

"Trust Me, Darling."

"Fare thee well, my own, my dearest, Fate has willed that we must part; Though my body needs must wander, Yet I leave with thee my heart."

SELECT STORY. TWO LIVES.

Chapter VI. THE SECRET DISCOVERED. CONCLUDED.

"I said I must go on answering your letters just as before, for if I stopped you would enquire the reason of my father, and he would find it all out, and there would be a terrible fuss that could be now well avoided."

"We don't want any fusses, Adelaide, he used to say; we want to be happy. No one must know of our marriage until it is absolutely necessary. If my father gets hold of it, I should be turned adrift, penniless, and then how should we live? No, we must keep it a secret as long as we can."

"I could not help comparing his weakness with your strength when he told me this. You had gone away to work hard for a home for me, and Dudley was not willing to work at all. I felt with a shiver, that Dudley was not all I had thought him, and that I had made a terrible mistake."

"Yet I could not think of you now that I had wronged you so, without fear and dread. And then, too, I knew that I must go on deceiving you so grossly, just to shield Dudley and myself from an outbreak that Dudley was not man enough to meet."

"Dudley read all the letters I wrote to you, and when I made them too cold he would make me write another. In one thing, I felt a little relief, and that was that the letters I wrote to you were more from him than from me for he always was near to dictate."

"As Adelaide told this humiliating part of her narrative to her husband, she shrank away from him and covered her face with her hands. He drew her to him again, and after a few minutes she continued,—"I expressed a wish to my father that I might spend the summer in the country with Ann, my old nurse. His time was so much employed with a press of business, that he consented, and said he should not have time to miss me."

"Dudley came often to see me, and here we were free from prying eyes. He was not afraid that his attention would be noticed, for there were no neighbours for miles around. And though Dudley seemed quite contented and happy with this secret life, it was far from being happy to me."

"I lived in a perfect fear of discovery, and felt that I was the meanest wretch on earth in my treatment to you."

"But I strove to cover my unhappiness before Dudley, for he loved me truly in his way, though he loved me selfishly."

"During the three summer months I had not been home once."

"I dreaded to meet my father. The latter part of September he wrote that I must come home, and said that he should come for me."

"Dudley was in the same train, although he did not know that father was going the same way."

"You know of the railway accident that happened, and how poor father and Dudley, with a great many others were killed."

"I mourned for Dudley truly, and my grief at my father's death was inconsolable."

"I dressed in deepest mourning for both, though the world little dreamed it was for a husband as well as a father's loss."

"A few weeks after this, Ann and I went on a journey. We were gone till spring, then I returned to my lonely home, and Ann to the farm again."

"No one wondered when she told them she had adopted the child of a very old friend who was dead."

"So Dudley grew up a sickly little boy, and no one knew my secret. I kept him in my lonely orphan-

hood and widowhood I had learned how deeply and passionately I loved you. I thought that you would cease to love me, the moment you learned how false I had been to you."

"I intended to tell you, Russel, when we were married, continued Adelaide, sobbing, but the secret grew heavier each day, and harder and harder to tell. I feared to lose your love and respect if I let you know what a liar and hypocrite, I had been. But oh, Russel, Russel, my love for you was so great."

"Her head sank on her shoulder, and she was so convulsed with sobs she could not speak. Adelaide, are you sure that your love will never stray from me again? he asked tenderly."

"Russel! Her tone was so reproachful, Answer me, dearest Adelaide, he said. Oh, never, never again! she murmured, as their lips met. I have been living two lives, one of which you knew nothing of, and did not enter; it was dark and terrible, and the other—O Russel, it was made sunny and bright with your love and perfect trust. But when the storm came—her sobs interrupted her, and it was some moments before she could go on. Then she continued, I wished to die. I could not bear your cold looks, they chilled my heart, and I only longed to lie in the grave."

"Russel Wilde drew his wife closer and closer still. Dearest Adelaide, he said, you must live but one life henceforward, and that life must be for me. I live but for you, she murmured; and then the moon, that had long been hidden, sailed out of a cloud, and lighted up the room with a strange glory."

"It seemed to this newly re-united pair to promise a future full of happiness and love forever more."

LILY'S TRIAL.

"FOUR years had passed away since Walter Truman had first taken his position as schoolmaster in the village of Winton. He had come their friendless and alone, but in a short time his kind heart and gentle manners, combined with his sound common sense, won for him hosts of friends."

"The first winter of his teaching he met Lily Trenton, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of the neighborhood. At the commencement of the term she took her seat with the rest of the scholars, and from that time onward she was Walter's favourite."

"Who could help loving the child, with her pretty winsome ways, ever ready for a frolic, or to help one of her schoolmates out of their troubles? No ferrule ever crossed her pink and white palm, and she gradually worked her way into Walter's heart, till she seemed almost a part of his being."

"But now he was to leave Winton. It was the last day of school when he made known his intention to his scholars, and many were the sad faces as they thought of losing their beloved teacher."

"Examinations were over, prizes distributed, the scholars dismissed, after a few parting words, and Walter stood alone in the door of the little school-house, gazing dreamily over the valley which lay decked with the beauties of spring on every side of him."

"There is something sad in leaving old associations, and a home in which one has worked and planned, and this Walter felt, as he thought over the hopes and fears of the past four years."

"But the deepening colour of the sky, as the sun sank to his resting-place behind the western hills, recalled him from his thoughts, and with a sigh of regret he turned and entered the schoolhouse. A few moments later, he passed out of the door, and, after locking it, proceeded homeward."

"He had not gone far when he met Lily, and joining her, they walked along together towards her home, which was situated a short distance from the village."

"They walked in silence for a few moments, when Lily turned to him, saying,—"Is it really true that you must leave Winton?"

"Yes, I must really leave, replied Walter; and it was only a few moments ago that I was thinking over the events of the past four years, and how quickly they had flown."

"It is too bad of you to go; it seems to me you must be tired of out plain country ways, or you would not be willing to do so."

"Why, Lily, I did not expect this from you. At least, I expected kind words, said Walter."

"Pray excuse me; I did not think my opinion was worth so much, replied she, petulantly, as she opened the gate, which they had by this time reached."

"Good-night, said Walter, gently. I will call to-morrow, and perhaps you will feel kinder towards me."

"As he stood holding the gate for her to enter, he realized for the first time the difference between them. Lily was no

longer the child he had first known, but a beautiful maiden just budding into womanhood, and as such she must be treated, and not as a child. Good-night, Lily, repeated Walter, turning to go, when, catching a glimpse of her face, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears."

"What is the matter? Are you not well, Lily? asked he, anxiously. Can I help you? he added, as she stood by the fence, sobbing bitterly. Then a new light seemed to break upon him, and taking her hand in his he whispered, gently, is it possibly, Lily, those tears are shed for me?"

"Still no answer came, but the heightened colour on Lily's cheek told him that his thought was correct, and in a moment his love, which heretofore had been concealed even from himself, leaped as it were, into full life. Drawing her to him, he said,—"Lily do you love me?"

"A low 'Yes' was the answer, as her head dropped on his shoulder. For a short time they stood there, happy in the new life that was opened to them; but soon the gathering twilight shadow warned them that it was time to separate."

"Must you leave Winton, Walter? asked Lily, as she lingered, loth to leave. Yes, Lily, I must. All my earnings that could be spared I have zealously hoarded up, in order to get enough to enable me to study a profession; at last I have sufficient, and must go away in order to fit myself for the profession which I have chosen. But it is growing late, and I must say good-night. I will come and ask your father's sanction to our engagement."

"Oh, I am so afraid he will refuse it, said Lily. But I will not give you up, added she, drawing her small form to its fullest height, and looking as though she would defy the world in defence of him."

"My own darling! said Walter, kissing her. You must not worry about that; let us hope for the best. And with a fond good-night, he proceeded, with a happy heart, down the road towards the village."

"During the next day, Walter made his appearance at Mayside, Mr. Trenton's residence. Lily was expecting him at the door. Go right into the library; papa is in there, said she; and giving him one loving look, she fled up stairs."

"Mr. Trenton looked up when the servant announced Walton's name, and seeing who it was, greeted him heartily. After a few commonplace remarks, Walter turned to the case in hand; and after a short interview, during which he stated his hopes and prospects, took his leave with a lighter heart than when he entered the room; for though Mr. Trenton would not give his consent to any formal engagement, he was willing that they should correspond, and if, at the end of five years, they still held the same affection for each other, and Walter could offer Lily a comfortable home, they were to have Mr. Trenton's consent to their marriage."

"With this Walter was content. It was a long while to wait, but Lily and himself were young and full of hope, and to them it seemed only a short probation."

"They saw each other frequently during the few weeks that Walter remained in Winton, but time passed rapidly, and, almost before they were aware of it, the day had come for Walter to take his departure."

"We will pass over the next four years; during that time Walter and Lily had corresponded regularly. His letters breathed a hopeful spirit, and he already spoke of the time when he should come to claim her as his bride."

"He had graduated with high honors, and already had a lucrative practice, and the vision of a happy home, with Lily as his mistress, which had cheered him through the struggles of the past four years, seem nearer and nearer to him."

"But of late his letters had not come with their accustomed regularity; business was not pleaded as the cause, but though less frequent, they still breathed the same loving spirit which had ever characterized them."

"Still, as the letters came less and less frequently, fears and doubts entered Lily's mind, and she began to pine and droop, though she strove to appear as cheerful as ever."

"Mr. Trenton, to whom the match had never been very pleasing, now hinted to Lily that perhaps Walter had found some other lady on whom to bestow his affections; but the manner in which Lily received these hints deterred him from making any others."

"Meanwhile another cloud appeared to disturb her peace of mind. Mr. Serbert, an old friend of Mr. Trenton's had a son a few years older than Lily, and it was the desire of Mr. Trenton to see them united. As a means of furthering that object, Charles had been invited to Mayside, which invitation had been accepted."

"Notwithstanding Lily's trouble, her beautiful features and winning ways still remained, and these, with certain

golden attractions—more especially the latter—exerted a powerful influence on Charles Serbert's mind, as he showed on every occasion that he and Lily were together."

"Lily was now beset on all sides; her only refuge was in the room of her invalid mother, and here she passed the most of her time. To crown all, Walter's letters, which had been growing briefer and briefer, now stopped altogether."

"Lily in her distress, turned to her mother for consolation, and she, with her gentle sympathy, did much towards alleviating her trouble."

"Charles Serbert continued to press his suit with much ardour, but although seconded by Mr. Trenton, it did not progress very rapidly, until, as days and weeks passed away, and no letter was received from Walter, Lily listened to the entreaties of Charles and her father, and consented to become the former's wife, if, during the month, nothing was heard from Walter. But she said to the latter,—"I can never love you, as my whole love was given to Walter, and no one can take his place in my heart."

"To this Charles made deprecating answers, and renewed protestations of love, but he was more anxious to possess the dowry that was to be Lily's on her marriage than he was to possess her own pure self."

"With this promise of Lily's he rested content, until, pressed by sundry debts, which he had contracted, and which he expected her marriage portion to liquidate, he did not stop until a day had been set for their marriage."

"We will now return to Walter. What was he doing whilst these, to him, important events were in progress? Busy at his profession, working hard to secure the competency that was to make his dreams of a happy home come true, he had hardly time to occasionally pen a few lines to Lily."

"But now he was preparing to return to her, and had written to Lily, saying he would be there in a few weeks, to claim her as his promised bride; but alas for her happiness! through some mistake or miscarriage, the letter did not reach its destination, and Lily was preparing, with a heavy heart, for her approaching marriage."

"Walter settled his business so that he could leave it, and with joyful anticipation he took the cars for Winton, carrying with him such proofs as should satisfy any objections that Mr. Trenton might raise to his standing in a pecuniary point of view."

"Lily sat by the window of her room, sewing, when the servant announced a gentleman to see her. Show him into the drawing-room, and say I will be down in a few moments, answered she, putting aside her work. After putting a few touches to her dress, she went down to the drawing-room."

"When she entered, Walter was standing at the door, and Lily did not recognize him, until he stepped forward saying,—"Lily do you not know me?"

"Oh, Walter! Is it you? And with a glad cry she threw herself into his arms, safe at last. My darling, how you have suffered! said Walter, after mutual explanations had been made, as he gazed with sorrow at the hollows in her cheeks, and the worn, tired look on her face. But you are safe now, added he, drawing her towards him. And let us hope, in their future happiness, we may forget the trouble and the sorrow of the past year."

"Walter satisfied Mr. Trenton's objections as to his position in the world, and this being settled, he made a formal proposal for Lily's hand, which Mr. Trenton, with his promise in view, could not refuse. Under the influence of Walter's society the roses returned to Lily's cheeks, and she quickly regained her former gaiety."

"Charles Serbert was rather disappointed at the frustrations of his plans and hopes, and he consoled himself in a few months by marrying a rich widow, with whom he lived quite happily."

"The month after Walter's return the bells rang out a merry peal as a gay bridal party entered the portals of the old church."

"A few short words, and Lily and Walter were made one, together to buffet life's troubles and share its joys. They were settled in their new home when, one evening, as Walter returned home, he said to the beautiful little matron who met him at the door,—"What do you suppose I have, Lily?"

"I cannot imagine, unless it is a letter from papa."

"It is a letter, but not from him, he said, as they entered the cosy little supper room. It is the one I wrote you just before I started for Winton, and to-day I received it back again. Poor old letter! If it had been received it would have saved a great deal of unhappiness. But I don't think we need it now do we? he said, with a merry laugh, as he cast it into the fire."

"Indeed we do not, replied Lily, leaning fondly on his arm."

"Thus they stood, watching the letter

as it turned to ashes, while the firelight covered them with a golden halo. And so, gentle reader, we will leave them."

FIVE LITTLE ONLYS.

"Only a stray sunbeam! Yet, perchance, it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has found its way through the leasy branches of wood, kissed the moss-covered banks where the violets grow, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form."

"Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows had it fanned, how many hearts have been cheered by its gentle touch?"

"Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary void in the child's heart, the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt."

"Only a smile! But ah, it cheered the broken heart; engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient."

"Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps press on to victory."

A CRUMB OF COMFORT FOR GOOD WIVES.

"Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels 'safe,' when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, I have done nothing. There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name."

"A CERTAIN minister was much annoyed by persons talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, 'I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused, and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me, 'Sir, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot.'" During the rest of that service there was good order."

"USE OF TIME.—We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet we have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing, or in not doing what we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

"ENDS OF KNOWLEDGE.—There are those who wish to know, only that they may know—it is curiosity; that they may be known—it is vanity; that they may sell their knowledge for money or honours—it is greed; that they may edify others—it is charity; that they may be edified—it is prudence. The grand end of knowledge is to acquire truth."

"JONES asks, 'If small girls are waifs, are large ones wafers?' 'Certainly,' says sweet sixteen, 'at least, the boys have the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows.'"

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