

LITERARY.

Reply to a Superfluous Maid.

I read with the greatest delight
Your verses, so simple and clear,
Which did, on last Saturday night,
In the Family Herald appear.

With humble, but womanly pride,
You all your good qualities state,
You wonder you've not been a bride,
That you still are a dove without mate;

Dear madam, this is not the case,
We are not so greatly debased,
For we love the sweet innocent face
Of a girl that is comely and chaste,

Your second verse lets us all know,
And doubtless you're perfectly right,
That your face is not handsome, al-
though
You are graceful and very polite.

Methinks you're a funny old thing,
That your bonnet has oh! such a
poke;
That you lead a small dog with a
string
In a state of perpetual choke.

VIVIENNE.

To be continued.

'Ah, yes,' he returned slowly,
and a cold sneering expression
crept up over his face;
'yes, I should think he did
find the climate rather warm—
not to be wondered at, consid-
ering the name he made
for himself out there.'

'A name?' lisped a young
ensign. 'Lucky dog! Wish
to Heaven I could make my-
self a name! How did he do

'In a way that I don't
envy, and I wouldn't advise
you to go in for,' the other
answered coldly. 'I wasn't
on the spot myself—only heard
it from some other fellows.
It was a bad business alto-
gether—running away with
the major's wife being the
principal feature in it, I be-
lieve. It created an awful
sensation, I can tell you; and
what added to it was the tra-
gical end of the story, the wo-
man herself dying three days
after the elopement. Mind,
he added, seeing the expres-
sion of our faces, 'I cannot
vouch for the exact truth, not
being myself an eyewitness.
I was only told it by others;
and such things are better kept
dark.' With which wholesome
advice he turned and left us.

I thought in my own mind
that, that if such was his opi-
nion, an open ball room was
hardly the place in which to
discuss it; and, looking across
the room, at the handsome,
open, and thoroughly well-
bred face before me, I could
not, in my heart connect it
with the story I had just heard

The man had reasons of his
own, I concluded—mean pitiful
ones they must have been—
for wishing to blast Vers-
choyle's reputation in the eyes
of the world; and if so—But
here Handcock broke in upon
my meditation.

'An ugly story,' he said,
and one made uglier by the
telling. In my opinion the
the fellow who could, in an
open ball-room, tell a story so
calculated to ruin the charac-
ter of any man, must be at
heart a blackguard.'

I acquiesced with a nod, and
two hours later, the ball hav-
ing broken up, we went home.
On Friday morning follow-
ing [Wednesday had been the
night of the ball] Captain
Verschoyle called, and paid
what seemed to me an uncon-
scionably long visit. Before
leaving he arranged a riding
party, to take place the next
day, to see some ruins a few
miles off. On Sunday he ac-
companied us home from
church—Monday he called
again; and so on for a month—
never a day passed without
bringing Cecil's handsome horse
and his rider to our door.

His coming—I saw at last—
was Vivienne's heaven, his
voice beyond all music to her
ear, and in her eyes I read that
she at length loved him, with
all the passionate tenderness
of her most loving nature.

'So ran the world away,
and it was a day towards the
close of October, warm and
bright as the middle of June—
what is commonly called a
'pet day'—and Vivienne, tak-
ing advantage of the weather,
had driven over in the morn-
ing to see the Laytons, some
friends of hers but had signi-
fied her intention before leav-
ing, of being home to luncheon
and I, having nothing better
to do, strolled out with dog
and gun to get a stray shot at
a partridge.

However, the birds proving shy,
and being myself in no humor
for shooting, after about two hours'
ramble I turned slowly homewards,
and, entering the low French win-
dows of the drawing-room, I
flung myself on a
couch half hidden from the heat of
the weather and my own dull thoughts.
I think I must have dozed, for the
next thing I remember hearing was
Vivienne's voice in the hall, and Vers-
choyle starting to his feet from the
large arm-chair in which he was
lounging, with an exclamation of plea-
sure, and a smile that made his hand-
some face still handsomer.
In another moment she was before
me, and Verschoyle met her in the
centre of the room.
'Come at last, darling,' he said gaily.
'You cannot fancy the relief to my
feelings, as I was quit certain young
Layton had eloped with you, and he
stopped to kiss her.
But at the word 'elope,' Vivienne's
face had darkened, and now, putting
her hand suddenly against his breast,
she drew herself back from the pro-
ffered embrace, thus by the action re-
vealing at once that something un-
usual had happened.
'Vivienne,' Verschoyle said hurriedly;
'Vivienne, my dearest, what is it?
and as he spoke he placed his own
hand over the tiny gloved one, still
lying so heavily upon his chest.
Glancing at her face, I could see
that it was as white as death, and that
her eyes shone dangerously; but her
voice was low, and steady, and the
quivering of her lips alone showed
how deeply she was agitated, and how
rapidly her breath had come and went.
'About India,' she said—I have
heard all that story. Answer me,
Cecil, answer me; is there one word
of truth about you and Mrs Grey?
'Who has dared,' Verschoyle broke
in fiercely, as his face flashed a deep
red and a heavy frown crept over it—
'who has dared to poison—
'That is not the question,' she in-
terrupted quickly, speaking low, but
vehemently. 'I will have 'Yes or

No.' Was there any story about you
and that woman?
'Yes,' he answered. 'But listen to
me, Vivienne for one moment. You
cannot understand—let me explain!
and both his voice and manner grew
passionately imploring.

But it was too late; the unlucky
admission on his part had roused with-
in her breast all the passion of her na-
ture, and, starting violently back as
though stung, she cried bitterly—
'Yes' is that your answer? Good
heaven! what fools some women are!
And you have dared to say you loved
me—have asked me to be your wife—
have kissed me!

'Good Heaven!' he entreated, still
holding her little hand tightly between
his own, 'won't you listen to me, Vir-
vienne? For my sake, for both our
sake hear me now.'

But she resolutely drew her hand
away, and raising herself to her full
height, said coldly—
'Hush!—not another word; then
moving a little to one side she drew
back her dress with a movement at
once cold and decisive, and so left
open his passage to the door.

The action without the words was
in itself sufficient, more than if she
had spoken volumes; and, seeing it,
he accepted his fate without further
pleading. For one moment, a second
perhaps—he looked as if he would
have spoken, then simply bowed, and
walked haughtily out of the room.
For such I felt at once was the spirit
of the man, that he would not sue a
second time for mercy even from the
woman for whom his heart was break-
ing.

Vivienne never stirred from the
position in which he had left her, until
the closing of the hall door told her
that he was indeed gone, and for
ever; then she raised her head, and
of the look of hopeless misery on her
sweet young face! I could not bear
it, and, springing forward, I caught
her in my arms and pressed her dear
head close down upon my breast:
'My darling,' I gasped, 'for the love
of Heaven, don't look like that.
Think of your mother. There may be
some happiness for you yet; and so
on, a few passionate words I murmur-
ed, feeling all the time that they were
falling on deaf ears. It seemed to me
casual her no surprise, my sudden
appearance there; at that moment
she only dug to me a little wildly
for a minute or so, and then said
wearily—

To be continued.

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RICHARD HARVEY,

Having completed his Fall importations
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Sheetings 9 1/2 "
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Ladies Felt Hats each 7, 8, 11,
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- Women's E.S. Kid Boots from 4. 5 1/2
" Pebble Lace " 6.
" Button " 8.
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" Grand Deck Boots 12. 6 1/2.
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Also 500 Pairs Men's Marching Boots,
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A choice lot New Teas,

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MOLASSE.

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Manufactured by the Britannia Sew-
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These are the First lot of HAND
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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
of the Proprietors of this Company
will be held on TUE-DAY the 12th day of
July instant, at 12 o'clock noon, at the
Banking House in Duckworth Street, in
accordance with the Act of Incorpora-
tion.

(By order of the Board)

R. BROWN,

4th July, Manager

COMMERCIAL BANK OF
NEWFOUNDLAND

A Dividend on the Capital
Stock of this Company, at the
rate of ten per cent per annum for the
half year ending 30th June, 1881, and a
Bonus of One per cent, will be payable
at the Banking House in Duckworth
Street, on a day after THAT DAY, the 15th
inst., during the usual hours of busi-
ness.

(By order of the Board.)

R. BROWN,

July 15, 31. Manager

FOR SALE

That piece of land situated on the
south side of the main Brook of Car-
bonar, and measuring from North to
South seventy four yards, and from
East to West thirty nine yards. Bounded
as follows:—On the North
by the main Brook, on the South by
property of Timothy Morea, on the
East by William Morea, and on the
West by William Pumphrey.

For further particulars apply to

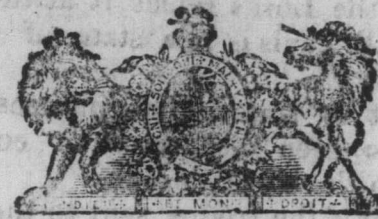
MRS CRAMM,

Harvey Street, Harbor Grace

Or to E J BRENNAN,

Carbonar

ADVERTISEMENTS.



ROUTE

OF THE

LABRADOR MAIL

STEAMER—1881.

THE LABRADOR MAIL STEAMER
KITE to leave St. John's on the
5th July calling at Harbor Grace, thence
direct to Battle Harbor.

RETURNING SOUTH.—Calling at Cape
Hazen, Hopeville, Lily Head, Lunenburg,
Lock, St. Andrew, Munchook's Bay, and
Long Tickle, Rogers Harbor, A. Innie,
Ragget Islands, Jager Lake, Cape
Harmon, Sloop Cove, Sleigh Tickle, Hol-
ton, Emily Harbor, White Bear, Smokey
Tickle, Indian Island, Backs Harbor
and Independent, two last places alter-
nately.

Long Island and Southeast Cove alter-
nately.
Grady.
Black Island each alternate trip.
Indian Tickle.
Domno and Bateaux alternately.
Punch Bowl.
Seal Islands and Comfort Bight alter-
nately.
Boister's Rock.
V. Inon Island.
Tub Harbor and Snug Harbor alter-
nately.
Dead Island.
Scrimmy Bay.
Ship Harbor and Fishing Ship Harbor
alternately.
Francis Harbor Bight.
Little Harbor.
Murray and Spear Harbors alternately,
and thence to Battle Harbor.

The following trips will be the same
as above, except after the first round
trip in September, the Steamer will not
be required to go North of Holton, but
after that trip must call at all Harbors
between Bateaux and Emily Harbor,
for Herring Fishery news.

The Steamer Kite will leave St. John's
on the 18th July, and fortnightly during
the performance of the Labrador Service
and will make the usual calls in the
St. John's Bay, connecting with Kite
at Battle Harbor:—

Salmon River, Blue Sablon, Fort-
eau, Lunenburg, Red Bay, Char-
leau, Herby, Chimney Tickle and
Cape Charles.

JOHN DELANEY,
Postmaster General
St. John's, 2nd July, 1881.

CRAWFORD'S
Temperance Dining Saloon

140 WATER STREET,

(Opposite Messrs. Job, Bros., & Co.)

Meals, Refreshments to order

Our friends from the Outports
would do well to call should they get
hungry in the City.
June 3.

HARBOR GRACE STORE DEPOT

Glass and Tinware Establish-
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(To the east of Messrs. John Mann & Co
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C. L. KENNEDY,

Boys to intimate that he has recently
received a large assortment of the latest
improved and very best quality of
Stoves comprising Cooking, Fancy,
Franklin and Fittings of all sizes Eng-
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In addition to the above, the subscri-
ber has always on hand—American
Hatches, Harness Rings and Buckets
Sheath Knives and Boats Wash Boards,
Brooms, Clothes Lines Water Pails,
Matches, Kerosene Oil—best quality
Turpentine, Stove Shoe, Paint & Cloth-
es Brushes, Preserved Fruits, Condens-
ed Milk, Coffee, Soap, and a general
assortment of Groceries, Hardware
Glassware, Tinware etc.

American Cut Nails—all sizes
—by the lb or keg.
Nov.

Vol 2

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yards, and from East
to West thirty nine
yards. Bounded as
follows:—On the North
by the main Brook,
on the South by Tim-
othy Morea's prop-
erty, on the East by
William Morea, and
West by William

For further pa

Harvey

Or to

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TO MA

NOTICE is

Harbor fig

the entrance of the

Bay has been bur

Steps will be tak

as possible.

Due notice will

be given.

By

of Works of

June, 1881