

The Ague. Once upon an evening bleary, While I sat me dreaming dreary, In the sunshine thinking over Things that passed in days of yore;

Ah! distinctly I remember, It was in that wet September, When the earth and every member Of creation that it bore,

So I sat me, nearly napping, In the sunshine, stretching, gapping, With a feeling quite delighted

All along my back, the creeping, Soon gave place to rustling, leaping, As if countless frozen demons

'Twas the ague; and it shook me Into heavy clothes, and took me Shaking to the kitchen, every

Then it rested till the morrow, When it comes with all the horror That it had the face to borrow,

And to-day the swallows flitting Round the cottage, see me sitting Moodily within the sunshine

SELECT STORY. FAITH.

"All this world is sad and dreary, Everywhere I roam; Odarkies! how my heart grows weary,

Thus sang Katy, maid-of-all-work, dwelling in rustic style on every word, drawing out darkies into dark-eyes,

Bertha Wallace, sitting out beneath the apple-trees, might have laughed heartily at the words and tune at any other time, but to-day she did not feel like laughing.

Do you not get tired, Katy, of doing the same things over and over again? And Katy had looked up, and said quietly, as she patted the side of the old cow she was milking,—

Why do you not get married, Katy? You are young and good-looking. Katy bent her head down by the side of the cow, and the big sun-bonnet, dropping forward, completely hid the face,

The Lord does what he knows is best, Miss Wallace. If I was to marry, I suppose I would, and if I wasn't, I suppose it is for the best.

Bertha had thought of Katy's answer several times this morning; in fact, she was thinking of it just as the song came floating to her, and, rising now, she shook aside the apple-blossoms, and walked up to the buttery window, where Katy, with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, was skimming the milk preparatory to churning.

I heard you singing, Katy, she said. What was the song? An old one, Miss Wallace, that John used to sing.

Is John your brother? No, ma'am. Your cousin? she queried, in a careless way, not meaning to be impudent, but feeling her way to another question.

He was my beau, Miss Wallace, Katy answered, while her face grew crimson, and the tears came into her eyes.

I ask your pardon, Katy, said Bertha. I am always causing some one pain. It makes no matter, ma'am; it is all the same to speak or to think of it.

Has he gone away? queried Bertha, softly. Yes'm; we was too poor to get married, was John and me, with no one to help us, his folks dead, and my folks dead too, only John was worst off, for his sister was lame, and he took care of her.

Katy, will you wait for me if I go to the West to find money enough for us to begin with? And I said,— John, I will wait for you till every hair on my head is as white as the driven snow; but I cannot let you go alone.

John, I will wait, and I will be a sister to Alice; I will take care of her just as you would, and I will wait for you, John, says I.

I know you will, Katy, says he, I know you will! and he kissed me three times, for says he, three years I will be away, and there is one for each year, and if I don't come back then, I will give you free.

If you don't come back, John, these three kisses shall last me my lifetime. And then he went away, and I heard of your aunt, Miss Wayne, as she wanted a girl, and would give good wages; but the work was hard.

But I never minded the work, so long as I could get good wages, and so I've saved up fifty dollars a year, besides takin' care of Alice, which don't cost much, as she is with an aunt of hers, who gives her board, and I only pays for her clothes, and she don't wear out many.

And when will the three years be ended, Katy? asked Bertha. O Miss Wallace, that is what makes me feel so sad. It is most twice three years now, and John don't come, nor I ain't heard from him, either. He wrote once, but Miss Wayne she did not have time to answer the letter for me, and so, as I can't write, I don't know what he thought, and I never got another, for John he can't write neither. I didn't mind so much for the three years, but now it seems as if my heart would break for a word from him.

O John, John! And do you intend to remain true to him, Katy? asked Bertha. True? replied Katy, looking up indignantly, as true as steel! Didn't I tell him I would be? And besides, Miss Wallace I love him, and have always loved him. Some of the boys in the village have wanted to set up with me Sunday nights, but I always said no, and they knew I meant no, for they never asked again.

O Miss Wallace! That's Miss Wayne, and I hanit skimmed the milk yet. Will you go way, please? She mightn't like to find you here.

Bertha turned away quickly, for she knew well enough that her aunt, Rachel Wayne, would not like to see her there keeping Katy from her work.

A brown-skinned, hard featured woman was Rachel Wayne, with steely grey eyes, and light hair, which was always drawn up into a little knot behind, so closely, that one almost expected to see the hair break out by the roots; two faint pink lines indicated her lips; her eyelashes and eyebrows, if one could say she had any, were the color of her hair; her forehead was perpetually wrinkled, and the wrinkles did not decrease as she entered the buttery.

Haint you got that milk skimmed yet? she queried, bustling round. What you ben doin'? I should like to know. Here it is 'most eight o'clock, and the milk aint skimmed, the dishes aint washed, nor the floor swept, nor the beds made up stairs, and it's 'bout time for Bertha to get up. I sworn there she is now.

What's crept over her now, gittin' up so early for her? Though, goodness knows, I never laid to bed in my whole blessed life after the sun was up. Bertha! Bertha! She's mighty hard of hearin' this morning. Bertha! Goodness gracious, this comes of takin' any one to board when you've got your hands full without. Bertha! Oh, there you are, eh?

Did you want me, aunt, I wanted to know what you'd like for breakfast. I declare, I'm completely cooked out. I don't know what to get;

now there's your Uncle Wayne, he was just like you when we first got married, thought he couldn't get up in the mornin', and, when he did get up, thought he must have a little hot rolls and omelet, or toast, or some sich, and as for pork and beans, lor! he said he never could eat 'em. But I took all that nonsense out of his head afore he died, and if he was livin' to-day, he could tell you how he used to eat his mess of pork and beans, or his home-stews, every day, though I must say he never appeared to relish it. But then he died so soon; he would have liked it by this time if he only had lived.

Bertha shivered a little. You may give me a cup of coffee and a poached egg, aunt, she said. I am not hungry at all, she added to herself, as she left the window, but I am inclined to make her give me as much again, the stingy old thing! Dear Uncle Wayne, how I pity him! I felt so sorry when he died; but I was too young to realize what a boon death was to him, in fact, would be to us all, to me, to Katy yonder, even to aunt Wayne. Would it be to Fred?

And then she began to wonder, as she had done every day since she had been there, if she would ever see Fred again; if he was disappointed when he came home, and his mother had said, as Bertha knew she would say,— Frederick, your paragon of a governor has flown. It is just as I told you all along.

But Bertha smiled, as she thought how the letter she had given Bridget to give to Fred would deceive him, for in it she had written that she loved him as dearly as ever; that she would be true to him, but that his mother made her life unbearable, so she was going to Pleasant Valley to board with her aunt, until his return; then he would find her there; and in a postscript she added,—

Your mother asked Mr. Loomis if he would be kind enough to get a carriage for me, and drive with me to the depot, to purchase my ticket and see me safely on board, and, although I declined, she urged so persistently that at last I acquiesced.

But Bertha did not know that Mrs. Irving bribed Bridget to act confidentially to Bertha, in anticipation of her writing to Fred, and that, instead of Fred's reading the letter, Mrs. Irving had it locked in her private drawer; nor did Bertha know that when Mrs. Irving told Fred that Bertha had gone away, accompanied by Ed. Loomis, and that when Fred declared the story false, Mrs. Irving had called upon the servants to corroborate her story, and they said, one and all, that Miss Wallace got into a carriage with Mr. Loomis and drove away.

Meanwhile, Bertha waited and wondered, and grew heart-sick with hope deferred. Her aunt's ways fretted her, and when Ed. Loomis opened the gate, one bright morning, and walked up the path, idly switching the roses on either side with his cane, she went half-way down the walk to meet him, with a glow upon her cheeks and a glad light in her eyes.

Am I welcome, or do I intrude? he laughingly queried, as he took both of her hands in his. Doubly welcome, she replied. I began to stagnate.

And for what reason I am welcome? Happy inspiration, that brought me here at the right time! You would be welcome at any time; but I must confess that I have become dreadfully lonely.

I confess that I am pleased to find you lonely. And then Aunt Wayne came around the corner from the dairy kitchen, and saw the color upon Bertha's face, saw her two hands held closely in those of the gentleman, and drew her conclusions therefrom.

Iswow! I believe that's her feller, she said to Katy, as, after the necessary introduction, Loomis drew Bertha's arm within his own, and walked toward the orchard.

Katy sighed, and, looking after them, wondered if John and she would ever again walk arm-in-arm through the meadows, and underneath the leafy trees.

Lying lazily at Bertha's feet, beneath the fragrant apple-blossoms, Ed Loomis talked to her of the Irvings; told her what she had been longing to know, that Fred had been home for a month or more, and, as he told her, he looked out from under his eyelashes, and noted the color fade away from her face, saw the lines about the sensitive mouth deepen and deepen, while a look of stern, cold pride settled over the features that, but a moment before had been lighted with the pleasure of seeing him; and, as he noted, he grew happy with the thought that, if Irving deserted her, she was too proud to "wear the willow," and his chances were as good as any one's beside, perchance better.

Each day after this, Loomis called, and many were the walks they took through the fragrant meadows, and leafy forests.

One day Irving, remembering that Bertha had an aunt at Pleasant Valley, and thinking perhaps he might prove

his mother's accusation false, at any rate learn something of Bertha, he bought a ticket for that place, and in a few hours after was strolling up the path to Mrs. Wayne's just as Bertha and Loomis were crossing the meadows beyond.

All that morning Bertha had been unquiet, been troubled with a feeling of unrest, and had said to Loomis,— I feel this morning like declining our customary stroll, Mr. Loomis.

And he had laughed at her, and had taken her hat from the table, and placed it on her head, singing, the while,— "Come out into the garden, Maud."

So she went, not without some very undefinable misgivings, turning at the gate, and looking back with regret that she had left it.

Let us take the road to the village, Mr. Loomis, she said. What! To-day? he inquired. I brought 'Aurora Leigh' on purpose to read it to you beneath the maple tree. Come, Bertha, you are not going to refuse me this pleasure, when I may not be here in many days to ask another.

And so, against her wish, Bertha turned down the lane, and lost the chance of meeting her lover—lost the sight and greeting of him, for which she would have given ten years of her life; lost the happiness that the years might have brought her. Looking back, when half-way down the lane, she saw in the distance a man walking slowly along, saw, and turned her head away, regretting afterwards for years that she had not looked longer, had not watched until he disappeared, for it was the last look she had of Irving for long, long weary years.

Walking slowly up the path that Bertha had trod but a moment before, he lingered for a while; and then, in answer to his knock, met Mrs. Wayne.

I have called, he said, to ask if you know where Miss Bertha Wallace is residing at present.

She isn't out ridin', answered aunt Wayne. Law sakes! They don't go out ridin' often, though when they do go, it a'most takes my breath away, for Bertha she aint afear'd of nothin', and so she will ride Salem, though the Lord knows I expect she will come back dead some time.

Irving stood quietly biting his lip at Aunt Wayne's harangue, not understanding much of it save that Bertha was here.

May I see Miss Wallace? he queried, as Aunt Wayne ceased. Wall, yes, I reckon you can, if you stay long enough. The goodness knows when they'll come back.

Is she out? Why, yes, did I tell you? She and her feller, a dreadful nice young man, came here one day, and took both her hands in his'n, and they went off titivating around the country, though, goodness gracious me! when I was young, I would ha' ben the town talk, if I had went round as they do, and so I told Bertha. But, land sakes alive! she drew up her shoulders, and said she would leave the house if I thought it a possibility that she might disgrace it. But Bertha is a good girl, I know, only times is changed.

It was well for Irving that Aunt Wayne had a gift of tongue-wagging, as he found himself powerless to speak even at the end of her speech, so sudden was the shock. "Bertha and her feller," Aunt Wayne had said. At last he queried,—

Who is the gentleman—Miss Wallace's lover. Mr. Loomis; and, as I said— But Irving did not wait to hear what she said. He drew a card from his pocket, and writing on it, "Farewell forever!" enclosed it in an envelope, and, requesting Mrs. Wayne to give it to her niece, he touched his hat and walked away, not so slowly as he came, for he only longed to be away from her. How could he see her now, knowing how dear she had been, how dear she was to him? How much he had borne for her dear sake—believing her true—his mother's scorn and contempt. And now, his mother's words were true.

Bertha returned home earlier than usual, and bade Loomis good-by at the gate.

You will excuse my not asking you in, she said. I am under the influence of the blues, too severely to be entertaining. And then, entering the house, she received the card.

He seemed awfully cut up, said Aunt Wayne, when I told him you had gone out with your feller.

Bertha had opened the envelope, and read the name so dear to her, coupled with the words, farewell forever, and, turning upon her aunt, she cried,—

And you dared to tell him that lie, did you? Great Heavens! If I could choke it back in your throat! Leave the room! Go, or I shall not be responsible for what I do. Oh, how I hate you, you miserable, ill-bred woman!

Aunt Wayne, startled no less by her words than her face, turned quickly and left the room, while Bertha, all alone,

threw herself upon the floor, and shrieked aloud.

Her long waiting and watching for him, coupled with the strain upon her nervous system, and the shock now given her, was too great; and when Aunt Wayne returned, with Katy as body-guard, she found her shrieking and laughing by turns.

A cup of strong tea will fetch her round; it's them high-strikes of 'hern; fetch the camfire, Katy, and put the kettle on for some tea.

Katy obeyed, and, whether the camfire and strong tea were beneficial, or whether the exhausted nervous system must needs rest itself, deponent sayeth not; but at any rate, Bertha lay quietly on the sofa, with her eyes closed, and no moan or sob to tell of feeling, save the teardrops which escaped from the closed eyelids, and trickled slowly down her cheeks.

Mr. Loomis called the next morning and as Bertha was too unwell to see him, he received a minute account of yesterday's adventures from Aunt Wayne. Now, to do Loomis justice, he would not for the world have instigated such an idea in Irving's mind; still it being there, he could not grieve very much.

It is as well, he said. Bertha would never be happy in that family, and I—I will make her life an earthly paradise. But when he came the next day, and Bertha came down to see him, his heart misgave him as he saw how she suffered.

Forgive me, Bertha, he said, if I have been the unwitting cause of trouble to you. To repay all that is in my power, I will start for the city on the afternoon train, and explain it all to Irving.

Loomis felt repaid for his generosity when he saw the light that kindled in her eyes. She crossed over to him and took his hand in both of hers.

You will do this, Mr. Loomis? she queried. "Oh, I have no words to thank you. It may be unmanly in me to send to him, but, Mr. Loomis, now, in the face of his leaving me forever, I cannot tell you how dearly I love him. You cannot understand the feeling that casts aside pride, modesty, everything, and says openly. Spare him to me, for I love him so dearly, for you do not love any one. Bat, oh! Mr. Loomis, I would go down on my knees to him to explain, since he came here. Before I would have died without a word.

Loomis trembled a little and grew pale while she was talking. It is so hard to listen to the woman we love when she, unaware of our feeling, tells us of her love for another, glows and radiates with the wealth of affection which we long to possess, and says, 'All this I am to the man I love.'

He lingered there until it was time for him to take the cars, lingered in the moth about the candle, lingered to hear her talk of the man she loved, and yet he waited, saying, this is the last time I shall sit with her alone, and, lying back beneath the shadow of the old trees, he drank in with his eyes her wonderful beauty.

At last, when ready to leave, he said, May you ever be as happy, Miss Wallace, as you are now.

Do you doubt it? she queried. No, hesitatingly, only realization scarcely comes up to our anticipation. Bring, or send me the man I love, she said, and I defy the world to make me unhappy.

He held her hands for one moment, then, stooping quickly, pressed a hot, passionate kiss upon her forehead; and when she looked up, angrily, he had passed through the gate, and was walking quickly away.

Now Bertha was by no means blind as to her own personal attractions; she therefore, was not surprised as a new light broke upon her in regard to the feelings of Loomis.

How cruel of me, she said, if he loved me, to talk as I did of Fred! And then she began to glow again with the thought of Fred, and of to-morrow.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly. Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

AGENTS. CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote. BRIGUS....." W. Horwood. BAY ROBERTS....." B. Simpson. HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendall. TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller. NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller. ST. PIERRE, Miquelon....." H. J. Watts. CATALINA....." Jno. Edgcombe

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'The Star' logo and various notices.