

LITERARY.

Better Never Love.

Better never love Than have thy love rejected;

Better ne'er have one Whom thou dost fondly cherish,

None can tell the pain Of a heart forsaken,

S. J. B.

Love Begets Love.

Continued.

'Because you shot him, you mean!' cried Gift, facing round upon him, 'You coward!'

Dan seized her by the arm. 'Swear not to peach, or I'll serve you the same!' he cried fiercely.

But at that moment footsteps were heard coming down the road. Pushing her roughly from him, he leaped over the hedge and disappeared in the darkness.

Weeks passed before Bruce was well enough to come down into the little parlor again, and then he was the very ghost of himself. Many changes had happened in the village also.

Mr Verney lay watching the winter sunbeams play upon the snow; a blithe little robin, perched on a bough close to the window, twittered and sang pretty little ditties, which the envious sparrows endeavored to drown in a loud chorus of chirps:

'Mr Verney!'—'Miss Hemans!' 'I want to speak to you before any one else comes in,' said Gift.

Bruce elevated his eyebrows incredulously. 'To speak to me!' he said, surprised—'Yes,' returned Gift. 'Who shot you?'

'Ah, that would be telling tales, Miss Gift! he answered lightly.

'But I know,' she said, half defiantly.

'Then why ask?' he rejoined, with a pleasant smile.

'Dan Kite shot you,' she said, standing in front of him.

'How did you know that?' he asked raising himself on his elbow.

'I met him the night I went for Dr. Strong, and he betrayed himself.'

'I wish Dan Kite had not thought it worth while to make so much trouble for everybody,' he said, lying down again.

'Now you must have something to eat. Miss Stanhope told me to give you some jelly at twelve o'clock.'

He took the little glass plate from her hand, and tasted the jelly she had brought him.

'How good and clever Miss Stanhope is!' he said gently. 'I owe her as many thanks as aunt Betha. How cleverly she bound up my arm! And this jelly is delicious.'

'I made it!' cried Gift, with a triumphant little nod.

Quietly the plate was placed upon the table by his side.

'Won't you eat any more?' asked Gift, coming towards the sofa.

'No, thank you,' he answered indifferently.

'But I thought you liked it,' she said disappointedly.

'Thank you, I don't care about it; was the cool rejoinder.

Gift looked at him for a few moments, but he did not return her gaze he only pushed the plate a little further from him.

'It is you who hate me now,' she said, as his reason for not tasting the food dawned upon her, and she turned and slowly left the room.

'My little Gift!' he whispered, softly, as the door closed.

'It's horrible to be disliked,' sobbed Gift. 'Oh, I wish he would go away!'

Mr Verney had been gone twelve long months. Aunt Betha had discovered the village to be very dull without Bruce; Paul grumbled at his absence, wished for him, wrote for him declared he could not get on without him, that things were going to ruin—in fact his grievances were endless. Gift discovered that she seldom got any nice books, that new songs were few and far between, fruit and flowers scarce, and—well of course it was very stupid, especially as he had admired Minnie Stanhope so much. She missed him, even though it seemed hardly possible, and wished him home again.

It was the coldest March that had ever been remembered. Up at the farm they were in sad distress. Gift had caught a cold, which had turned to inflammation of the lungs; and Dr Strong could only shake his head when the villagers asked how she was, and if she was likely to recover.

'You'll find your friends in sad trouble, sir,' said the station master at Long Eaton to the only passenger who had alighted from the four p.m. express.

'In trouble! How?' asked Mr. Verney.

'Miss Gift, sir, is ill. The accounts this morning were bad so my wife tells me.'

Mr Verney made no reply, but strode out of the station.

Such fruit and such flowers as now daily made their appearance at the farm had not been seen there for many long months; and on one special April day, when the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and merry birds sang of spring, aunt Betha's parlor was a very bowyer of flowers.

'It could not be prettier, Mr. Verney,' said Minnie, surveying their joint handiwork. 'It is a pity we are obliged to have a fire—they will not last so long.'

'Then we must have more,' he declared.

'You are a second Aladdin, only your jewels are flowers. It seems almost impossible to get such beauties as this time of year.'

'Impoffibilities become possibilities for those we love, Miss Minnie.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' returned she, adding, after a pause, 'Mr Verney I am going to tell you something in confidence. I think, if you are wise, you may be very nappy.' And, with a little laugh she left him to himself.

Bruce had his own ideas also on that point, but he meant to take his own way.

Day after day he called at the farm to make inquiries of Minnie or aunt Betha concerning the well-doing of the invalid, but always at hours when he knew Gift would not be visible. Foolish fellow, when he was longing, as a traveller longs in the burning deserts long for water, for a sight of the sweet green face that had stamped itself into his very soul!

As the April showers fell and gave place to May blossoms, Gift put aside the invalid ways and took up old habits; then Bruce and she met again quietly, calmly at least on the surface for they had well tutored themselves. Outwardly, Gift was as cool and indifferent as he; inwardly she was fretting away her life. Sometimes a foolish fancy crossed her that she had caught a look of interest of hope, fixed upon her. When she raised her eyes again, Bruce was watching aunt Betha, or intent on his paper; and then the little flicker of light in heart died down and almost went out. Sometimes she dreamed that things—tiny trifles in themselves—were done more especially for her; that hope also vanished before his matter-of-fact manner and speech, leaving only an ungratified wish for the treasure she might have had—once.

They were standing in the garden alone one day—a contretemps both studiously avoided in general. Aunt Betha had been called away from her gardening; her gloves and basket of seeds lay on the path. Mr. Verney held the trowel, Gift the rake, for they had been assisting the old lady.

'What a lovely day!' ventured Gift, timidly breaking the silence between them.

'That lark seems to think so,' he responded, shading his eyes with his eyes with his hand as he gazed after the soaring warbler.

'These are lovely too,' said Gift, holding out a tiny bunch of lilies and violets for his acceptance.

'Thanks,' he returned, pointing to his buttonhole. 'Aunt Betha gave me this rose.'

The flowers burnt Gift's fingers. She sauntered away, and, unseen, as she thought, dropped them into the duck-pond at the bottom of the garden; and then she wandered off through the home pastures into Eaton woods, and, sitting down under a big oak, fell a-thinking.

'Bruce, I did not think you could be wilfully unkind.'

Aunt Betha cried Mr. Verney, in amazement; he had not known she was so near.

'Do not pretend surprise; you know quite well what I mean! If—here the old lady paused. 'Indeed I think you had go away again.'

'But why?' he asked. 'I have only just bought Eaton Hall, and made another home. Why do you wish me to leave it?'

'It is folly for you to pretend not to understand me, Bruce; you do,' declared the old lady. 'You must go away for my little Gift's sake—I will not see the child tortured any more by your caprices.'

'You flatter me, aunt Betha,' he said with an impatiently conscious smile, curling his mouth. 'My caprices, as you call them, used not to be of any moment to your niece. Why should they have the power to affect her now?'

'I thought you loved her?' said Miss Hemans, looking up at him reproachfully.

'So I did—so I do. What of it?'

'It is a case of love begets love,' replied she, with a tearful little smile.

'A man does not care to risk a second refusal,' said Bruce, intent on his card.

'A woman must not betray a woman,' remarked Miss Hemans.

'You really mean—' 'Kite and wood fell to the ground; in his eagerness he caught aunt Betha's hand. 'You really mean—' He paused a second time.

To be Conclude'.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Union Bank of Nfld

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of £13 11 per cent upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the half year ending 31st May 1881, and a Bonus of 22 per Share, payable at its Banking House in this City, on and after WEDNESDAY, 22nd inst.

Transfer books closed from 15th to the 22nd, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, JAMES GOLDIE, Manager St John's, June 22.

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