

The Maid of John's Choice.

One of the proper age,
Of a good lineage,
Handsome by heritage,
Eyes brown or blue,

All grace in her motion,
A heart of devotion,
A soul of emotion,
Noble and true.

Speech free, not bombastic;
Wit keen, not sarcastic;
A laugh that's elastic,
Health to endure.

Trust unassumingly
Hope that is humanly,
Pity that's womanly,
Love that is pure.

Such a maid my wish is
Her love how delicious!
O, fate, be propitious
Now unto me!

No soft slyph, no fairy,
No girl vain and airy,
No vixen contrary,
My wife shall be,

I'd risk all the sorrow,
No trouble I'd borrow;
I'd marry to-morrow
The girl I love.

Love comes and tarries,
Faith the load carries,
When love with love marries,
Looking above.

Wooring an Heiress.

Tell me who is here this summer?
Fred. Dayton lighted a fresh cigar as he spoke, and balanced his chair dexterously upon two legs, as he puffed away in the moonlight.

His companion, smoking and rocking in precisely the same fashion, as they sat upon the wide front of Mrs. Melton's boarding house at N—, replied:

Some of last season's party, and some new ones.

That's definite!
My wife has a pretty cousin with her this year. An heiress too, Fred.

What's the figure?
Fifty thousand from a grandfather, in her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle, who is her guardian, leaves this world.

Is there any chance?
She is fancy free as yet, I believe. I should be glad to bestow my cousinly regards upon you, Fred. But, after all, you have no occasion to look out for an heiress; with your fortune.

Bless your innocence, Tom! a man never has so much but what he wants more. I could easily dispose of fifty thousand more, if it only bought finery for the future Mrs. Dayton. I think I will try for it.

Leaning from an upper window, but concealed by a thick running vine, a lady caught the words of this conversation, and at this point drew in her pretty head with a very decided jerk.

Upon my word! she soliloquized. I am really very much obliged to Tom! So his friend will try to win my money, will he? Not a word about me! Didn't even ask if I was an angel or a witch. Thinks he could easily dispose of my income, and would even generously allow me to buy finery with my own money. I am fairly boiling with rage. The impudent puppy! I'll make him pay for this, or my name is not Jennie Willett.

There was a spice of coquetry in the heart of the pretty heiress, that had not been crushed out in any experience of her petted life, and that flamed up into a brilliant blaze under the provocation of this overheard conversation. She was scarcely to be censured for her annoyance, and she firmly resolved that if the suitor for her money had a heart, she would add to the sting of her refusal, of his offer by wounding that organ, if possible.

So when Mr. Fred. Dayton was presented by pretty Mrs. Hogan to her cousin, he found himself greeted with a graceful cordiality that was flattering as well as delightful. Evidently, he thought Tom, like a clever fellow as he was, had spoken a good word for him to the heiress.

It was after breakfast, upon the porch, that the introduction took place, and the gentleman, who looked handsome himself in his white straw hat and white linen suit, decided that the heiress was a very fascinating little damsel. Her dress of clear white muslin was dashed here and there with vivid red ribbons, that suited well her rich brunette beauty for she was something more than merely pretty, with her great black eyes, and heavy masses of jetty hair that scorned a chignon. Under the broad brim of her shade hat, her clear olive complexion and crimson cheeks shone out with winning brightness, and even in the smile of greeting she proved that she possessed the power of expression in rare beauty.

It was on the programme for the pleasures of that sunny June day, that a party was to wander in shady woods for half a mile, to seek a spot famous for

wild strawberries, and there to enjoy a picnic luncheon. So as the walkers marshalled for their procession, it fell out that Miss Jennie Willett found by her side Mr. Fred. Dayton's six feet of manhood, and resigned to his keeping the basket that contained her share of the luncheon, and was to receive the results of her strawberry picking. Flirting in the ball-room, flirting on the seashore by the light of the moon and to the sound of the waves, flirting in an easy rolling carriage, and flirting in every separate phase of life's young dreams, have their votaries; but for a dangerous bewildering form of flirtation, none can excel flirting in the country, in a summer boarding-house.

Before that first morning was over, Mr. Dayton was secretly wishing he had not been quite so frank with his friend Tom Hogan. What if Tom betrayed him to Fanny, and Fanny told Jennie! He turned cold at the mere idea.

Already in his heart he called her Jennie. Already he had found out that the hand he had held in assisting his charge over a rough pile of stones was soft and pretty; that the foot, a glimpse of which was revealed on the stepping-stones of a noisy brook, was tiny and aristocratic in shape, that the voice that rippled out from the delicate mouth was low and sweet, and that the deep dark eyes could flash and melt, laugh and sadden, in a way as delightful as it was bewildering.

He was in the net Miss Jennie was spreading for him before the strawberry field was reached. And the lady? Commencing her flirtation with a heart full of pique, and a desire for revenge, she would not admit to herself what had made her morning so pleasant. She told herself it was mere gratification that her plans were working so nicely, and the prospect was so fair for her to make Mr. Dayton smart for his insolence.

Yet—and she stifled a little sigh at the thought—it was a pity this delightful deference, was all assumed, to gain her money. She recalled words that proved her new suitor no mere puppy, but a man who had read much and thought deeply. She was certain not one of her admirers offered attention more delicately, or bore himself more gallantly.

The summer days passed swiftly to two of Mrs. Melton's boarders, and meaning smiles hovered over the faces of others when Mr. Dayton and Miss Willett were mentioned, or were noted in each other's company, for the flirtation was carried on briskly. It was only flirtation, to punish him for his insolence Jennie sternly told her heart, when she caught herself musing over his words recalling the expression of his large brown eyes, thinking how a smile brightened his face, wondering if all men who had travelled were as fascinating in conversation as this one; sighing too, sometimes, as she thought, the pleasant summer was drawing to a close, and she must soon dismiss her cavalier from her side for ever. For—and her cheeks burned then—it was to her money all this winsome court was paid, and the smiles, the deference, the attentions were all for the sake of handling her grandfather's legacy.

And while the heiress sighed and mused, the wooer was blessing the lucky hour that brought him to N—for the summer. Never in all his travels had he met with a face, a voice, a manner, that touched his heart as it was now touched. He had forgotten the foolish speech he had made about the heiress, and had given his heart to the woman. He saw her busy with pretty feminine work in the mornings, and his fancy pictured her sewing and rocking so in a home. He heard her rich contralto voice in song, and he thought of her as making the evenings fly, when a husband came home weary with business cares. He saw her in superb evening dresses, at the many gay gatherings at N—, and he thought how proud a man might be of her beauty and taste, when the voice of society praised his wife. And under all these surface attractions, weighty as they were he paid homage to the girl's dignity, modesty and pure heart, though she could be so bright and lively.

The day came when the full heart found vent in speech, and as the young couple walked in a shady lonely lane, Fred's words, warm and tender, spoke the true and sincere passion in his heart. It was some moments before the answer came. Jennie had to battle with a desire to put her little hand in his and give him back love for love. She had to school her face and steady her voice, before she could answer.

Mr. Dayton, my answer to you must be to recall to your memory your conversation with Mr. Hogan, on the porch, the evening of your arrival. Every word of it was distinctly audible in my room.

Then you have been playing with me! he cried fiercely.

I have been endeavoring to prove to you that my money had a human appendage.

It was well for her composure then, that he turned abruptly from her and strode rapidly homeward, leaving her to turn into a narrow by-path in the woods and sob out all her pain in solitude.

For she realized now, in bitter humiliation, that whatever Fred. Dayton had sought in his wooing, he had won her heart. It contracted with quick spasms of pain as she thought that now he would leave her. Never again could she hear the deep musical voice speaking tender words, never see the deep, dark eyes look lovingly into her own again. As the tears chased one another down her cheeks, one of the unerring instincts of true love came into her heart, and she felt deeply and keenly that the love she had insulted and rejected was not the false suit of a fortune-hunter, but the true heart seeking what is the only sure guarantee for wedded happiness.

She crept slowly home at last, hiding her red, swollen eyes under her veil, and went to her own room, hearing the voices of all at luncheon, as she went hastily up stairs. Upon her dressing-table lay a letter, and as she read it there came into her busy brain a quick, luminous idea.

Over her sad face stole a look of resolution, and a certain hope too in her heart was pictured in her face.

I'll try it! she said. My eyes are in splendid condition. I'll try it!
She took her open letter in her hand, and went mournfully into the room where luncheon was in progress of demolition. Her eyes were not so red nor swollen but that they detected Fred. Dayton crumpling untasted cake upon his plate, and trying to look as usual.

As she appeared, Fannie cried:
Jennie! what is the matter? You look as if you had been crying your eyes out.

You would look so too, with a little hysterical sob, if you had my news to bear.

What is it, dear? and Fannie was at her cousin's side, all sympathy.

The S— Bank is broke!
By Jove! cried Tom, all your money was in that!

Jennie hid her face on Fannie's shoulder, and sobbed:

Uncle George was married last week!
Tom's comment upon that was contained in a long whistle.

Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! cried Fannie indignantly. Never mind, Jennie. Come to my room, darling.

And Jennie suffered herself to be led away and comforted and petted, hearing warm assurances of unchanged love, offers of a home, and a thousand pleasant words from Fannie, till Tom came up to endorse the whole of it, and add: Fred. Dayton wants to see you, Jennie, in the parlor. Jennie—the honest fellow hesitated then a little—before you go, will you let me say a word as if I were your brother?
Certainly I will.

Fred. Dayton loves you. I know it, and I think he means to tell you so. But, Jennie, if you do not really love him, will you remember that so long as Fan and I have a home or a meal, you are as welcome as a sister to your share of them, and as dear to both of us.

You may be sure I will never forget it, Jennie said earnestly. But will you, please, read Uncle George's letter while I am gone?

She left the room gravely, but in the hall she executed a little 'pas seul' that would have considerably astonished her sympathizing friends if they had seen it.

She found Fred. Dayton waiting in the parlor, marching up and down with true masculine impatience. Before she went in, she looked a moment at the tall graceful figure so buoyant with animation, at the handsome face radiant now with impatient hope, and in her heart there was a glad little smile with the refrain, He loves me! he loves me!

All the gladness was banished from her step and face, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover. He could wait for no formality of greeting. Abruptly, earnestly, with his whole soul in his voice and eyes, he said:

Jennie, you rebuked me sharply to-day for my presumptuous and insolent speech to your cousin. I acknowledge that I deserved it; but now, now that the money is gone, will you not believe me, that the dearest hope of my life, the dearest wish of my heart, is to win your love?

You are sure it is me you love? she said, in a very low voice.

Before I had known you a week, darling, I had quite forgotten that you were an heiress. I only knew that you were the only woman I could ever love, or whose love would be precious in my heart. Surely you may trust me now. Be my wife, and every hour shall prove to you how sincerely and tenderly I love you. Speak to me, Jennie. Why do you hide your face?

She did not tell him it was to hide her smiling mouth, her dancing eyes, but she allowed him to draw her gently into a close embrace, to take in his own her soft little hand, and tell her sweet and loving words.

You will be my wife? he whispered, and then she looked up.

Yes, I will, she said, blushing, but looking bravely into his eyes, for I believe you love me, and I love you with my whole heart. Stop! for his lips were approaching hers, to close the speech,

don't kiss me yet. I forgot to mention that Uncle George drew all my money from the S— Bank before it broke, and has it in safe deposit elsewhere. Now you may kiss me.

But, Jennie, Fannie asked, when she and Tom joined the lovers some time later, what on earth were you crying about?

Jennie never told, but Mr. Fred. Dayton made some guesses at a private interview, that Jennie would neither deny nor confirm.

OLD-TIME AXIOMS.

The following I find in my Scrap-book pasted there more than a score and a half of years ago. I reproduce them to show to the present generation what quaint ideas were promulgated by the teachers of our fathers and mothers of olden time:

"An Independent Man is one who blacks his own boots; who can live without whisky and tobacco; who earns at least a penny a day more than he spends; and who can, upon a pinch, shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

"A Great Man is one who can lead his children to obey him when out of his sight.

"A Hospitable Man is never ashamed of his dinner when a friend unexpectedly drops in to dine with him.

"A Good Wife exhibits her love for her husband by seeking to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

"A Sensible Wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one, abroad.

"A Wise Girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

"A Simple Girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and by a mawkish sentiment which has little to do with a true heart as has the gaudy dress she wears.

"A Good Girl always respects herself, and is thus sure to be respected by others."

JOSH BILLINGS' IDEA OF GIRLS.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except women. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that suits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of Old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean, they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummux her; and when you get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year; but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, while boys never do, and they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me, and they don't care either. The hoity-toitist girl in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. By and by, they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as any old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the feller they have spliced on to; and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

PLEASANT HOMES.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! If you want to ruin your sons, tell them that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment, around the lamp and firelight of home, blots out remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sensation.

"WHERE are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" "Home, sir, home. Don't detain me. I've just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I want to get it home before the fashion changes."

TOBACCO MONEY.

A hard working man, returning from his day's labor with a flower-pot containing a brilliant fuchsia under his arm, was met by a fellow workman with a "Good-day," but who at the same time made some remark about this propensity.

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em," was the reply of the other, "and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em."

He made no farther remark as his neighbor replaced his short black pipe in his mouth and passed on; but he inwardly said that this was a portion of his rum and tobacco money. He had several beautiful plants and choice chromos in his house; and he knew that his love of the beautiful cost him far less than his neighbor's love of tobacco. Then his gain was much the greatest. The smoker would gain a hot, dry mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness and headache, even if he did not drink. The other would gain the sweet breath of the flower and the cheerful presence of the picture; and gladden his wife and children by bringing them such beautiful things instead of being wished out of doors with his nasty tobacco-smoke and disgusting spittle. He is not the richest who makes the most money, but he who makes what he has produced the most happiness, and cater to the most refined and delicate tastes.

MR. AND MRS. GRUNDY.

There was a time when gossip was peculiarly the conceded pastime for women at tea parties and sewing circles, but now the male portion of humanity have encroached upon woman's time honored prerogative, and it would seem that as women are reaching out into a broader sphere of action and into a higher field of education, men are more eager in their desire for the tit bits of scandal which they seem to enjoy with relish. It is stated as an odd fact that the magazines of the present time are made up of personal gossip, written by men for men. A glance over the newspapers, too, will show, outside of the more delicately seasoned dishes prepared by feminine readers, how much is reserved for the delectation of the stronger sex, that deserves no other name than scandal—taken raw and undiluted without any proportion of decency. Surely Mrs. Grundy's occupation is gone, and the old man Grundy sits at the head of the table to pour out his delectable dish of slander.

Jack newly off a voyage and elevated with grog, is a queer animal. One of this class was a passenger lately in a railway carriage between Chicago and New York, in which was a clergyman. Jack was not at all scrupulous in his phraseology, and the clergyman, in a solemn tone, said the young man was on the road to destruction.

"Well, it don't matter much," said Jack, "for I've got a return ticket!"

Soon after the death of the poet Woodsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood, and said to him, "You have had a great loss."

"What loss?"

"Why, you have lost the great poet."

"Oh, ay," said the farmer, "he's dead; but ah hev no doubt 't wife will carry an 't business, and mak it as profitable as iver it was."

"I am surprised that you should leave me, Patrick," said the Widow Pincham to an ex-boarder, "when I set as good a table as any one in town."

"Och, mam, an' yer thable may be good enough, but niver a decent bit do ye put upon it, sur."

PUN AND PUNNING.—A Birmingham paper has the following amusing erratum:—"By a strange blunder of the printer, in our 'resume' of the programme of the winter session of the Midland Institute, which appeared in yesterday's 'Gazette,' the subject of the Christmas holiday lectures was announced to be 'The Pun and Punlight,' instead of 'the Sun and Sunlight.'"

A MISSISSIPPI editor declines to support any political candidate whatever, on the ground that it is all that he can do to support himself.

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