I find the ancient Way-Side Inn Unchanged amid a world of change.

Here is the mouldering porch, where oft I stood and watched the mail-coach

With clattering gear and winding horn, Around the hill-side sharp and steep; Or listened to the gossips old, Throned in their well-worn chairs relate Old anecdotes of days gone by And pointless stories out of date.

The oaken pump above the trough Shows signs, 'tis true of sure decay, But still the cool sweet waters gush As I the creeking handle sway. And though the lofty Liberty Pole Begins to droop and lean with age, The gallant rooster at its peak Defies the world with noble rage.

But still I miss some vital links, With which the scene were else com-

I miss the smile of faces dear, The sound of well remembered feet. I miss the landlord hale and stout, Whose presence filled the tap room

I miss his buxom wife, who kept So neat and fresh the sanded floor.

And many a neighbor's form I miss That stood of old about the place; But most I miss the landlord's niece, Of dainty form and winsome face. Indoors and out, she was the life And joy of all who came and went; Her presence to the dim old house A summer sunshine always lent.

I know not whither they have gone-They cannot tell me at the bar; They went away when trade fell off, And dead and gone to me they are. But little Bessie haunts me yet, Such smiles as hers are hard to win; And still I linger, rapt in thought, About the ancient Way-Side Inn.

## A Beautiful Woman.

HE beach was crowded with visitors. across the smooth sand, while their occupants lazily watched the bathers plunging in the water or the numerous promenaders on the beach.

It was August-nearly noon, The rising tide crept up the sands, but the crowd had not yet began to disperse.

Down the hill that led to the beach, came, slowly, two ladies on horseback. Though there were two of them, it was rare only for one of them to attract more than a passing glance. Upon Virginia Legare was bestowed

the wondering, admiring, and envious looks. They had come to Newport the day before, but already nearly every one had discovered who they were-Mrs. Legare and her cousin, Miss Randolph, from Louisiana.

They rode slowly along through the varied company, Miss Randolph looking with interested eyes over the different groups, while her companion's gaze wandered out upon the water which gleamed in the golden sunlight.

How can I, with mere cold, meagre words, picture to you that woman's face as I first saw it that day! And not her face alone, her figure, her hands Her form was slender, every movement full of a supple grace, her quietness suggesting every pose of beauty.

She was dressed very plainly, in a black riding-habit and hat, the latter slightly pushed back from her forehead. as though it made her head too warm. i believe I took in at the first look

all the details of her personal appearwards, the contour of her face, the color of her eyes.

Her forehead was not high, but broad and very largely developed over the brows, where phrenologists say the perceptive faculties lie.

Her arched dark eyebrows were penciled softly over eyes of deep expression-humid eyes of sweetness, and yet possessing something that betrayed in

tense power. It was an ordinary nose, but not an ordinary mouth. The deep crimson of the lips told of such mobile power; such smiles-such curves which only bordered upon a voluptuousness that was more refined than that word usually ex-

I saw her face in repose, I felt al tat I have said to be true-later I learned its truth by heart,

The hand in which she held the reins was covered with a dark gauntlet, Randolph, jumping with agility from are for the Cuban, but the majority are very apparent devotion. It was already the other, ungleved, white, and ring. her horse, hastened to her side. less. hung by the horse's side.

That snow-white animal pawed dain-I did not notice her companion. I As soon as she speke I knew it was Pshaw! nonsense! I said. Why are also. tily, as if knowing the burden he bore.

least understand you.

Oh, no; of course not, he said with a laugh, taking his cigar from his mouth as he spoke. But I referred to the in- heard. teresting fact that it is impossible for any man to see that woman without in-

The words were slightly irritating, but concealed the annoyance I felt, and replied, then I am only worshiping at an universal shrine?

Precisely, Well, who is she?

fore mentioned was talking, smiling and said: to hear her voice, but I saw the play of which she is subject. her face, the slight gesture she made as do it as she did.

She is Mrs. Legare, from Louisiana, moment. Mrs, Legare! I said, with an inroluntary accent on the title.

she married a sprightly fellow of sixty, sprang into the saddle, the color coming first year of their marriage, leaving her reins.

The brightness of her presence was al- grace which is so rare. ready before my eyes, and Shaw's flippant account did not have the effect seductive beauty of that smile, I felt my eral ladies and gentlemen whom I did You see I cannot well refuse; besides, upon me which it otherwise would.

innocently, thinking, perhaps it was a thanking me, she said : sacrifice to father or mother.

Bless you! exclaimed Shaw; what's the matter with you? Haven't I told you? Money.

Money for herself or her parents? I For herself. She had no parents liv- down on me smilingly,

ing. She wanted old Legare's fortune And what was that? I asked. and position, and she got them both. ed with her? I inquired.

fondly thinking that he was the one had its effect upon me. whom she could love.

pebble fiercely with his boot heel. You wish me to think that she is a catingly sweet voice.

as he talked of her. I only wish to tell you she is the most that I drank unwittingly. he replied.

Then, after a moment's pause: I don't say that it's her fault that terrogatively. every man she knows, for the first few You may command me, I said, weeks, always thinks it is for him she eagerly. smiles—for him that voice murmurs so Nay-I ask a favor. You will call musically. I expect it's our stupidity, and play to me? and we suffer it. Some of us remem- It will give me pleasure to do so, I her hand, her eyes shaded. ber her voice so well that all other voices replied. sound tame to us. That's our fault too, Remember it when you hear her tones. Legare.

ommenced to say to him: Don't warn me, I shall not hear her Miss Randolph had listened intently

He walked towards the beach, and I see upon her face, as she turned her

and the company behind me. talking had gone down into the water, a feeling of resentment, all that Shaw ing; but nothing I had ever heard affect. words. Is it asking too much of you dowed with some powerful enchantment. and she sat looking at them. I lay down had said, within the shadow of a rock, my hat It is false ! I said to myself. That light, the intoxication that thrilled Legare's is deceiving you, as she is dea drawn over my eyes, lazily thinking of woman must be jealous of the attention through my veines was as new as it was ceiving others? all my friend had been telling me,

in a woman's voice.

dent that something had done so. The animal was but a yard or two ed into nothing. from me, and the next moment I had The next evening I was slowly saunpulling and stamping impatiently.

less face, pale from weakness, not fear, and came and put his arm in mine. I fancied, alarmed me so greatly that I Do you know what those friends of feared she would fall from the saddle, mine were saying? he asked, looking Upon the impulse of the instant I step- gravely at me. ped to her side, still holding the bridle Not particularly, I responded, begin in one hand, and held up my arm, say- ning immediately to feel angry.

Let me assist you. quickly and heavily.

She sat down on the sand, and Miss that you would supplant him. Some she was not one to miscake my face, my You are ill, Margaret, she said anx-

iously, kneeling by her cousin.

tense admiration, as you are evidently kind—that vague, sentient beauty felt secret aspirations, and the most dear which has made the air of Newport so

tient, and I stood holding him, furtively ped at its steps.

she conversed. Many women might to me, interposed Mrs. Legare, rising talking earnestly to her. have done the same thing-not one could slowly as she spoke. I think I will mount They went into the parlor without ed behind us, the next moment it had

The manner in which she spoke pre- me alone, cluded the possibility of objecting, low Oh, yes; but don't let that dishearten and musical though the words were, you. She is a widow. Three years since | She put her foot in my hand and

who was good enough to go off the to her cheeks as she gathered up the I may as well tell everything. I was for Mrs. Legare—and now indeed she several hundred thousand dollars with When I had assisted Miss Randolph, cordiality, and a friendliness that sooth- Yates's country-seat. This gentleman which to purchase mourning. You Mrs. Legare turned for the first time ed my irritated nerves. Mrs. Legare would excuse her?

don't find every man of sixty so accomo- toward me. She leaned down and held was sitting by herself on a sofa, the Beneath her eyes, beneath the strange

What made her marry him? I asked ed of both hope and pain. Instead of You will tell me your name?

> Carl Rudolph. You have confirmed a suspicion of

She had withdrawn her hand, and

I thought you were a German. many, but almost all my life has been ing of him the other night. A little. Of course, I've proposed to spent here. I feel like an American. her. There never was a man who And are you not a musician? she askknew her a month who did not do that, ed, with an appearance of interest that see me. He looked at me with gloomy was Miss Randolph, who had come back

Shaw grinned sardonically, and struck Ah, then you are Rudolph the pianist! she exclaimed, still in that sweet intoxi- ing me virtually alone with Mrs. Legare. flirt? I asked, cynically, thinking that You have guessed rightly, I replied, from her lips, had driven away all that evidently troubled and embarrassed as

this was the reason for my friend's tone unconsciously, feeling in her tone and Shaw had been saying.

Come to the hotel and ask for Mrs. He turned and walked away as I She bowed, I lifted my hat, and the two rode away.

to our talk-did I fancy, or did I really went further on, leaving Mrs. Legare horse, a smile of amusement, not unmin- brought back for one moment, the inno- deceiving her in the least. gled with contempt? I certainly thought cence of my childhood. The ladies with whom she had been I saw such a look, and it recalled, with

Mrs. Legare receives.

After a few moments I heard the And yet I had no knowledge that sound of horses' hoofs upon the sand. Miss Randolph did not look as if she already trespassed upon the limits of a each other an instant. Almost immediately they were opposite were subject to such narrow-minded and first call, and I arose to go, While bidme, and I heard an exclamation of alarm unworthy thoughts. Foolishly, irritat- ding farewell to Mrs. Legare, I happen- power over a man may be? I asked, with ingly, that look lingered with me. I ed to see, standing at a table not far off, a sudden impulse. I sprang to my feet, and saw Mrs. thought of it with all my thoughts of the a figure which I recognized as Miss I have known my cousin for ten years. Legare's horse shy and rear violently, I fascinating woman to whom I had ren- Randolph's. a ice—I saw then, as plainly as after do not know but my motionless figure dered that trifling service. But when might have frightened him; it was evi- I again saw her every hope and thought penetrating gaze, that seemed to read except that connected with herself melt-

grasped him by the bridle, and he was tering along on my way to the hotel to me. call upon her, when suddenly Shaw left I glanced up at the lady, and her color- a knot of men at the corner of the street days that followed—only from a few will

It concerns you, he said, with malicious good-nature. They were discussing from her I knew all the torments of She slipped from the saddle, resting the little interview you had with Mrs. doubt, jealousy, hope and despair. The for one brief second upon my arm; in Legare, yesterday, on the beach. It is eyes that gave me happiness did not that fleeting space of time I felt the well known that, for the last fortnight, give me the foundation of happinessbreath from her parted, but now pale a certain planter from the Island of trust. lips—the throb of her heart as it beat Cuba has been the most favored. Well, they were betting champagne suppers I had spoken no words of love, but for you. Flattering, is it not? But you the first of September, but She still re CARBONEAR.......Mr. J. Foote. have such a superior look with your mained at Newport, and I had sacrificed Brigus ...... " W. Horwood. curly hair and beard.

It was like nothing that I had ever ly-in-earnest fellow. I tell you that she liveness in his eyes. I can but explain it by writing that your ruin-she will draw from you, lit- amethyst of the sky, and from across the it suggested beauty of an indescribable the by little, all your purest hopes, your sea breathed that mild, sweet breath on summer evenings, of languid flower- and hidden of your thoughts-you will celebrated. odors, of bright moon reposing in purple awake-you will struggle to believe she I was walking on the beach with Mrs.

watching the two ladies, or rather Mrs. I know your good intention in thus tion that was throbbing in my breast for The two horsewoman had stopped Legare alone, for I only saw that her speaking, I said, half-shivering, as if a utterance. close to a group of three ladies who cousin was dark, and that she had an cold wind had struck me, but I am not A silence inexperssibly sweet had had just issued from the bathing-house expression of pride and self-reliance, in love with Mrs Legare, neither has she fallen upon me. I did not care to break equipped for the water. The lady be Miss Randolph noticed my anxious look marked me out for a victim. It is the it, and she walked by my side with sheerest folly on your part to imagine so. downcast eyes, and over her face was

ing along the hall Mrs, Legare, and a made her look like a dream of Eastern And which is extremely humiliating dark, handsome, swarthy man, who was beauty.

now. I shall be entirely restored in a seeing us. Shaw looked at them, but stopped, and two ladies, leaning forward

Shall I confess to experiencing an her. emotion of jealous anger when I saw

out her hand with that charming, frank Cuban was standing at a window near Mrs. Legare hesitated a moment,

At the end of the long room were sev- tone: heart beating with a new estasy compos- not notice. She rose and came forward I had promised to go with them some -touched my hand with her warm, soft time. Good night. fingers-said some trifling word that from her lips had a charm and grace.

It was curious how soon I felt at wretched at her absence, and she enterhome with her; that is, so far as out- ed the carriage and was driven away. ward appearances went. I was conscious I turned and walked leisurely back of a power of conversation, of repartee, toward the road. Half way there I met was resting it on the pommel, looking of appreciation, that I never felt in the Miss Randolph walking alone. society of another.

said, Mr. Castello, you will be pleased went on. The next moment, however, Do you know her? Are you acquaint- You were right. I was born in Ger- to know Carl Rudolph, You were speak- a voice at my side said, in low tones:

Castello, notwithstanding her words, moments' interview? did not appear particularly pleased to eyes, and bowed very slightly indeed, and thus addressed me. stood a moment, uttered some commonplace remark, then walked away, leav- ed face. One glance from her eyes, one smile

manner a subtle flattery—a draught There is nothing I can tell you about dress me. At length she said: that evening-nothing of that woman's beautiful woman at present in society, Then, perhaps, you will permit me to charm can be shaped into words. But I want to speak that I am at a loss what be still more grateful than your service hithertoo I had not cared for ladies' so- to say. However, I will speak plainly, this morning has made me? she said, in- ciety-now, for the first time, I was be- for I am persuaded it is my duty to do wildered and enchanted.

sat near the piano, her head resting on fected.

Her expressive lips grew sadder and at me, and said. sweeter as I played, and when I had fin. ished she remained motionless for a mo- Legare? ment, then looked up with tears swimming in her eyes, and said, in a low equivocating or evading.

ever done for me before; you have doubt of her sincerity or to allow of

powerful, I had stayed as long as I dared, had also. In the dusky light we looked at

She was looking at me with a serious anything, I know. my very soul. She dropped her eyes instantly, and moved away, and I forgot her look after the first surprise it gave

I will not attempt to describe the I describe the burning characters they wrote upon my life.

If I did not love Mrs. Legare, I felt for her something which I thought was love, though it had no rest or peace in it.

In her presence I was like a man overpowered with rare wine; when away

several offers of engagement to remain BAY ROBERTS ..... " R. Simpson,

equestrienne, I said: I don't in the conquer me thus. It is not good for him. I never spoke more earnestly in my life. vived by him, and sometimes I was even I did not wonder that Shaw, that all You are already half-infatuated with weak enough to shudder when I met his who heard it, remembered that voice. that woman-and you are such a strong- glance, there was such deadly vindict-

cannot love—that she will lure you to A new moon was sinking in the pure

skies-of a life through which should is not false-and afterward you will be Legare, too vividly conscious that her pulsate a soft thrilling, epicurean hap, lieve all women as untrue, as heartless hand touched my arm, that the fragrance of her breath was in the air. Try The horse was still angry and impa- We had reached the hotel, and stop- as hard as I might I knew that I could not long restrain the passionate declara-

slightly as she spoke. I was too distant It is only a temporary weakness to As I ceased speaking I saw approach spread a veil of voluptuous sadness that

The subdued roll of a carriage sounddid not speak, and walked away, leaving to greet Mrs. Legare. exclaimed with delight at their good fortune in finding

A violent expletive rose to my lips, but fortunately I did not utter it.

I had begun my career of folly, and They had been looking all the evening shown into the parlor and greeted with must come with them, to go to Mr.

I bowed my acquiescence. glanced at me, and said, in an under-

Good-night. May I see you to-morrow? Gne glance from her eyes that left me

She bowed to me and seemed to haf-She turned to her companion, and hesitate, as if she would speak, but she

> Mr. Rudolph, can you give me a few I turned in surprise, and saw that it

Certainly I said with a very astonish-

And we walked along together, She was looking toward the water, to the manner in which she should ad-It is so delicate a subject upon which

so. Where you like the other admirers I played two little simple pieces to her who have fluttered about my cousin I I played with all the fervor the music should not care to do so. Neither their and her presence inspired in me, She lives or their hearts are permanently af-

> A moment's pause, then she looked You are deeply interested in Mrs.

I am, I replied, without thinking of There was something too truthful in You have done what no music has this girl's face and manner to permit a

I cannot explain, she said rapidly. If That was all she said about my play. I could, I need not make use of so many ed me as those few words did. The de- to listen to me when I say that Mrs. I paused in my walk, and she stopped

Do you know what Mrs. Legare's

she replied. If observation can tell me CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT,

## THE STAR

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