

LITERARY.

Mabel Willey's Lovers.

(Concluded.)

'Oh! indeed,' said Mr. Fletcher; and now for the first time it occurred to him that perhaps Harry might fall under the influence of this simple yet bewitching maiden. 'Well, if he does,' he added inwardly, 'dearly as I feel that I could love her for her mother's sake dearly, dearly—I'll not stand in my boy's way.'

However, Mr. Fletcher and Mabel did go down to the river without waiting for Harry, who made his appearance on the bank in less than twenty minutes, waving his hand and shouting lustily.

But Mr. Fletcher seemed not to hear his voice; at least he did not hear it for a long time—so long that Mabel fancied the old gentleman, as she inwardly called him, must be a little deaf. At length she made bold to inform him that his son was calling; whereupon Mr. Fletcher looked round and exclaimed: 'Oh! ay, to be sure, so he is.' And the boy of the skiff was turned slowly shoreward. But the oars did not move very briskly; nay, so sluggishly were they plied that the boat drifted a good half mile below the landing place—poor Harry followed it along the shore, while Mabel was tempted more than once to ask her companion to let her have the oars.

'We'll, well, I have had my day,' sighed Mr. Fletcher a quarter of an hour later, as he sat, watching with tearful eyes his son, whose vigorous young arms were now sending the boat up the stream as rapidly as he himself had sent it down with the current. 'No, I must not lament Mabel is worth a dozen city fiirts, and I hope that Harry will fall in love with her.'

'Is it not a beautiful view from this knoll?' spoke a voice, presently, close behind him; and turning Mr. Fletcher beheld Mabel's mother, who had approached him unheard over a bed of moss.

'It is indeed,' he replied. 'And the most beautiful object in the whole landscape is your daughter.'

'Well, Mabel is a jewel, no mistake,' continued Mrs. Willey. 'And right glad am I that she and your son are enjoying themselves together on the river.' But even as she spoke a strange thought flashed upon the mother, for she perceived that the eyes of her old suitor were moistened with tears.

'Can it be possible,' she said so herself, 'that he too, is falling in love with Mabel? Well, I hope not, for there will be a poor chance for him while young Harry is about.'

We need scarcely say that for Harry Fletcher, Jr., this was only the first of many excursions on the river with Mabel; and day by day the recollection of his former life—the dinner parties, the operas, the balls he had gone to, the pretty girls he had danced with—grew dimmer and dimmer in his mind's eye. More than once, too did Mrs. Willey discover Harry's father watching the happy couple from the stump on the knoll.

'How strangely things turn out,' spoke Mr. Fletcher a fortnight later, when Mabel's mother one more approached him over the bed of moss.

'Perhaps you are thinking of just what I am thinking,' replied Mrs. Willey. 'If so, it is indeed strange, and I may add, a most romantic way of taking revenge on me, eh, Harry?'

'Ah! little did I dream of this the day when I proposed to you and you refused me,' continued Mr. Fletcher, shaking his head. 'It seems only yesterday. Yet here is a son of mine, with beard on his chin, as much in love with your daughter as ever I was with you.'

'And I guess there'll not be any nay spoken this time,' answered Mrs. Willey.

At these words Mr. Fletcher buried his face in his hands and sighed, while the other, who remembered the tears which had once moistened his eyes as he sat looking at Harry and Mabel from this same spot, felt more than ever convinced that her child had two lovers, and wished that she had two Mabels, in order to be able to give one to each.

Yes, Harry and Mabel were already deeply in love, and Mabel, for whom it was quite a new experience, trembled every time the youth met her—and he met her very often between sunrise and sunset: at the churn, feeding the poultry, gathering the chestnuts—For now I am sure he is going to propose,' she would say to herself.

At length a morning came when Harry resolved to put the all-important question. Why daily any longer? He had made up his mind to become a farmer. Mabel would be just the wife for him, she was not only handsome but healthy—no headaches, no dyspepsia. If her hands were not so soft as Miss Gibbon's, what of it? They were industrious, willing hands, and able to do a most everything except thrum on a piano.

Accordingly, Harry went in quest of Mabel, who, one of the children told him, had gone to pay a visit to their neighbor. Whereupon he took the lane which led to the adjoining farm, and had proceeded about half way when he saw the girl coming towards him. She did not walk with her usual elastic step, her eyes were cast upon the ground, nor did she raise them until he was quite close, and then Harry perceived that she was very pale, and seemed to be startled, as if she had not heard him approach.

'Dear Mabel, what is the matter?' said Harry taking her hand as she spoke. 'I never saw you troubled before. Are you ill?'

In a voice wonderfully firm, considering the poignant anguish she was suffering, and forcing to her lips the ghost of a smile, Mabel answered:

'I'll? No, indeed, sir! And I should not have been moving at such a snail's pace; I should have been running, flying for I bring you great news—news that will ravish your heart with delight.'

'Really! Well, pray, what is it?' said Harry, who felt the hand that he clasped growing colder.

'Miss Gibbon has arrived,' continued Mabel. 'She is at our neighbours; she mistook the road, and went there instead of coming to our house; and I told her to wait where she was until I found you and broke the glad tidings. So Mr. Fletcher, make haste do, for Miss Gibbon is longing to meet you.'

Here Mabel who could not trust herself to utter another syllable, tore away from him, leaving Harry perfectly dazed and bewildered.

But Mabel did not go home. No, into the woods she plunged, where no eye might witness the tears that now rolled down her cheeks. And it happened that somebody else was strolling through the trees at the same time, pensive and musing over days gone by. Suddenly the girl found herself face to face with Mr. Fletcher. In vain she strove to hide her grief—too late; not ten paces separated them.

'Why, Mabel, dear, darling Mabel,' cried the other, who fancied that a lover's quarrel had broken out between herself and Harry, 'what has happened? 'Tis the first time I have ever seen anything but gladness on your sweet face.'

As Mr. Fletcher spoke he drew her towards him. But it was several minutes ere she could check her sobs sufficient to answer.

Finally, yielding to his solicitations, Mabel opened her heart; she told him the whole truth, and we may faintly imagine what Mr. Fletcher's feelings were as she went on to confess her love for his son and the cruel shock which her heart had received a half hour since when she met Miss Gibbon.

'And Miss Gibbon told me that she loved Harry as much as ever; that she sold all her diamonds, ran away from her mother, come alone the whole way from Paris to find him and that her mother should never part them again.'

A spell of silence followed Mabel's confession, and during the silence Mr. Fletcher's heart throbbed violently.

'Well, Mabel,' he began presently, and looking her full in the face, 'you have unbosomed yourself to me, now let me reveal my inmost feelings to you. I, too, have a cause for sorrow—one which I find it impossible to overcome. Nobody can remove it—except you; but you can remove it—you may make me the happiest man in Illinois if you choose.'

'I!' exclaimed Mabel in surprise. 'O sir! I will do anything to make you happy.'

'Ay, child, the happiest man in Illinois,' exclaimed Mrs. Willey who had caught these last words as she pushed her way through the trees, and was determined to back him up in his suit with all the authority she could command.

'O mother, mother!' cried Mabel, leaving Mr. Fletcher and flinging herself into her parent's arms.

'Come, come, child, don't take on so about it,' continued Mrs. Willey. 'I know what the trouble is. But it can't be helped. Harry loved Miss Gibbon before ever he laid eyes on you, and she

loved him, and they were once engaged to be married; and now they are engaged anew—not the least doubt about it, for I have just left them walking arm-in-arm, cooing together like a pair of doves. So, Mabel, dry your tears, and let me declare you would make me the happiest woman in the State, if you would accept the hand of my dear, good friend Harry Fletcher.'

'What! marry the old gentleman?' said Mabel, looking up in her mother's face; then turning she gazed furtively on Mr. Fletcher, who had retired a few steps, while a smile, a very faint smile, played on her lips.

'Hush, child!' returned Mrs. Willey in an undertone. 'He is not old; his heart is just like a boy's.' Here Mabel again hid her face in her mother's bosom, and the latter began to feel a little vexed for she fancied she heard Mabel laughing.

'Be my wife, Mabel!' exclaimed Mr. Fletcher, drawing near, 'and then I'll settle here, and Harry will too, and we will be happy neighbours. Oh, speak, dear, Mabel, speak.'

'Give me until to-morrow,' answered Mabel with her face still concealed.

'Surely I will,' said Mr. Fletcher.

'O child! be business like and arrange matters,' urged Mrs. Willey.

'Not now; to-morrow,' said Mabel—to-morrow.' And she ended her words with a sigh.

With this Mr. Fletcher withdrew and mother and daughter went their way home the mother eloquently pleading the cause of her old lover, Mabel patiently, reverently listening; and when they reached the log-house, whom should they meet standing by the porch but Harry. He was alone and appeared much confused as Mabel fastened her eyes on him—poor Mabel! Then in broken accents he said: 'Mabel, Mabel, can you forgive me?—I—'

'Forgive you! Pray, for what?' she exclaimed did I not tell you I brought glad news? And I hope that you and Miss Gibbon will live long and happily together.'

'Oh! how good, how generous, how noble you are,' said Harry, who knew full well that Mabel loved him, in more ways than one she let the dear secret escape her. 'And fortunate will be the man who wins you!'

Here the girl stood silent a moment, a violent struggle was going on within her. Then, a sunny look beaming over her face, 'Who has won me,' she replied.

'Well spoken, child!' exclaimed Mrs. Willey, clapping her on the shoulder—'well spoken!'

'Why, Harry,' added Mabel, 'I am going to be your step-mother.'

'Really, truly!' cried a voice from an upper window, 'My Harry's step mother!' In another moment Kitty Gibbon came rushing down the staircase at a break-neck pace, and half choked Mabel with her embraces. Her arms were still clasping Mabel's neck when the elder Harry appeared on the scene, and we may imagine, if we can, what his feelings were as Mabel stretched out one of her hands towards him.

Presently Mr. Willey arrived, then the grandfather and all the little ones; and while they were rejoicing together a man on horseback galloped up.

'Is there a lady here named Miss Gibbon?' inquired the stranger.

'Yes, I am she,' answered Kitty, looking somewhat agitated, for she could not imagine what the fellow wanted, all sorts of things passed through her head.

'Well, I have a telegram for you,' continued the man, handing her an envelope.

'A telegram! Why, so it is and from Europe too,' cried Kitty. Then, tearing it open she read as follows:

'Kitty, I for give you Will allow you \$5 000 per year. Count de Montfouli heart-broken. Write at once. God bless you.'

'Oh! it is from mamma,' she said, after reading it to herself. 'And now I'll read it aloud. And Harry, listen well, for it is jolly. But let me say before I begin—and I wish mother could hear me you are worth dear boy all the counts in the world.'

Here Kitty read over the telegram, after which followed a general round of embraces. All were indeed happy beyond measure Mabel as well as the rest, and the girl said to her mother, 'You have chosen a husband for me, and no doubt chosen for the best.' Then, with a smile she added: 'And I promise to grow older every day and catch up to him by and by.'

'And you will teach me how to be a farmer's wife,' said Kitty to Mabel.

'And I'll play boss over you all, spoke Farmer Willey, spreading forth his brawny arms so as to cover the whole group.

'Yes, yes,' said young Harry, 'and I'll write to New York and tell others who are crying over hard times to follow our example and come West.'

'Do, do!' exclaimed Harry's father. 'Here is health and no worry, sound sleep at night and—'

'Wives to be had without much wooing,' interrupted Mabel glancing archly at her future husband.

'Daring girl!' replied Mr. Fletcher, with tender pauses in his voice. 'This is the blessed end of an old, old courtship. Ay, Mabel this shadow of my days, like Hezekiah's, runs backwards when I gaze upon you.'

'Well spoken!' exclaimed Mrs. Willey with tears of joy glistening in her eyes—'well spoken!' And, oh, most sincere you do I thank God that my old lover has won his Mabel at last.'

Wit and Humor.

A cobbler has a sole purpose in life. The time to buy thermometers is during a cold snap, when they are all down very low.

'Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Brown, is very fond of kissing!' 'Mind your sewing, Julia; who sold you such nonsense?' 'I had it from his own lips, ma,' was the reply.

Affecting.—Isn't it very affecting to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of a parent as he gives the bride away, when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his hands?

Nero, Pompey and Cæsar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate?

Soak a sheet of paper in whisky and let the flies get at it. In ten minutes you can pick any one of them up by the hind leg, and their wise look will astonish you.

Lame Jim Jones says when he was in Carolina one summer it turned very cold, and snow fell on the 9th of August at least six inches deep, and when the sun came out it was so hot that the snow never got a chance to melt; 'it cooked a brown crust on it.'

It isn't nice when you are explaining your prospects to your future father-in-law, and you want to show him that letter from the governor promising you a rise—it isn't nice to pull out the writ you received yesterday for your tailor's bill, and show that by mistake.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**JUST RECEIVED**  
Per Hero, from Grenock,  
100 Barrels Bass & Co's  
**A L E,**  
(QUARTS.)  
100 Bls. ditto ditto Pints  
May 22. J. & T. HEARN

**JUST OPENED.**  
**N W GROCERY**  
AND  
**PROVISION STORE,**  
(Opposite the Public Wharf.)  
**Harbor Grace**

The Subscriber begs to inform the public of Carbonar that he has Just Opened the above Premises where he will keep on hand, a choice and well assorted stock of

**GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,**  
AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE  
N. STEWART.  
PROPRIETOR.

Harbor Grace,  
June 19nd, 1879.

**ST. JOHN'S, No. 1,**  
**MARBLE WORKS**  
THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S,  
**ROBERT A. MACKIM,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Monuments, Tombs, Grave  
Stones, Tables, Mantel Pieces,  
Hall and Centre Tables, &c.

He has on hand a large assortment of Italian and other Marble, and is now prepared to execute all orders in his line.  
N. B.—The above articles will be sold at much lower prices than in any other part of the Provinces or the United States.  
WARRANTED TO GIVE GENERAL SATISFACTION.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS**

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and vigour to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Female of all ages and as a General Family Medicine, are unsurpassed.

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Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. It effectually rubs into the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,** And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at  
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,  
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 355, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

**Newfoundland Lights.**

No. 4, 1879.  
**TO MARINERS.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Light House has been erected on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. Elevation 98 feet above the level of the sea, and should be visible in clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of wood and attached. The vertical parts of the Building are painted White; the roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.  
Lon. 54° 00. 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Dioptric of the Fifth Order, with a Single Argand Burner. The whole water horizon is illuminated.

By order,  
**JOHN STUART,**  
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,  
St. John's, April 17th, 1879,

**GOVERNMENT NOTICE**

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified that from and after this date Parties having ORDERS on the BOARD OF WORKS are required to present the same for payment on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS only in each week, between the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,  
**JOHN STUART,**  
Secretary.

Board of Works, St. John's,  
2nd May, 1879.