Deacon Snowden's Daughter.

BY ELSIE LEIGH WHITTLESEY. Rosalia Snowden was barely sixteen when the new era in her life began-an era which, of course, had for its grand master-impulse the fond, foolish fancy common to girls of that perilous age, and which, in their baby innocence they invariably call by the name of love. The only daughter of grim, old Deacon Snowden, a churchman of the most rigid and bigoted sort, poor Rosa had little hope of her father ever looking kindly on the worldly "lord of her des tiny," whom she veritably believed to be a prince in disguise, like those she had read about in the story-books, and who would come for her, by-and-by, in a golden coach, drawn by four milkwhite steeds, and they would be so happy together in a palace by the sea, where there were flowers and music, and perfumes to gladden every sense, and

And this prince was really only Mr. Hubert Davenport, the son of a wealthy New York merchant, who was spending the summer with his uncle, Judge Davenport, at Oakland, a little village on the Hudson, something less than a mile distant from the quaint old Snow-

den farm-house. Rosalia happened to meet him one morning while on her way to school, and from this trivial circumstance their acquaintance began. One may speak to a little country school-girl without encroaching upon the proprieties; so he bade her good-morning, carried her books for her, and made himself so agreeable, generally that she was quite charmed, and thought Judge Davenport's nephew the very handsomest and the very best of all moustache and soft white hands were things to dream about; for girls of sixteen build very large castles out of very small material. Then, too, he was tall, broadshouldered and well-educated, and had, besides, a pleasant voice, a winning smile and gentle, wooing ways, such as could not fail to impress favorably a fresh, young heart like Rosalia's.

Time passed on; they met fre quently. He sent her flowers, books and music. She speedily learned to love both gifts and giver, and to eager-

"I had rather have written them than been Queen of England! If ever the world calls me, and I feel sometimes that it will, I shall be an actress."

The kev-note had been sounded, and already the future, with its griefs, triumphs, disappointments and sorrows, loomed darkly over Rosalia's uncon

And she was so lovely, this young, willful, impulsive daughter of Deacon Snowden's, that one could but tremble when they looked into her dark, lustrous eyes, and read there the latent power and ambition that filled her love took wing like a frightened bird, tered upon her career. and flew away, so very far away, that poor Rosa could not tell whither they had gone, or why their going had left

being seen by somebody inimical to its which. further continuance, and this hostile somebody, in Rosalia's case, chanced to be a no less implaeable person than her own father.

Robes of the costliest silk and velvet, "Go, and forever."

"You shall be obeyed; but your heart is mine—mine alone—and for the rest I care not."

Davenport no more.

See him no more ! Rosalia now knew | none disputed. heart, and the blood seemed freezing in her reins. Never see Hubert Daven-like drops of dew on her long, dark port again? She could not give the lashes.

veriest beggar that walks the streets? what I am?

very lips, and trembling with passion- steadiest. "basely and cruelly false! Hubert Davenport is not the soulless wretch you you, will never forget !"

could reply, she was gone.

ed the door, and sat down by the open grace and beauty. "If something would only happen!"

she thought, looking out drearily into the falling night, her eyes very large and wistful, and dark as the dusky shadows slowly creeping over the window-sill-" if something would only happen, and give wing to all that within me that longs to fly, then I might forget this blessed summer. Oh, to be up and doing-to crowd and struggle with the busy world, and feel that one is living! I want to live, not simply exist.

When one is weary of the world, then such a life as this may seem pleasant and peaceful, but I want to try the

The stars came out one by one. The if his very soul was in their gaze. moon rose clear and full over the mountains, and went sailing along through tains, and went sailing along through ending with "Helen, I am constancy!"

ing the perfect beauty of the tranquil was Julia.

tenance—looking for the man in it, eh? harumscarum cousin. "And now-"'Open your mouth and shut your eyes, And I'll give you something to make you wise,"

And, suiting the action to the word, rather more literally than he supposed, went serenely on his way, quite unconhumiliation, aroused the slumbering genius just ready to spring into life, and but waiting the quickening touch of wounded pride and slighted love to be its own glorious self.

make existence one long, long dream of The letter was from Hubert Davenport-merely a few hurriedly-written nes of farewell, telling her that busihinted that perhaps next summer he might visit Oakland again.

'Father was right," she said, as if speaking to some one beside her. 'Hubert Davenport was but playing with me, and I to believe him so good, and true, and noble! But all is not lost. Life is still before me, thank heaven, and this night-this very night

created beings. His blue eyes, blonde placed a few keepsakes and other trifles in a small travelling-bag, took from the bureau her slender hoard of money, put on her hat and shawl, and stole silently from the house.

When she reached the gate, she stopped in the shadow of the maples, and was leaving-it might be forever.

A great rustling among the gooseberry bushes announced the approach of some one. Rosalia stood perfectly still and listened. But it was only old Rover, who had, uninvited, come to look after who had, uninvited, come to look after make you hanny."

abruptly brought matters to a crisis, a remarking, with an earnestness that le remarking, with an earnestness that leave the remarking with a remarking with an earnestness that leave the remarking with an earnestness that leave the remarking with a remarkin

Shakespeare's plays, beautifully bound in blue and gold, and superbly illustration blue and gold, and superbly illustration in telling you my plans. It's not far life, as sweet as a bird's song in spring the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration is the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration is the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration is the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration is the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration in the superbly illustration is the superbly il ed. Rosalia was nearly wild with de- to Baltimore, is it, Rove, old fellow? ed. Rosalia was nearly wild with delight, and exclaimed, as she folded this

I am going there—going to see my old

I am going there—going to see my old

believing then as it is now cold and dismost precious of all her treasures to school friend, Kate Ruthvine, who is trustful. living in that pleasant city The even ing express leaves Oakland atten o'clock. We have plenty of time. It's but a little distance if we go the short way

"I can't believe it possible!"

"Aye, in vain," she answered, stead-

> but Rove was quite a simple dog, though he looked so large and knowing, and could not understand the nature of the many dangers which were sure to beset the pathway of the young and beautiful mine, then-Rosalia Snowden. girl the moment the safe shelter of her

home was left behind. Rosalia had many things yet to learn, awakening soul. All too soon the charm many difficulties to overcome, and many was broken, and faith, romance and temptations to resist; but she had en-

Adelaide Stewart, the handsomest voman, and the best actress the stage her so utterly and hopelessly desolate. had boasted for many a year, sat alone Never yet did lovers walk in shady in her sumptuous dressing-room, dreamanes for any length of time without ing or thinking-it were hard to tell

about the apartment, and amid all the It is needless to dwell upon the scene luxury and splendor sat Adelaide, her which ensued. It is enough to say that | beautiful face wearing a strangely sad it ended in Mr. Snowden sternly com- expression for one who could count so manding his daughter to see Hubert | many triumphs, who had won and refused so many hearts, and whose genius

why she cared for him so much-knew A weary sigh escaped her lips, and the why the ice-like chill crept round her tears that had lain heavy at her heart

required promise. The new love was "Oh, it's all such a wearisome, wearistronger than the old, and angry re- some life!" she thought; "a task that bellion was in every flash of her proud, is never finished, a heartache that never defiant eyes, in every movement of her ends, praises that are but hollow mockrestless little hands, and in the very eries, love that is only a name for no tears that glistened, large and bright, thing, and triumphs that die with the on her warm, flushed cheeks. Her footlights. Oh, my mother, if I were father saw it, and bitter, indeed, were only with you again, and the old, old

the words that fell from his stern lips. happy life were once more mine! I "Do you not know, simpleton though | wonder if they have forgotten me? you are, that Hubert Davenport is but Eight years change one so. Eight playing with you—that he really cares | years! Can it be so long ago since the no more for you than he does for the something happened that made me He is rich, heartless and worldly, and But Adelaide Stewart could not afford

But Adelaide Stewart could not afford to indulge in such saddening reflections, for she was to appear as Julia for the seasily—"

"It is false!" she cried, white to the perty lips, and trembling with passion—

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"It is false !" she cried !! she c girls, such as you, are his pleasure and to indulge in such saddening reflections, his pastime. You are easily won and for she was to appear as Julia for the

There is a singular bewitchment would have me believe him to be. I easily won—his pleasure and his pastime? And my father to think so ill of me! A compliment, truly! and one which Rosalia Snowden, I do assure that the night the curtain went up on the content of the pastiment of the content of the content of the pastiment of the content of the content of the pastiment of the content of the conte would have me believe him to be. I about the stage after all, when once a which Rosalia Snowden, I do assure than the night the curtain went up on

as fast as her feet could carry her, lock- looked the very embodiment of youth, window to think and to cry to her heart's A wild storm of applause greeted her

For a moment she seemed hardly conside could do to so far master her extreme agitation as to go on with her

For eight long years she had not seen Hubert Davenport, but she saw him now sitting in one of the proscenium "Sir," she said, with much dignity, "allow me to—" boxes, with his eyes fixed upon her as if his rows coal was in their arms. You love me—have always loved

half forgot her troubles in contemplat- moning all her strong self-control, she

She could go on now fearlessly, and "Hallo!" cried a cheery voice be- neither heed nor care for one present. neath the window. "I say, Rosa, why Lightning leaped from her impassioned are you staring the moon out of coun- eyes, her bosom heaved with stormy emotion, and her terrible "Leave not 'The katydids and fireflies wentout to take a walk.
And I followed their example, my bonny Rosabel,' sang Harry Snowden, Rosalia's young mendous force with which she uttered

the proud command. "She is magnificent!" he muttered, under his breath; "and there is some thing about her that reminds me of Harry tossed a letter up to her, and some one I have met before. It's a voice not easily forgotten, once having scious that he had brought to Rosalia heard; and her eyes—they are literally the "something that should happen," windows of the soul, but I can't tell and with anger, and pain, and bitter | why it is their glorious glances so move

The curtain went down amid a tumul tuous outburst of applause, and she who had enchanted all hearts, and whom not a few envied, vanished like a star that had reached its setting. She had won another triumph, bril liant as the most ambitious could wish; ness of great importance necessitated his but she was heard to say by those who mmediate return home, and vaguely waited to get a glimpse of her at the stage-door, as she passed to her

"Drive fast, David; I am tired-so tired!" * * * * * Night after night Adelaide harmed and delighted her thousand of eager worshipers, and night after night Hubert Davenport occupied the same

heaveu, and this night—this very night

—I'll fix my fate for weal or wee, and bid them all—father, mother, friends and home—good-by!"

Rosalia was as good as her word, and with hands that trembled, but did not falter in their desperate purpose, she placed a fow leaves her word to be so easily satisfied. It got the better of his placed a fow leaves her word to be so easily satisfied. It got the better of his placed a few leaves her word to be so easily satisfied. It got the better of his placed a few leaves her word to be so easily satisfied. It got the better of his placed a few leaves her word to be so easily satisfied. It got the better of his placed as few leaves her word to be so easily satisfied. orudence, as love usually does, and inally pride went down before it like

chaff before the wind. Adelaide had not refused him h friendship—an honor very few coul boast of; but she was icc itself so far ove was concerned, and took no noti of his tender overtures whatever. Her studied indifference nettled hi looked back at the dear old home she was leaving—it might be forever.

Iter statute and one evening he rath abruptly brought matters to a crisis,

love both gifts and giver, and to eagerly wait for his coming in the cool shady lane, where the Lombardy poplars grew straight and high above the gray old wall, and the meadow larks sang joyously in the still, dewy brightness of the early morning.

One day he gave her a volume of Shakespeare's plays, beautifully bound in blue and gold, and superbly illustrations who had, uninvited, come to look after his young mistress, and ask, in his dumb way, permission to accompany her wheresoever she might be going.

'Yes, come along, Rove,'' she whis pered, patting his silky head. 'I'm going away. This will be our last walk together for a long, long time; and, as I know you will keep the secret, I don't mind telling you my plans. It's not far wind telling you my plans. It's not far life, as sweet as a bird's song in spring-

"Oh, Adelaide! and you to have loved in vain?" he replied, with a look

the distance if we go the short way through the lane, and we are not afraid, ily. "His name—am I asking too much?

and looked him squarely in the face. "His name was Hubert Davenport, and Great was her surprise, and it must be confessed, secret joy, to see the glad way he caught her hand in his, and way he caught her hand in his, and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Ah, yes, little Rosa, I know you now! You were standing just so the last time I saw you in the lane, only you were a child then, and I—Did you real-

ly love me so much, my darling?"
"You know that I did! But that time is past, and you are less than nothing to me now. "Less than nothing! but you do love me still. You have had your revenge and you ought to be satisfied with that Shall I go or stay, Rosalia?"

And before she could utter a word of

remonstrance he was gone. A lady, in a handsome travelling dress nd wearing a thick brown veil, stepped from the train at Oakland, one eve in June, and, without speaking to or being recognized by any one, slowly walked up the village street, in the direction of Deacon Snowden's.

A scent of lilacs in the air, a gentle A scent of the wind through the maple leaves, a dewy, hushful calm everywhere, and pale, soft moonlight falling peacefully over all.

A gray-haired woman sat in the low, old doorway, with her head bowed old doorway, with her head bowed on her hand, and her eyes bent thought-

fully on the ground. "Mother!" Aye, that were a cry to arouse on like a trumpet-blast! 'Rosalia, my child-come home at

Mother-dear, dear mother!" And Rosa was in her mother's arms, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Let us pray," said an old man, who had approached them unobserved—"let us pray, for the dead is live again, the lost lamb found."

"You have forgiven pro-fetter," Oh 'You have forgiven me, father? Oh,

in our bosom ever since the sad day you left us," replied the trembling old father, as he kissed her tenderly on lips

you, will never forget!"

And before the wrathful old man could reply, she was gone.

Rosalia ran up stairs to her little room as fast as her feet could carry her, lock-looked the very embodiment of youth, quite happy.

Alone in the lane, one autumn day,

Alone in the lane, one autumn day, with only the birds for company, Rosalia so far forgot herself as to wonder if Hubert, whom she had sent from her with such lofty scorn, still cherished a thought of her.

But why did the smile leave her lips so suddenly, and what was the meaning of the death-like pallor that so quickly overspread her features?

For a moment she seemed hardly contained to the sum of the seemed hardly contained to the seemed hardly contained to the seemed hardly contained to the sum of the lane, one autumn day, with only the birds for company, Rosalia so far forgot herself as to wonder if Hubert, whom she had sent from her with such lofty scorn, still cherished a thought of her.

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ers-women but silly butterflies. I die

one true heart, and again it is laid at your feet. Will you accept of it-now my dearest?" said a well-remember

She lowered her eyes, unable to withthe cloudless evening sky like a great world of soft amber-hued light.

Rosalia leaned from the window and Rosalia leaned from the Rosalia leaned from the R Traveler's Column.

D. T. JOHNSTONE.

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1880. TIME TABLE. 1880. Steamer "New Era. CAPTAIN. CHARLES CALL.

2 p. m. 3 p. m 5.30 p. m. 7 p. m 1 call at Douglastown, every trip, and g son at 9, a.m., 12 noon and 3, p. m. trips

On and after MONDAY the 10th inst., and a

ke	follows :		
ld as	Mondays, Tuesdays, Wedns'dys, (till May 26) Fridays and	Leave Newcastle for Chat- ham, at Leave Chatham for Indians town. LeaveIndiantown for New-	9 a. 11 a.
ice	SATURDAYS	New Era for Chatham at	3 p.
im)	Leave Newcastle for Red	
er		BankLeave Red Bank, for Chat-	ва.
by		ham	8 a.
eft	THURSDAYS,	-Leave Chatham for Red Bank.	1 p.
an			3.30 p.
he		New Era for Chatham,	
ne	On Wednesday, the 2nd day of June, & every alternate Wed-		
to		nesday after, leave New castle for Bay du Vin at	8.30 a.
		Leave Chatham, do., do.	9 a.
Ir.		Newcastle	3 p.
nd,	On WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of June and		
've		every alternate Wed- day after, leave New-	
gh		castle for Burnt Church Leave Chatham do., do.	8.30
		" Burnt Church for	

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1880. TIME TABLE. 1880 STEAMER "ANDOVER,

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m	Leave Newcastle for Red Bank 6 a. n
er	Leave Red Bank, for Chat-
oy	THURSDAYS, Leave Chatham for Red
eft	Bank 1 p. n Leave Red Bank for New eastle, connecting with 2,330 p.n New Era for Chatham,)
he	On Wednesday, the 2nd day of June,
ne	& every alternate Wed-
to	nesday after, leave New
	castle for Bay du Vin at 8.30 a.n Leave Chatham, do., do. 9 a.n Bay du Vin for
r.	Newcastle 3 p.1
d, ve	On Wednesday, the 9th day of June and every alternate Wed- day after, leave New-
gh	castle for Burnt Church 8.30 a

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C. STRATTON, Esq.
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epared, as one of the
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AND

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