

LITERARY

A Summer Afternoon.

O, golden summer afternoon!
The smiling heavens above us bent
So full of peace, so full of love
Flood all the love with sweet content.

The sunlight sleeping on the hills
In drowsy splendor dreams away
The long slow hours as if it felt
The rapture of a perfect day.

The mountains stretch, broad waving line
Of purple light along the sky,
While at their feet rich shadows veiled
Serene and fair the meadows.

O, happy earth! art thou awake?
Or dost thou dream? We cannot tell.
A subtle charm enhanceth thee
And holds us too within its spell.

There comes to us the hum of bees;
A bird flits by on startled wings,
And through dim arches in the woods
We hear the whispering breezes sing.

With rippling laugh and silvery sheen,
Through cool, green haunts of moss
And fern,
The brook betrays its hiding place,
And clearer grows at every turn.

The wild rose lifts its blushing face
Above the way side grasses low,
While pale wood lilies in the shade
Their snow-white bells swing to and fro.

And all along the laurel looks
From out its cool and dark retreat,
Wishing yet fearing to be seen,
Like some coy maiden fair and sweet.

Only to breathe the fragrant air,
To watch the lights and shadows play
To quaff the nectar that the sun
In brimming beakers pours today.

It is enough to be; to feel
The tranquil mood of field and wood,
To know God's blessing everywhere
Hath made so much that's fair and good.

For us are neither words nor speech.
We look into each other's eyes,
And there we read what each would say,
For our mute questions, sweet replies.

O, blessed silence! Who shall tell
How deeper than all words thou art!
Like gracious dews at close of day
Descends thy calm upon our heart.

MARY E. FOLSOM

TOM.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'I suppose I must call. Eleven o'clock
The old gentleman said I was not to stand
upon ceremony, so I'll run down to-day.
It is dimly lonesome here, and some-
body said the Lawlor girls were the belles
of the place. Who was it that told me
that Julia Lawlor was the belle of Rushtown,
and that Dolly was the nicest little
thing in the world? I'll go down and prove
the assertion.'

All this in soliloquy, as Mr. Thomas
Bardell donned his daintiest walking
dress, drew on his lavender kids, put on
his glossiest silk hat, over his crop
of curling hair, and surveying his handsome
faultlessly-attired self in the long mirror,
sailed forth.

Rushtown was a collection of country-
seats, a mile from a populous borough
and the Bardell Place was one of the
most stately of the many superb houses
of which it was composed. Thomas
Bardell, my hero, was the nephew of the
late owner of the Bardell Place, and on
the death of that gentleman had inherited
his entire property, greatly to his own
amazement. Mr. Julius Bardell, deceased
having quarrelled with every relative he
had in the world, and announced his in-
tention of leaving every dollar to a
charity.

That he did not; but, relenting made
a will in his nephew's favor, which brought
Mr. Thomas Bardell from a college in
Germany, where he was finishing his edu-
cation, to Rushtown.

He was twenty-four, an orphan, hand-
some and talented, and had some private
fortune before his uncle's death. That
he was unspoiled, modest, and one that
held all women as little lower than angels,
may be attributed to the fact that he had
a mother who was a true Christian lady,
who loved him, and whose death, when
he had just attained manhood, was the
heaviest sorrow of his life.

Rushtown was an unexplored country to
my hero, but Dr. Lawlor being the only
physician in that place his residence was
easily found.

The hall door stood open, the parlor
door was also stretched invitingly open,
and after vainly waiting for the ring to
be answered Mr. Bardell stepped inside
the vestibule.

A voice high above his head, and in
the parlor, called:—
'Tom is that you?'
'Hand me my soap, that's a good fel-
low,' said Dolly, from the lofty perch
where she was seated, facing the back
windows; 'you know I am afraid to look
down or turn around on the ladder, I am
so sure to get giddy.'

'Where is the soap?' came in a voice
muffled by laughter.

'Close down the ladder, where it has
just dropped. Don't dare to laugh at
me, sir, for I am in the depth of afflic-
tion. Papa has invited the heir of that
splendid Bardell Place to drop in without
ceremony. Did you ever, and we just
in the midst of our spring cleaning? So
I left Jane to finish up stairs, and came
down myself to make the parlor look
decent. There goes my brush. Hand it
up that's a dear.'

The brush was handed up, Dolly not
daring to take her eyes from a level, al-
ready feeling her head spinning with
giddiness.

'We can't be grand, of course and the
house will look mean enough after clean-
ing she continued scrubbing vigorously at
the paint. 'And you know, Tom, he is sure
to fall in love with Julia, and it is such a
splendid chance for her, poor dear. She
does so hate our economies. She has
gone over now to Mr. Simps-n's to finish
her blue muslin, and she can't help to
clean because it will spoil her hands, and
they are so pretty. Julia is lovely in
blue, because her skin is so fair, if her
hair and eyes are dark. She will just be
perfection when she is rich, Tom. I hope
she will have him and Papa and I will
jog along forever. We don't mind cheap
things as poor Julia does. There! That
paint can't be whiter. I'm coming down
and you can move the window for me,
Tom.'

But cautiously descending the ladder,
Dolly only caught a fleeting glimpse of a
tall figure going out at the garden gate.

Then, being the sweetest tempered of
women, though merely a passable pretty
girl, Dolly assented the ladder again,
and soon forgot Tom's rudeness in the
absorbing duties she had undertaken.

In the mean time, Mr. Thomas Bardell,
shaking with laughter, wended his way
homeward.

'For that must have been Miss Dolly
with her natty little boots and pink calico
dress. She had lovely brown hair, though
I could not see her face.'

The next call made by the heir of the
Bardell Place found the parlor shining
with cleanliness. Miss Julia Lawlor, a
really beautiful girl, was arrayed in the
blue muslin, knitting. The appearance
of the blue muslin was the rest of Tom
Bardell's apparently careless intimation
to busy Dr. Lawlor that he intended to
drop in that evening. For a wonder the
doctor remembered the fact and the Law-
lor girls were arrayed to receive their
guest.

Dolly, in half an hour decided that she
liked the new-comer very much indeed,
and that he would make a very nice bro-
ther when he fell in love with Julia and
married her as of course it was his mani-
fest destiny to do.

Apparently the singing was as power-
ful a magnet as Dolly supposed it would
be, for scarcely a day or evening passed
that Mr. Bardell did not drop in. Tom
Lawlor, the doctor's nephew and student,
declared Bardell to be a first rate fellow
and was always bringing him to tea. Then
the garden of the Bardell Place, as sum-
mer came on, offered most tempting op-
portunities for the presentation of bouquets,
to the fair ladies at Dr. Lawlor's.

To be sure, Thomas Bardell did not
know that Julia's adorned the parlor,
while Dolly cried over her's in her own
room, and sometime pressed her rosy lips
upon the card of the donor.

Sly little Dolly!

For she knew Mr. Bardell was falling
deeper and deeper in love with Julia,
Did he not fairly haunt the house? Did
he not listen entranced when Julia sang,
even upsetting all the orderly arrange-
ments of Dolly's work-box in his abstrac-
tion?

Was not the pic-nic on the Bardell
grounds, to which all the friends far and
near had been invited, slowly the result
of Julia's wish to see the place? That
pic-nic somehow it impresses itself upon
Dolly's mind that Thomas Bardell was
contemplating a proposal on that June
day, when he was to play host to all the
people of Rushtown.

She could not have told why she resolv-
ed to ask 'papa' for permission to visit

her aunt in New York for a few weeks.
'Just to give them a chance to be alone,'
she thought, and wondered what made
her heart throb so very painfully at the
idea.

She made Julia look like an exquisite
picture by wreathing her daisies under
rim of her chip hat, and fastening her
soft white lace at her throat with a bunch
of the same flowers. Then she dressed
herself rather hastily having, curled her
sister's hair, and otherwise made a Cin-
derella of herself.

She heard nothing of a dismayed ex-
clamation in her father's study of:
'But bless my soul, Bardell, I can't
spare her! She is my right hand and
eye! She is housekeeper and companion
and—every thing. I thought it was the
other one you were—'

And here the blundering kind hearted
father stopped hesitated, and finally
said:—
'Well—we, if she loves you, I shall
not say nay, though I don't know what
I shall do when you take her away.'

Then Thomas Bardell discovered that
it was full time for him to go home and
receive his invited guests, and he depart-
ed, not seeing the girls, and leaving the
doctor in dire dismay.

'Dear me—dear me,' he kept mutter-
ing, 'why couldn't he have fallen in love
with the other one?'

When the Lawlor Carryall, driven by
Cousin Tom, drove in the avenue of the
Bardell Place, Thomas Bardell, standing
upon the porch to receive his guests,
thought his eyes never rested upon a
lovelier vision than on the daisy wreathed
face of Julia Lawlor. The prettiest pink
tinge came to her cheeks as she accepted
his help in leaving the carriage and his
arm to the house.

Dolly jumped out anyhow as Tom Law-
lor said, and there was not the faintest
color upon her white cheeks, though she
talked and laughed gaily enough.

But after the luncheon was over Dolly
found an opportunity to escape alone, and
strolled over to a rustic seat over looking
a pretty lake, and completely hidden
by tall lilac bushes. Here, her useful
little hands idly clasped, she looking,
straight before her, thinking, perhaps,
when Thomas Bardell, who watched her
flight, also strolled down the path which
led to the rustic seat.

Dolly was thinking: 'It is love'y here,
and the house is splendid. Julia ought
to be very happy but I wished she care-
more for him. All she looks forward to
is the splendor and freedom from money
care. But perhaps that is best. I don't
care about money, so it must be best for
me to stay at home and make it com-
fortable for papa. Julia says I must come
often to make her long visits, but I don't
think I can. I wonder—'

And here little Dolly's hands clasped
each other in a tighter grasp, and her
very lips grew white as she wondered if
it was wicked for her to feel such an en-
vious longing to have, not the wealth,
but the love of her future brothers-in-law.

'I'll soon conquer it,' she thought, mis-
erably, when it is all settled. It is this
waiting that tires me.'

She was not to wait much longer, for
the bushes parted near her, and present-
ly Mr. Bardell startled her by saying:
'Are you dreaming, Miss Dolly?'
'She blushed and smiled, answering:
'I was a little tired, and came down
here to rest.'

'I am very tired, let me rest, too,' he
said, taking a seat beside her. 'I think
this is the prettiest spot on the grounds.'
'Yes,' Dolly said, faintly, wishing she
would go away before she began to cry.

'The house sadly wants one addition,'
said Mr. Bardell, looking straight before
him across the lake.

'It seemed to me perfect,' Dolly forced
herself to say.

'Perhaps it is only in my eyes the defi-
ciency exists, but I think it lacks the
presence of a gentle, loving woman, and
I know that I want a wife there. Will
you come to brighten it, Dolly? Will
you trust your happiness to me, believing
that I will make it the first thought of
my life? Dolly, don't cry, dear, your
father gave me permission to speak to
you.'

Then came some five minutes of quiet
bliss for two hearts, and Dolly's tears were
stopped by caresses. Presently Mr. Bar-
dell said, in answer to his lady love's last
remark:
'Julia? O, yes; she was very handsome,
but, you see, before I saw her I was in
love with you.'

'Why, you saw us both at the same
time.'

'No; when I saw you, or rather the
arrangement of your back hair, you were
seated on the top of a step-ladder, giving
me distinct orders regarding soap and
scrubbing-brushes.'

'You?' cried Dolly, and certainly there
was no lack of color in her cheeks as she
spoke. 'You? I thought it was Tom!'
'So it was Tom, my dear.'

'It was too mean.'

'I lost my heart then and there, and
sacrificed a pair of lavender kids at the
s shrine of cleanliness, as sure as my name
was—'

'Tom!' said Dolly, laughing.

WIT AND HUMOR.

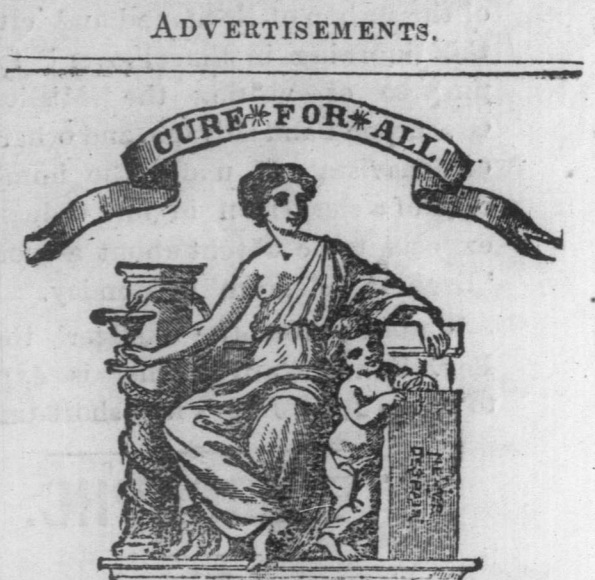
No matter what rank vegetables may
attain, the cabbage will always be a head.

A young woman in Chicago, who had
lost her speech by a severe cold, had
twenty offers of marriage in one week.

Jones being told that he looked seedy
and asked what business he was in, re-
plied: 'The hard wear business—look at
my dress.'

'What's your fare?' asked old Flints-
skin of his cabby the other day, and was
met with the stereotyped reply, 'Well,
sir, I will leave that to you.' 'Thank
you; you are very kind,' said old F.,
buttoning up his pockets and walking off.
'You're the first person who ever
left me anything yet.'

A drunken man was swaying unstead-
ily in a Virginia City street, when a
dog with a tin pan tied to its tail ran
with his legs. The collision was so
forceful that the man was upset, and
the dog ran on minus a piece of its tail.
The man got up bewildered, rubbed
the bruised end of his spinal column,
picked up the dog's tail, and thus soli-
loquized: 'This is—hic—unfortu-
nate! Never before known or sus-
pected I had such a thing as a tail till I
go an' fall down an' break it off. Might
make a—hic—fortune 'zibitin' myself
as man with tail. There'd bin mil-
lions—hic—in it! Jis my luck. When-
ever I get a thing it's always gone be-
fore—hic—find it out.'



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medi-
cine ranks amongst the lead-
ing necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood
and act most powerfully, yet sooth-
ingly on the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,
and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and
vigour to these great MAIN SPRINGS
OF LIFE. They are confidently re-
commended as a never failing remedy
in all cases where the constitution,
from whatever cause, has become
impaired or weakened. They are won-
derfully efficacious in all ailments
incidental to Female of all ages and
as a General Family Medicine, are
unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Prop-
erties are known through-
out the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,
Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,
It is an infallible remedy. It effectually
rubbed into the neck and chest as salt
into meat, it Cures SURE THROAT,
Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even
ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,
Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it
has never been known to fail.
The Pills and Ointment are Manufac-
tured only at
533 OXFORD STREET LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines
throughout the Civilized World; with
directions for use in almost every lan-
guage.
The Trade Marks of these Medicines
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any
one throughout the British Possessions,
who may keep the American Counterfeits
for sale, will be prosecuted.
Purchasers should look to the
Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the
address is not 355, Oxford Street,
London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights,

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
that a Light House has been erect-
ed on Point Verde, Great Placentia.
On and after the 1st June next, a
FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be
exhibited nightly, from sunset to sun-
rise. Elevation 98 feet above the level
of the sea, and should be visible in
clear weather 11 miles.
The Tower and Dwelling are of
wood and attached. The vertical parts
of the Building are painted White; the
roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.
Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Di-
optric of the Fifth Order, with a Sin-
gle Argand Burner. The whole water
horizon is illuminated.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879,

GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified
that from and after this date Parties
having ORDERS on the BOARD OF
WORKS are required to present the
same for payment on TUESDAYS and
FRIDAYS only in each week, between
the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works, St. John's,
2nd May, 1879.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. F. CABERRY,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,
Central Auction-Mart,
BERRY'S COVE, ST. JOHN'S
St. John's, June 12. 2m.

CARD.

JOHN A. ROCHFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
'Herald' Building, Water St.,
CARBONAR, NFLD.
Text Post & Telegraph Offices.
All business transacted with
punctuality and attention.

AVALON

Hair Dressing Saloon,
296—Water Street—296,
[Opposite Messrs. SILLARS & CAIRNS,]
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
E. W. PIKE, Proprietor.

CARD.

W. J. HENDERSON,
SHIP BROKER
Commission & Forwarding
Agency, &c.,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.
May 29.

NOTICE.

ACROSS NEWFOUNDLAND
WITH THE
GOVERNOR;
A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION;
AND—THIS
Newfoundland of Ours,
Being a series on the natural resources
and future prosperity of the colony, be
the Rev. M. HARVEY.
For sale at the office of this paper, prices
fifty cents.

NOW LANDING

Ex. Racer, from Greenock,
10 Octaves Scotch
WHISKEY
10 Quarter Casks ditto
25 Cases LORNE ditto
50 Cases HAZELBURN ditto
75 Cases IRISH ditto
50 Hhds. Jeffrey's ALE,
50 Tierces PORTER.
May 22. J. & T. HEARN,

Vol. 1.
THE
OUT
Is Print
Office, V
Office, V
THURSD
Terms
(Pay
Fifty
tion, on
continua
ments i
half-yea
reasona
All ce
led to th
lisher,
LAB
The N
Con
LAB
Harbo
bor; S
Salmon
bor, th
Sablou
Bay, C
and C
Pro
Harbo
bor Br
Patch
Grady
Harbo
Cape E
RET
navick
Harris
Harbo
Bake
Rigou
pende
Lon
alteri
Gra
Int
Ba
Pu
natel
Co
alter
Ve
Tu
terna
De
Sh
alter
Fi
Har
Li
M
nate
T
as at
trip
be re
after
betw
or I
St.
T.
N
"E
CO
A
per
endi
at t
Stre
12th
busi