

LITERARY
TOO LATE.

HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

'I'm weary with my walk, Mabel,
Yet 'tis only half a mile,
Through the meadow to the shadow
Of the oak-tree by the stile.

And 'twas there I sat an hour, Mabel,
By this jeweled watch of mine,
Looking over through the clover,
Till the mowers went to dine.

They were merry at their labor,
Laughing, singing, a l save one—
Silent lonely, toiled he only,
Joyless, 'neath the harvest sun.

But I thought of his mirthful frolics,
In the olden harvest times;
Of the laughter that came after
All his riddles and his rhymes.

Of one nooning in the oak-shade,
When the saucy, gleaming girls
Bade him, as he prized their favor,
Weave a chaplet for their curls.

From the brier bushes near him,
Straight he plucked the tasseled stems,
Lightly bound, and laughing, crowned
them,
With the treacherous diadems.

But from mine the thorns he parted,
Mine alone, of all, he band;
Was it warning of my scolding,
That the sharpest pierced his hand?

Yon fair city's proudest mansion
Opes for mine its marble bowers,
Fountains springing, rare birds singing
Songs of love to tropic flowers.

Yet lovelier on my sight, Mabel,
Comes the home my childhood knew,
Yon low cabin, with its robin,
And its morning glories blue!

What though robes of Ind and Cashmere,
Siks and velvet, make my tire—
I am dreaming, 'mid their gleaming,
Of your loom beside the fire.

Twining still my childish fingers
In your spindle's snowy sheath;—
Ah! the linen of your spinning,
Hid no heart ache underneath.

What though in my casket flashing,
Pearls might grace a queen's bandeau
Wild flowers growing in the mowing
Never scarred my forehead so.

For I bought them with a heart Mabel,
Paid Ambition's cruel price!
Now the haunting demon, taunting,
Mocks me with the sacrifice.

Take away the coach and cordial,
Let the guilt-cage captive pine—
'Tis my spirit that is wearied,
Can you give it rest and wine?

Go, go, leave the false one lonely,
Till this struggle be o'erpast;
Lorn heart, breaking with aching,
Pride has failed your need at last!

PAUL GASCOIGNE'S MARRIAGE.

(CONTINUED.)

It did not take him very long to reach the green gate that belonged to the house he had seen through the trees. A pretty little cottage it was—one mass of climbers and creepers. A gravelled path, neat and trim, led up to the house, bordered with geraniums blazing in the western sun, golden calceolarias mignonette, sweet williams, and a variety of other flowers over which the bees were humming as they winged their way homeward to the hive. On the little lawn under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, an old white-haired gentleman sat reading a newspaper, with a large cat at his feet blinding in the sunshine. Up the path tramped Mr. Gascoigne, hatless and coatless, water pouring from every thread and streaming from his white robed burden. The old gentleman raised his eyes and with a cry hurried forward.

'My child! My child!' he cried in great agitation, laying trembling hands on the still white face.

Mr. Gascoigne hastened to relieve his anxiety.

'She is not dead,' he said, quickly. 'I had the happiness to be able to save her. And now, sir, you must be calm. Send for a doctor—there is no time to be lost.'

He went quickly past the old gentleman, up to the house, bending his head as he entered the low door-way, half hid den by roses and jasmine. Right into the little trim, pretty drawing-room he walked, and there laid his burden on the little chintz-covered sofa.

'Wife, wife,' the white-haired old man was calling in terrified accents, 'come down! Dorothy is nearly drowned.'

And forth with a little old lady with silver curls and spectacles came hurrying in, and stood aghast at sight of a tall gentleman standing in a pool of water, as he bent over the sofa holding Dorothy's slender wrist in his hand. He raised his head and looked round at the two old people standing cowering helplessly as they gazed at the girlish, deathlike face resting on the sofa-pillow.

'She must be put to bed,' he said. 'I will carry her to her room if you will show me the way,' he added, gently, to the terror-stricken old lady. 'She has only fainted—you must put her in hot blankets immediately.'

'He saved her,' said the old man, in his quivering voice. 'He saved her—Heaven bless him!'

Mr. Paul Gascoigne carried Dorothy

upstairs, and into her little pink-and-white chamber. He was glad to see a strong, comely young servant girl who at least seemed to have her wits about her, and into her care he committed Dorothy, whose eyes were once more looking wondrously up into the dark, bronzed face of the man who had saved her.

'She'll do now,' he said smiling down on her. 'Wrap her up warmly and get the doctor as soon as you can.'

The gardener was despatched for the doctor, who soon arrived, to find Dorothy with very flushed cheeks and bright eyes, saying she was quite well.

Mr. Gascoigne, attired in the old gentleman's scarlet dressing gown, was waiting with some impatience the arrival of dry garments for which a boy had been sent to his shooting box.

'You saved that girl, sir?' asked the doctor, shaking his hand warmly. 'She is the life and joy of the old people. You don't feel any the worse for the ducking?'

'Not now,' Mr. Gascoigne replied. 'I hope the young lady is all right. She is the grand daughter, I presume?'

'Just so—and a sweet little thing she is. Her mother died when she was born, and her father, Colonel St. John, a few years later, she lived here ever since, and old Mr. St. John idolizes her.'

Mr. Gascoigne called the next day to inquire after the welfare of Miss St. John and found her in the garden in blue muslin and a straw hat, looking a little pale, he thought.

'You are none the worse, I hope?' he said holding her hand and looking down at the shy childlike face.

Dorothy raised her eyes for a second to the kind blue ones that softened the hard expression of Paul Gascoigne's face.

'I have to thank you,' she faltered, 'for saving my life.'

'Thank Heaven I was in time!' he murmured fervently, his hand closing over hers.

'Come and see grandpa,' she said, rising and crossing the smooth clipped-lawn; he was frightened yesterday, and it has quite upset him. And you?' she added coloring a little—I hope you have not taken cold?'

'I don't take cold so easily,' he replied smiling.

And Dorothy laughed a soft, little laugh, and said—
'Nor do I.'

'Miss St. John, do you know I was afraid it was all up with both of us at one time yesterday.'

The girl's face grew suddenly grave; she caught her breath suddenly, and then looked up with deep, trusting eyes to his.

'I knew you would save me,' she said, with childlike earnestness.

'You are a subtle flatterer, Miss St. John,' he rejoined, laughing.

'Miss St. John! Nobody ever calls me that,' said Dorothy. 'I don't know myself by that name.'

Mr. Gascoigne bent his tall figure to look into the sweet face, the young freshness of which was so attractive to him.

'What shall I call you then?' he asked smiling under his gray mustache. 'Shall it be Dolly?'

'Yes,' she assented smiling. 'I like that better than Dorthes or Dorothy.'

And only a few weeks later Mr. Gascoigne came one dewy evening to the little cottage and set the little silver-haired lady and gentleman all in a flutter and tremour of agitation by a few simple words that were deeply felt and earnestly spoken.

Little old Mrs. St. John clasped her small mottened hands tightly, and looked at the tall figure of Mr. Gascoigne, who in the gray twilight, looked like a giant in the tiny room.

'For your wife?' she said at last, with a little sigh. 'It is very soon for you, Dorothy to leave us; but you have a good face, Mr. Gascoigne. You will be kind to her?'

'Kind to her,' he echoed, in a low voice. 'Heaven knows I will.'

He took the old lady's trembling hands in his own broad, strong ones, and, standing towering above her, said in the same true, earnest voice, 'You will trust her with me, wont you?'

'Dorothy is in the garden,' she answered, softly. 'Ask the child herself.'

So out into the garden he went, where the scent of the sweet, old fashioned flowers made the night air heavy with fragrance. She saw him coming as she stood leaning against the low, white gate and held out a small hand that he clasped close in his with a warm pressure.

'Come,' he said, never loosing the hold of the small, trembling fingers; 'Dolly, I want to speak to you.'

She lifted her face, and looking up at him in the twilight.

'To speak to me? What is it, Mr. Gascoigne?'

'I am going away,' he said shortly, and he felt how the hand in his clasped started.

'Going away!'

Then Dolly as she realized what these two words meant, knew her own secret, and snatched her hand away.

Paul Gascoigne laid one hand on her

shoulder and stooped to look into her face.

'Yes, I am going away, but'—her head dropped—'Dolly, I want you to come with me. I want you for my wife, for my very own.'

And Dolly felt that in all the whole world no one was so happy as her herself, when Paul Gascoigne took her in his arms and told her how he loved her.

Before a month was over they were married, and Mr. Gascoigne brought his young wife home.

Home! Dolly clung a little closer to her husband's arm as they entered the grand old hall of Mr. Gascoigne's home, bowed in by the obsequious butler.

'Welcome home, darling!' whispered Paul Gascoigne, laying his hand on the small gloved one on his arm, and smiling a fond proud smile at the sweet child-like face of his girl's wife.

'Oh, Paul, how grand your home is—like the old house in books!'

The clear young voice sounded out of place in the grand but gloomy hall, hung with paintings and armor of the olden time, besides stags, antlers, and many other trophies of the chase. Dolly's eyes wandered from object to object with a look almost of awe in their depths.

Mr. Gascoigne looked on with an amused, loving expression on his face. Dolly, catching his eye laughed.

'Do you like the old place?' he asked.

'Come and I will show you the drawing-room.'

Mr. Gascoigne looked ten years younger that evening, as he followed his bright pretty young wife from room to room, answering her many questions and gay sallies with a tenderness that made his somewhat stern face look soft enough, love shining in his eyes and melting the hard lines about his mouth.

The glory of the western sun was shining in through the wide windows, gleaming and flashing on Dolly's fair face, and lighting her wondrous violet eyes with new beauty.

'Look!' she cried. 'Oh, Paul how lovely!'

They were standing in one of the deep stair case windows looking out over the park where the sun was flashing on the yellow and crimson dying leaves that were losing their summer splendor now. Paul Gascoigne's eyes rested on his wife's face. He stooped and kissed her.

'Darling I am so happy now! I forget that I was almost broken hearted once.'

'When Paul?' she whispered looking offily up, with eyes bright with happiness.

'When?' he repeated and a cloud crossed his face. 'It is nearly twenty years ago, my wife, and I may forget it now.'

'But what was the trouble Paul? You never told me.'

'And I never will,' he answered with a sort of regretful sorrow in his voice. 'Dolly, the past is over and we will let it rest.'

Afterwards Dolly remembered the look in her husband's face as he spoke, when the full meaning of her words came clear to her. But she asked him no more then—standing at his side in silence, and looking with deep, thoughtful eyes out at the setting sun. Dearly as she loved her husband, young Mrs. Gascoigne felt that she was not altogether in his confidence; there was a something wanting to complete their happiness.

His love, his tender caressing manner, could not quite make up for the want of confidence between them—for the knowledge that his past life was a sealed book to her, that heart did not answer to heart, that in the sweet communion which love expects husband and wife were not quite one; and Dolly was afraid of her husband—her small frail hands had no power to break down the barrier of reserve that Paul Gascoigne kept between them. She was his pet, his plaything to be loved and caressed, but nothing more.

And Dolly wanted to be everything to him—his companion and consoler of all his secrets.

Mr. Gascoigne guessed some of the thoughts that filled her heart as she stood gravely beside him. Stooping, he drew her close to her side.

'You wouldn't be a jot happier, love, if you knew?'

'But you might be less unhappy Paul if we could talk it all over together—stroking his hand and looking up at him.'

'Unhappy! what put that into your head, child? How could I be anything but happy when I have everything that I want?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Novel thing—A readable romance: 'What is the most difficult thing to draw?' asked a friend of an artist. 'Pay,' was the curt reply.

A saw for the times—No one should live beyond the means of his creditors. One editor has gone over to Darwinism. He says money is the missing link between himself and his subscribers.

A Missouri editor printed a two-column editorial on 'The Best Breed of Hogs.' A contemporary took him to task for devoting so much space to family affairs.

A young lady ate half a wedding cake, and then tried to dream of her future husband. Now she says that she would rather die than marry the man she saw in that dream.

An English medical authority says the man who blows the big horn in a band rarely lives beyond a period of three years. This is about two years, eleven months and twenty-nine days longer than his next door neighbor wants him to live.

When in full dress the Zulus wear a ring in the nose and that's all.—'Albany Argus.'

Isn't that enough in the nose. Pers haps you want an African gentleman to carry around a whole jewelry store in his proboscis.—'New Haven Register.'

They tried to kill a book agent at Omaha last week. He was robbed, thrown into the river, kicked off the cars, tossed from a high bridge into the river again, and in two hours he was around with an illustrated work, trying to get a subscription from the head of the attacking party.

'I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?' 'Oh, yes I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody.'

Dr. Johnson once dined with an Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good. 'It is good for hogs, ma'am,' said the doctor. 'Then pray,' said the lady, 'let me help you to some more.'

Who's a man dashing with all his might and main down Courtlandt street to catch a train one day last week, a gamin rushed after him and shouted: 'Hey mister, have you got a pin?' 'I have,' responded the man, coming to a sudden halt and feeling under the lapel of his vest. 'Well then,' yelled the boy, as he jumped out of the way 'you had better fasten your ears together behind your head so you won't sma-h any swinging signs with 'em.' The pedestrian tore on unheedful of the advice given him.

DOMESTIC.

If gilt frames are varnished with copal varnish they can be washed with cold water without injury.

To Cure a Stiff Neck.—Apply over the place affected a piece of black oilcloth, with the right side to the skin; then tie up the neck with a thick handkerchief. In a short time the part will grow moist and by leaving it thus twelve hours the pain will be removed.

Veal Cutlets Broiled.—Broil them on a moderate fire, basting them occasionally with butter and turning them often. Serve with tomato sauce.

Ham Balls.—Take one-half cupful of bread crumbs and mix with two eggs well beaten; chop fine some bits of cold broiled ham and mix with them. Make into balls and fry.

Simple Dressing for Salads.—Mix three tablepoonsful of olive oil and one table spoonful of scraped onion with one salt spoonful of pepper (mixed) and then add one one tablepoonsful of vinegar. When thoroughly mixed pour over the salad.

FOR SALE.

A. Prince & Co., 5 Oct. Double CABINET ORGAN,

6 stops, in handsome Walnut Case; cost \$150 will be sold for \$100; delivered in St John's, if applied for immediately.

Apply to

F. W. BOWDEN,

At Bowden's Sewing Machine Depot, St. John's, Nfld.

NOTICE.

The Subscriber will in a few days

time, open a

NEW GROCERY

AND

PROVISION STORE,

(Opposite the Public Wharf),

Harbor Grace,

Having on hand a choice and select stock of Provisions and Groceries which he will sell at lowest possible prices.

N. STEWART.

Harbor Grace,

May 23rd, 1879.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND WITH THE GOVERNOR;

A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION; A N D—THIS

Newfoundland of Ours, Being a series on the natural resources and future prosperity of the colony, by the Rev. M. HARVEY.

For sale at the office of this paper price fifty cents.

JUST RECEIVED,

Per Cortes, from New York, 100 Barrels Beckstein's T. M.

PORK.

50 ditto LOINS, 50 ditto JOLDS, 50 ditto BEEF CUTTINGS.

May 22. J. & T. HEARN.

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.

UNION BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors of this Company, pursuant to the Act of Incorporation, will be held at 12 o'clock, on Saturday, 7th June next, at the Banking House in Duckworth-street, for the purpose of electing Directors, and for the despatch of business.

By order of the Board,

JAMES GOLDIE,

Manager.

June 5.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for past favours informs his friends and the trade, that he continues to manage the Collection of Debts due by persons residing in Conception Bay District, Newfoundland. Security for future payment taken by mortgage on property or otherwise. Holding commissions as Notary Public Commissioner Supreme Court, and Land Surveyor, business under these heads carefully attended to. Plans of Land taken.

Inquiries made—questions answered All business considered confidential. No greater publicity than necessary given to any matter.

The proprietor of any newspaper copying this card will have his newspaper bills collected as payment for yearly insertions in the paper and copy paper sent to my address.

G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

Bay Roberts.

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,

BLANK FORMS

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Herald

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May 22.

AGENCY

The undersig

favours' inform

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Collection of De