"FROM THE HOSPITAL."

'Yes.' said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, 'I knew I could depend upon the hespitality of my flock to entertain this excellent unawares!'

members of the Young Ladies' Aid Association. while a very perceptible murmur of assent rose up from this aggregate collection of curls, bangs, frizzed hair and crimped laces.

Not a damsel in the number but hospitality to the Rev. Felix Amory, my face? Why don't they isolate you? who was to preach a sermon in aid of 'Home Helps and Missions' at the stranger. village church upon the coming Sunday

'I'm sure,' said Miss Lidia Larkspur, promptly anticipating the crisis, 'papa would be most happy to receive the

indignantly first at Miss Lidia, then at each other, and whispered, 'Bold thing!

'Most kind of you to propose it, I am sure,' said Mr. Dibble, and so the kind of thing. matter was settled, not at all to the And Lidia general satisfaction. Larkspur went home, and issued orders that the parlor curtains be washed and years, andironed, and a pound cake of the richest nature he concocted.

While Kate Duer, the doctor's sister, who was as fond of young clergymen as Lidia herself, and would in no wise have objected to varying the monotony of her home life with a spice of eccesiastical novelty, returned to her crochet-work that life was a bore.

'We are to have a young lecturer from the city in the church on Sunday evening,' she said to her brother when he bustled in to dinner.

'Eh?' said Dr. Duer, swallowing his scalding soup; 'are we? By the way, Kate, there's a new case of smallpox reported among those hands on the railway embankment.'

'Dear me!' said Kate, who was compounding a refreshing salad in a carved wooden bowl. I hope you keep well vaccinated, Hugh.'

in the hospital object to such a case.'

Kate, with a little move. 'I must try to isolate him somewhere,'

said Dr. Duer, thoughtfully 'In one young man; 'I am notof those stone houses by the river,

Pitcherville was all on the qui vive my brother comes.' that day when the double-shotted piece of tidings flew, on the tongue of popular you,' said the stranger, 'and the bread rumor, through the town. An actual smallpox case in their midst, and a long walk. But I do not know what young minister coming all the way from leads you to think I am a victim to New York to appeal to their sympathies varioloid. I have lost my hat in the on behalf of home missions.

old Mrs. McAdams, looking very round- head, but I never had the smallpox and eyed through her spectacles.

'Contagious!' said Mrs. Emmons, 'it ought to find its way into every house in our village.'

'What!' cried Mrs. McAdams; 'the smallpox!

home missions.'

And then everyone laughed. Mrs McAdams looked puzzled, and Mrs. Emmons drew herself up and remarked that 'it was very irreverent to laugh at sacred things.'

father did not believe in vaccination, and who had a mortal horror of the

troubled in her mind. 'I've always had a sort of premonition let me be vaccinated!'

evening, the sky full of lurid clouds, the peaches and delicate 'angel cake' very a most mysterious tap, as she afterwards cosier yet. declared.

ing it just sufficiently to obtain a glimpse since this morning. And doing very of a tall, pale man with a pocket-hank well, too, I am happy to say. Upon erchief folded turbanwise around his my word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry that head.

'Excuse me,' said the apparition, 'but ence.' I believe I have lost my way. Might I ask shelter from the shower? I am the young clergyman, leaning back in his young man from the hospital.'

'Certainly not,' said Miss Lidia, clos- effable content on his face. ing the door abruptly in his face, with a little shriek. 'Good gracious! have I dignant when she heard that Mr. Amory stood face to face with the-smallpox was staying at Dr. Duer's residence

case?

hung with Virginia creepers, with a lit- what can he expect. tle plaster cast of Cupid in the garden, tions-a young widow who read all the vindictively. newest books and sometimes wrote gush-

household is in so disorganized a of Scots, and dressed up to the part, as And the last time he asked Kate Duer condition, owing to the exigencies of far as nineteenth-century prejudices 'if she was willing to encounter the please advance and kiss the Judge. cleaning house. It will be but for a would allow her—and she was seated by trials of a minister's wife? And Kate, night or two, and we all know what is the casement, trying to find a rhyme to after a little hesitation, said that she exclaimed the young man; 'an more promised to those who receive the angel suit a most unaccommodating line of was willing to try. poetry, when the tall pale stranger ap-And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands peared under the window, 'for all the that anyone could get married if they and looked smilingly around upon the world,' as Mrs. Printemps subsequently were as bold about it as Kate Duer.' expressed it, 'like a troubadour of David Rizzio himself.'

'Excuse me, madame,' he began, 'but am from the hospital, and-

would gladly have extended her gracious dare you come here and tell me that to

'Go away!' said Mrs. Printemps, bangrampaging all over the country, trying said: While all the other ladies looked to get people to let him in, and she isn't

I'm afraid I'll meet him, mem!' said I don't understand the performance. Betsy, getting behind the sideboard;

'Nonsense!' said Mrs. Printemps. 'If you go across the pasture-field you'll get I understand the girl's father is in purthere full five minutes before he does. suit. Let's see, you were commissioned Make haste now.'

Kate Duer was standing in her doorway watching the storm roll grandly over the mountain-tops, when the weary and bewildered traveler with a yawn and a general impression opened the gate and came hesitatingly

> 'I beg your pardon,' said he meekly, but I think there must be something singular in my appearance. People seem to shut their doors against me, and shun take the job off your hands.' me as if I had the pestilence. And I cannot find the residence of Mr. Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be asking too much if I were to request permission to over? I came from the hospital, and—

'Oh, I understand,' said Katie quickly. 'You are the small pox patient. low, have you got your license?' But I have been vaccinated, and am 'Oh, there's no trouble about that,' not afraid of the disease. There is a said the doctor, 'only the other patients very comfortable chamber in the second story of the barn, and you shall be care-

Duer tasted his salad and pronounced it |Sit here and rest a little, and I will is your business? bring you some bread and milk until

'I am a thousand times obliged to split in a day?' and milk will taste delicious after my wind, to be sure, and am compelled to tinued: 'I wonder if it is contagious?' said wear this Syrian looking drapery on my hope never to encounter its horrors.'

Kate Duer turned red first, then pale. 'Then,' said she, 'it you are not the small-pox case, who are you?'

'I am Felix Amory,' said the young stranger, 'the chaplain of St. Lucetta's dition.' 'No; certainly not,' said Mrs. Emmons | Hospital in New York. I am to preach the sympathetic movement in favor of in aid of the home mission on Sunday

Kate Duer burst out laughing.

'And everyone has been mistaking you for the smallpox case ?' said she. 'Oh, Mr. Amory, do come in. How could we all have been so stupid? But you bass you ever caught? But Miss Lidia Larkspur, whose see, the minute you began to speak of the hospital-

'I dare say it was very awkward of disease against which the famous Jenner me, said Mr. Amory. But it's the waged so successful a warfare, was much | way I have always mentioned myself to strangers. St. Lucetta's you know-

'Yes, I know,' said Kate. 'But to that I should fall a victim to the small- the good folks here there is only one pox,' sighed she. 'I only wish pa would hospital in the world, and that is the Pitcherville Institute.'

It was on a warm sultry August | Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea, sliced air charged with glittering arrows of much, as he sat tete-a-tete with Kate electricity and the big drops beginning Duer, by the soft light of the shaded to patter on the maple leaves, when there lamp, while the rain pattered without. her?" sounded a knock at Miss Lidia's door- And when the doctor came in it was

, The smallpox case? said he. 'Oh, 'Who's there ?' said Miss Lidia, open- that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry you have had such a disastrous experi-

> 'All's well that end's well,' said the snug corner with an expression of in-

Miss Lidia Larkspur was quite in-

'Just like Kate Duer,' said she. 'To And then she rang for the servant mancevvre to get that poor young man and the camphor bottle, and went into into her hands after all. But if a man hysterics. Mrs. Printemps lived in the rushes around the country, telling every-

and a great many bluebells and carna- heard of in my life,' said Mrs Printemps married the old way.

MISCELLANEOUS next house—a picturesque cottage, over-body that he comes from a hospital,

But this was not Mr. Felix Amory's lady, how old are you? ing poems for the second-rate monthlies. last visit to Pitcherville. He came in Mrs. Printemps imagined herself like autumn when the leaves were red—and patient lover, 'that's none o' your busithe gifted and unfortunate Mary Queen then in the frozen beauty of winter. ness.

AN ARKANSAS WEDDING.

A very interesting wedding occured 'My goodness me! ejaculated Mrs. over at Hock's Springs the other night. Printemps, jumping to her feet; 'how Ben Lother and Ida Grimes ran away from the neighborhood where they had been reared, and applied to young Wilk-'Madame-' said the surprised inson, who recently accepted a call to preach. The arrival of the runaway couple soon became known, and quite a ing down her window and bolting it number of young people gathered at the noisily. 'Betsy'—to her girl—'run school house where the ceremony was to across the meadow to Mrs. Underlay's be performed. The preacher, upon arand tell her that the smallpox case is riving, called Bill Fellers to one side, and

'Bill, I couldn't refuse to accommodto open the door on any account. And ate that young couple, but to tell the stop at Dr. Duer's and ask him what truth I don't know how to perform a sort of sanitary regulations he calls this marriage ceremony, I was never married and I never saw anybody married, and

'I never saw anybody married, either. 'and I ain't been vaccinated for seven Bill replied, 'and I don't believe there's anybody here that understands it.'

'It won't do to disappoint them, for as a Justice of the Peace the other day weren't you ?'

'Yes, but the papers didn't shed any light on marriage cermonies.'

'I don't know what to say about it,' the young preacher continued. They've begun to grow restless, you see.'

'Well, Parson, I don't understand it any more than you, but I am willing if you'll help me kill hogs next week, to

'All right.' Bill turned to the company, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, we've met here to ingage in a very serious business. rest in your porch until the storm is This young couple' (pointing) 'think they ought to be married, and it ain't for me to say they ought not. Young fel-

> 'Yes, Sir.' 'All right. Hop out here, now.'

The young couple advanced. 'Join hands .' said Bill. 'I would like 'I should think it very likely,' said fully nursed and taken care of there, of to say the new ceremony just approved by the governor has gone into effort. 'But you are mistaken,' cried the Those who have never seen this ceremony performed will doubtless be amus-'Hush?' said Katie gently. 'Do not ed at its novelty, but I'll say right here perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. that all snickering will be treated as the disease, I know.' And then Dr. Duer's sister, and know the whole story. contempt of court. Young man, what

'I am a farmer.' 'Ah, hah! How many rails can you

'Four hundred in good timber.' 'Will you swear it?'

'Yes sir.' 'Hold up your right hand.' He held up his right hand, Bill con-

'Are you a good hand to cover corn?'

'Yes, sir.' 'Please say, 'Yes, your Honor.'

'Yes, your Honor.'

That's right. How much can you cover

Three acres, if the land's in good con-

'Will you swear it?'

'Yes sir.'

'Yes, your Honor.'

'Excuse me. Yes, your Honor.' 'Hold up your right hand.'

And he was sworn again. 'What was the weight of the largest

'I don't remember exactly, about five

ponnds, I wreckon.' 'Will you swear it?' No, your Honor,'

'All right. Are you willing to marry this girl? 'Yes, your Honor, If I wan t I would

not have brought her here. 'That's what I thought, Bill meditatively replied. You love her, I reckon?

'Yes, your Honor. 'How much?

'Oh, I don't know. Ever so much. 'What did she say when you asked

'Glad to hear it.'

'She said, Yes.'

' Now, young lday, will you please advance and kiss the Judge? The girl hesitated a moment, but she

stepped up and kissed Bill.

'Do you love this man?' 'Yes, sir.

'Yes your Honor. The girl corrected her mistake.

'How much do you love him?' 'Lots.' 'Glad to hear it. Please step forward

and kiss the Judge. Again she kissed him. 'Remember that you are under oath Did you ever love any one else ? '

'Yes, your Honor. 'Why didn't you marry him ?'

'He didn't ask me. '

' Please advance and kiss the Judge. ' Look here, 'Squire, ' said the would 'The most awkward thing I ever be bridegroom, I believe we,d ruther be

'The old way is repealed. Young

'Look here, Judge,' said the now im-

'Yes, it is. Young lady you will

'No, I'll be blamed if she shall!' And Miss Lidia Larkspur declared Now, I want to ask you a few questions. Don't move.' The young fellow whipbed out a pistol, and Bill's knees began to hump each other. 'Now just stand there. Did you ever see a bigger liar than you are?' 'No, sir.!

'No, Colonel.'

'No Colonel,' Bill repeated. ' Wouldn't you steal if you got the

chance ? 'Yes Colonel.'

'That's what I thought. Now, confound you lead us to a praachers's house pretty devilish quick. Come on, folks; the fun ain't over yet.'

THE OLD MAN HIMSELF.

A few days ago a Western merchant, who wanted to do some sight-seeing and buy his fall stock at the same time, entered a dry-goods jobbing house on Broadway and accosted the first person he met with, Are you the proprietor here? Not exactly the proprietor, was the reply. At present I m acting as shipping clerk, but I m cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer meetings in the basement.

The stranger passed on to a very important looking personage with a diamond pin, and asked, are you the head of the house?

Well no; I can't say that I am at present, but I have hopes of a partnership in January. I m only one of the travelers just now, but I m laying for a \$2 000 pew in an up town church, and that will mean a quarter interest here in less than six

The next man had his feet up, his hat back, and a twenty-five cent cigar in his month, and he looked so solid that the stranger said:

You must run this establishment?

Me? well I may be pretty soon. At present I m the book-keeper, but I m expecting to go into a church choir with the old man's darling, and become an equal partner here.

The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked along until he found a man with his coat off busy with a case of goods.

Yes, was the brief reply.

But I suppose you are planning to invest in a gospel hymn book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, ain t you?

Well, no, not exactly, was the quiet reply, I m the old man himself.

LESSON OF A DREAM.

John Wesley was once troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream, one night, transported him, in its uncertain wanderings, to the gates of

Are there any Roman Catholics here? asked the thoughtful Wesley. Yes, was

Any Episcopalians? Yes.

Any Presbyterians? Yes. Any Congregationalists? Yes again was the answer.

Any Baptists? Yes. Any Methodists? by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley. Yes, to his great indignation, was answered.

In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden transition—and he stood before the gates of heaven. Improving the opportunity, he again inquired:

Are there any Roman Catholics here? No, was replied.

Any Episcopalians? No. Any Presbyterians? No. Any Congregationalists? No.

the jubilant answer.—Selected.

Any Baptists? No. Any Methodists? No. Well then, he asked, lost in wonder. who are they inside? Christians! was

WEAKNESSES OF GREAT MEN.-Alexander was too fond of strong drink.

Julius Cæsar was inordinately vain and fond of dress. Demosthenes was always on the platform, when everything was serene, and

under it when there was danger. Peter the Great was a glutton and

Napoleon was addicted to lying; so much so that the habit became notori-

The Earl of Chatham always dressed and posed for effect.

Sheridan was never able to give up the bottle, and the gambling table. George Washington occassionally swore when he was mad. General Santa Anna had a weakness

for cockfighting. Disræli started out a dandy and re- ADDRESS, mained one to the last.



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Arrangement of Trains IN EFFECT OCTOBER 12, 1885.

LEAVE FREDERICTON. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John.
8.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
10.50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West and for St. Stephen.
St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock

St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock and St. John.
3.20 P. M.--For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON. 10.20 A. M.-From Fredericton Junction and

St. John.

2.40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.

Bangor, and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

5.50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and all points North.

7.30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIRSON.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A.M.—For Woodstock and points ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.20 P. M. - From Woodstock and points North Supt. Southern Division. General Nanager. F. LEAVITI, Gen. Pass. aud Ticket Agent St. John, N. B.. Oct. 9, 1885.

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