

My Dentist.

Who sets me in his easy chair,
And hurts me more than I can bear,
And pulls my tooth and doesn't care?
My Dentist.

Who lacerates my gums with files,
Of different shapes and different styles,
And cooly takes them out and smiles?
My Dentist.

Who twists my lower jaw awry,
And sticks his thumb into my eye,
While seeking cavities to spy?
My Dentist.

Who thrusts the steel deep in my tooth,
Which makes me howl—and then for
sooth
Tells me "The nerve's exposed, in truth?"
My Dentist.

Who, when the teeth are filed and ground,
And tender orifices found,
Puts a purr and twists it round?
My Dentist.

Who in my face doth rudely hum,
And wafts a breath that smells with rum,
And makes me taste his nasty thumb?
My Dentist.

Who always finds a tooth to fill,
A root to pull, a nerve to kill,
And then sends in his "little bill?"
My Dentist.

SELECT STORY.

MAUD ALLEN.

And so he is very handsome, is he, coz?

Oh yes, we think so; not real, downright handsome, you understand, Kate, not effeminate looking—but grand, noble; and oh! he's so good and so learned.

And so poor, I suppose, mimicked Kate Arthur, as she drew her shawl a little closer around her, and shrugged her shoulders, while her lips curled contemptuously.

Indeed he isn't, eagerly answered Maud. He is very, very wealthy. He went to California, ten years ago, and has amassed a fabulous fortune. He lives over in the grove, with his mother, and has beautiful horses and carriages, ever so many servants, and the most delightful house—really, I mean it—delightful! It is filled with pictures, books, and curiosities from all quarters of the globe.

Yes, said Kate, dreamily. Then after a pause, is this marvel to be seen? Does the god mingle with the demi-gods?

Oh, yes! He isn't a bit proud, and he will be here to the party I am to give in your honor to-night.

Will he? Well, I'll promise to give you an unbiased opinion of him when I see him. By-the-by, you had better give him a caution to be careful of his heart, as you are such a friend of his.

Maud Allen's cheeks colored slightly, but she did not reply, and began busying herself in arranging her cousin Kate's wardrobe. Kate had arrived at Sunny Brook that morning, and was now seated in the room Maud had prepared for her. She watched Maud leisurely, and gossiped with her about her own home, Philadelphia, and her lovers, and then about Sunny Brook and its eligibles. Not that she was particularly interested, at first, but, being in the wilderness, one might as well know what kind of people one would meet, and then, being an incorrigible flirt, she would have no objections to break a country heart; but as Maud told her of Charles Champlain, the grandee of Sunny Brook, of his education and immense wealth, she, looking at the pros and cons, considered it would be as well to be introduced, and perhaps, but she did not finish her surmise, for the tea-bell rang, and the real superseded the imaginary for awhile.

VENI, VIDI, VICI! sang Kate Arthur, the morning after the party. Maud, dear, you are a jewel, first, to invite me here, next to introduce me to your prince. I declare, he is a prince, Maud! He is grand, noble, anything you like.

O Charlie! he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh, Charlie's my darling!

There, Maud, have I praised him sufficiently, eh? playfully pinching Maud's cheeks. How pale you are, cousin. You are not used to late hours. By-the-way, when I am mistress of the mansion at the Grove, I will give party after party, and you shall be invited, and must attend them all. Do you know, she added, after a little pause, looking out from under her long eye-lashes, I was a little afraid of you, last night. Bonnie Charlie seemed almost too attentive to you, at first; but I conquered, did I not?

Maud made no reply, but her face grew red and pale alternately, and suddenly she left the room without a word, and rushed into the library. Seating herself in an arm-chair, she buried her face in her hands, and passionate sobs smote upon the stillness, while her little form swayed to and fro.

Fool! fool! fool! she murmured. Pitiful fool that I am! I could take my heart out by the roots, and crush it beneath my feet! She raised herself suddenly, and her hair became unfastened, and floated around her. Clenching her little hands in it, if I could tear you all out every hair, I would do it! what a wealth of beauty is your hair, he said, only last week, and he begged me for one tress of it, and I, like the pitiable fool I am, gave it to him, while my heart beat with joy when he pressed it to his lips.

Oh, now I loved him! And he, what has he said to me? Nothing but what mayhap he has said scores of times to other young ladies. And I have been a playing thing, to amuse him in his solitude! I like to see you as you look now, he said once, with a laugh, just after he had kissed my hand, your cheeks are aglow, and your eyes are like diamonds; and I took it as a compliment. What did he say last night? Let me think, my head is in such a whirl. I cannot thank you sufficiently, Miss Maud, for bringing such an acquisition to Pleasant Brook. Your cousin is just what we want to relieve us. The monotony was becoming unendurable. And then the way he looked at her—O God! let me die.

And Kate Arthur, sitting in her room, was clasping her hands together with joy.

He is infatuated. I know it, and I—I declare I love him! She whispered it softly, while a rosy tint stole over her face. I love him, I love him! Pshaw! she exclaimed, almost in the same breath. I am going to be a sentimental idiot, almost as bad as George Elliot. She caught her breath quickly. Why does his name and face haunt me so? I was not to blame for breaking our engagement. It would not have been an engagement had he failed before. O God! It was too cruel to take me into the room, without one word to prepare me, and there he lay, white and cold, with the dreadful gash across his throat! She sprang up, with every limb trembling.

Maud, Maud, she cried. Maud had bathed her face and calmed herself, and now entered the room quietly.

What is the matter, Kate? I am so nervous! I think there are rats or mice in the wall, are there not? I heard a rattling there.

Probably there are, although I have never heard them. But you shall dress, Kate, as Mr. Champlain will call soon. In Rome, you must do as the Romans do, you know, and we keep very early hours.

Here is Longfellow; stay in the room and read, while I dress, dear, will you? Certainly, replied Maud, wondering at the sudden change in her cousin. Not that she was not always kind, but her tone lost its condescension.

When Charles Champlain called, Maud excused herself from going down.

Two are company, and three a crowd; you know the homely old adage, Kate, she said, when Kate urged her to go down.

You resign your sceptre too quickly, Maud, Kate replied. I am not sure but that you occupy the throne yet.

Better resign than be overthrown, she laughingly replied. I must be all, or none, in the hearts of my people.

You are a dear, good girl, anyway, sighed Kate, as she kissed her. And if I thought that you loved him, I would do nothing to win him from you.

If I loved him, replied Maud, proudly, and you could win him from me, I would thank you with all my heart for doing it. I could not choose a subject as my king.

It is not necessary to go into long detail, and tell you of each evening and each day, of loving words, or of a heart quietly battling with itself, and breaking slowly. Oh, I know that there are people who will sneer and scoff at the idea of a breaking heart, but there are a few—God grant that it may be a few!—who know the truth of it, who have watched the day grow interminably long and dreary, who have wooed sleep, only to wake again with this unrest, this longing, and have closed their eyes again, thinking, if I could but sleep always! To whom life has been a burden, a drug, only for this expectancy, the feeling that something may happen to prevent the blow, and then, at last, the blow, when all is over.

The hope and fear and the sorrow, All the dull, deep pain, the constant anguish of patience, All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing.

All this is over, but what does it leave behind? A sullen calm, an apathy, nothing in the future but this blank, nothing past but pain; and yet we too often nurse this past, and cherish it, even though it pains us more and more as we cherish it. Ah, Father, that life should be so short, and yet so full of anguish! Could we realize that we are to-day here, to-morrow, where? Would we not be more kind toward another? Would we not be as anxious in removing obstacles as we now are in placing them before the feet of the unwearied? Would

our brother's blood cry out against us? God forbid!

One evening, the last of a fortnight, I will record. They were sitting alone on the piazza, Kate Arthur, and Charles Champlain. He had drawn her close to him, and was talking in low, soft tones, one hand straying caressingly over her head.

I had but one aim in my life before I met you, Katie, he said, and it was not a very reputable one.

What was it? she asked, listlessly; for why should he, with all his wealth and position, have any aims?

Revenge! Revenge? she exclaimed, drawing unconsciously away from him.

I do not wonder that I startle you, darling, he said, drawing her close to him again, and I fear it will startle you more, when I tell you that the object on which I am to wreak my vengeance is a woman.

A woman? she gasped. Surely Charles—

Surely dear, he interrupted, it is not wrong; wait till I tell you my story. I had a friend with me in California, a dear, good fellow, handsome and loving, not effeminate, and yet with the heart of a woman. We tented together, slept, ate and drank together, and at last, when news came that his mother was dying, we divided our spoils; and he returned to New York. I received one letter from him. He had met his fate, he wrote, the most beautiful, most accomplished, and most loving woman in the world. He worshipped her, and she loved him. He would marry her in September, and I was to come on to the wedding. Well, I had grown tired of roughing it, and so I started. Arriving in New York, I drove immediately to the house of my friend. Having been away so long, I did not notice the unusual quiet, or the crape upon the door, and the servant, supposing me to be a relative, ushered me into the drawing-room where—when my eyes became accustomed to the darkness—I saw my friend lying dead. He was too deeply agitated himself to notice the agitation of Kate.

After a while, he added, dead, and died of his own hand! She, the woman he loved, had broken their engagement upon learning of his losing part of his property in a business speculation.

What was his name? said Kate, in a whisper scarcely audible.

George Elliot. God have mercy! she shrieked.

Champlain aroused himself from his thoughts, and clasped her in his arms.

Kate read, pardon me for telling you this unhappy story. I might have known how it would have affected you, with your warm, loving heart. My darling, my darling. And he kissed her brow, and strove to quiet her.

Let me go to my room, Charlie, she said, at last. Your story has quite unnerved me. But first tell me what you would do if you met her?

Break her heart, if possible, as she broke my friends.

And then— Curse her with the most direful curse man could give!

O Charlie, here on my knees, I beg of you do not say so! You may never meet her; if you should Charlie, if you should, promise me that you will forgive her.

Never!

She may have been young, Charlie, she may not have loved him, may have been influenced by friends. O Charlie, for pity's sake, if you ever meet her, forgive her!

Get up, Kate; you may well say that you are unnerved; and yet you are a noble-hearted girl, to plead for an utter stranger. Go to your room, dear, and pardon me for being so incautious as to tell you the story.

She placed her arms about his neck. Swear that you will always love me, Charlie.

Why, my darling, is not my word sufficient?

Swear it, Charlie, do, to please me.

As long as you prove to be a true, good woman, so long I swear to love you.

Not that, not that! Swear that, come what may, you will love me.

I could not do that, he said, gravely. I believe that you will always be true and good, and so I shall always love you.

Kate Arthur did not go to bed that night; up and down, up and down her room she paced.

Maud loves him—she, with her baby heart! Shall I try the unknown, as George did and leave him for her? No, no, a thousand times, no! He would love her soon, I know. Ah, me! When will this end? My life a continual lie, and always these two pictures—George Elliot, dead, with that mark across his throat, and Maud growing paler and thinner day after day. He thinks—I told him so—that she is pining for an absent lover. I shall not give him up. Never, never, never!

Was it a wonder that her eyes were dim, and her face pale the next day?

In answer to Champlain's inquiry, she said that she had received a letter

from her mother, that she was very ill, and she would be compelled to return to New York in a week.

And our wedding postponed till fall? said Charles.

Would it be unmaidenly for me, dear, she said, blushing, to say—

To say what, Katie? That we might be married this week?

She leaned her face against his breast, to hide her blushes; she could hear his heart give a hurried beat and then slowly die away, but he said no word.

Forgive me! she said, looking up. I have done wrong in saying this, only I have such a fear of losing you.

I have nothing to forgive, he said, looking down at her with a smile; I was pondering. I vowed to complete my aim, before marrying. I have written to several friends, to find out the name of the lady, with a bitter emphasis on the word 'lady,' still it may be years before I meet her.

Marry me, Charlie, do, I beg of you! Do not let anything come between our happiness.

He was not capable of resisting. It shall be as you wish, darling, he said.

And you wish it, too? Of course I do.

Somewhat surprised were Mr. and Mrs. Allen when told that, on Thursday morning, Kate and Mr. Champlain were to be married, quietly, and at their house. Being very hospitable, they made no demur, although Mrs. Allen's heart was aching sorely for her daughter, whose secret she had read, and knew why her step was growing more and more feeble, and the little, hectic flush was appearing on each cheek.

Thursday, at noon, they were to be married, and all things were ready; yet still the bridegroom tarried. But last he came, pale and hurried.

I have bad news, he said; I will tell you by-and-by, in answer to Kate's look of inquiry. I am ready now.

There were no spectators save Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Maud. Very solemnly rang out the voice of the minister.

I require and charge you both, as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why you may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful.

As he paused, Champlain threw Kate's hand from out of his own.

I know of an impediment, said he, there is blood on that hand—the blood of a friend. Ay, shrink and cower! he said, turning to her. You did well to hasten the marriage, but my letter came just ten minutes too soon for you. Do not touch me, viper! I hate you!

As he said these words, she raised her hands with a cry, and fell senseless upon the floor. Maud sprang forward to assist her, but Charles held her back.

You are too pure to touch her, he said.

Mr. Allen, recovering from his surprise, turned to him.

I demand an explanation, he said.

Charles commenced and told him the story he had told to Kate, and added—

Ten minutes before coming here I received a letter from a friend, and in it was her name—Kate Arthur—the woman who had slighted George Elliot. I think that I went mad. I am not sure of my sanity now, he said, with a bitter laugh. Send her home; do not let her contaminate your daughter. And he turned to leave the room.

Kate had revived, and now, resting upon one arm, she cried out,—

Charlie, Charlie! Do not profane my name with your breath! he said, turning to her.

O Charlie, forgive me! I loved you so! Forgive me—it is all I ask!

For one moment he paused, then turned, without a word, and left the room.

One year passed swiftly by, and Maud sat alone by her window, her color regained, and her usual good health restored. Charles Champlain has been abroad, and, just returned, was going to call that evening. So her father had told her, and, while she was thinking of this, the door opened, and some one stood beside her. Looking up, she exclaimed,—

Mr. Champlain! Miss Maud!

And the meeting, so much dreaded by her, was over. Just before he left he said—

There is a painful topic I wish to speak upon. You will pardon me, Maud, but I am commissioned with a few words to you from one who is now no more—

Kate Arthur.

Is she dead?

Yes; it seemed that she followed me to Europe, although nearly dying at the time. There she died, but before her death she sent me a note, begging me to come to her, as she was dying, and I went.

Maud's eyes flashed her approval. I forgave her, and she forgave me;

and then she added, I wronged Maud. She loved you, and I think that you loved her. All the stories that I told you of her pining for an absent lover were false. Ask her to forgive me!

Maud had buried her face in her hands. Do you forgive her? he asked.

Yes, she whispered. And now, darling, may I hope you will forgive me?

We do not record her answer, but certain it is that to-day Maud Champlain is mistress of the Grove, and that little Charlie and Maud are always welcome at Grandpa Allen's.

A STARTLING EXCLAMATION.—The New Orleans Bulletin publishes the following anecdote of the celebrated Dominican friar, Rocco, of Naples:

One day he was preaching to a crowd in the market place. This day, said he, I will see if you truly repent your sins. Thereupon he commenced a penitential discourse that made the hair of the hard hearted multitude stand upright; and when they were all on their knees, gnashing their teeth, beating their breasts and putting on all imaginable signs of contrition, he suddenly cried—

Now you who repent of your sins hold up your hands.

There was not one present who did not immediately stretch out both arms.

Holy Archangel Michael, then exclaimed Rocco. Thou who with thy adamant sword standest by the judgment seat of God, hew off every hand that has been raised hypocritically.

Instantly every hand dropped, and Rocco poured forth a fresh invective against the sinfulness and perversity of his audience.

TRUE FIRTS AND FALSE.—When a clown follows the will-o'-the-wisp to his discomfiture, we blame the foolish man, and not the misguiding light.

And so if men will be so vain and unthinking as to imagine that every pleasant woman adores them because she does not snub them, and designs to marry them because she vouchsafes to chat, whose fault is it when the presumptuous lover is told with cold politeness that his position is that of a friend only?

The real mistake consists in conceiving nothing between the sexes but love. People rush into the error that a woman must be either disconcerting to a man or in love with him; the possibility of her entertaining a proper and healthy friendship for fifty of the opposite sex never seems to strike the world.

Now the so-called flirt is eminently free from all the charges that are usually alleged against her. She is open and undisguised. Her affability is known and commented on from the fact that she converses without hesitation, laughs without restraint; she wears her heart upon her sleeve; there is no concealment, no attempt at reservation, no affectation or reserve.

The really designing woman is of another cast. Her plots are darkly made and darkly carried out; her demeanor staid and her style irreproachable.

"She gives a sidelong glance and looks down."

She encourages not with the open invitation of an assault, but with the covert affection of a retreat. She leads on quietly, but without appearing to do so, and the world is kept in ignorance of her plans until her discretion is rewarded and a prize secured.

So anglers catch fish—quietly, concealed, cautiously. But he who chatters on the bank, flaunts his rod and line, and flutters his brilliant hues, fails if he thinks to net.

DEFINITE.—A Florida householder, in filling up his census schedule, under the heading 'where born,' describes one of his children as 'born in the parlor,' and the other 'up stairs.'

TERSE.—A contemporary classes its deaths under the unique heading of 'Over the River,' and its marriages under that of 'For Better or Worse.'

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