

THE PRESS.

You may have heard some man confess— This is an age when things progress!

What wondrous skill in type and quill! What wondrous art to soothe or thrill!

Yet oft the Press, with crooked sight, May see the black, and call it white;

Perhaps 'tis lucky for mankind, Old Archimedes ne'er shall find

But, after all, the Press's arm, (Raised, while it may be, to our harm),

'Tis careful, too, to recommend What best will suit the general end,

FANCY VERSUS FACT.

[CONCLUDED.]

Fannie remembered hearing Vashti say Tim's perseverance was perfectly wonderful,

I declare it's as good, Fan, as having a love affair of my own. Upon second thought I believe it's a deal better;

One word, Vashti, said Fannie, turning her friend around to look her squarely in the face;

Do you suppose, child, I didn't write Tim to come? Of course I did. I was not going to sit calmly by and see you breaking your heart,

Not for love, but grief, my dear, said Vashti, kissing the thin cheek of her friend.

O Ti, interrupted Fannie, that you of all the world should turn match maker.

The winter months of Fannie's life were soon passed, and May came, with her soft eyes and dewy showers,

You never told me, Fannie, the mystery of that box, said Vashti, helping Fannie to pack the last trunk.

You are a true daughter of Mother Eve, but I don't suppose you would see any great value or beauty in a crushed spray of snowdrops.

All Greek to me; but I suppose when my time comes I shall understand all about it.

The Deacon Outwitted.

Violet Gurnsey was as mad as sin. Ten to one, my dear Miss Honeydew, if you had been in her place, you'd have been mad too.

Of course Violet fell in love at once, so also did Mr. Grant Spencer, and after going through the usual process of sighs and smiles the young gentleman was duly referred to "papa."

School at last was out, and Deacon Gurnsey coming to take his daughter home, was waited on by Spencer, who asked his consent and blessing.

Want my gal, hey? said the old farmer, coolly surveying his would-be son-in-law; wall, young man, you can't hev

hay; she's been promised to Sam Greenough ever since she was a little shaver. But, papa, pleaded Violet, I love Grant, and he's every way suited to me, and—

Will ye shet up? roared the irate parent; I've got Sam's word and his dad's too, that as soon as you two are "hitched," that I kin paster my critters in his medder fur nothing; and pastor is orful high this year.

So you prefer the pasture to your daughter's happiness sir? Let me tell you that I will not give her up for any such excuse, and—

Youngster, d'ye see that ar door? interrupted the farmer. Mr. Spencer signified he did.

Wall, if you aint outside on't in a second, thar'll be a right smart chance fur a chap o' your size to git licked—you mind?

Mr. Spencer did mind, and left his weeping lady with only one long, tender look, and Violet had been taken back home to the farm, where she revenged herself by resolutely refusing to see her rustic lover at all.

Time passed on, and Violet grew pale and thin, all in the usual way of love-sick stupsid generally. Meanwhile Grant Spencer was busy concocting some plan to win his wife, (for he meant to marry Violet in spite of the—her father.)

He had made one attempt to see his love, but on reaching the gate of the farm-yard, he was met by the worthy deacon, armed with a huge horse-whip, and reinforced by a huge dog, who showed his teeth in a savage grin, as if he were very anxious to try their edge on the new comer.

Poor Grant gave one despairing glance around, and seeing no means of defence, obeyed the laconic advice as fast as possible; but as he left he renewed mentally his vow to have his Violet by fair means or foul.

This brings us to the morning following the dismissal of the lawyer, on which I said Violet was mad—you might say "grieved," you suggest; but Miss Gurnsey wasn't one of your milk-and-water darlings, but a down-right plucky girl, and all of your girls are plucky; so I repeat "she was mad," and her blue eyes snapped and flushed while she set her white, even teeth together, and clenched her plump, little hands until they ached, and wished she were a boy to thrash some one; when in the midst of her reflection came the stern voice of the deacon:

Violet? Yes sir. I've jest sent that ar city swell a kiting fur his cousin's, and don't let me hear a word about him again, and jest shet that sniveling, d'ye hear?

When her father spoke in that voice, no one durst disobey him; and Violet contented herself with going up to her chamber, and slamming every door through which she passed, until the house fairly shook.

Whew! what a temper that gal has, remarked the deacon, to the benign, old lady, who was trotting from the pantry to the cellar, on household thoughts intent, but stopping to wipe a tear away, as she said:

Poor child; it is tu bad for to make her throw herself away on Seth Greenough.

Stop, Polly! I'm master here; and don't let me hear any more of such trash, was the soothing reply; and the good woman always used to yield to her husband, said no more, but cried softly in the milk-room, as she thought of the three golden heads lying under the daisies in the church-yard, and wondered if her only darling would not have been happier beside the others, instead of wearing her young life away in the grim, old kitchen of the Greenough farm-house, whither her fate seemed tending.

Meanwhile, Grant Spencer hurried back to the village, and, entering his uncle's house, threw the merry, black-eyed sprite, who answered to the name of "Lute," into a perfect spasm of mirth by relating his reception at the home of his lady-love.

Don't laugh so, Lute, he said, ruefully. I confess I can't see the fun of it. Poor Vio! How shall I ever get her away from that old—

Hush, coz! you must not slander your future papa-in-law, and if you will condescend to give me your undivided attention, I'll give you a plan worth all of yours, and sure of success.

The young man seated himself beside his cousin, and for nearly an hour they conversed earnestly together; at last Spencer took a pencil and wrote a note to Violet Gurnsey, and then, while Lute flew away to dress for a ride, he hurried out to see that his uncle's horses and sleigh were brought around without delay.

Leaving the young couple to prepare for their ride, let us turn to the farmhouse, and see what is going on there.

Violet was still in her chamber, where she was solacing herself by that grand panacea of all womankind, for all ills flesh is heir to, a good cry, and so well had she performed her part that her nose and eyes were a beautiful crimson, and the former appeared double its usual size, while the latter were nearly shut.

My dear reader, don't fly off in a pet because I've told the truth; I might have said that the liquid pearls rolled slowly down beautiful Violet's rounded cheeks, etc., to the end of the chapter, but it would not be true to nature, for as long as I've lived in this world I've never seen the woman who could indulge in a good cry, and not come out with red nose and swollen eyes; and when you read such gushing descriptions, just set them down as proceeding from the same source (a male author), as the sweet account of love existing between sisters-in-law, who are represented as falling in each other's arms, and calling each other pet and darling, when everybody knows that sisters-in-law always hate each other cordially, and, if they only dare, would scratch and fight like a couple of tabbies over a bone.

But I set out to tell of Violet Gurnsey—not to moralize on sisters-in-law, or cats, or any other less treacherous animal than man.

Down-stairs the old deacon sat as cold and stern as ever, not even deigning to look at his meek, old wife, who kept bustling around, laying the table for dinner, and giving her orders to the red-headed help in a voice that was as low and trembling with grief as the low notes of the ring-dove calling her mate.

Suddenly in this perfect quiet there came a sound as of some one falling against the door, which opened presently, and admitted a tall, overgrown-looking fellow, whose shock of pale-brown hair stood up around his head like drymarsh hay, from under which he blinked and glowered from a pair of skim-milk-looking eyes.

Cum right in, Seth, and stay fur dinner, said Deacon Gurnsey, smiling grimly. How's dad and marm comin' on 'bout these times?

All right, replied 'the greeny, only dad's got a tech o' the ager and marm's jest a dosin him with beneset and sich arbs.

While delivering himself of this interesting observation Seth had managed to seat himself, after knocking over a couple of chairs and stools. There he sat drawing up his huge feet and twirling his thumbs, casting sheepish-eyes the while in search of his lady-love. At last he mustered up courage to say:

S'pose Vile'll go long o' me to the dar—do—darnation—hang it, I mean donartion—I—

S'pose you mean Elder Skiller's donation, remarked the deacon. Yes, Vile'll go. Ter-morrow night, arn't it?

Greenough nodded assent, and having succeeded in tipping his chair back, relapsed into silence.

No one saw the dashing Campbell sleigh as it halted at the gate, where having left his cousin; Grant Spencer, drove back to the village to await the success of his scheme, while little Miss Lute tripped lightly up to the kitchen door and coolly opening it, walked calmly in, and bowing mockingly to the men and throwing a kiss at "Mother Gurnsey," she hurried away up stairs in search of Violet. She found that young lady still sobbing before the fire, and after administering a serio comic reproof for the red nose and swollen eyes, she plunged at once into her errand. First she gave Violet her lovers note, then when that had been laid aside, she unfolded her plan of escape from the Gurnsey farm to the arms of her lover; but Violet hesitated, she feared, more than she loved the stern man she called father, and the thought of thus setting his authority at naught was a little startling. While she still hesitated about going to her lover, Mrs. Gurnsey entered the chamber; she came to call them to dinner and also to tell Violet of the invitation to the donation.

Can you hesitate any longer? burst forth Lute, when Mrs. Gurnsey had told her daughter that she would be expected to go with Greenough to the party; can you go quietly to your fate (such as it will be if you marry Seth Greenough) and leave the love of a true heart? Can you, Violet Gurnsey?

Before Vio could reply, her mother laid her hand softly upon her head, saying:

I don't want to know what you propose doing, my child, but I say, if there's any honorable way of getting rid o' Seth Greenough, take it, even if you displease your father by it. I'll stand by you; you shan't live sich a life as I have, at least.

Yes, Lute, I'll do as you and Grant wish; now let's go down to tea.

The girls descended to the kitchen, where Deacon Gurnsey and Seth Greenough were already seated at the table. As soon as the ladies were seated the deacon proceeded to ask a blessing, and then after helping himself and leaving the rest to follow his example, he began his dinner. Suddenly he turned to his daughter, saying:

You're a goin' to the donation to-morrow night along of Seth, Vilet. If the deacon expected any opposition he was disappointed, for Vio merely said:

Very well papa, and quietly continued her dinner. Lute was not so quiet however. You'll drive old Salina in the pung, I presume? How I envy Vio her ride?

Deacon Gurnsey was a pious man, a very pious man, in fact, but he 'thought swearing' for a few minutes, at Lute for daring to ridicule anything that belonged to Seth; but Lute's father was a rich man, and Lute his only child, so Deacon Gurnsey held his peace; while his would-be son scalded him with his tea and by mistake ate a pepper pickle, which caused him to get as red as a boiled lobster, much to Lute's satisfaction; and that young lady finished her meal in perfect bliss, caused by the fact that Vio's tormenter was in perfect misery. In fact, Seth, felt as if he had swallowed a meal of red-hot coals, and not waiting to finish his dinner, he hurried off for home as fast as his huge feet could carry him.

Lute and Violet were again closeted together and then that young lady too returned home, leaving her friend to watch and hope for to-morrow night.

The evening of the donation party came bright, clear and cold, and just as the shadows were falling Seth made his appearance, clad in blue and shining with brass buttons as large as saucers. He was seated in the 'pung,' which was simply an old dry-goods box mounted on a pair of home-made runners, and to this was hitched Salina, a huge frame, covered with a dirty white hide, and called by courtesy a 'hoss.'

Deacon Gurnsey came down to the gate followed by Violet, the latter radiant in blue silk and dainty hood.

Better take my buffler, said the old man, glancing at the old sheep-skin rug. The buffler was taken, and after climbing into the pung beside her lover they set off.

The old horse wheezed and plunged along the road and the pung wobbled after, while Seth sat bolt upright, jerking the lines fiercely and casting stray glances at Violet.

For nearly a mile this ill-mated couple sat in perfect silence. At last Seth said:

Wouldn't you like to marry, Vilet? No, said the young lady, so shortly that Mr. Greenough was fain to hold his peace a little longer. Then he returned to the charge again:

I say, Vilet, jest see here—my folks and yourn are willing, and if I get a wife it'll save a gal's wages; ye see we can live with my folks, and I've got three cows o' my own and a—

Mr. Greenough never finished his story for just then around a sharp corner of the road came a two-horse sleigh. They dashed full upon the devoted pung, and as Seth, the old horse and pung went rolling into the nearest snow-bank, Violet Gurnsey felt herself lifted from her miserable seat, and the next instant she was clasped in the strong arms of Grant Spencer while the fiery horses, guided by Miss Lute Campbell's fearless hand, sprang away towards the village.

Once in Judge Campbell's house, the good minister who had been in waiting, hastened to pronounce them husband and wife, and the 9:40 train steamed away for Detroit, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Spencer to their City home.

Meanwhile Seth Greenough, after floundering about in the snow for some time, managed to get his horse and pung righted, and then set off for Deacon Gurnsey's. He was boiling over with rage and shame, and in this state he met his intended father-in-law with his pitiful story.

Deacon Gurnsey listened silently to Seth's retical, embellished with many a sez I and sez she, and then when it was finished he opened the kitchen door, and with one powerful, well-directed kick he sent the unhappy lover whirling into the snow with the injunction to never darken that door again, which Seth faithfully obeyed to the very letter.

Having dismissed his visitor Deacon Gurnsey sought his wife to tell her to banish Violet's memory from her heart forever; but for the first time in her life the faithful mother refused to obey his behests.

Long and stormy was the contest, but Deacon yielded at last, and wrote a tender letter to his only child. And now every summer Mrs. Spencer and her husband and baby come out to the old homestead, and Deacon Gurnsey and Grant (now Judge) Spencer laugh together over the former's defeat, and Seth Greenough, at a safe distance, says, it's a burning shame the way Vilet sarved me.

A WITTY editor, who had just failed says he did it with all the honors of war, and retired from the field with flying colors, sheriff's flag fluttering from two windows and the door, and a white flag hung out of his person as a token of surrender.

A BAD marriage is like an electric machine; it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A FLIRT's heart is like an omnibus—it always has room for one more.

A SURE way to make an impression— Fall down in the mud.

SLANDER is like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail; fine fun so long as it isn't our dog.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know:—"If it were intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bride ceremony?"

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. There's hope for some of you other ladies after all.

I WOULD say to all young men, marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, if you have to borrow the money to do it.—Twain.

A LAWYER in St. Louis attempted to try a case recently when half drunk, but the judge stopped him, saying—No lawyer can serve two bars at the same time.

OF a miserly man who died of softening of the brain an exchange remarks, "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

A MAN who hasn't paid any rent lately, says he moved so many times during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate, his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet in order to be tied and thrown in.

In a French court, a short time since, as a witness was about to give his testimony, the advocate remarked: "I wish to remark to the court that this witness is also entitled to entire confidence, as he has not had time to consult his lawyer."

An old farmer said to his sons: Boys don't you speckerlate, or wait for summit to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked.

A MODEST bachelor says all he should ask in a wife would be a good temper, sound health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, pretty figure, good connections, domestic habits, resources of amusements, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners and money.

STICK TO IT.—A philosopher and moralist wisely says:—"Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their faith in women." Now, young men, do not lose your faith in women, even if the one who has vowed to be thine and thine only reclines on the bosom of another. Have faith, young men, and you may possibly live to have some other man's beloved make a comforter for your neck with her arms. Faith is bound to be rewarded in the end.

THE most ingenious, practical sarcasm ever made use of was that of the late Rev. Robert Hall, addressed to a clergyman who had obtained a lucrative living after a change of religious opinions. Mr. Hall had pressed him hard upon the question of Church Reform. The gentleman's constant answer to the arguments addressed to him, was: "I can't see it." "I don't see it. I can't see that at all." Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket, and wrote on the back of it with his pencil, in small letters, the word God. "Do you see that?" "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No." "I must wish you good morning, sir," said Mr. Hall, and left him to his meditations.

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