They get the largest and the best Of everything that grows, And get free into circuses

And other kinds of shows-(By paying an equivalent.)

The biggest bug will speak to them No matter how they dress; A shabby coat is nothing, If they own a printing press. (Policy)

At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged By pretty girls who know That they praise up everything The ladies have to show. (Bully).

And then they get a blow-out free, At every party feed; The reason is because they write What other people read. (That's what's the matter.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

CONCLUDED.

Do you find that sort of reading instructive, Miss Barbara? a pleasant voice

let. He grew grave instantly.

Forgive me, Miss Thorne, I really did not mean to disturb or offend you. Sit garden. down again, or I shall think you are of late, I started and trembled on catchangry with me. Tell me how you like ing a clear view of the man's face as he Cliff Cottage, and if Boston came up to removed his broad-brimmed hat and your expectations.

ness back again. Why was John Heath- from the picture store. field always trying to make me tell him my thoughts? What were they

I always liked Cliff Cottage; it is memories, I said dreamily.

wonder?

While your father and mother were living, I answered softly, speaking of the dead. Aunt Esther used to sew a great deal for your mother, and I always came with her.

But I don't remember you, he said, taking one of his good looks at me.

you were at school in Germany. I remem- Then in her usual tone: You were ad-

swift variety of expressions at mention of monds. Will you have it? the long unspoken name. Eager hope lit his eyes as he said,—

If only you had been here the Christmas Tom went away, so you could rehome both parents were dead, and Tom work. gone. The property was all willed to me, he said regretfully.

I was here, sir; I do remember pretty much all about it. Tom was in love, and Miss Lamerse out for a sail in the and wanted to marry some one his father disapproved. Some poor young and joyed at being left behind. girl, I believe. And your father swore Tom should marry Virginia Hall.

handsome wasn't she?

Yes; but I always hated her, and so did Tom. There was never any peace would have melted the heart of a stonewith her here.

said, laughing at his make-believe hor- of the home-sick wanderer, asking why the dead off the big doll Tom gave me serve to be disinherited; but for God's

shook her out of a pear tree and nearly the end of every one. broke her neck.

if he had come home to his rightful pos- way up an Australian mountain. sessions. I shall never touch a cent of his half of the money—never.

Lamerse, gliding softly in upon us in an and to the point. eligant dinner-dress. We are talking of dead people, I said.

Are you in the mood? She put up her hands over her shell- Come home, I pray you." like ears. Mercy! there's a thunder shower coming up, and one terror at a

time is enough for me. Come John.

book, right side up this time. golden summer days. The bridal drestrigue, I passed a sleepless night. ses were nearly completed, but Mr. Heathfield would not hear a word of our going away. He insisted on our staying going away. He insisted on our staying The summer days, rare with ripening chamber, where my wedding dress laid Miss Lamerse?

Over the wedding as guests, declaring he harvests glided on till it was August and yesterday, she said gloomily.

Just the truth could not do without Aunt Esther's the day appointed for John Heathfield's 1 made a motion to go. quiet, order-bringing touch arranging wedding but one week distant. As the Do nurse him carefully, you and Miss working among those cursed mountain

Lamerse.

wife's child; he is fascinated with her Rupert's dead mother. perfect face. She has no heart,"

I went away grieved and abashed, ually nearing mine. but not convinced of Miss Lamerse being in any degree fit for any good man's rest there is God's providence, I said hand, aren't you my own mamma?

On my way to the orchard I met little Rupert coming in, eating candy voshare the treat with me.

Very nice. Where did you get it? I asked carelessly, not that I cared to know, but I liked to hear him talk. From Miss Lomerse. She's talking

she gave me the candy not to tell, and I'm not going to tell! he said stoutly. Certainly not, I said soothingly; good come with me I'll give it to you.

two minutes I had him stowed away on hers,the parlor sofa deep in the tragedy of I turned quietly, blushing vivid scar- Cock-robin. Then I went to the win-

Frequent as surprises were becoming I sat down, striving to get my calm- It was the man who had followed us on the other.

I stood patiently waiting for her to be- your betters. come aware that I was watching her, anxious to note the effect. My earnest gaze probably attracted hers; for after among my most delightful of childhood parting from her companion she raised deed, you have told me at least fifty dis- hours, made me look quickly in the di- parlor the very next week, and Aunt Esher eyes straight to mine. A momen-Mr. Heathfield looked mystified. Then tary weakness set her staggering for an you have been here before? When, I instant, then she came into the house and up stairs to my room.

> She found me sewing composedly. Are the grapes ripening? I asked, lifting my eyes to her.

Her face was calm as ever, only paler, open for once.

Don't cross swords with me. I hate Very likely not, I answered laughing, to fight, though I can, she said slowly miring my serpent bracelet the other paled a little under my cool, confident heaven. John Heathfield's face went through a day; those stones in the eyes are dia-

I am not Phebe Marks, Lady Audley, I said, looking her eyelids down.

Are we enemies then? pleadingly. We can never be confederates, I an-

I did a bold thing that night; the only underhand thing I was ever guilty of. Mr. Heathfield took Aunt Esther moonlight, and I made up a headache

Ah, yes, sure enough; Virginia Hall. a key to fit Miss Lamerse's door, and A sort of cousin of ours; I never saw after rummaging her closet for the dress talked long and earnestly with John cousin; some resemblance deceive her. She came and went during my she had discarded for a thicker one, I years of absence. Tell me about her; drew from the pocket those mysterious And Mr. Heathfield wept, and—yielded. smile.

To have read them there as I did. Tom Heathfield's letters, some to his Little girl, don't you know it's very brother, for they covered a space of some years, tender, brotherly letters that never But she turned and silently went up Virginia Hall. Heavens! don't I wish And as unavoidable as it is wicked, I reached goal, full of the weary longing stairs. ror. You would have hated her, too. no line of love, or comfort, or recognition She was jealous, overbearing and un- had ever been sent to him in his exile. truthful. I remember how she broke I don't want the money; no doubt I defor a birthday present, and then Tom sake write to me, John, he pleaded, at

I replaced them all, with a few added I wish I knew who it was Tom loved, tears on their worn and yellow pages, said Mr. Heathfield. He was a splendid and then I could have fairly cried for joy. fellow generous to a fault. I suppose I had his address, or rather what it had thoroughly tired and was fairly hungry But I did not drive you away. It he is head long ago. I could enjoy life been within a year, a little village half for the supper Aunt Esther had waiting was not my fault that your father wanted

And before I slept I had written a let- why she did not appear to welcome me. -always, she said spitefully. ter to him that the very next morning I What are you talking of? asked Miss mailed with my own hands. It was short ing evidence of recent tears. That soft- was your fault keeping a knave at your

> "The rat that has gnawed in twain every line of communication between you and those who love you, is trapped at last.

My name, I knew would still be familiar to him, and I tried in vain to A week ran on thus; a succession of ing eyes, if she found out my little in- be no wedding here at present.

Chapter III.

ment to the slightest expression of my moaning beside the love that had crept humbly.

growing distrust and dislike of Miss in-a passionate yet humble and unask-You are ignorant of the world, and un- this side of the land where there is sensible part of the time, and only seem- because he was poor.

But she is so utterly hollow, and noon busy about some sewing of my own, something about sickness.

I have done all in my power; for the

aloud, half unconsciously. Some soft step broke the stillness. darling, for I love you very dearly, I Miss Lamerse stood in the middle of the said, kissing the little pinched face. raciously. He immediately offered to room, having just come in from a walk, with her hands full of wild flowers.

watching me a moment.

picture opposite. She studied it a mo- father's kiss the child-spirit fled. with a strange man in the grapery, and ment, then said, her red lip curling,-

ing a beauty, at any rate. He followed me in delightedly, and in So I said in a tone that fully matched

judging by aepparances.

to the very roots of her hair.

tinct falsehoods within three months. rection her eyes were strained, her face ther was the bride in the silver gray silk.

they have too, a peculiar gift of discover- door, eying her like fate. ing deceit in others.

since you are so hetly interested in that Lamerse' and the blue velvet eyes wide enough married to John Heathfield I'll just in a blind sort of way, as if to beat down he, now? said Tom one night, talking it make him turn its face to the wall.

wife I think you will!

What do you mean, Barbara? she asked curiously.

That you will never marry John arms to her. Heathfield; never. Indeed, if you were an older woman, I should have expected time-seasoned. member any of the trouble. When I got swered coolly, folding up my finished to see a husband and half a dozen children here to claim you, long ago.

But in case they don't come, what is ness enough for him. to hinder my marriage?

had the other night. We Thornes do her book, trying so hard to steady her not often dream, and when we do it gen-shaking hands. erally amounts to a prophecy. I thought | So you wont't speak to me, Cousin whose tastes had become vetiated with After they were fairly gone, and half a man came here in broad daylight, his Virginia, he said again. a mile of water between us, I hunted up face pale and deathlike, his dress a single garment of vivid scarlet. And he Heathfield, forbidding this marriage. strangely, I know, she said, trying to

A white terror took possession of her, as I stood telling my ghostly story, till not my cousin in reality, but you are the she was quite as pale as the man in my daughter of my Uncle Rupert's second dream. But for her never failing pride wife, by a former husband; and your I think she would have screamed aloud name is-no, no, pardon me-was-

I only have frightened some of the impu- been infinitely better for all concerned. your power to teach your children selfdence out of you.

opened the ensuing day, after the long You are a wicked woman, Mrs. Lamerse, to curb his temper; if he is greedy, culsummer vacation. I went to my task a false and wicked woman; but for tivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, with a kind of relief, hoping vainly to God's providence I might have died in promote generosity. still the heartache that was becoming foreign lands, nor ever have known that Josh Billings says .-- Knowing how

for me. I sat helping myself, wondering you to marry me. I always hated you

previous.

Are you ill? I asked in a tone really you say to that?

ven's sake quit dreaming. The man in Heathfield discovered his brother, just the red cloak has come; his name is Dis- then, standing and listening and staring He turned to her his face, clear of re- wait patiently for results. And between ease. Little Rupert has malignant scar- in the doorway, like one in a dream. gret or pain, and I took my discarded my own nervous terror of consequences let fever, and if he continues growing John, old boy, he cried, bounding to-, and the dread of Aunt Esther's reprov- worse as fast as he has all day, there will ward him, aren't you glad I've come

a cup of tea at a swallow.

everything so perfectly. That most days ran on bare of events, a sickening Lowell; she is with him now. I don't the last six months, trying to get ou charitable woman would not listen a mo- dread took possession of my heart to sit know anything about sickness, she said gold that never was there, in company

such a woman for a mother to his dead the meek-eyed Agnes Heathfield, little adjoining room, and I sat by the bed, of all the world. the child's hand in mine; and John She sat cowering, but perfectly silent. How the hazel eyes and little rose-lip- | Heathfield, standing beside me, dropped | Honest Tom had tears in his eyes, as he "Barbara, my dear child, for pity's ped mouth seemed to look at and plead tears over the changed face of his dy- wheeled around to face his brother. sake control your tongue and search with me to watch over and protect her ing boy. The child turned to me sud- John! John! he said brokenly, do you your own heart. Charity thinketh no boy from the overhanging evil. To my denly, resting his beautiful, long-lashed think I am trying to stab your heart excited imagination the face seemed act- eyes on my face. Then he spoke the first through its love, as she has stabbed mine coherent word of many days.

Mamma, he said softly, caressing my means to prove all I say. You may call me so, if you like, my I do not understand.

Oh, I thought you were my dear mam-

streaks and bars of dusky gold into the come home. Thank God he is here. No; the first wife wasn't very hand- ctagon parlor at Cliff Cottage, which was The astonished woman had risen, and some, certainly, but quite as much of a fast gliding into the old routine. There was eyeing me, her blue eyes alight with dow in my own room overlooking the beauty as the second will be of a saint, was a period of mourning to elapse be hot anger. The swift, angry blood rose, at this, pointed, and Aunt Esther and myself trouble to my door, Barbara Thorne? For shame, Barbara Thorne, she said hearthstone. This afternoon being one field. hotly, your temper is precisely suited to in which there was no school—the semigave her out of it a package of letters. your name—barb on one end and a thorn weekly half holiday—I sat luxuriously ocean to steel that letter. idle, looking out to sea, as I laughingly Don't provoke me then by disparaging told Aunt Esther, to see if my ship was toward her again, but took my hand in coming in.

How was she better than I? she asked. A sudden spring to her feet of Miss night Cliff Cottage was clear of her for-Because she was truth itself. You do Lamerse, who had been curled up on the ever. not know the meaning of the word. In- sofa reading a novel for the last two There was a wedding in the octagon Ah! you are delightfully plain-hearted. ashy white. A tall sunburned man, I Tom was foolishly proud and fond of her. It is a trait peculiar to the Thornes; had not heard come in, stood inside the John gave them Cliff Cottage as a

How do you do in these days, Cousin prosperous and content; and John and Charming people. Let me tell you, Virginia? he asked, walking up to Miss I live in our splendid city house, rich,

paragon of a picture when once I am | She did not speak but made a motion | Soft-hearted fellow John was, wasn't the hand he had not extended.

where my Aunt Esther sat, her soft eves my Esther. I had risen and stood facing her. She feeding on his face as one looking into And my little Barbara, put in John,

> been very long; what have you to offer me? he said brokenly, stretching out his

Judging by the way he held her to his heart, one might suppose it was happi-

By-and-bye he turned again to the his cheek.' The judgement of a singular dream I haggard-faced woman, crouching over

> She sat upright now, facing him. You are mistaken, sir. I am not your

Yes; so do I know. True, you are I had broken your neck when I shook All right, my lady, I said to myself, if you out of that pear tree? it would have I had, this side of the ocean, a relation to sit square on a bile, without hurting, I went home every night pretty to love or mourn me, he said sternly. is one of the lost arts.

Miss Lamerse came in, her eyes bear- No, that was not your fault; but it ened me towards her. Indeed, I had back to intercept my letters, and thus almost forgotten our quarrel of the day lead my brother and my betrothed wife Is printed and published by the Proprieto believe me dead or false. What can

Nothing evidently. She sat still No; but, Barbara Thorne, for Heal growing red and white by turns. Tom

home? Where is he? I asked, drinking half Everlastingly glad, dear Tom, if Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost

you're quite sure it's you, bodily. But satisfactio On that great wide bed in the spare what is this you are saying to my-to Just the truth; only she is Mrs. Lam erse, if you please, John. I've been

with this woman's lawful husband; good St. Pierre, Miquelon " H. J. Watts.

The week wore away, and sure enough fellow, too. The only weak spot he has ing love, that might never meet fruition there was no wedding. Rupert lay in- is his love for his wife, who deserted him

accustomed to its foibles and follies, my neither marriage nor giving in marriage. ed to suffer terribly when the spasms What have you to say to this? John child, she said, after a tirade of mine The wedding dresses, each elegant came on. The house was darkened, the Heathfield asked, terrible in his sternthat had, no doubt plenty of bitterness and costly, were finished and laid away; bells muffled; and Aunt Esther and I ness, turning on the shuddering woman. and I sat in the cool library one after- had reason to be thankful that we knew Then with something of his old tenderness, he added softly: Deny it, I pray devoid of a single religious principle. and iifting my eyes now and then to the One evening just after sunset I had you; only deny these horrible accusa-The idea of Mr. Heathfield selecting only picture that hung there, the face of coaxed Aunt Esther to lie down in an tions, and I will believe you in the face

all these years? No! by Heaven I have

But how did you know she was here?

I had stood silently by all this time, but spoke out eagerly then,-

It was my doing, utterly and entirely. ma. I am going up in heaven to find Alone and unasked I set about prevent-How industrious you are, she said, her. I want my papa to kiss me. John Heathfield bent down to the lit- my old enemy, Virginia Hall, in your Her eyes rested at length upon the tle lips, chilling even then; and with the promised wife, though she had colored her brown hair black, and had grown Just then Miss Lamerse appeared in from a girl to a woman. With Tom lost, The first wife was far enough from be- the door, but by some sudden, unaccount- hopelessly, she thought the Heathfield able impulse, born perhaps in that sud- money was still possible to her through I had meant to keep civility on my den moment, he put up his hand and you. I suspected her tacties and foiled boys never tell tales. But I have a new side, but plain speaking has ever been motioned her away. And then he went them. Finding Tom's homesick letters picture-book in my room, and if you will my besetting sin; and the utter heart- on his knees beside his dead boy, and, -directed some to you and some to lessness in her tone angered me terribly. hiding his face in my lap, wept aloud. Aunt Esther-in her pocket, and there-A September afternoon was sending by learning his address, I wrote him to

fore another marriage day would be ap- Then it is you who have brought this were talking of a return to our own Your letter betrayed me to Tom Heath-

Exactly. You could not cross the

John Heathfield never turned his eyes his and drew me gently away. That

wedding present, and they live there

happy and honered. all over; he always believed all women I think you will; when you are his He turned from her to the window to be angels. Well, some are—there's

> looking up from his paper and knocking O Esther, my darling, the years have the ashes off his pipe.

> A THREE-YEAR-OLD, contemplating a favorite cow, asked her mother, "What The old love, Tom. Only the old love, Daisy did with her cud when she was done with it?"

The puzzled parent did not know. "Oh, I know," said the little one, she gives it to papa, and he keeps it in

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

"MISTER, how do you sell sugar today?"

"Only twenty cents a pound." "Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir."
"Good day. When you get tired of

that kind of sweetening call around." "I will."

He called the next day. A HINT TO PARENTS .- Do all in And Tom Heathfield laughed the old, government. If a child is passionate, My little school over at Fisherville boyish laugh. Then he began again: teach him by patient and gentle means

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