

POOR DOCUMENT

POETRY.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

BY CAROLITA PERRY.
Within my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All
That was mine own seemed poor and mean and
small.
And I fretted out rebelliously for that
I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, I'd rather have in far-off lands
Were also mine, with rest for burdened hands;
If love, the love I craved, would come and fold
Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and bless,
And life would round out from this narrowness
Into a fullness new and sweet and wide.
And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot.
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days.
I had regret for that which I had not.
And then one came upon my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love?" I cried.
"Or wealth, or fame? Else shall thou be denied."
She answered, "Nay, my child, but I am more."
"Open to me, pray; make me thy guest.
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or fame or love within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best."
"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave, her
face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eye
I saw the look of one both true and wise;
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace,
I bade her enter. How transfused
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet
So long had lain unheeded! How wide and sweet
Shone the small path wherein I had been led!
Duty grew beautiful; with calm consent
I saw the distant wealth of lead and sea,
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.

SELECT STORY.

CORA PRESSY.

Four bay-horses dashed in fine style up
to the door of an inn, pulling behind them
the gorgeous red stage which swayed and
reeled and rocked in a fashion that made
the more nervous passengers wince and
shiver.
Hollister threw his reins to the stable
boy, and went into the house. He was
a bluff big-fisted fellow—rather rough-look-
ing in his wolf-skin and broad-voiced cap.
Nobody ever doubted the kindness of
heart under that unpolished exterior
however.
Now as he tramped through the big
hall, on his way to the bar-room, he paused
at the sight of a female figure in one dim
corner, with her face dropped into both
hands, and her whole attitude one of sor-
row and despair. The girl was slender
and young, clad in a well-worn grey suit,
and the hands on which the brown head
was bowed, were white and delicate.
"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Are you
in trouble? Can I be of any service to
you?"
Then the girl looked up, and Hollister
recognised the daughter of a man who had
been at the inn for some weeks—a man
whom the driver had no hesitation in
classing, as an adventurer and a black-
leg.
He had pitied the girl on the night he
had first seen her—when he had brought
them out from the city; for she seemed
a lady, with her quiet ways and wistful
eyes, and not at all fitted for a life of
Bohemianism, such as it was evident her
father was leading her.
She looked up, I say, and meeting the
expression of honest kindness in Frank
Hollister's clear grey eyes, she struggled
a moment for self-control, and then burst
into tears.
Frank squared his broad shoulders for-
ward, in order to screen her from the
curious gaze of anyone who might pass
through the hall, and waited in silence.
Presently the girl raised her head once
more, looked at him with tear-stained
eyes, and said, with quivering lips:
"I am in trouble, sir. You are the
first friendly words I have heard to-day
my father—here a crimson flush dyed
her fair brow—"my father has left me;
where he has gone I do not know. I am
absolutely alone among strangers, and
our bill here is unpaid."
For one instant Frank looked at her
doubtfully, and then, with a sudden rush
of self-shame and chivalry, his hand went
into his breast-pocket, and drew therefrom
a big leather pocket-book.
The girl made an indignant gesture,
and looked at him with wide-open and
haughty eyes.
"Sir, I scarcely expected an insult!"
Whereupon Frank began a hurried and
indignant repudiation of her insinuation.
He insult a woman! He, who had the
dearest mother and the sweetest little
sister in the world, away off there in the
eastern states, praying for him!
"Pray, I ain't so dainty in my choice
of words as I might be, lady. I'm a rough
fellow at best; but I'm dreadfully soft-
hearted where a woman is concerned. If
you choose to look upon me as a friend
and a straight-forward man—one that
never goes back on his word—you shan't
be disappointed. Now, then, how can I
serve you?"
The big pocket-book had disappeared,
and the girl's face softened at his rough
gallantry. She extended one little hand
frankly.
"Forgive me, sir, I cannot accept any
pecuniary aid from you, or from any one.
The landlord has offered me a situation
as table-girl. I shall accept it, and in
that way I can pay our indebtedness.
Thanks for your kindness. I shall not
forget it."
With a little flitting smile she slipped
past him, and went swiftly up the dark
stairway, while the driver proceeded to

the bar-room, where the men were talk-
ing, laughing, smoking and drinking.
Here Hollister listened to a detailed
account of the disappearance of Colonel
Pressy, interspersed with various com-
ments concerning his daughter Cora.
Pressy was stigmatized as a cheat, a
villain and a sponge—anything and every-
thing they called him but an honest man.
There were some expressions of sympathy
for the girl, but it was easy to see that
the girl was not liked. Miss Pressy had
held herself too far aloof from every one
in the house to win the approval of the
free-and-easy western community.
One loutish-looking fellow, leaning
against the bar-rail, remarked now with a
sneering grin:
"That girl is a mighty stuck up little
critter—reckon she won't put on any
more airs with me," and he sent a stream
of tobacco-juice in a very skillful manner
straight into the mouth of a spittoon,
which occupied the centre of the room.
Hollister, who had been a silent listener
until now, crossed leisurely to this ex-
traordinary marksman, and, striking him
a light blow upon the shoulder, said,
evenly and distinctly:
"Look here, Jerry, you don't want to
talk any more like that about Miss
Pressy."
There was a dead silence for more than
half a minute, and then Jerry, laughing
uneasily and flinching under the driver's
keen eyes, said with an attempt at fac-
tiousness:
"I expect to marry her, Frank!"
"I expect to," replied Frank, coolly, as
he turned to select a cigar from the case.
There were no more insinuations against
Cora Pressy in his hearing. The daugh-
ter of an unknown adventurer no matter
how thorough a lady she might seem, and
the sweetheart of the jolly, keen-eyed,
strong-armed stage-driver, were two dif-
ferent persons; and when the lonely girl
entered upon her new duties the next day,
she was surprised at the kindness and
consideration of all about her.
Frank did not try to weaken the im-
pression which his words had made. He
knew that it would be her surest protec-
tion; and he felt an intense desire to pro-
tect and to help her—she was so delicate
and sorrowful, so absolutely alone, now
that her unnatural parent had deserted her.
Two or three eventful days went by,
Cora filling her new situation with satis-
factory promptness. Every night, on the
arrival of Hollister's stage, she was left
to wait upon him in the dining-room. She
felt an instinctive confidence in this big
bluff, sun-burned fellow. There was a
bond of sympathy growing between them
which she had no desire to break. One
day, twenty miles down his route, Frank
knew that there was her safe home and
shelter forevermore.
My readers would set me down as an
unsatisfactory story-teller were I to omit
the sequel. Colonel Pressy committed
suicide a month later in his prison-cell.
Frank took his little wife away to his
eastern home, where she lives a contented
matron, proud and happy in her husband's
love and the possession of a cooing bright-
faced baby.

"No," she answered, honestly enough;
"I believe you are the best man I ever
knew."
Whereupon Frank kissed her again,
upon the lips this time, and made a second
proposition, to which at first she would
not listen. But the will and energy of
her earnest-hearted wooer carried the
day, and the result was a call upon a jus-
tice of the peace; and when they re-
entered the inn that night the girl was
Cora Pressy no longer, but Cora Hollister,
and Frank's face was radiant and triumphant.
In the dingy waiting-room an excited
crowd had gathered, Frank endeavored
to hurry his wife past the doorway, but
her quick glance had caught a glimpse
of a familiar figure.
"Father," she cried and stepped into
the room.
Yes, there he was, haggard and dis-
hevelled, with blood-shot eyes and un-
shaved face. He might have been fine-
looking once. There was just the ghost
of a debonaire grace about him still,
despite his wretchedness. An officer
guarded him on either side.
"What has he done," cried Cora, with
pallid lips.
"Some one in the crowd answered, brutal-
ly enough:
"Killed a brother gambler twenty miles
back. They're taking him through to
the city."
Then the poor little bride went into a
dead faint in her husband's arms, and he
carried her up-stairs with his brown cheek
against her white one. All night he
watched beside her while she went from
one deadly swoon into another. At last
in the gray morning, she smiled sadly into
her husband's eyes, and whispered:
"Do not be troubled. I will go away."
"Not if I can help it," answered Frank,
with a grin set of his under lip.
Then all at once he put his face down
on the pillow beside her, and began to cry
like a two-year-old baby. With her
slender hands she stroked the man's big
curly head, and talked to him in a sweet,
weary way that went straight to his warm
heart.
"Dear friend," she said, "I know how
unselfish you are, but I will not allow you
to make such a sacrifice. You shall not
shame my father, little woman, I know all
about this affair yesterday morning that's
why I was in such a rush to get married.
I know they would bring Colonel Pressy
through here, and I know that if I did not
make sure of you then I should never get
you. My darlin' little wife," he went on,
kissing her hair eyes and lips, "thank
God, nothing can separate us—nothing
but death."
And looking into her husband's eyes,
Cora knew that there was her safe home
and shelter forevermore.
My readers would set me down as an
unsatisfactory story-teller were I to omit
the sequel. Colonel Pressy committed
suicide a month later in his prison-cell.
Frank took his little wife away to his
eastern home, where she lives a contented
matron, proud and happy in her husband's
love and the possession of a cooing bright-
faced baby.

THE WOULD-BE BIGAMIST.

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY INTERRUPTED BY
THE BRIDEGROOM'S WIFE.
OTTAWA, Feb. 22.—Yesterday Notre
Dame Cathedral was the scene of a some-
what dramatic incident, which if it
spoiled a future bigamy case for sensation
hunters, fortunately rescued an unsuspect-
ing maiden from a most unhappy fate.
Some months ago a rather handsome man
named Geroux, who residing in the
Klatsone Ward, obtained an introduction
to a young lady named Bethmann,
residing in Lower Town, and shortly after
the acquaintance began, commenced to
pay her marked and unmistakable atten-
tions. The maiden, who was only about
eighteen years of age, prepossessing in
manner and appearance, and a zealous
member of one of the ladies' charitable
associations of Lower Town received his
addresses in no unfriendly spirit, and in
due course of time a proposal of marriage
was made, and the ardent lover was duly
accepted. So far all went well, the banns
were duly published, and no opposition
made to them. Finally the wedding was
fixed, the ring bought, and all was ready
for the ceremony which should make the
two a happy one for life. The ceremony
was arranged to take place at six o'clock
yesterday morning. The ladies of the
association to which the bride expectant
belonged, and of which she had been so
useful a member were all present to grace
the nuptials of the sister in good works.
The Rev. Father Bouillon, who was to
perform the marriage rite, was about to
begin the service, when it was
suddenly stopped by the appearance of
an indignant female on the scene, who
forbade the marriage to go on. The unex-
pected interruption caused no small
consternation among the party, which
was not diminished when the new comer
explained her right to be there. She
informed the bridal party that the groom
was already married, that she was his
wedded wife and could produce besides
her marriage certificate, two charming
children, pledges of the love that once
existed between her and her now faithless
lord and master. It is needless to say that
the wedding did not take place.
The first piano-forte manufactured in
the United States was made by John
Behrent, in Philadelphia, in 1775.

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,
Sundays excepted.
Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Ste-
phen, 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, Carleton,
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 ex-
press leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sun-
day excepted); and arrives at St. John at
8.25 P. M.
The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St.
John at 7.30 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 Ste-
phens streets, at the Auditor General's Office,
the Queen's Hotel, the Barber House, the W. U.
Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and
Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as fol-
lows: At 6.30 A. M. and in the afternoon,
the Waterloo Row box at 12.30; the Auditor's
office box at 1.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker
House 12.40; Brayley 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 8.20
A. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at
1.40 P. M.
THE CITY OFFICES.
The Office of the Registrar of Deeds is on
the corner of King and St. John streets.
Office hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
The Secretary-Treasurer of York County
is on Carleton street, near Queen.
The Clerk of the Peace on Queen street,
opposite Phoenix Square.
The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.
BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.
A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Samp-
son, Secretary.
Meets at their room, on the Officer's
Square, on the last Saturday of every month.
SOCIETIES.
Church of England Temperance Society.—
Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan;
President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary,
G. Douglas Hagan.
St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo.
J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secy-
tary.
Meets every second Thursday in the Re-
form 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 Barry; Secretary, F.
McGouldrick.
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.
Mackay; R. S. A. G. Jarvis.
Meetings are held weekly in the Temper-
ance Hall, on York Street, on Friday even-
ing 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. A. Robertson; Cor. Secretary,
G. E. Coulthard, M. D.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and
on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.
Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No.
168.—W. J. Crawford, President; G. E. Coult-
hurd, 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, Lodge Council, No. 486.—
Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Way-
cott.
American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton
Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Com-
mander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets
in Fisher's Building, on the first and third
Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m. In-
sures from \$500 to \$5,000.
Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.
—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Coulthard,
Secretary.
Meets on the first and third Thursday in
every month, in Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Insures
from \$500 to \$5,000.
Fredericton Historical Society.—George E.
Fenely, 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
Bockwith, W. M.; T. G. Loggie, 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.
Loggie, P. M.; R. M. Fidler, H. N. Camp-
bell, J.; A. F. Street, P. P., Scribe E.
Regular Convocation third Wednesday in
every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.
Alexandria Lodge, F. & 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.—W. A.
Quinn, N. G.; John Withrow, 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 W. Wier, 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 Mon-
day in every month.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the Herald will be issued on

EVERY THURSDAY,

at four o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a quarto, that is, an
eight page paper, and will be printed upon a sheet 31x46
inches in size. It will be

LARGER THAN ANY OTHER SHEET PUBLISHED IN FREDERICTON,

and the equal in size of any paper published in the Maritime Provinces. It
will be emphatically

THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE PROVINCE

Something that every one, rich or poor, wants. It will give all the news of the
week, both home and foreign, up to the hour of going to press, in
fresh, readable style. To ensure this the services of com-
petent correspondents have been secured who
are to send any late news by telegram.

NO OTHER WEEKLY PAPER IN THE PROVINCE GIVES TELEGRAPHIC
NEWS REGULARLY ON THE DAY OF PUBLICATION.

The Herald will do this, because its aim is to be

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

I believe a first-class family paper will pay, and I am going to try the
experiment.

The Weekly Herald will always contain a good story, will tell all about the news
of the religious world, will give the CHURCH APPOINTMENTS for the next
Sunday and the ensuing week, and have an

Agricultural Department,

in which it will endeavor to give its country readers valuable information relating
to the Farm. In this latter respect it will aim at being
an agricultural newspaper.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON HAVING A CORPS OF CORRESPONDENTS WHO
are instructed to send in

LATE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON ESPOUSING THE LIBERAL
CAUSE IN POLITICS.

THE WEEKLY HERALD will not be simply a reprint, but will contain much
matter which will appear in no other paper.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.00 a Year, Postage Free

Or delivered free to Subscribers in the City, Gibson and St. Mary's Ferry.

To Subscribers to the EVENING HERALD, or tri-weekly edition, the weekly
edition will be sent for FIFTY CENTS.

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

CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881.