

LITERARY.

The Voices of Nature.

Voices of nature whence come ye?
We come from brook and hill and lea,
We come from the laden thigh of bee,
From cover head and chestnut tree.

We prattle with the dropping spring,
Where richest notes the wild birds sing,
From flocks the echoing cries we bring,
And sigh where ivy branches cling.

Through the long hours when mortals sleep
We swell forth from the mighty deep,
Or with the nightingale, we keep
Our evening tryst, while thick dews weep.

Or with the leaf—all golden dyed—
We rustle through the woodlands wide,
We splash when rain drops kiss the tide,
Or winter's howling blast we ride.

But louder still, and still more loud—
When lurid mists the earth enshroud,
And giant trees like reeds, are bowed—
We roll along the thunder cloud.

We come, like rush of winged feet,
Treading the air, un-veiled and fleet;
With a thousand blending chords we meet,
And all are varied, all are sweet.

EMILY BOND.

PAUL GASCOIGNE'S MARRIAGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Slowly, with cold shaking fingers, she wound the black ribbon around the papers, and put them back into a drawer; feeling, as she closed it, that she was putting away the love of her life forever. The pale, quivering lips were firmly closed with a new resolute expression.

Then with a sudden rush, the blood surged from her heart to the poor pale cheeks; and for a moment the old, loving look stole into the eyes that had been wont to smile so gladly at the sound of that horse's feet, heralding her husband's return home, the stroke of whose hoofs now filled her with agony akin to madness. Dolly never knew afterwards how she subdued all sign of what she had gone through, and turned a face only a shade paler than usual to greet her husband.

'I have come home to lunch, after all,' he said; and then suddenly added, 'Why Dolly how white you are! Those old books have tired you! My darling what is it?'

There was no answer, her face was hidden on his breast. He stooped to kiss her, but she never lifted her head—she only clung to him closer in an agony of love and longing.

'Not proven!' Those two words seemed burnt like fire into her brain. 'Not proven!' With such an idea swelling in her heart, could she let his lips press hers—the false lips that must have spoken lies to be where he stood now, his wife in his arms?

His wife! Dolly broke from him and sped away upstairs to be alone, the dread, the horror of what she knew blanching her cheek anew, making her knees tremble, her breath come fast.

And yet she loved him, and would love him always. Can anything on this earth ever quite quench a woman's love?

'Dolly!'

'Come in.'

Mr. Gascoigne came softly through the darkened room and up to the sofa where his wife was lying with hidden face, and knelt down beside her.

'You want to be lonely, dear? I am going out again.' He was stroking one of the hot feverish hands. 'Is the headache bad? Poor little Dolly! I am afraid you tired yourself over those stupid books—but you will go to sleep—I will not be long away.'

She turned and wound her arms around his neck, and clung to him despairingly.

'Kiss me Paul.'

'My darling!'—bending low and pressing loving kisses on the pale lips that never smiled, but only wailed out, her face pressed to his—

'Paul, Paul, remember I loved you always.'

And Mr. Gascoigne went away that afternoon with the remembrance of those arms clinging around his neck, that sobbing cry echoing in his ears, leaving his wife as she believed, his last kiss upon her lips—the kiss she told herself then that she would give him back in heaven. And while scalding tears ran down like rain, the wife prayed for her husband—prayed they might meet in a better world at peace—forgiven.

It was dark when Mr. Gascoigne rode leisurely home under a clear frosty sky, the cold stars paling and twinkling high aloft, and all peering the bare branches of the trees.

Arrived at the house he went first to the drawing-room expecting to find Dolly there as usual. The large room was but dimly lit by the glow of the fire, but a single glance sufficed to show Mr. Gascoigne that no bright smiling face was waiting to receive him. He went straight up stairs, and to her room, treading softly lest she might be asleep. Softly he called his wife's name, and then walked into the room, which was empty. The candles were lit; Dolly's evening dress was on the bed. It was seven o'clock, but she had not rung to summon her maid.

Mr. Gascoigne's quick eyes took all in at a glance, but there was no anxiety in

his face; he slowly descended the stairs again and went into the dining-room. The cloth was laid; the light fell on the sparkling glasses and silver on the table. The butler busy at the sideboard turned round as his master entered.

'Shall I bring up the dinner, sir? The mistress has not yet returned.'

And a change came over Paul Gascoigne's face—then he bit his lip beneath his gray mustache before he answered—

'I did not know she was out.'

'Yes sir, she went out nearly three hours ago.'

Without a word Mr. Gascoigne walked off to his study, anxiety painfully written on his features now. On the study table lay a note. Mechanically he opened it and read the few words there in his wife's handwriting,

'I am going away forever, do not try to find me. Paul, we shall meet in heaven. Good bye.'

'DOLLY.'

'Merciful Heaven!'

Low and hoarse under his breath came those two words. Then he locked the door and with those blurred blotched lines in his hand, he sat down to think, and none ever knew what the thoughts of P. Gascoigne were during that one terrible hour before he collected himself and went back to the dining room, with such a look on his face that the old man servant, who had once seen that expression on his master's face twenty years before started back now, and the glass he was carrying fell from his hand.

For Heaven's sake master, what has happened?

Mr. Gascoigne looked at him steadily.

'Bernard, I can trust you.'

'You know you can sir.'

'Well, look here.' Was it to steady himself that Paul Gascoigne leaned so heavily on a chair, that shook with the trembling of his broad, strong hand resting on its back? 'Bernard, your mistress is not coming back, but there must be no talk—nothing. Get my portmanteau packed, I am going to London to-night.'

'Yes, sir.'

'You understand, my wife is with me on the Continent—there.' He laid a roll of notes on the chimney piece. 'Keep them all from talking—the servants need know nothing, but buy their silence if necessary. You understand,' he said his stern blue eyes grew dark and sterner with the agony of his mind.

'Yes, sir, but you will bring the mistress back?'

'Please Heaven, yes.'

Then he quitted the room, Dolly's little note still tightly clutched in his hand. By the night train he left for London, and the household only knew their master and mistress had been called suddenly away.

In all the wide world there were not two more utterly miserable beings that night than Mr. Gascoigne and his wife—the wife with the knowledge of an awful secret burning her soul, flying, she cared not whether, provided she would not see her husband's face again, while he, wretched and broken hearted, was vowing to know no rest till he found her. If he had to search the whole world over, there could be no peace for him till his hand could clasp hers again. And her last words seemed to be echoed in the throbbing of the engine as the train swung on.

'Paul, Paul, remember I have loved you always.'

After two months hurrying to and fro, going hither and thither, two long weary months of vain, fruitless search, Mr. Gascoigne returned home utterly broken down in spirit.

He had heard no tidings, gained no clue to his wife's hiding place—she seemed farther off from him now than she had seemed the night she had left his home and he had sat alone, her little, broken-hearted letter of farewell in his hand.

Bernard looked into his master's face and asked no questions. 'There was no need—the look in Mr. Gascoigne's eyes told its own tale. Into the dining room he went with slow weary tread, and bent head, as though with this sorrow he could face his fellow man. Bernard sad and respectful, feeling the grief of his master in his own faithful heart, followed in silence.

A telegram lay upon the chimney-piece on the top of a pile of letters. The blood rushed in a torrent to Paul Gascoigne's face as he hastily tore it open.

'It came two days ago, sir,' said the old man-servant, and then as he noted the agitation of his master's manner, 'Is it from the mistress, sir?'

'Yes.'

For his life Paul Gascoigne could not have uttered another word, with the telegram in his hand, the few scant words dancing before his eyes—

'Your mistress is in London. I must catch the night train.'

Then he bowed his head on his arms with a groan.

'And this came two days ago—forty-eight hours. She may be dead now. Oh my wife—my wife!'

Bernard, the tears trickling down his face, stole noiselessly away to leave his master alone with the agony of grief that followed during the weary hours that elapsed before the night train was due. But if the minutes, even seconds, drag like hours, they must come to an end at last, although they may seem an eternity of agony and suspense.

Paul Gascoigne paced up and down the platform at the railway-station in a fever of grief and anxiety, and then, pale and agitated, sat alone in the carriage with stern, compressed lips, and eyes fixed as though they saw not, for before his

gaze there seemed a sweet girlish face, with wavy hair and death-like features, and closed blue eyes that would never smile into his any more.

And all through that long night journey did ever a thought of his first wife cross his mind? When his face turned palest, was he thinking of that terrible secret the knowledge of which was bringing to the grave the only being in the wide world he cared about? But he knew not then that his wife had unwound the fatal black ribbon and read those papers upon the contents of which no eyes had rested for years but his own, and his brain throbed and ached with the strain of the one thought that was in his mind night and day—why had Dolly left him?

There was a hush in the roar and traffic of London, in the darkness of the soft, dewy night of early spring and far in the east the first flush of dawn showed that the morning was breaking.

A cab dashed up to one of the large hospitals with one solitary occupant inside sitting pale and desperate. The long journey was over at last, and Mr. Gascoigne would soon know if he was in time—if he would ever see Dolly alive again.

In a London hospital, where grief and agony are common enough the sight of a man with his face white with anxiety is common enough, and yet when Paul Gascoigne pale and haggard, gasped out with a voice hoarse with feeling, 'Am I too late? Tell me at once,' the doctor also most shrunk from the agony of expression in the eyes that met his, the despairing grief of the strong man's face.

'I can bear it; quick—tell me,' Paul cried, in his passionate eagerness.

'Your wife still lives.'

'Thank Heaven!' he echoed, drawing a long, deep breath, and a soft look stealing into his eyes, 'Take me too her.'

'Yes—this way,' said the doctor. 'But you must be very quiet—her nerves are in a highly excitable state, she seems to have something on her mind. Mr. Gascoigne, if I may ask, what was your wife doing alone in London, weak and ill as I found her?'

'Heaven knows,' responded Mr. Gascoigne, 'for I don't.'

'She is greatly changed—you will hardly know her. She is in one of the paid wards at her own request—and I would have sent for you long before, but she would give no address, would not even tell her name, till she thought she was dying.'

'Wife darling!' gasped Paul as with a heart, throbbing with anguish he stood looking at the awful change in his wife's lovely child-like face, lying white and deathlike on the pillow.

The nurse stole one look at him, and then crept away at sight of the despair on the stern face, the strong man's pained eyes gazing through a mist of sea-sickness tears at his wife, who lay as if unconscious of his presence. But as he knelt and hid his face she moaned and whispered sobbing—

'Paul, Paul!'

He held her hand fast, whispering her name and a look wondrous content stole over her face. But sudden y her eyes met his and hers filled with horror.

'Not proven!' she gasped. 'Paul husband! Not proven!'

As the two words passed her lips, a light broke over Mr. Gascoigne's face. He knew a lot at last. Drawing her face to his breast, he said, low and softly—

'I know what you mean Dolly; but it is all a mistake. And when you get well I will explain all.'

And quickly as he looked down into the eyes gazing up into his heart answered heart. She believed and trusted him then fully and entirely.

'Paul forgive me before I die.'

'Live for me, my wife,' he whispered, stooping and kissing her.

With a sigh of perfect satisfaction Dolly's head dropped again upon the broad shoulder where she had deemed she would never lay it again in this world.

Paul's eyes were full of tears. He held her tightly in his arms. She was his own again.

'Heaven give her back to me!' he was saying over and over again. And his prayer was heard.

'Ah, but Paul, how was I to know there was another Paul Trevor Gascoigne?'

'Only Dolly, you might have believed your husband.'

Dolly sitting on a low stool at his feet laid her soft cheek on her hand, resting on his knee.

'Paul,' she whispered low and falteringly, 'I thought, when I read those papers, I must die or go mad.'

Paul Gascoigne and his wife were at home again. It was a lonely summer evening, and they were finishing a long conversation.

'My poor cousin,' Paul was saying—'it was strange we should bear the same name, and Dolly, you must believe, as I do, that though the verdict was "Not proven," he was innocent. Poor Paul, that verdict broke his heart. You remember dear, the foreign letters I used to get? They were from him, poor fellow, and the last was from a friend of his, to say Paul was dead, and at the last had sobbed out his wife's name.'

Dolly raised her eyes streaming with tears to her husband's face.

'Oh Paul, that this had never come between you and me!'

He stooped low and whispered in a voice broken in its love and tenderness—

'My darling it has only drawn us closer to each other, I was to blame, too,

Dolly. I kept you my wife, out of my secret heart.'

'Paul,' she answered, tremulously, with quivering lips, 'I am thinking of it always. Will you tell me about your wife?'

There was silence, the clock ticked out fully two minutes, and then Mr. Gascoigne took her small hand tightly in his.

'I will, and in as few words as possible. I was only twenty one when I was married. She was my first love, and I was very happy till I found that she had no love for me, and that my money, not myself, had been the attraction.'

'Oh, Dolly it was a miserable time. She was so beautiful, a d a, other poor fellow had over her all his life. Listen my wife and let me make the story as short as I can. I came home one day to find my house empty, and after that I think I went mad. Then a day came, when I was in Paris and I saw a crowd, and in their midst they were carrying a dead body they had found in the Seine. I saw a white face and dead-go d hair. Like the others, I looked upon the lifeless form and like them, I went away but not home. That night I left for Australia, for I thought every one would know my story. Dolly, can you guess my secret? In the dead woman being carried by I had recognised my wife, and—his voice grew very tender—

'I thought my darling, I should never be happy again until I met you; and then—Heaven knows I am happy now.'

'Paul,' sighed Dolly, 'Oh! I wish you had told me everything before!'

'So do I, but, Dolly, 'oh I had never spoken of it to mortal soul, and have never put that part of my life into words till to-night. It was small wonder then that you thought I was the Paul Trevor Gascoigne who was supposed to have murdered his wife.'

'A long, long silence ensued. Then Dolly looked up and her eyes met his.

'Ah Dolly,' he said, 'your verdict was harder after all, for you believed me guilty, while they brought it in "Not Proven."'

'Because they didn't love you Paul,' she whispered her hand stealing into his. Had I stayed with you I would have acquitted her, because I love you so—quitting her fair, blushing face over the hand she held.

'Heaven bless you, my wife, my darling! he answered soft and low.

WIT AND HUMOR.

'Mamma,' said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, 'is it done when it's brown?'

'Mrs. Toomuch, where's your husband?'

'He's dying, mam, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him.' A very considerate woman that.

'It's a solemn thing to be married,' said Aunt Hamer. 'Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be,' said Miss Bartlett, a spinster aged forty.

It is because he has heard that close attention to little things makes a successful business man that the young clerk pays such close attention to his mouse-catch.

Indicators—A large eye is said to indicate capacity. A black eye indicates that the possessor was a poor judge of muscle when he told a man he lied.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state? 'Yes, madam,' rejoined an obstinate old bachelor, 'as on all other luxuries.'

Some women won't understand when their husbands are joking—in fact, such women have no appreciation of humor. Out in Cairo, Ill., a woman shot her husband just because he playfully threw stove wood at her.

A farmer in the neighborhood of Towson town was met by his landlord who accosted him thus, 'John, I intend to raise your rent' to which John replied 'Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself.'

'I wish your reverence,' said Curran one day to Father O'Leary, 'that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven; then you'd be able to let me in. By my honor and conscience' replied Father O'Leary, 'it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out.'

Here we have a good example of French wit: 'A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed a snipe. That's the consequence of having neglected your business,' observed his wife. So writes a correspondent.

Everybody is willing to say his prayers when he is in a tight fix, and sees no other way out. The Lord is the last resource of some people and their religion after the fashion of the sailor who prayed and said: 'O Lord, I haven't asked anything of you for fifteen years, and if you get me ashore I won't ask anything for fifteen years more.'

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him and then asked, 'What do you think of it? How will it take?' The President reflected a little while, and then answered: 'Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just the kind of thing they'd like.'

'My Soul's at the Gate' is the title of a piece of music. He had better be careful, or he may find the old man's sole at the gate too, some of these fine nights.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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These famous Pills purify the blood and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

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533 OXFORD STREET LONDON, And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

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 Bottles and Boxes. If the address is not 535, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

that a Light House has been erected on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. 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 Dioptric of the Fifth Order, with a Single 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.

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