

-:0:-Once a young Russian nobleman, M. Outosocks, the son of An officer of the frontier clan, Old Bustisnoosanrunoff, Was weak enough to fall in love With Ma'mseila Orfulfriski, Who was the only daughter of The tanner, Jugowhiski.

Bur she already was engaged To Monsieur Nockislegzofi, Who was the nephew of the aged Assessor Omiwigzofi. The day already had been set; The priest, old Chawmyearzoff, Was spoken to to, tie the knot, Along with Neverswearzoff.

The guests had even got their bids-Among them, Smelomuski, The keeper of the royal kids; And Lawyer Dryankuski; And all the big bugs of the town, From Mayor Alominozoff, Who was to give the bride, on down To Cumanbrusemyclozoff.

Seeing all was up, the groom refused His gruel of cod-liver, And, since she had her vows abused, Swore he would not forgive her, And challenged this young Outosocks, Through Colonel Nockmychinoff; It was accepted by his friend, Lieutenant Sawmyshinoff.

That morn, each made a hasty meal Of soap-grease, oil of castor, And with their swords thought to reveal Which one of them was master. Young Outosocks was killed and Nockislegvoff, dreading scandal, Then blew his brains out on the spot With a two-cent tallow-candle.

When Orfulfriski heard their fate, Of Dr. Solemkoli She bought of arsenic two ounce weight, On suicide bent solely. Confessed her sins which were some

To Father Slumberezy, Then poured the poison out-of doors And married Koffansnezy.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER. the honest stupid fishermen?

but then she liked going about the house cool twilight stillness was heaven, for the day, had been long and sultry, and my you, sir-Barbara and I-unless in-

We lived there together in a little gray | He looked a trifle confused, but anhouse, its low door and windows looking swered, hurriedly .to dry in everybody's yard but ours, and erse will be terribly disappointed if you of course an all-pervading fishy odor that refuse her. even the healthful sea-breeze could not

last red flush of daylight fade and die, I a bashful man. in summer twilights ever since the world take a "trousseau;" least of all for not have pained for all the world. began. Now and then a sail glided soft, Miss Lamerse. I certainly would not line of heavy mist lying low on the Barbara should have been the dress-mak- ing myself. ocean when the sunset bloom had faded, er; she has any amount of taste. and a revery, deep, delicious and resist- Pray do come, both of you. I'll try long, she said, pressing a Chinese fan, thought with me, but noticing my riveted less, came upon me, holding each de- my best to make your stay a pleasant one. lent of the breath of Indian spice groves she can coax splendidly. I never was in a dream. seemed wafting to me from across the anything at doing errands, I tell you. I darkening sea; the barren beach seemed know Miss Barbara is laughing at me wear; they are all too rich—too costly. year, to a scene far back in memory, yet of the tropics, and I had neither eyes nor ears for Aunt Esther as she came to the tiny parlor and leaned out the window for a breath of cool air, as she tied the black silk apron over her neat after-

I seem to see her just as she looked that night, with her beautisul brown eyes, so tender, so true, with a vague unspoken yearning in them, lending an addresses? ded beauty to the calm, graceful face that no unlovely emotion ever marred or

A step crunshing the sandy walk, a tall form nearing me, brought me to my feet with a spring.

prise.

feet than ten miles of Boston pavement. clover, and orchards white and pink in

He seated himself cemfortably in the of tired pleasure seekers.

thanking her gracefully.

on Washington Street this morning, he been? said eyeing me still.

then, he generally sent his man with at least, are no gossip, dear aunty. a receipted bill. This was the first time But gossiping commences by thinking for the violet blue. he had ever crossed our threshold since and surmising, my dear, she answered we had become his tenants; was he go- gently. Mr. Heathfield is as good and ing to tell us to move?

piano, he asked me to play. My natural him blessed, indeed if Miss Lamerse is love of music and a faultless ear enabled one tithe as good as she is beautiful. than they ever were before.

After the singing, Mr. Heathfield one sincere admirer. from a cluster of blossoms growing in ways open to city guests, one thing trou- fumed snow and making the soft June scene like a fairyland. a fanciful green flower vace on the win- bled me sorely. I had not a single fresh air like ambrosia. dow beside him.

nights? he asked, suddenly, of Aunt Es- ing ourselves a new parlor carpet, we library, John Heathfield's especial the clustering grapes, so luscious the

ing herself forever in the background: world of fashion to make the old things before me, Miss Lamerse and Aunt Es- A baby face, done in crayons, but soft not dislike it; but my little girl, here, The next afternoon found me, soon as their murmurous talk in the sunny guest- of childhood in every line of the dimpled longs for a glimpse of the great world school was over, in my dove-cote of a chamber undisturbed. she has never seen. Sometimes I wish chamber, with every dress I owned I do not expect to describe Miss I turned to my companion for sympathy it were possible to give her a wider spread on the bed before me, only to Lamerse with anything like justice to in my delighted emotion. She stood

foolish yet daring ambitions, seemed beside Miss Lamerse! laid bare to his scrutiny. Would he, with which I was striving to wall my-deed it isn't, I said gloomily. seldom opening wide to look you in the every joint.

I am very glad your niece is tired of the sea, and sand, and the-fish, he said sure in her own mind of a way of helping No mortal could have been more rather, why walk at all? I dare say it was very idle and selfish hesitating comically at the last word,

Of what use can we possibly be to scholars stupid, and I not over-patient. | deed, you are needing a dress fitted?

seaward, and right and left of us the You have hit my want precisely, Miss the frost tracery on glass, and such silks one day, after watching seam after seam ger to me and evidently no friend of beach stretching like two long white arms Lowell, I never was any sort of a fellow as I had never seen before in my life. travelling along the perfectly adjusted yours. Can you explain? yearning to embrace and encircle the for doing errands gracefully. You see Whose are they, auntie, and where feed. John says the one disadvantage sestless waves that were forever receeding there's a pile of dry goods at our house did they ever come from? You never of this sort of a machine is, that not one from it, Back of us lay the little sea- as high as your head; and you really bought them—never; I cried, as soon in a hundred ever learns to operate them port town, pretty enough in summer, must come to the rescue. We have a with its dots of houses, with fishes hung splendid sewing-machine, and Miss Lam- curiosity.

> He twisted his watch-guard a little nervonsly, feeling, no doubt, his some-

white and phantom-like in and out the refuse if I had confidence in my ability. don't cry, Aunt Esther, I said, half cry- ing things, which all her studied grace

self, sweet as the honey in the comb. she said firmly, I have been saving them ture of a September afternoon under the Could Miss Lowell possibly oblige her? for you all these years. Every dressmaker in the city was en- She drew out two pieces of muslin as in view from the window where I sat at gaged three months ahead, and the mar- she spoke, both exquisitely fine and work. And I recalled a quarrel between lap. riage was set for the middle of August; pretty, and then a lavender cambric a hot, high-spirited boy and a jealous, surely Miss Esther would not wish to with rosebuds scattered over it. have her married in one of her old There, she said, with a woman's eye she received from a fruit-knife he held,

service early next week, and Mr. Heath- must have a silk for an extra dress. You will carry that scar to your grave, AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMIfield went away like a man suddenly re- Choose now; here are two; shall it be I should say. It was quite a wound at lieved of a burden.

The intended marriage was no surprise to us. Gossip-laden rumors had my pansies, I cried delightedly. I shall There was no shadow of confusion or Mr. Heathfield! I exclaimed in sur- been wafted to us all the spring; for the live to see you married to your sea-king fear visible as she answered, few visitors we entertained were mostly yet, in that bride-like gray lustre, I Something of a cut. Yes; though it Did I frighten you, then? Don't take from Weirville, a charming little village know now, why you always lie awake is only a year old and the scar may fade your revenge by neglecting to ask me in. far enough from the seashore to be rich when the winds and waves are having a out. I had a fall, and putting out my Your beach here is harden for a fellow's in fields of growing grain, meadows of regular battle royal. I can't say, I said, leading the way to their early summer bloom, while the cheeks, but she only said,our little parlor; cities are all myths to deep undertone of the ocean in the dim

easy-chair Aunt Esther set out for him, People wondered at John Heathfield little lace shawl; we must go to church possibility to this raven hue? It was pretty much as they always wonder when at Weirville. Were you really never in Boston, Miss a man is going to marry; and those who But you—you blessed auntie; I don't died. Thorne? he asked, lifting his pleasant remembered his first wife, a little blue- see that you have selected anything for One afternoon Miss Lamerse asked eved woman who had died at the birth yourself. eyes full of surprise to my face. eyed woman who had died at the birth yourself.

Never. I am fain to content myself of her first baby, wondered most of all. Run away, I tell you. I will see that ping expedition, and as Aunt Esther with glimpses of its spires and turrets If he had really loved meek-faced Agnes you have no reason to be ashamed of declared she could accomplish quite as from our attic window, I answered laugh- as he seemed to love her, what in the your old maid aunt.

world did he want with that splendid The tender brown eyes, smiling after unwilling to gratify my long-stifled cur-Mr. Heathfield laughed too. | woman, whose beauty was enough to me so kindly, were not all devoid of hope. | iosity to tread a city pavement. My St. Pierre, Miquelon " H. J. Watts,

I suppose I shall have to believe you. make any man hold his breath; and if Aunt Esther was my dear mother's pride would not let me confess to that But really I did think that every wo- that style of woman was really his admi- youngest sister and not yet thirty-two. elegant, thorough-bred woman, that I man in the universe was fashion hunting ration, what could dead Agnes ever have Thinking it over that night in bed as I had never been twenty miles from the

honorable as he is distinguished. His Resting his eyes at last on the cottage boy needs a mother, and one can believe

ing to make the old love sough sweeter as she was herself; but she always laugh- lar, Alp-like cliffs, over whose snowy one would have given her credit for pos-

looking summer dress. Having gone to But the greatest treat, the dearest de- tion of a fruit piece that might have

looking down from the high place he my ear, and I lifted my eyes to Aunt John Heathfield's promised bride gave man held it in his. held in life, pity or despise me? recog- Esther, who had come in unobserved. you an uneasy sensation, watching you She hurried me out and away through

> body's annoyances, unless she was pretty purplish black. girlish wonder and delight.

crapes, rich and marrowy as country dexterity with the sewing-machine.

as I could find speech for my wonder and properly.

sent me from across the ocean long years table where I sat at work. A scarago, she said sadly.

brown eyes, how could I question her tention. It was between the thumb and fell to dreaming, as girls have dreamed I really am not competent to under-whose dear affectionate heart I would fore finger of her hand, the right hand

gay as a humming-bird's wing, softly gaze, and maybe reading my thought, lighted sense in a thrall. Odors redo-Stay—here is a note from Miss Lamerse; aginst her cheek, and speaking like one she drew it quickly away, her face a vi-

The note was like Miss Lamerse her- and no other on earth shall wear them, pages. And there came to me the pic-

to the fitness of things; those are pretty a cut clean through the cords of the So it was settled we should be at her and suitable for evening wear; now you thumb. the blue or this silver-gray?

The blue; that matcheless blue like clipping my thread.

My random shot called roses to her sharp ice. A skating incident.

distance made it a favorite resting place er with it before I repent and lock it up of tired pleasure seekers.

Of tired pleasure seekers.

Of tired pleasure seekers.

Or with it before I repent and lock it up brown; could it have changed by any Book and Job Printing executed in a

gray silk I had that afternoon rejected surprised eyes.

Chapter II.

view of the ocean; but the coast here was hair.

ther, and brushing the velvety blossom against his black mustache.

In a state of the state of t She answered in her quiet way, keep- resolved as we lived so far out of the ume of poems or a Waverley novel open a cry of pain. I hardly noticed her.

It was not the way, generally, of that face. And spite of the velvety blue This isn't the way we came from the dearest of women to make sport of any- eyes, her hair was a shining ripple of boat, I said, testily, at last, fairly jaded;

them out. She just went into her own sweetly gracious than she was to us, from I choose to walk, she answered curtly; of me to sit so contentedly upon the door- and laughing mischievously. The fact room and came back in a moment drag- the day we commenced our cutting and my head aches, and I want to go home. step that night after tea, leaving Aunt is, we want you both for awhile at Cliff ging after her a little blue chest that had stitching braid on her elegant bridal. There was a ferry boat waiting alalways been an unravelled mystery to dresses. She was really useful, too, and ready at the wharf. She drew me hasti-Aunt Esther looked up curiously. I to me. She unlocked the little rusty pad- had the rare gift of knowing exactly how ly after her. The boat moved off in a a little after sitting at her work the whole save my life, could not keep the swift de- lock and threw up the lid, and as she she wanted a thing done. She made the moment; but glancing backward I saw day, while to me, the teacher of all the light from beaming up to my eye and lifted and unfolded the long hidden daintiest picture imaginable, flitting the dark faced man standing just outtreasures one by one, I held my breath in among the sheeny silks, trying the effect side the saloon. of the lace trimming against her magno-There were dress patterns of a dozen lia complexion, and standing behind my different shades and fabrics, Canton chair in unfeigned admiration of my stare at you in the picture store? Why

She had her fair hand with its soft, No; I did not buy them. They were pink-tinged fingers on the ornamented just a clear-cut line, nearly two inches Sitting there, as one sits by a long-long, which must originally have been Sitting there, that night, watching the what awkward position. He was always closed grave, with tears in her tender something of a wound, attracted my attoo. I had noticed at table that she had Shut them away out of sight—only at times a loose, uncertain way of holdcould not quite conceal.

No; they have lain long enough—too It might have been but a passing vid, angry hue.

Yes, there are things just fit for you; distinctly photographed on its childish apple trees in the orchard, that moment imperious young girl, and in the wrangle

the time, was it not? I asked, cooly,

hand to save myself, cut it on a piece of

She held it up as she spoke, laughing Silly girl, take your finery and scamp- pleasantly. I scanned her face critically. hardly probable—and so my suspicion

lay listening to the waves lapping the house where I was born; and I watched The strangest thing of all is her send- shore, I fell to dreaming that the blue her as she went down in an exquisite Barbara and myself are guiltless I ing for you to do her dress, I said, think- sea-chest flew open mysteriously and summer silk, and cluny lace mantilla. believe, said my aunt, smiling; and I ing it over. Mr Heathfield is rich and there jumped out a tall sunburnt man So, content to shine with more subdued wondered if she was as curious as my- widely known, and has the means to buy with John Heathfield's eyes and hair; radiance, I appeared in a delicate musself to know what had brought John any service. I am inclined to believe and I thought he was married to my lin, and the little cloud-like lace shawl Heathfield there on foot that night, with they have reason for wishing affairs to Aunt Esther in the octagon parlor at Aunt Esther had given me. She viewour rent day still a month ahead, and progress as quietly as may be. You, Cliff Cottage, she standing bride in the ed me as I appeared below stairs, with

How pretty you look, she said. I had no idea German asters trimmed a bonnet so sweetly. They would never Mr. Heathfield's summer-house, like do for me, though, I want more color, most of the Wierville houses, was within arranging the red fuchsias against her

not low, flat and monotonous, nor the She was very gracious that day, callme to play well; and perhaps that conI hated to hear Aunt Esther call any sea beyond a still steel-blue plain. I here ing my attention to various line points were visible from the windows rocky in the shopping line, and explaining its sciousness steadied nerve and voice as I woman beautiful, when I didn't believe headlands, and further out, tall, irregudeep mysteries with more patience than as she was herself; but she always laugh-ed at me and said she was glad to have peaks no green wave had ever yet flung sessing. Toward sunset she drew me its crown of snowy surf; while behind into a picture store, and thro' the splenthe house orchards lay content with ripe- did sale room to a smaller apartment, went back to the easy-chair and sat toy- In laying my simple plans for a stay ness, whitening the ground all through where white statues gleamed out among ing with an English pansy he had broken in Mr. Heathfield's summer-house, al the blossom season with banks of per-landscapes rich with color, making the

She stopped in her critical examina-Isn't it lonesome here of stormy the unusual expense that spring of allow- light of all to me, was the richly-stored been the envy of a sybarite, so rich were ther might stitch and trim and pursue as an engraving, and the pure freshness mouth, made my eyes moist with delight. prove more hopelessly that each had its her wonderful beauty; yet she was the still, her cheeks burning, her blue eyes She smiled lovingly at me as she own peculiar defect. The purple muslin, most perfectly beautiful creature I ever full of smouldering fire, and strained in spoke. For myself, I was sorely asham- my stronghold of the previous summer, saw. The clearest sky that ever bent the direction of a man's figure standing ed and self-conscious for a moment, with was tagged and torn at the hem, the buff over a summer sea could not make it looking through the glass door swinging John Heathfield's keen gray eyes search- cambric spotted and faded, the black bluer than her eyes, but they lacked the between the two apartments. As he set ing my face out in the dusky corner. silk short and scant in the skirt. Those calm, clear depths that make such eyes his eyes on me and recognized for the Somehow, all my vain longings, all my dresses at Cliff cottage sitting at dinner enchanting. Give me the wide open first time that she was not alone, he brown, or honest searching gray, for turned slowly away, and if ever I saw A little low ripple of laughter fell on truth in all days and years. Those of malignant triumph in a human face, that

nizing the pitiful morsels of refinement It's no laughing matter, auntie, in- from under their broad white lids, but the gaslit streets till I was weary in

why take such a tortuous route, or

I grew suddenly bold, and said,-Miss Lamerse, why did that man is he following us now? I never went to cream; laces fine and filmy, collars like I never should learn-never, she said Boston before in my life; he is a stran-

Don't be frightened or excited she said calmly. My friends go so far sometimes as to call me handsome. You are not ugly, and we are out past sunset without an escort. Impudent men have followed pretty women before to night.

But the half mile of country road between us and Cliff Cottage after the boat? I questioned, uneasily, Nonsense. Mr. Heathfield has a carriage and is--

A lover, I interrupted, laughing. I had forgotten that. But I never ceased trembling till we found him there waiting to drive us home.

That was the real commencement of my distrust in her. Her affected coolness, the plausible excuses, did not deceive me in the least. I was quite as well satisfied that she had reason to fear But there is nothing here fit for me to Then my mind went back, year on that he was determined to discover her abode. Lies and subterfuges were perhaps all the plainer to me thus seen for the first time. Thinking it over the next morning I sat absorbed in revery in the library with a book upside down on my

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

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