surrounded by a wreath of rosebuds, graced the centre of the table. Around this social board sat the jolly, affectionate old father, the delicate, loving mother, their brave, handsome son, and one other, not yet belonging to the family, but soon to be called daughter by the parents and wife by the son. She was a gentle, loving young girl, looking with affectionate respect on the old folks, and with fond, modest eyes on her lover.

"Son," said the mother, "for twenty-one years, this night, has thou been the delight of my heart. Thou hast gladdened my eyes every day thou hast lived. Ah! that thou wert but a few years younger, that I might be sure of thee longer."

"Wife, dost thou not see that Marian takes thy word as a reproach to her?" said the father. "Thou wouldst have thy son all to thyself, thou sayest."

"I do not mean that I would not have my child Marian for my daughter," she replied; "no! no! Bless her heart, she need not blush so. And she gives me no cause for fear. I even think my son happy to be her husband. But the conscription, father! Our boy is of age."

The old man's happy face grew pale and uneasy. "Wife," he said, "our boy is affectionate to us, true to Marian, and loving to God. If Heaven is but just he will not draw the fatal lot. Heaven blesses the good."

"Whom God loveth He chasteneth," said the mother, with a sigh, and Marian's cheek grew whiter.

"Come, do not darken a sunny day by clouds of fear," said the young man. "Tonight I am free. Tonight I can be the happiest fellow alive. Even to-morrow if I draw the wrong number, and must go to fight, I may return to you covered with honors. Will you not be glad and proud then?"

"My son! my son! I have known many a brave boy join those ranks dreaming as thou now dost; but few came back to their mothers. O, Robinet! thou art my only son; if you are killed I shall be childless."

"Ah! wife," said the father, forcing back his tears, "couldst thou not be almost happy to be a widow? The conscription spares the only son of a widow. If thy useless old husband were gone thou couldst keep thy brave son."

"Ah! ah!" cried the wife, "stop that old man's tongue. Put thy hand on his mouth, Marian. I cannot bear to hear him talk so."

"Tonight let us be happy," cried Robinet. "I am not yet a conscript, and I believe I shall escape to-morrow; so 'be gone dull care.' Father, I shall cut my birthday cake."

"Yes, my boy," said the father. "Let us not borrow trouble. It would kill me to see thee among the desolate soldiery driven to slaughter! I will not, no, I cannot think of it. Yes, cut thy cake, but do not harm those pretty buds, Marian placed them there as a token of how she will surround thy life with pleasure. Eh, Marian? Each bud for a kiss or a kind word, eh?"

Marian wiped her eyes and smiled blushing. Cheerfulness was restored, and the happy family gave themselves up to present enjoyment, while the secret thought that perhaps it was for the last time made them more tender to each other.

On the next day the drawing was to take place. Father and son went to the place of decision. The son, with palid cheek and dilating eyes, drew his lot, while the father stood by, his usual jovial manner having given place to the trembling of agonizing apprehension. It was the fatal number! With a gasp of despair the old man fell on his son's neck.

"Oh, my boy," he exclaimed, "I cannot let thee go! I cannot see thee driven to slaughter! Thy mother's heart will be destitute. I cannot, God forgive me, I cannot."

He wrung his son's hand, and shaking his head at the few brave consoling words Robinet's trembling lips uttered, he stopped them short by kissing him tenderly. Then he went out, with a gesture forbidding any to follow him.

"The mother will weep over her son," said Marian's father, who stood by, "but an old man, like an old dog, goes alone to grieve. He, thy poor old father, idolizes thee, boy; and, ah, Robinet, there is another, a poor young girl, whose bitterest tears will be secret ones."

The youth, almost stunned with despair at his fate, returned to tell his mother and Marian. They awaited his arrival kneeling before the image of the Virgin and praying with agonizing fervency.

Robinet entered quietly and stood pale and rigid behind them, with big eyes and quivering nostrils. The mother turned

and looked at him, then fell back in a swoon. Her son raised her and laid her on a sofa, where she recovered slowly. Marian clung to his arms weeping bitterly. None asked for the words the could not bear to hear.

"Ah, thy poor father," the mother murmured, "I know he is weeping in secret. He was ever slow to show his grief. His heart is broken like mine. Oh, that I had thy father here! We would mourn together."

There was a stir below, and the sound of many footsteps coming up the stairs. They paused at the door. Robinet opened it. They were bringing in his father—dead. He had killed himself that Robinet might be free from the conscription. He had fallen a sacrifice to an insane idea of duty. Let him not be judged too harshly. He meant well, but his brain was feeble; he died that his son might live. God is more merciful than man!

Thus the widow kept her son, but the memory of the father was held in deep and tender regret throughout life by the mother and son.

Sudden White Hair.

CHANGES CAUSED BY GRIEF, FRIGHT, AND DESPAIR.

SOME YEARS ago a young lady, who was anxiously awaiting the coming of her husband-elect, received a letter conveying the sad tidings of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and so remained for five hours. On the following morning her sister saw that her hair, which had been previously of a rich brown color, had become as white as a cambric handkerchief, her eyebrows and eyelashes retaining their natural color. After a while the whitened hair fell off, and was succeeded by a new growth of gray.

Staff Surgeon Parry, while serving in India during the mutiny, saw a strange sight. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chanda was a Sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities and put to the question. Fully alive to his position, the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding the bystanders were startled by the Sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming: "He is turning gray!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid, glossy jet-black locks. In half an hour they were of a uniform grayish hue.

When the Emperor Leopold was about to make his grand entry into Vienna, the old sexton of St. Joseph's Cathedral was much troubled in his mind. Upon such occasions it had been his custom to take his stand on the pinnacle of the tower to wave a flag as the imperial pageant passed by, but he felt that age had so weakened his nerves that he dared not again attempt the perilous performance. After thinking the matter over, the old fellow publicly announced that the man who could fill his place successfully should be his son-in-law. To his intense disgust, the offer was at once accepted by Gabriel Petersheim, his aversion, and the special favorite of the girl, who saw not with her father's eyes. On the appointed day, Vienna opened its gates to the new-made Emperor; but it was evening, or near upon evening, when the young flag-bearer welcomed the procession from St. Joseph's tower. His task performed, Gabriel would have descended from the airy height, but found his way barred. Two wretches had done the treacherous sexton's bidding, and closed the trap door of the upper stairway, leaving the brave youth to choose between participating himself on the pavement, below, or clinging the cold night through to the slender spire, with but ten inches of foothold. He chose possible life to certain death; but when rescue came with the morning, his eyes were sunken and dim, his cheeks yellow and wrinkled, his curly locks as white as snow. Gabriel Petersheim had won his bride at a fearful cost.—*Chamber's Journal.*

"Too much absorbed in his business" was the comment of a western newspaper on the death of a brewer who was drowned in a tank of his own beer.

Manure Forks, Hoes, Etc.

Just received from the famous A. S. Whiting Manufacturing Company.

Hoes, Riveted and Socket; Manure Forks, four five and six Prong; Manure Fork Handles; Hay Forks, two and three Prong; Scythe Snaths; Scythe Handles; Potato Hooks; Hay Fork Handles; Manure Fork Ferrules; Hay Fork Ferrules, &c., &c.

The above goods will be sold low, wholesale and retail.

Z. R. EVERETT.

HERRING TWINE.

JUST received and for sale low, by Z. R. EVERETT.

March 3, 1882.

EXTRA SPINDLE OIL.

JUST received 2 barrels Extra Spindle Oil.

Z. R. EVERETT.

CUTLERY, Etc.

Just received per Steamship "Chaplain," via Halifax ONE case Table Cutlery; 1 case Pocket Knives; 1 case Cow Ties and Halter Chains; 1 case Horse Bits and Chains; 1 case Pocket Locks, Tank Locks, Drawer Locks and Cupboard Locks.

For sale low by JAMES S. NEILL.

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 1.15 P. M., and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily, Sundays excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 1.15 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, Arcootook, Carleton Place, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 P. M. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain over night at Grand Falls.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sundays excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M.

The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 1.30 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 Sunbury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Braxley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 6.30 A. M., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row box at 12.20; the Auditor's Office box at 1.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Braxley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 A. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 4.40 P. M.

THE CITY OFFICE.

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.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. A. Horne, 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. J. Kelly. 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, G. F. Atherton; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Conithard, M. D. Meetings are held every evening at 7.30, on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 165.—W. J. Crawford, Regent; G. E. Conithard, Secretary. Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 P. M. Initiates from \$20 to \$5,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 489.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Wycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 P. M. Initiates from \$20 to \$5,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 26.—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Conithard, Secretary. Meets on the first and third Thursday in every month, in Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Initiates from \$500 to \$5,000.

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

Hiram Lodge, No. 5, F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, Master; M. T. Long, Secretary. Meets in Masonic Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77, Reg. G. B. A. Chapter of Scotland.—D. D. Lupton, P. E. R. P. Fisher, H. J. N. Campbell, J.; A. F. Street, P. P. Scribner. Regular meetings on 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.—D. Fowler, N. G.; J. F. Richards, Rec. Secretary. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgcomb'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, Queen Street, west end, on the first Friday in every month.

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

Iron, Steel, Cable Chain, Etc. Just received per Steamship "Hibernian" from Liverpool via Halifax.

24 TONS Bar Iron; 107 tons Sled and Sled Shoe Cable Chain; 10 cases Galvanized Buckets; 1 case Outlets; Table Knives and Forks; Carving Knives; Scissors; Pocket Knives; 1 case Pad Locks; 1 case Files; (Buyer's Choice) wholesale and Retail.

decs JAMES S. NEILL.

VARNISH. VARNISH. JUST received direct from the manufacturer, 2 cases Shell, Rubbing, Body and Clearing, Holy Varnish.

July 3 Z. R. EVERETT.

GRINDSTONES. GRINDSTONES. JUST received One ton Grindstones. For sale low.

may 30 Z. R. EVERETT.

BALLOON FLY TRAPS. June 21 at JAMES S. NEILL'S.

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12-9-81

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New Features will be introduced which Experience may show are Desirable.

REMEMBER THE HERALD is the only paper in Fredericton which has upon its staff

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1882.