## THE CARBONEAR HERALD AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE,

## LITERARY

## A Dream.

My fancy's eye can pierce the gloom In sleep's reposing dream, And take me to that fairy land Where flows a crystal stream. Then, as the vision leads me on, I walk in sunny fields To grasp the joy I long to gain; The sweetest nature yields.

I see the golden sunlight fall, Upon a flowery strand, While gilded airy castles rise Around on every hand ! I seem to live in realms of bliss Where sorrow cannot come. From pain and toil I seem to rest

In this my vision home. Memory does not hold the past,

Forgotten is the pain Of years that were in future time The years . spent in vain. Hallowed spot that holds me now,

Where I such love have found, Wherever falls my future lot My heart shall linger round.

But, dreaded monster, thou art here, I feel thy chilly hand-Why tear ye all my castle's down, That's built upon the sand ? Must I now wake to hear the toil Of years that still roll on? Why give me but one hour of bliss, Then look to find it gone.

"BOREEN."

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"Don't bring Boreen,' she laughed, and but the estate has gone from us acre by in Miss Bran-combe. curtseying deeply, she was escorted to acre till we have only the house lett. My her brougham by Bingham Duncombe, mother has let it to an English family; said-; Nugent walked dreamily to the Tavistock perhaps you might know them-the Ajyous bask reachedhisears as he enters Drake Howards.

ed the corridor upon which his 100m was

"Poor Boreen I' he said Some out into an invalied; they have one daughter, child.

won't accept fairies, they discredit Little 'Oh! Ire'and is where the savages Red Riding Hood, and discard the Aragrow.

bian Nights. What are we to do with 'Isn't this too bad, Miss Pranscombe? them? They insist upon going behind said Nugent grave y.

the scenes, the little monkies! Have you any little brothers and sisters? \*

'I have one sister. She is seventeen, 'Is she in London with you ?' " No.' "You should have brought her over."

. We are very poor.' said Walter, . and couldn't stand the expense ", and seeing that the girl was pained at the contretemps he added; . I am here on Parlia. mentary business. 1 am a barrister, and tosmorrow 1 plead my first brief."

. Your first brief? .The first of an ill. ustrious line of decendants?' 'I don't think I have much talent,

much reasoning power, Miss Branscombe I am a dreamer, a visionary, and I am indolent by nature, though at times I feel phus?'

The herress was silent for a moment. "Will you excuse my asking you if you telle." And Ethel clapped her little

likely to make the bar pay ?' 'I fear not.' He had become quite

confidential with this young girl, and with his elhows on his knees, his hands casped in front of him, leant over tou wards her. 'You see, a fellow to get on at the bar, must know a lot of attorneys and, if possible ask them to dinner. on'y know one, and he was my poor fas ther's solicitor-the family solicitor. We

Of Yorkshire? Mr. Drake Howard on Thursday.

is very fond of hnnting, Mrs. Howard is

'You must not take measure of a nursemaid's prejudices and a nursemaid's ignorance, Mr. Nu ent. I used to be frightened to sleep by my nurse crying 'Here's an Irishman ' was Miss Branss combe's reply.

You must not go to Ire'and till after my birthday I'l be seven on Thursday and we're to go in the steam launch from Maidenhead to Marlow and Medmenham and I'm to cut the cake myself, and we won't dine at Pulleyne, but out in the woo is; and I'm to hang up the kettle to boil, and to gather the sticks 'to, make

the fire, and to light it'; and pa is to et me cut the cold of a champagne cork, and I'm to steer the launch and give Daukins and Simpson and the other as it I could undertake the task of Sisy- sailors beer; and O Walter! we're going

to have an awfully splendid day, and and you must come too and so wil Es-

have good prospects-I mean if you are hands and frisked round the room on one foot in the ecstasy of anticipation.

> 'You can scarcely say her, nay, Mr. Nugent, said the heiress. 'I would not indeed, but I would be

utterly de trop. . I know what you mean, cried Ethel;

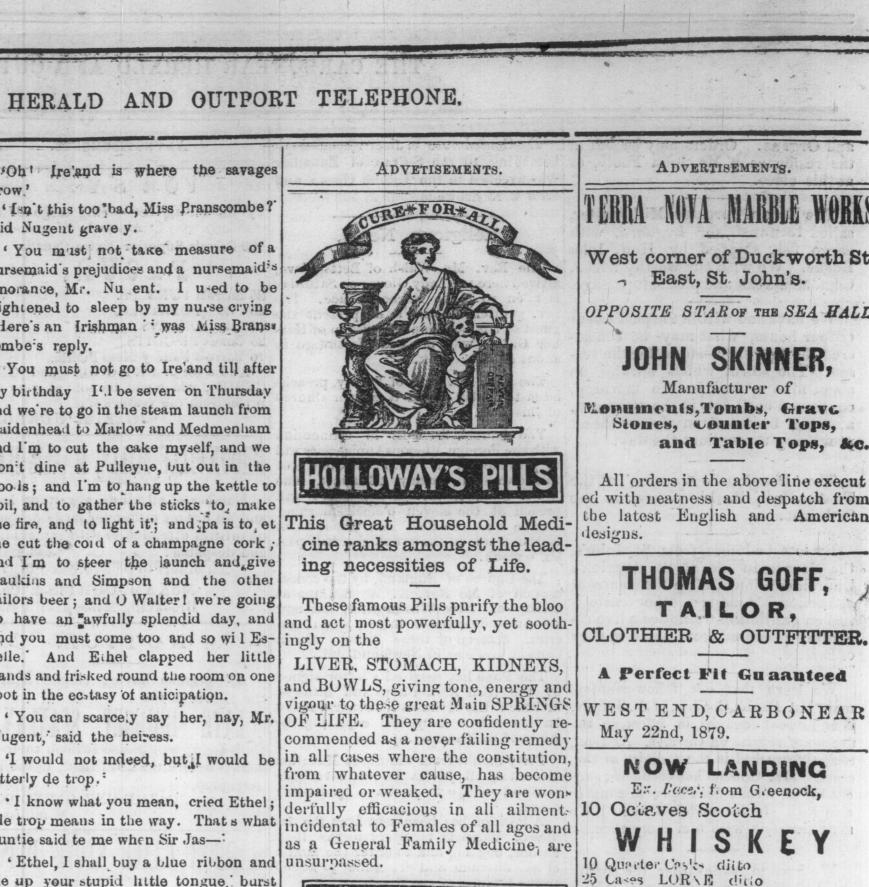
'de trop means in the way. That s what auntie said te me when Sir Jas-

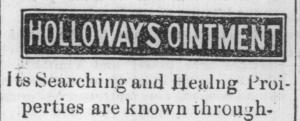
guage.

were awfully we l off. Miss Branscombe. tie up your stupid lattle tongue, burst

' No, you won't, annie, and when you

'If you go on prattling I'll ask Mr. Nus gent to stop away, I won't let him come





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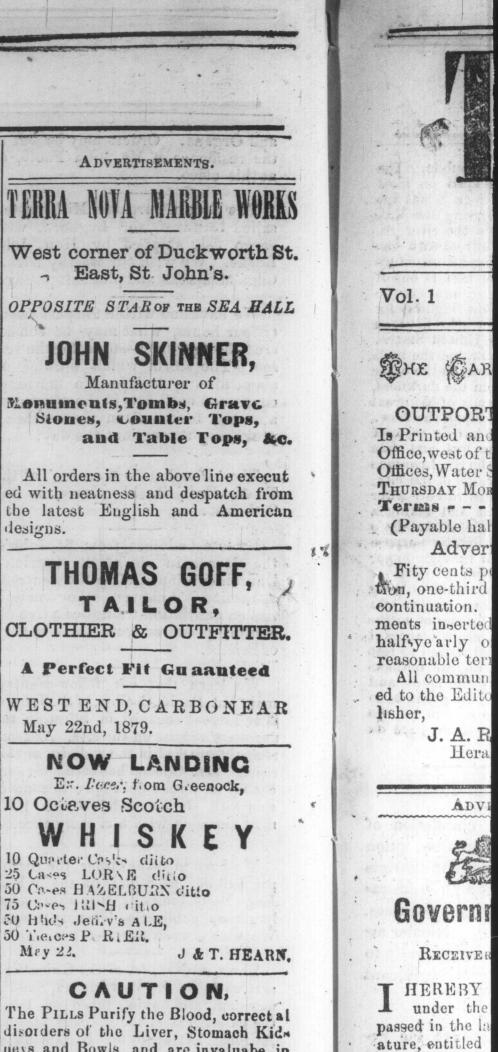
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ing in Conception Bay District, New-

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This threat effectually silenced the For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kid-Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers, ueys and Bowls, and are invaluabe in



the moonlight my poor doggie.' And the Julietta, who paints like Millais,' hurris! daysdawn was strong upon the cabbages bly exclaimed Miss Rranscombe. and turnips, and green peas, and market carts in Covent Garden when man and them ?' dog returned to the hotel.

'A strange girl,' he murmered. as he flung himself upon his bed.

situated.

CHAPTER III.

"What is the use of my calling on these swells?' the barrister asked of him self as he sat over a fried sole at breaks fast next morning. It demoralizes one and yet in my profession everything turns in. 1 may as well take a peep at the in ner life of the Marquis of Pomfret ' He of sorrowful thoughts that turned towarddid not recogonize Hester Branscombe in the transaction at a 1 Thus do we hood. wink our uppermost thoughts, but how thin is the hood.

Walter went down to the House of Commons, and, having sent his card to Mr Le Fanu, was admitted by the burley but resolute policeman within the sacred precincts of the lobby, Mr, Le Fanu after a chat over the proposed bill, passed the young garrister into the House underneath the ambassadors' gal erv and just as he entered Mr. Gladstone had risen to a point of order, and was engaged in blasting with the lightening of his elos quence an insolent juvenile member. Nugent's heart leaped hotly when came the thought that one day, perhaps, he might sit in that House, and win a seat not through influence of broad acresthey had been swept from him-but by see you. Speak to him. And pressing 'Miss' directed letters are sent to them. dint of hard work at his profession. As the springs, the doll squeaked ' Papa,' he passed along Westminster Hal! he thought of Eldon, who when asked by an angry father, what property he. a pnnis Wa ter.' less barrister, was possessed of that he should aspire to the hand of his daughter, laughed the barri-ter. ' Have you found made reply: 'The ground 1 stand on in husband for her yet, Ethel?' Westminster Hall."

Horse Guards, and soon found himself in at me. Aunt Hester, Ia palatial spartment looking out on the park.

That must be the very elm-tree sat ly. under yesterday, and to-day-it seems so strange, like a dream.

Miss Branscombe received him graci- graph in the album. ously. She was attired in ustrous white all dotted with amber and black bows.

said, 'She takes a siesta every afternoon. maids, a gift from her aunt, and euding stane and ime. I told her that she might expect a visit with a kichen range. from you, and it greatly disturbed her

slumbers,' 'She is a charming child.'

A colored man appeared before a Mags to any matter, Nugent recognising the awakwardness 'Thorougly natural, at all events.' . It's rather a treat to meet a child of the question at once exclaimed : istrate charged with some trivial offence. The proprietor of any newspaper Newfoundland of Ours. with a doll nowadays. The age of chid. On Thursday I shall be in Dublin, The latter said to the mon . You can go copying this carl will have his newsnow: but let me warn you never to ap- paper bills collected as payment for Being a series on the natural resources. ren would seem to have passed away.' Ethel.' pear here again.' The man replied with yearly insertions in the paper and copy and future prospecity of the co ony, by the REV. M HARVEY. 'Where is Dublin ?' asked the child, 'Children are becoming horribly ma-'In I eland, you little stupid !' laughed a broad grin, . I would not be here this paper sent to my address. terial, Mr. Nugent. They have ceased to For sale at the office of this paper price time only the constable fotch me.' believe in giants and giant-killers. They ber aunt, Bay Roberts. tifty eents

'Intimately. Here" approaching an the scene of the unhallowed revery o

ducing a letter-'here is an epistle from selves the Monks of the Screw. The day Julietta received this very morning, and will repay you.

dated Kil-Kil-' 'Kilternan,' sighed Walter.

her in the autumn. She describes the place as being exquisitely situated.' 'And so it is,' he enthusiastically excaimed. It is the most beautiful place in the world, And his bright earnest face became clouded -a sad gray cloud born

the past. Little Ethel came running in.

'O Walter! I'm so delighted to see you,' she cried, putting up her rosebul of a mouth to be kissed. 'Estelle will be delighted to see you; you must come up to my room. I have a tiny little playsroom all to myself. Come !' tugs ging at Nugent's wrists almost as violently as Boreen had tugged at her un

tortunate doll. There was nothing for it but to oney, in the middle of the night. and the barrister was conducted by the little maid to an apartment, a very poem

of pink ribbons and white lace, wherein upon a crimson dais was seated the bride, gazing sternly into space.

"O you darling !' cried the child, carmamma' quite melodiously. 'She says she's enchanted to see you

·1 am equally pleased to see her,

'I have. It's Sir Jasper Jyvecote, Hailing a hansom, he drove to the auntie's beau. You needn t make a face when all friends forsake us.'

posed Miss Branscombe, biushing vivids your head? ' Alphonse, Alphon-e, do

Wa'ter began to wonder what Sir Jass another calf upon your feet.

per was like, and if he had seen his pho-Ethel produced al her toys-and their name was legion-for the barri-ters in "Ethel will be here in a moment,' she spection, commencing with Ethel's brides-

Antie, has mamma invited Walter to come with us to Bulleyne on Thursday?'

Ethel suddenly asked.

Pulleyne is my brother in law's place Mr. Nugent. It's very charmingly situs "The very people! Do you know ated on the Thames, and is rather worth nto meat, it Cures SORE THROAT. visiting. It adjoins Maamenhead Abbey Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and even ebony bureau with lich bolts, and pros the godless worthies who called them-

has never been known to fail. 'I'm very much oblidged, but if not The Pills and Ointment arc Manufaoamongst the savages, 1 shall have work tured only at 'She wants me to come and stay with to do that will chain me to the oar.

> "Where "are you stopping?" 'At the Tavistock, Covent Gardens." .That is a sort of a mone-tay is it not? 'Yes, it resembles the 1sle of St. Sen nus. No wommn is allowed to set a foot the lein.

What a shame !'

Oh! it's a very quiet r spectable establishment aughed the barrister.

Label on the Pots and Boxes, If the You'll come here early, to breakfas address is not 355, Oxford Street on Thur day Water won't you?' cried London, they are spurious. Ethel as he rose to take his leave-

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit and Humor.

A call for arms-The baby's wild yell

A Kitchen Proverb- things rubbed against a greater become less.

Burned at the steak-The fingers of the servant who was cooking it.

Why are young ladies like the dead essing Este le. . Here's Walter come to letter office? Because a great many

> duction for CASH. The boy who thought that the stars were diamond studs in the shirt-bo-oms of the sky will probably go into the jews elery business in the sweet by-and by The fellow was witty who at a dinner down East' ately gave the following --Here's a health to poverty; it sticks

Eugenia Eugenia, will you insist on 'What a little prate box she is !' inter- wearing the hair of another woman upon

you still in ist upon wearing the skin of

"What do I think o' Lunnon ask ye!' foundland. Sccurity for future pay, said old John Wilson, a Stirling worthy ment taken by mortgage on property or on being asked his opinion of the great otherwise. Holding commissions as Notary Public Commissioner Supreme metropolis; 'what do I think o't? It's just a lump o'gude ground spoilt wi' Court, and Land Surveyor, business under these heads carefully attended to. Plans of Land taken.

When a tooth begins to feel as if there Inquiries made-questions answered was a chicken scratching at its root it's All business considered confidential. No greater publicity then necessary given A USI time to pu lett out.

It is an infallible remedy. It effectual- in all complaints incidental to Females. ly rubbed nto the neck and chest, as salt The OINTMENT is the only reliable remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores, nd Ulcers, of however long standing. ASTHMA, For Glandular Swellings, For Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Coughs, Abscesses, Piles, Fistu as, Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin GOUT, RHEUMATISM, Diseases it is no equal. and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it

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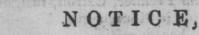
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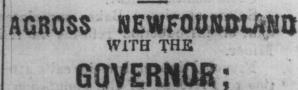
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