

LITERARY.

WAITING AT THE STILE.

He's yonder at the stile,  
He's waiting there for me;  
I'll greet him with a smile,  
His heart shall dance for glee.

For when I saw him last,  
I was cruel and unkind;  
I'll atone now for the past,  
And with smiles his spirit bind.

How fickle and untrue  
He must have thought me then!  
If all my heart he knew,  
He would never doubt again.

He has loved me long, and shown  
That his love is all sincere;  
And, if the truth were known,  
To me he's quite as dear.

He's waiting at the stile,  
Where first his love he told;  
I'll dower him with a smile,  
More to him than pearls or gold.

Grey and Gold.

CHAPTER III.

Continued.

The confinement and menotomy of Katie's present life was beginning to tell upon her. There was a hopeless sadness in her dark eyes, a lassitude in the movements of her slight figure, which told of want of object and interest in life, very foreign to her age. Miss Ravenhurst still corresponded with her quondam pupil, and had more than once repeated her invitation; but the sisters were always away in the Summer holidays, and in the Winter Katie's companionship was more necessary to her aunt than any other time. She had been hoping that, this Summer, circumstances would admit of her leaving Cardham for a short time, once more to go to the old home to which her thoughts were beginning to turn with a sick longing, telling too plainly of failing health and spirits; but Miss Rycroft had been ailing for the last few weeks, and one morning, toward the end of July, Martha came to Katie with an anxious face, and begged she would go and ask Dr. Hawkston to call and see the old lady.

'I don't say she's very ill, Miss Katie,' said Martha; 'but there's something wrong with her, I thought she would have fainted as soon as she got up—she turned very pale and would have fallen if I had not caught her. I have persuaded her to go back to bed, and there she must stay till the doctor comes. You see she's over seventy, Miss Katie, so her life cannot help but be uncertain.'

'I will go directly, Martha,' said Katie, finishing her breakfast in a hurry.

The doctor was out when Katie reached the house, and there was nothing to be done but leave a message. It was evening before he came, and Katie took him at once to her aunt's room.

When the doctor came downstairs, and had written the necessary prescription put it into Katie's hand, and, looking scrutinisingly at her, said, 'Pray, what are you doing with those pale cheeks, Miss Katie? Do you mean to be one of my patients at last? I have not seen you for some time—what's amiss?'

'Nothing,' replied Katie, her cheeks no longer pale, as she looked down, blushing—'nothing but the hot weather.'

'Sure of that?' said the doctor still eying her suspiciously. 'I doubt it. How long have you been at Cardham?'

'Just two years,' replied Katie.

'And had not a holiday in that time?' he continued.

'No,' replied Katie quietly.

'Hem!' said the doctor.

'Next time I come I shall order you a prescription. You need not be alarmed about your aunt; she is a marvelous old lady—there's plenty of life in her yet, and I dare say she will live to be ninety. Have you been out to-day?'

he added, abruptly.—'No,' replied Katie.

'Then run away and get your hat,' said the doctor. 'I am going up to see a patient, at Fern Acre. I'll drive you there, and then you can walk back, and leave the prescription at Johnson's as you pass, I'll send Martha to tell your aunt; she can spare you for an hour.'

Glad of a breath of fresh air, she complied, and the two were soon rolling through the pleasant country lanes, Katie sat watching the sunset shadows on the uplands, and the doctor did his best to chase away the gravity which he felt was settling too heavily on the girl's nature, and she soon found herself laughing merrily at some droll professional reminiscences he had hunted up from the remote corners of his memory for that purpose. The color came back and the dreamy eyes brightened under the spell of cheerful society and kindness, and the old man looked approvingly at the pretty girl opposite him. For Katie had grown very pretty during the last two years, and though still small and slight in figure, and with the same short, wavy masses of dark hair clustering round her white throat and low broad brow, she had passed from a child to a woman, and was as perfect a specimen of an English maiden as could be found from Northumberland to Cornwall.

The drive over, Katie walked quickly, back, reaching home just as her aunt was growing restless for her return. For several days the old lady was confined to her bed, and the doctor continued his visits. One day, however, at the end of a fortnight, after the usual medical conversation was ended, he said carelessly, 'Yes, Miss Rycroft, you are certainly better. All you want now is a little tone. What do you say to going to the seaside for a couple of months?'

'Oh no, doctor, I do not need it,' she replied, 'I don't see the use of it, doctor, and then it's very expensive.'

'Nonsense, madam,' said the doctor. 'What is the use of money, if one does not spend it? Now, that is my prescription, and if you will not take it—why—I won't come and see you when you are next ill; you can then call in Mr Timbs.'

This was a Parthian arrow from the doctor—Mr. Timbs being a homeopathic practitioner living next door to

Miss Rycroft, and her special bugbear; though, poor man, she knew nothing against him.

'It is time Miss Katie had a change too,' continued the doctor; and if you don't take her away she will have to leave you for a time; for I shall not allow her to stay here all through this Autumn.'

Perhaps this threat was of service, perhaps her own experience of restlessness or convalescence so unusual to her, disposed Miss Rycroft to consider the matter; anyhow, a few days later she permitted Katie to write and enquire after lodgings at a pretty bracing sea-side village some fifty miles from Cardham, and to Katie's great delight, another fortnight found them comfortably located at Seabrook.

To be Continued.

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Tinsmith and Dealer in Stoves. Begs to inform the public of Carbonear, and vicinity, that he has JUST OPENED business in the shop recently occupied by Mr. T. Malone and nearly opposite the Court House Fire Break, where he has on hand a large assortment of

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Of every description. Also a large assortment of

Stoves and Castings.

All orders in the above line attended to with promptitude and satisfaction. M. J. SHEEHAN, Water Street Carbonear.

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Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY 533, Oxford Street, London, Sept. 1, 1880

ADVERTISEMENTS

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NOTICE is hereby given that the Harbor Light on Rocky Point, at the entrance of Harbor Briton, Fortune Bay has been burned down.

Steps will be taken to replace it as soon as possible. Due notice will be given when the new Light is ready.

By order, JOHN STUART, Secretary Board Work

34-SIGN OF THE GUN-134 HAWLEY & BARNES

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(By order of the Board)

R. BROWN Manager

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