

LITERARY.

THE RAVEN'S FEMALE.

[BY SADDIE STONE.]

Once upon an evening lately, while I sat me down sedately,  
Over manuscript and proof sheet, marking errors by the -core,  
Up the stairs some one came walking, and I fancied I heard talking;  
Soon there came a gentle knocking at my sanctum door,  
'An exchange fiend it is,' I muttered, 'come to scan the papers o'er,'  
Only this and nothing more.'

Open then I swung the portal, men and angels! what a mortal!  
In there stepped a stately maiden, of the ancient days of yore,  
Not the least excuse, sir, made she, not an instant paused or staid she,  
But, with air of a book agent who had oft been there before,  
Took her stand beside my table just inside my sanctum door,  
Quoth the maiden, 'Squeeze me more.'

'Squeeze thee more! my antique temper, O thou grim and gaunt preceptor!  
By the heaven that bends above us, now what do you take me for?'  
'O you female fiend incarnate, you unguinly ghost! O damn it!  
Do you allege I ever squeezed that withered form before?'  
Get thee hence at once—instantly! skip thee out through yonder door,  
I will never squeeze thee more.'

'Hold,' she cried, 'you silly looby, you long lop eared, traitless booby!  
Can't a ray of comprehension your dull intellect expore?'  
'Tis the life of Adner Squee, sir, and don't you forget it, please sir,—  
That I am round here canvassing to get subscriptions for,  
'Tis the best work ever offered in your blasted town before  
And the title's 'Squee's Memoir.'

MAY WARREN'S SACRIFICE.

'My last hope rests in you, May.'  
'In me, father?'  
May Warren made answer in a tone of surprise, raising her sad, anxious eyes to her father's face  
As if her gaze discomposed him, Mr. Warren turned his head, and his glance wandered restlessly around the apartment. He was an old man, with a tall, spare figure, thin, gray hair, and was sitting in an arm-chair, by a table covered with papers, while his pretty daughter, May, sat beside him on an ottoman.  
She repeated her words,—  
'In me, father?'  
'Yes,' he replied, starting from a moment's abstraction. Do you remember Colonel Leighton, my dear?'  
Colonel Leighton? An old man with a heavy beard, partly gray, and pleasant blue eyes. He dined with us a few weeks ago. Yes, I remember him father.'

'Not so very old, May,—not as old as I am,—and one of the finest men living. He is wealthy,—very wealthy, too.'  
He met his daughter's questioning gaze fully now, as if he wished her to read something in his face. She kept her dark eyes fixed stanchly upon his countenance, the ebb and flow of the soft color upon her cheeks betraying the quick pulsation of her heart.  
'What do you mean, father?' she asked at length.  
'I saw him last night. He offered to help me—save me, if—'  
'If what, father?'  
'If I would give you to him.'

'The words came hurriedly from Mr. Warren's lips as if he feared that if he deliberated he should not be able to utter them at all. As they fell on his daughter's ear she started to her feet, pushing back her hair from her pale face, in a bewildered sort of way, as if she were half-stunned.  
'Marry me, father? Colonel Leighton?' she cried, in a low tone.  
Mr. Warren took her hand and drew her down to her seat again.  
'May, Colonel Leighton will be a good husband to you. I have known him from boyhood, and understand his character and principles perfectly. He loves you—will be kind to you, and will strive in every way, to make you happy. And more—and more, May: he will save me from beggary.'

He paused, but his child, with her face lowered upon her hands, made no reply—nor stirred. The mute distress that her attitude betokened was not unnoticed by him.  
'I do not force you to this, May, remember; the matter is left to your own choice. But you know what my wish is—what the alternative will be if you do not accept the offer.'

She knew only too well. She fully realized how absolutely necessary the luxuries to which her father had been accustomed were to him. Absolute loss of possession did not seem the most dreadful thing in the world to her, but she knew what a wreck it would make of him. In her youth and strength the future would still be bright and full of hope to her; but how could he with his aged frame, and burden of sixty years, commence life anew? The hopeful thought that she could work for him and supply him with his accustomed comforts, afforded her but a moment's comfort. To him, with his stubborn aristocratic ideas, this would be the most severe trial of all—his delicately reared child laboring for his support. He would never be reconciled to it. That was no alternative, she saw at a glance. Then with a desperate effort to think calmly, she recalled the form of Colonel Leighton. She remembered his lowed head and silvered beard, his dark, deeply furrowed face, and fifty years. She could get no further. A younger face, with merry, azure eyes, and tossing, sunny hair, sprang up in strong contrast. Stretching out her hands to her father, as if for pity, she cried out, 'I cannot!—oh father, I cannot!'  
The old man sank back with a groan.  
'Lost—then I am lost!' he cried, shuddering. There were no reproaches, only those bitter words and that despairing attitude. White and tearless she sat at his feet, the agony of her heart written on her face. The wild, desperate thought that the sacrifice was possible, occurred to her.  
'Father dear father!'  
He raised his head, whitened with the frosts of his sixty winters, and looked at her with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. She crept in his arms as she had done when a child, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled brow.  
'You know that I love you, father,' she said. 'I can never remember you but as kind, tender, and forbearing with me. Your heart has been my home all my life. I will work, beg, suffer for you—oh, how willingly, if need be! But that—oh father, you do not know what it is that you ask!'  
He did not speak, but a moan broke uncontrollably from his lips, as he rested his head upon her shoulder. The struggle in her heart sent dark, shadowy waves across her face. Could she—could she?

'Father,' she whispered, hurriedly, 'let me go now. I will see you again—answer you to-morrow.' And she left him.  
He could not see her face in the gathering darkness, only a glimpse of something white, but he felt the quivering of her lips as she bent to kiss him, and reached out his arms to embrace her, but she was gone.  
'Heaven pity me!' The words came like a wail from her lips. She was alone in her chamber, flung prostrate upon a low couch, with her face hid in the cushions. The sound of the rustling foliage of the garden, and the chirping of the birds, came in through the open window with the damp evening breeze, and the pale light of the rising moon filled the room with a soft radiance, but she was unconscious of everything but her misery.  
The house was so quiet that the sound of a footstep crossing the hall below fell upon her ears, and aroused her to a momentary interest. She heard a door open the library door, and then a voice uttered a few words of common-place greeting. She remembered it well, and sprang to her feet with a desperate, insane thought of flight. But the door closed, the house was still again, and she was calmer.  
She crossed the room listlessly and drew back the curtain of the window. The scene without was beautiful. The moonlight lay broadly on the garden, turning to silver the tops of the trees and making the little lake beyond look like a great white pearl. Gazing earnestly downwards she saw a tall, shadowy figure standing beneath the shade of the old elm. With a low cry she sprang from the room and, a moment after, stood beside her lover.  
'Come at last, my treasure,' cried Mark Winchester, folding her in his arms. She remained leaning passively against his breast, while he pressed passionate kisses upon her forehead, cheeks, and lips.  
'Why have you made me wait so long, darling?' he said, softly, and taking both her slender hands in one of his, he pressed them to his lips. 'Why how cold you are! How you tremble!' he continued, as she clung to him. 'What is the matter, May?'  
'I waited because I dreaded to meet you, Mark.'

'Why? What do you mean?'  
And brokenly through her tears and sobs, she told him all. He did not speak or stir while she was talking; and when she had finished there was a long silence. She lacked courage to say more,—he would not ask. She repeated the last words,—'And to-morrow I must give him my answer.' Still he did not speak.  
She looked up at him. In the dim light she could see his rigid, agonised face, white lips, and gleaming eyes. She stole her arms about his neck, and drew his forehead down to her lips.  
TO BE CONTINUED

Wit and Humour.

Why is a leg of mutton roasting like St. John's in 1845?—Because it's before the fire.  
'I say, Bill, Mick's got ten months penal servitude for stealing a news-paper.' 'Serves him right; why didn't he borrow one, or subscribe to one and never pay for it, like any gentleman?'  
'Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?' was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. 'Yes, sir; we searched the pockets,' was the reply.

A thrifty father took his boy to the doctor. 'If you can cure him for less than the funeral expenses,' said he, 'go ahead; but if you can't sonny will have to take his chance.'  
A physician finding a young lady reading 'Twelfth Night,' said: 'When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?' 'No,' she answered, 'you don't find them on monuments, but under them.'  
'Sam, why am lawyers like fishes?' 'I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp.' 'Why, don't you see, nigga, because de am so fond od debate.'

'Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?' was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was that it is not wrong but impossible.  
When a gentleman steps on a lady's train, the lady should turn round and say, politely, 'I beg your pardon, sir; and the gentleman should bow and say, 'I accept your apology, madam.'

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The Pills Purify the Blood, correct all disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kidneys and Bowls, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females. The OINTMENT is the only reliable remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers, of however long standing. For Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Coughs, Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases it is no equal.  
BEWARE OF AMERICAN COUNTERFEITS  
I most respectfully take leave to call the attention of the Public generally to the fact, that certain Houses in New York are sending to many parts of the globe SPURIOUS IMITATIONS of my Pills and Ointment. These frauds bears on their labels some address in New York.  
I do not allow my medicines to be sold in any part of the United States, I have no Agents there. My Medicines are only made by me, at 533 Oxford Street London.

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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.  
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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 the 31st December, 1879, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after Thursday, the 8th inst., during the usual hours of business.  
By order of the Board  
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