

Diamonds or Roses?—Which shall it be.

Diamonds or Roses? now which shall it be?
And only one hour to decide?
And all through the future comes sunshine or shade,
By the choice of that hour to abide!

True, Archie has youth, and a stalwart arm,
And a heart in his manly breast;
But with a youth's ardor, has chosen his bird
Before he has builded his nest!

Has she courage and patience and love enough
To walk by his side all the years
He is digging the cellar, and building the roof,
Or will all drift away in her tears?

Does love mean, for her, but a life of toil,
And a coarse, linsley-woolsey gown?
Are her taper fingers and rose-leaf palms
By labor to grow hard and brown?

Then her thoughts drifted on to the rich old Squire,
Who had asked her his home to share;
True he said not a word about sharing his heart;
Perhaps, though, he had none to spare.

She was fearful the Squire was a thiefe to old
For a maiden of her age to wed:
For the while he was busy in thatching his roof
Time was busy unthatching his head!

But then like a queen she would ride through
the town,
In diamonds and satin would shine,
And by the slight wand of a magical "Yes,"
Could say, "These broad acres are mine!"

'Neath the plain little bodice her heart gave a thump,
The Squire and his gold sped away;
For the rainbow of hope arched a cot wreathed
in flowers,
And Archie and love won the day.

Lucy Dayton's Mistake;

OR,
The Story of a Woman's Life.

[CONTINUED.]

The conversation dropped to something else. Lucy quitted the dining-room, and went up to her chamber to turn over in her thoughts the subject which had just been presented to her. It was her aunt's wish that she should marry Mr. Davenport; she wanted her off her hands, and to this purpose she had encouraged the affair all she could. A less decided man would have taken his dismissal at an early stage, but Mr. Davenport was not a man to be easily discouraged, especially with such powerful influences as that wielded by the lady's relatives in his behalf. Perhaps she had best marry him, after all; her heart sank as she faced the question, but the gain of such a step would be very great, the change from a humble and dependent lot to one of independence and honor. But she did not love him; she shuddered as the picture of her suitor came up before her; a man in the full prime of life, old even for his years, with no sympathy with the warm aspirations and impulses of her youth, bartering his money for that youth and freshness.

Dimly the poor girl realised that it would have been better for her to have depended upon her own energies in the beginning, than to have thrown herself upon the charity of friends upon whose kindness she had only the shadow of a claim. But who ever heard of a lady in Fifth Avenue, with a wealthy offer of marriage at her feet, abandoning her friends and her good fortune, to take up the lot of a poor seamstress?

A servant rapped at the door to say there was a visitor in the drawing-room for her, and after stopping to bathe her hot cheeks and wet eyes, Lucy went down to see Mr. Davenport. He had come to-night to make his formal offer, and he laid himself and his rich possessions at her feet, with the assurance of a man who has no doubt of his success. Lucy felt her passive hand taken in his, and knew that the fatal words had passed to which her agitated silence had been taken as acceptance.

When he left her her aunt came to her to offer her congratulations; her uncle, an hour or two later, gave his approval in a kinder voice than was usual to him; and she knew that it was settled, and resigned herself passively to what had seemed too repugnant to be dreamed over a little before.

Mr. Davenport had claimed an early day for the wedding; Lucy would have put it off as long as possible, but her aunt's persuasions were now added to his, and it was settled that the early September should witness the marriage. Mrs. Pollard would take Lucy

with her married daughters, to Saratoga, in June, where Mr. Davenport was early to join them—this was settled; and a house was to be taken and fitted up for the couple as early as the last of August.

How these three intervening months passed, Lucy scarcely knew. It was not a period of enjoyment, and yet the days and weeks took their departure all too swiftly. At the watering-place the party was soon joined by Mr. Davenport, who came and went as the cares of his business permitted, and always attached himself to the side of his "fiancee."

August came and deepened, and with the first of September they all went back to the city to spend a week in the preparations of the bridal paraphernalia, which brought round the day fixed for the wedding. Lucy stood up in simple white satin, with no ornaments but pearls and a few orange flowers, her veil concealing the unusual paleness of her face; and when the ceremony was over, and congratulations passed, she went out to put on her travelling dress for the carriage which was waiting for her in the street.

Mrs. Pollard was really happy and satisfied with herself; she had made a good match for her husband's niece. And Mr. Pollard, on his part, experienced the self-satisfaction of a good act. He had provided for this young girl as well as if she had been his own daughter, when he was under no real obligations to do so—not even those of tender remembrance toward the brother who had insulted and disowned him in his lifetime.

With no mother's lips to bless her, no father's hand to rest lovingly on her sunny head, the bride was handed to her seat by her grave bridegroom, the coachman loosened his rein, and the equipage moved up the street.

Are you cold, Lucy? asked her husband, noticing the slight shiver which passed over the form at his side, and drawing, as he spoke, the heavy shawl at his feet around her. The air is damp and chilly; I think we shall have rain before the day is out.

CHAPTER IV.

The new year when it came round, found the debutante of the previous season in the list of party-giving young matrons, and a brilliant scene opened upon Mrs. Pollard as she made her way into the spacious drawing-rooms, flooded with light, and filled with a throng of bright faces. Her escort to-night was her son, who had just returned from his tour abroad, after nearly two years' absence, and very proud and happy felt the fond mother, as, leaning on his arm, she passed up to the spot where the hostess stood receiving her numerous guests. Her husband stood by her, presenting a contrast in his mature age and stern expression, to the gentle and really lovely creature whom a stranger might have thought better fitted to him in the relation of daughter than wife.

My son Philip, Mrs. Davenport, said Mrs. Pollard, bending with a sweet smile to her niece, and Mr. Pollard took the soft jewelled hand offered to him, and looked into what he thought was one of the fairest and most sparkling faces he had seen. What a sacrifice! She married him for his money, of course, passed through his mind, as, borne on by the pressure of new arrivals, he stepped aside. In a few moments the last new comers had paid their respects to their host and hostess, Lucy quitted her place, and as strains of music floated in from a room beyond, the dancers began to form upon the floor.

The hostess danced but twice through the evening, once with a stranger presented by her husband, and on the second occasion with her cousin, Mr. Pollard. The heated rooms, with the exercise of the waltz, had brought her a slight headache, and she took her cousin's offered arm to go out into the conservatory, where many couples were passing to enjoy the cool walk and the sight and perfume of the flowers.

Mr. Pollard proved an attentive escort, but a change had taken place in each of Lucy's relatives since the event of her marriage. Mrs. Pollard regarded her niece as a credit to the family, and Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Lewes paid her morning visits, and showed her what once would have been a gratifying attention in public. But Mr. Pollard had been spared from any participation in the previous coldness of his mother and sisters; perhaps if he had been present, he would have taken a friendly interest in the neglected and lonely girl. Lucy thought he might, as she lent an ear to his flow of pleasant words, bringing sprightly answers and beaming smiles to her own lips.

A conservatory is one of the most favorable places for the beginning of an incipient flirtation. Lucy did not think of this as she lingered in its walks, or when she came back

to watch the gliding figures wreathed in the intricacies of the graceful polka in the drawing-rooms, and to see that none of her guests were neglected. Mr. Davenport took out a pretty young girl who had lately made her debut, to the refreshment room, and Lucy followed as one of the next couple, by chance, on Mr. Pollard's arm. Her aunt was opposite to her at the table, smiling and happy; she had heard many compliments to her niece's taste and skill in the evening's entertainment; every one was pleased, and Mrs. Pollard took credit to herself for a part of all the approval which reached her.

When the small hours of day had deepened, and the last of the throng had passed out, Lucy sought her chamber to dream upon her pillow in a strange waking way of the night's pleasures, and the few thorns which it had left to rankle beneath. It was her husband's money which had paid for this brilliant entertainment, but her husband was no more to her still than the most distant stranger of that gay assembly.

Mr. Davenport had indulged his young wife on this occasion, but it was not his intention that she or himself should be entered on the list of constant pleasure-goers. He liked best the picture of himself in dressing-gown and slippers, seated with his newspaper in his quiet dining-room, with his wife at her table opposite, busied in embroidery or crochet, or some of the pretty trifles which occupy a woman's fingers. He had married her to make a home for him; and this was his ideal of content when his day's labors were over, and he felt too wearied with the attention he had given to them for conversation.

Lucy—poor Lucy—thought these evenings dreary; she knew that others of her age were at the opera, the theatre, or in the ball-room, and she pined for the same privileges. There could be no impropriety—since her husband was unwilling to accompany her—in her acceptance of her cousin's escort; he had kindly volunteered it; and she did so, with Mr. Davenport's consent, night after night, until her going out grew by degrees to be an established occurrence, and she failed to see the cloud which it called to her husband's brow, and the dissatisfaction which by-and-by must find voice in words. She was happy, happier, she thought, than she had been at any time since her father's sad death; but she did not pause to analyze her emotions, or to understand how much of this excitement was drawn from a dangerous source.

CHAPTER V.

The short winter stole away, and May, with its warm airs, brought to the rich dwellers of crowded cities thoughts of fashionable watering places to which a few had already taken their departure. Mrs. Davenport had decided for Saratoga; the Pollards would be there, and she was beginning to think the family more than endurable, and to forgive past neglects, for the sake of one of its members. She was fast approaching dangerous ground, but her eyes were wilfully sealed; she neither could or would understand her peril.

I do not know when or where the discovery of the unfortunate passion which had stolen into her unoccupied heart came upon her, but one August night, as she sat in a hall-room watching from her comfortable seat the gliding mazes of a waltz for which she had refused her hand to two partners, she heard her cousin's name spoken by a lady near her. Turning to look, she saw that the couple were strangers to her, and one was very young.

I think it's all a story, said the elder lady, not but what Miss March would be an excellent match, for her father is said to be worth a million, and Julia is an only child, but Philip is paying close attentions to a cousin of his, a young widow, I believe.

Mrs. Davenport! exclaimed the young lady. O Mrs. Hawes, you are greatly mistaken; there is a Mr. Davenport in the question; it's only a flirtation; Willie told me all about it.

A sudden silence fell upon the speakers; one of them had probably discovered the proximity of the lady in discussion. Lucy did not move from her seat at once; she kept her eyes upon the dancers, and more particular upon Philip Pollard's partner, a rather plain and very modestly attired young lady, whom she had seen on two or three occasions before this evening. A cold chill was creeping over her, a frightful sense of loss and pain, something more dreadful than she had ever before experienced. Presently this emotion took a bodily shape of faintness, and she quitted the hot rooms to seek the reviving air in the garden outside. A few late roses were abloom down the walk where she went

and the air was heavy with the perfume of the white petunias which stood out ghost-like in the silver moonbeams.

By-and-by—she did not know how long a time passed—footsteps came toward her, and halted by the bench on which she sat.

I hope you are not ill, Lucy? said Mr. Pollard's voice. I saw you leave the room and came out here to look for you.

You are very kind, said Mrs. Davenport. I had a headache, and came out for the air. I think I have danced too much and the rooms are very hot.

Philip looked at her; something in her manner drew his attention. You had better go in, he said, the dews are damp, and he offered her his arm. She took it without reply, and they passed up the walk together.

Both were thoughtful; Philip was beginning to discover that his penchant for his pretty cousin's society was fast growing into something serious; and Lucy felt as if the words she had overheard an hour before had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips, and given her over to a state of despair. She could not join the gay throng again; she said to her cousin, when they had reached the house, that she felt quite ill, and she went up to her room, after declining his offer to call her maid, Maria.

Lucy had a sleepless night, and a wretched morning. She did not go down stairs until noon, then to be besieged by kind inquiries on her sudden indisposition, and to meet Philip's eyes, which had an anxious questioning in them a thousand times more flattering than this commonplace show of sympathy. He does not care for me, said the sorrowful woman, and then she wondered why she should have wished it. Such a passion could only lead to misery and wretchedness to them both, and was wronging the man who, if he had bought her with his money, had after all been careful to show her every consideration and indulgence due to a wife.

Before the day was out she was destined to be made a confidant by Mrs. Pollard on a subject she would gladly have escaped, and under which she had no small difficulty in preserving her self possession.

I have always regarded you as one of the family, Mrs. Davenport, said that lady—she had for some time dropped the old familiar title in her respect for Lucy's new position—"and I don't mind telling you, as I have talked it over with my own daughters, of our hopes for Philip. We think he will marry Miss March; you have noticed his attentions to her of late?"

Lucy scarcely respired, but she found recollection to say she had not noticed them.

Every body else has, said Mrs. Pollard, in a satisfied tone. It will be a good match for him; her father is worth more than a million, and the young lady herself would be an acquisition to any family. She is a very amiable person.

Lucy would have given worlds, had they been hers at that moment, to have kept her color steady; she felt herself on the verge of fainting.

Mrs. Pollard made an irreparable mistake with her scissors, with which she was shaping a piece of muslin, dropped her work, and sent a sharp dissatisfied glance at her niece. Some one knocked at the door; Lucy got up to answer it, glad of the interruption, and admitting one of the lady boarders of the house, took herself back without much apology to her own apartments.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHEN is a school-boy like a postage stamp? When he gets licked and put in a corner to make him stick to his letters.

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 seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation, 25 cents.

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

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote.
- BRIGUS....." W. Horwood,
- BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.
- HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.
- TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller.
- St. PIERRE, Miquelon " H. J. Watts.

Volume

S.	M.
4	5
11	12
18	19
25	26

MO
NEW MOON.
FIRST QUAR.
FULL MOON.
LAST QUAR.

J. HOV

Deal

ENGLIS

HAI

Picture Mou

Glassware, c

TROU

(In great vari

221 WATE

One door East c

N.

and material, S.

John's, May

HAR

Book &

E. W. I

Importer, c

NEW

PE

Constantly on

School and A

Prayer and B

nomination

Music, Charts,

French Writi

Concertinas, F

Albums, Initia

Tissue and Dr

A large select

MUS

Lately appoint

PRINTING &

Also, Agent fo

Jeweler,

A large selection

CLOCKS, W

MEER

PI

JEWELRY,

May 14.

BLAN

Executed, w

DESPATCHE

Paper.

of this