

MISCELLANEOUS

"FROM THE HOSPITAL."

'Yes,' said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, 'I knew I could depend upon the hospitality of my flock to entertain this excellent young divine, seeing that my own household is in so disorganized a condition, owing to the exigencies of cleaning house. It will be but for a night or two, and we all know what is promised to those who receive the angel unawares.'

And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and looked smilingly around upon the 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 would gladly have extended her gracious hospitality to the Rev. Felix Amory, who was to preach a sermon in aid of 'Home Helps and Missions' at the village church upon the coming Sunday evening.

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

While all the other ladies looked 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 matter was settled, not at all to the general satisfaction. And Lidia Larkspur went home, and issued orders that the parlor curtains be washed and ironed, and a pound cake of the richest nature be 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 ecclesiastical novelty, returned to her crochet-work with a yawn and a general impression 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.'

'Oh, there's no trouble about that,' said the doctor, 'only the other patients in the hospital object to such a case.'

'I should think it very likely,' said Kate, with a little move.

'I must try to isolate him somewhere,' said Dr. Duer, thoughtfully. 'In one of those stone houses by the river, perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had the disease, I know.' And then Dr. Duer tasted his salad and pronounced it first rate.

'But you are mistaken,' cried the young man; 'I am not—'

'Hush!' said Katie gently. 'Do not be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. Duer's sister, and know the whole story. Sit here and rest a little, and I will bring you some bread and milk until my brother comes.'

'I am a thousand times obliged to you,' said the stranger, 'and the bread and milk will taste delicious after my long walk. But I do not know what leads you to think I am a victim to varioloid. I have lost my hat in the wind, to be sure, and am compelled to wear this Syrian looking drapery on my head, but I never had the smallpox and 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 Hospital in New York. I am to preach in aid of the home mission on Sunday next.'

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 see, the minute you began to speak of the hospital—'

'I dare say it was very awkward of me,' said Mr. Amory. 'But it's the way I have always mentioned myself to strangers. St. Lucetta's you know—'

'Yes, I know,' said Kate. 'But to the good folks here there is only one hospital in the world, and that is the Pitcherville Institute.'

Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea, sliced peaches and delicate 'angel cake' very much, as he sat *tete-a-tete* with Kate Duer, by the soft light of the shaded lamp, while the rain pattered without. And when the doctor came in it was cosier yet.

'The smallpox case?' said he. 'Oh, that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry since this morning. And doing very well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry that you have had such a disastrous experience.'

'All's well that ends well,' said the young clergyman, leaning back in his snug corner with an expression of ineffable content on his face.

Miss Lidia Larkspur was quite indignant when she heard that Mr. Amory was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

'Just like Kate Duer,' said she. 'To manoeuvre to get that poor young man into her hands after all. But if a man rushes around the country, telling every-

body that he comes from a hospital, what can he expect?'

'The most awkward thing I ever heard of in my life,' said Mrs. Printemps vindictively.

But this was not Mr. Felix Amory's last visit to Pitcherville. He came in autumn when the leaves were red—and then in the frozen beauty of winter.

And the last time he asked Kate Duer 'if she was willing to encounter the trials of a minister's wife?' And Kate, after a little hesitation, said that she was willing to try.

And Miss Lidia Larkspur declared that anyone could get married if they were as bold about it as Kate Duer.

AN ARKANSAS WEDDING.

A very interesting wedding occurred over at Hock's Springs the other night. Ben Lother and Ida Grimes ran away from the neighborhood where they had been reared, and applied to young Wilkinson, who recently accepted a call to preach. The arrival of the runaway couple soon became known, and quite a number of young people gathered at the school house where the ceremony was to be performed. The preacher, upon arriving, called Bill Fellers to one side, and said:

'Bill, I couldn't refuse to accommodate that young couple, but to tell the truth I don't know how to perform a marriage ceremony, I was never married and I never saw anybody married, and I don't understand the performance.'

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

'It won't do to disappoint them, for I understand the girl's father is in pursuit. Let's see, you were commissioned as a Justice of the Peace the other day weren't you?'

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

'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 take the job off your hands.'

'All right.'

Bill turned to the company, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, we've met here to engage in a very serious business. This young couple' (pointing) 'think they ought to be married, and it ain't for me to say they ought not. Young fellow, have you got your license?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'All right. Hop out here, now.'

The young couple advanced.

'Join hands,' said Bill. 'I would like to say the new ceremony just approved by the governor has gone into effect. Those who have never seen this ceremony performed will doubtless be amused at its novelty, but I'll say right here that all snickering will be treated as contempt of court. Young man, what is your business?'

'I am a farmer.'

'Ah, hah! How many rails can you split in a day?'

'Four hundred in good timber.'

'Will you swear it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Hold up your right hand.'

He held up his right hand, Bill continued:

'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 in a day?'

'Three acres, if the land's in good condition.'

'Will you swear it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Excuse me, Yes, your Honor.'

'Hold up your right hand.'

And he was sworn again.

'What was the weight of the largest bass you ever caught?'

'I don't remember exactly, about five pounds, I reckon.'

'Will you swear it?'

'No, your Honor.'

'All right. Are you willing to marry this girl?'

'Yes, your Honor, if I want 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 her?'

'She said, Yes.'

'Glad to hear it.'

'Now, young lady, 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 be bridegroom, 'I believe we'd rather be married the old way.'

'The old way is repealed. Young lady, how old are you?'

'Look here, Judge,' said the now impatient lover, 'that's none o' your business.'

'Yes, it is. Young lady you will please advance and kiss the Judge.'

'No, I'll be blamed if she shall!' exclaimed the young man; 'an more than that, this thing has gone far enough. Now, I want to ask you a few questions. Don't move.' The young fellow whipped 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.'

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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 months.'

The next man had his feet up, his hat back, and a twenty-five cent cigar in his mouth, 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.

The porters are keep pretty busy here, I see.

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 hell.

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

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.

Any Baptists? No.

Any Methodists? No.

Well then, he asked, lost in wonder, who are they inside? *Christians!* was the jubilant answer.—*Selected.*

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 a drunkard.

Napoleon was addicted to lying; so much so that the habit became notorious.

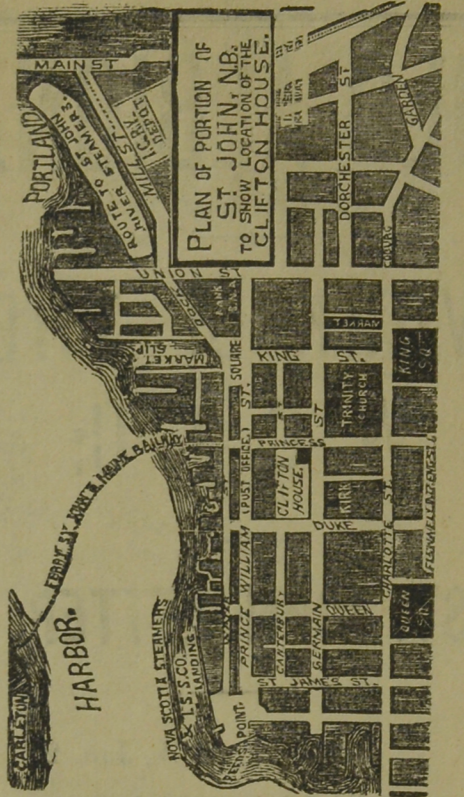
The Earl of Chatham always dressed and posed for effect.

Sheridan was never able to give up the bottle, and the gambling table.

George Washington occasionally swore when he was mad.

General Santa Anna had a weakness for cockfighting.

Disraeli started out a dandy and remained one to the last.



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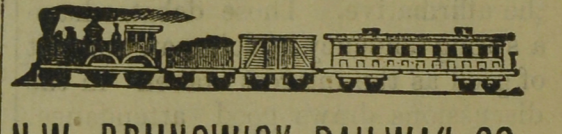
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EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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 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, 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 GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

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J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
St. John, N. B., Oct. 9, 1885.

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