

How Soon We are Forgotten.

Oh, how soon we are forgotten, When we rest beneath the sod And our feet no longer wander O'er the paths we oft have trod; When the form that was so cherished With a love both pure and deep Lies within the earth's dark bosom, In its long, last, quiet sleep.

For a few brief days, it may be— Had we home and kindred dear, When they meet around the hearthstone, There will be a lack of cheer, As a vacant seat will tell them Of affection's broken ties; And their thoughts perchance will wander, Where the dreamless sleeper lies.

But should stern fate deprive us Of a bright and cheerful home; And in weariness of spirit, O'er life's rugged way we roam; When the golden bowl is broken, And the lone one finds a rest, 'Twill excite no dread commotion In one palpitating breast.

Yet 'tis well that thus it should be, In life's brief revolving years; Else this world of budding beauties Would become a vale of tears, When the soul attuned to sadness, And by sorrow overcast, Would enshrine the brightest future With sad memories of the past.

On False Pretences.

[CONCLUDED.]

Really, continued he, this is most unbusiness-like, Mr. Dare. You said, five minutes ago, that you were quite prepared—thought so, I suppose, as you were so off-hand, I might say rude indeed. But you know, of course, the consequences. Good-day, ladies.

As Mr. Isaacs turned his menacing teeth away, the shadow of a figure entering from the lawn darkened the room. Punctual Aunt Stebbing had hit her time exactly with the last stroke of the timepiece telling five. Like the good fairy in a transformation scene, I thought, who cuts the knots when they are tightest.

Mrs. Stebbing, exclaimed the money-lender, pausing at the door, I'm charmed, surprised. No idea Mr. Dare did business with you, too.

Hadn't you? returned Aunt Stebbing, curtsy. Good-day, sister, good-day, child. And this is Mr. Dare, is it? Humph. The old lady surveyed my husband through her glass as she spoke, to her satisfaction as it seemed. Come in Barker, said she, and sit down.

The old clerk, who was lingering behind, came in, and, with a nod to Mr. Isaacs, did as he was bidden. My aunt drew a little book from her bag, sat down at the table and dipped a pen in the ink.

Now, Mr. Dare, said she, about that bill?

I beg pardon, madam, interposed Mr. Isaacs, scenting cash payment, perhaps; I have a prior claim. My business was on when you arrived. About my bill, Mr. Dare?

It is your bill, man, said Aunt Stebbing, I'm here about. Three hundred at nine. Dare won't renew if he can. What shall I write you a cheque for and close the business?

Mr. Isaacs was evidently puzzled. He had thought Chelsea Stebbing had come on business like his own—to exact, not to release.

If Mrs. Stebbing is serious, said he, three hundred pounds.

Stuff! retorted my aunt. What did young Dare get, Barker? He knows everything, does Barker.

Two forty, returned the oracle, promptly. Two forty.

I thought so, Mr. Isaacs, said my aunt. Sixty pounds for nine months is really too good. What shall I say?

The usurer glanced at my husband, and showed his white teeth savagely. For some reason I saw he dare not force conditions on his questioner as mercilessly as he would have done on my husband. Still he hesitated.

I really don't see, Mrs. Stebbing. We have dealings, certainly; but hang it, Chelsea, hawks don't peek out hawks eyes.

Perhaps not, returned Chelsea coolly, but hawks don't allow the eyes of their brood to be pecked out either. Dare is my nephew, sir.

Oh, indeed! exclaimed Mr. Isaacs, as if a light had fallen on him. Indeed! Well, say two eighty.

Two sixty, persisted Aunt Stebbing, filling in a slip in her little book. There it is. This is the bill, is it? Ah, put it in the fire, Dare. Good morning Mr. Isaacs, we won't detain you.

Mr. Isaacs, hiding his disappointment in a great display of his teeth, departed. My aunt, with her hands behind her, made two grave turns up and down the room, as I had seen her do at Chelsea. Then she stopped before my mother abruptly.

How odd it was to see how nervous the fashionably dressed lady seemed under the eye of her rich visitor in her rusty silks and Quaker bonnet.

So the third great match, sister, said she, is patched up like the other two,

but with less trouble. There can't be another, unless you make one on your own account; that's a comfort. Dare seems a likely young fellow. Child, she said, turning to me, you have surely no thing to regret, but the folly this money has repaired, I hope?

Clearly I had. For the mingling emotions of gratitude for the act of kindness roughly done, and recoil from the sense of overwhelming trouble could not obliterate, nay, they aggravated the feeling of the blow that "Nelly Grey" had dealt me. I was weeping bitterly.

Oh no—oh yes, dear aunt, I sobbed. He is—he was a dear good husband once. But look at that—how could you, Rolly?

What's this? said aunt Stebbing, frowning over that wretched bit of paper which my mother, still spiteful with Rolly, handed to her only too willingly. Here, Barker—he knows everything—what's that?

"Nelly Grey?" returned Barker. Yes, ma'am,—roan mare, winner of the Downshire. If Mr. Dare backed 'Nelly Grey,' he was luckier than a heap of our customers.—I won three hundred pounds, said Rolly.

Oh, dear old Barker! Oh, dear roan Nelly! Oh, blessed explanation! I threw myself into Roland's arms, and wept in another fashion.

Young man, said my aunt, stifling a smile with a bend of her eyebrows, these are bad beginnings; for betting and bills there is only one ending.

I know it, replied Roland; these are my first and last.

I hope so, said my aunt. I have helped you at this pinch, for my sister's sake, sir. Mind, I do so no more. I'll leave you a bit of advice, however: You are keeping up false pretences—drop them. Sell all this finery; pay all your debts. Go and live in a first floor,—or garret, if needs be,—and dare to let the world see what you are; so you will the sooner become all you desire to be. Good-day.

Won't you stay to dinner? said my mother, timidly. Dear Rosa's birthday—a few friends—no fuss.

Not I, she replied. Your guests know 'Chelsea Stebbing' too well. I should be like the death's head at an Egyptian feast. I won't spoil this last pretence—let it be the last, Mr. Dare.

And so it was. We never saw Aunt Stebbing again. Her money went to the Asylum for decayed paper-makers as I have said; but Roland, now the wealthy manager of Bullion and Boudier's, and living in a big house, to which "The Thorns" might have been a lodge, says that nine months' agony and Aunt Stebbing's counsel were worth more to him than all her money would have been thrice told.

Trust Her Not.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

There is a sluggish softness in the air. It is the first week in August, and July has been damp enough to relax everything in nature, damp enough even to relax the will of the indomitable woman who is tramping along the three miles of dusty road that intervenes between her village home and the small market town where she can get butter at a reasonable price.

Butter at a reasonable price is a great consideration with Miss Paulett; so are eggs, so are meat and bread and house rent. So, indeed, is everything. For she is "a maiden all forlorn," trying to live like a gentlewoman on a very limited income.

For ten years now she has pursued her neat little inoffensive way in this village of Binham, which is striving hard to debase itself into a villa surrounded town.

Her house is the end house of a picturesque unpretentious little crescent, which can boast of a good-sized well-kept garden in front, and which is shut off from the high road and the gaze of passers-by by a high red brick wall that it well crowned with ivy. The house is exactly like every other house in the crescent in reality. But it looks very different to the others. Its windows are brighter, its brass door knob has a higher polish than those of the other houses in the crescent.

She is rather more anxious than usual to-day as to the results of her marketing at Balsingham. A young niece has come down, a fastidious young lady, who requires to be daintily served, without at all, considering at what cost the service is rendered.

The young niece is at home now in the pretty bowery room in the house in the crescent, that is parlor and dining room and boudoir, all in one. This sluggishly soft air makes Miss Minnie Ward sleepy, so she reclines while her aunt goes in search of butter for the fair young being's tea.

She is very pretty, very pleasant to look at albeit she is bored, and hot and sleepy, and slightly cross on this sluggish, softly warm day. Curled up like a

cat on the sofa, in the shaded corner of the room, she is lazily watching the shadows come and go through the half-drawn drab Venetian blinds. How can they have the patience to go on doing that? she wonders. How can one have the patience to go on doing anything down here? She gets up as she half mutters this wonder, and stands at the window, balancing herself, her well-shaped hands planted firmly on her well-shaped hips, in a semi-defiant attitude that would have called forth her grandmother's reprobation. She is tall and stately, and has nice eyes and pretty yellowish hair. Evidently she knows how to have her clothes made and how to put them on in a way that will make her at least remarkable. Her hair is tumbled now, for she has been asleep for an hour; but when its yellow luxuriance is toned down a little we can easily imagine that the jet dagger may stab her tresses becomingly enough. At present the weapon looks out of place.

She has a natural turn up nose and an acquired toss of the head, and these two things have to do very hard work in Minnie's service. For she conceives that in order to do them justice she must be bewitchingly saucy in manner.

To be brief, Miss Ward is spending her holidays with her aunt for convenience sake and sorely against her own sweet will. She is a governess, satisfied with her situation because she does not see a means of bettering it yet; but keenly on the look out for promotion. At times, when no one is looking, there is a good deal of weariness in the fresh, fair young face, and a good deal of discontent and disgust with the world for not recognizing her claims better, in the young high spirit. Even now, when she turns away from the window with a sudden remembrance of her tousled hair, and the onus that was on her of being neat by tea time, she ejaculates impatiently,

Oh, dear! a week more of this, and then back to that horrid teaching!

She goes up yawning and weary to the little white nest of a room that her aunt has given up to her, the aunt retiring herself into a room in the rear of the house, barren and arid by comparison.

It is time to put this maiden aunt before you. She is almost at the threshold of her own door when Minnie goes up to adorn for the sacrifice, as she considers it, of a regular set tea at six o'clock. Miss Paulett has walked fast, and has come heavily laden, and the air is oppressive. But in spite of the weariness of the flesh she brightens up in spirit as she comes through the crescent garden, and hopes heartily that Minnie will enjoy the treats.

She has been living ten years in this secluded village alone, and her young niece of twenty calls her "an old maid."

But, in spite of these things, she is a woman with a long lease of life before her, in all human probability; for she is healthy, and only just past her thirtieth birthday. It seems almost a pity that this probably long life should be lonely as the last ten years of it have been.

She is not tall and lathesome, like her twenty-year old niece, but she is erect, graceful, admirably proportioned. Her face is clear complexioned, delicate featured, brightened by a pair of nut-brown eyes that are precisely the same color as the luxuriant hair that is wrapped in a clever coil at the back of her head. Altogether she is a pretty and a prepossessing woman, and why she should be lonely still is a marvel to many people.

She looks round the room and a shade of annoyance crosses her face swiftly. It is one of her attributes to be daintily neat. The small room, that is at the same time dining hall and saloon, is all ways fresh and fair, and scrupulously well arranged when she is alone; now the cushions are piled up untidily, the sofa rug is trailing on to the floor. Books, newspapers, magazines and a half-made white muslin tunic are littered about on different chairs; and, worst of all, in her progress from the room Miss Ward has upset a light wicker stand of flowers, which has stood in safety just inside the door during the whole of the summer.

Miss Paulett has just fulfilled a portion of her mission in life by clearing up after her niece, when that young lady comes undulating into the room. Her hair is tousled still, but now according to certain rules; and the big jet dagger stabs it with a well-defined aim. She has put on fresh laces and fresh ribbons. The laces are not real, and the ribbons are poor and flimsy, but her youth and beauty triumph over these facts, and cause them to look bright and becoming.

Oh! you're back Aunt Catherine! I'm glad of that; I want you to go out on the green for a stroll with me.

From her bedroom window Minnie has seen a manly form—the only manly form in the place—take the direction of the green. Hence her desire for exercise. She would look upon it as a wilful disregard of a providential opportunity if she did not go out now.

My dear Minnie, just consider that I am only just back from Balsingham, and that I'm rather tired. Do let me have my tea first.

Why did you go? What could induce

you to go rushing off in the heat of this afternoon? Minnie feels disappointed, and so speaks crossly.

I went to get butter and fruit, pointing to those delicacies. Butter and fruit! Minnie shrugs her supple shoulders. I'd rather go without them any day; why didn't you send that grampus, Bridget?

If she walked more she wouldn't puff me out of my mind nearly every time she comes into the room with her hard breathing.

Miss Paulett laughs. Bridget had her work to do. And what has put you out, my little lady? Have some tea, dear.

No, thank you, aunt. When Minnie first came, the still young aunt had requested that her niece would call her Kate; but Minnie very decidedly refused to do it. There shall be no mistake about my being the niece, and years the younger of the two, she sagaciously determined.

No, thank you, aunt; there's something unholy in tea at this time of day, unless you dine after it. I'll go out on the green, you can join me by-and-by. Then she half repents of her rudeness and adds, I shall take some of that nice cream cheese for supper, if I may have it.

You may have what you like, dear; yes, I will join you by-and-by, the aunt says, good temperedly.

So Minnie's conscience feels clear, and she rings for Bridget to bring her hat and blue lama shawl, the ends of which she will presently toss over her shoulder in a jaunty way that has neither the merit of being pretty nor uncommon, but that is immensely popular with young ladies.

Minnie walks on perfectly satisfied with herself, her head wobbling up and down occasionally in little fluttering paroxysms of conceit. The color deepens in the face that she holds very much up and a little on one side as she steps on to the green, and the well-opened blue eyes dance. For there, a hundred yards ahead of her, is the manly form, reclining on one of the seats.

Unluckily the manly nose is turned away from her that it may sniff in so much of the breeze as there is. Minnie has come to Binham on an unacknowledged mission. It is her bounden duty to herself she feels, to do something definite during this campaign. The only "something definite" that a girl of Minnie's calibre cares to achieve is matrimony.

Her object is well before her now, but it would hardly do for her to go up and sit down by him, and let him see that she has followed him on purpose. She turns, therefore, and saunters along, skirting the green until she is on the other side of it, quite in his line of vision.

And now she knows that her work is done.

In a few minutes she hears footsteps behind her. Another minute and the manly form is by her side, taking off his hat and looking ridiculously pleased. It is Mr. Boughton, the curate in charge of Binham—a good-looking man of one or two and thirty.

Up to within the last twelvemonth Mr. Boughton had steadily advocated celibacy. But since that time he has modified his views, and this change has been attributed in a great measure to his intimacy with Miss Paulett. Now, Binham did not grudge him his particular attentions to the handsome, fresh-hearted, clear-headed unaffected woman.

On the contrary, Binham declared that they would be a delightful pair. But it was intolerant to the daring of the stranger within the gates who flirted at him with such effrontery.

He is quite conscious that she is flirting with him. He sees that she puts herself at her best as soon as he approaches her, that she makes her eyes sparkle and looks admiringly at his eyes, and he likes it.

It is useless to deny it. He does like it. He has cautioned the young men of his flock against Circe in all her forms. But now, when Minnie Ward puts a feather in her hat at him, and wraps a blue shawl mysteriously about her lithesome shoulders at him, and gazes with a look that only misses being a look of love by one hair's-breadth of intervening bashfulness at him, he likes it.

His eyes are very fine, and his appearance and manners very gentlemanly and refined, and his prospects are very good, and she is sick to death of teaching. Given such conditions in such a situation, and it is not difficult to guess what will ensue.

Is Miss Paulett not coming out this evening? he asks, when they have taken a turn round the green, to the dismay and disgust of the occupants of all the villas.

Aunt Catherine? No; I couldn't drag her out, so I braved a solitary stroll. I shan't have many more walks on the green.

Why not? he asked with a quail.

I'm going away next week. Mamma will have me home again.

She has a morbid horror of its being known here that she is out as a governess, and she has made her aunt

vow silence on the point. To "mamma," therefore, it becomes necessary to impute a greed for her child's society which amounts to selfishness.

They are on the verge of the green now, at the farthest end from the village. The ruins of an old abbey are in sight. Beyond the abbey there is a wood. She tosses her pretty head in the direction of the wood and says:—

How sweet it would be of me to take dear lazy old Aunt Catherine a bouquet of wild flowers!

A faint spark of loyalty to charming Miss Paulett is still alive in Boughton's breast. He is preparing to say something that shall testify to his admiration for and sympathy with Miss Paulett's tastes when Minnie adds:—

She is so fond of things—of cats and flowers; it's a pity she hasn't something better to love instead of wasting all her life in bemoaning some one who didn't care for her.

The sole remaining spark of loyalty dies out. Has she done that? Let us go and get the wild flowers, Miss Ward; I know where the best live in that wood.

Can you spare the time? she asks, softly. Oh! how good of you! My last walk at Binham will be my pleasantest one.

Mr. Boughton has a maiden aunt living with him who keeps his house and drives off the unwary who approach him when she is near. She has for some time had her auntly eye on Minnie, and Minnie has a delicious little sense of satisfaction now in having brought things to this pass. No aunt, neither his nor hers, shall come between them now.

She sits upon a stile and he stands close by her side. And the rays of the setting sun stream through the leafy boughs and glorify her head. It is all very pleasant, but Minnie feels in her own forcible idiom that mere pleasantness won't pay.

For a few moments she forces herself to contemplate each side of the shield. If she marries Mr. Boughton she will have to lead a Binham life, and when he is her husband she will not be able to infuse an element of excitement into her Binham life by flirting with him. It will be dull probably—but—

But it will be better than horrid teaching, she reminds herself. She has no more sense of moral responsibility concerning what she is about to do than a child has of knocking down a house of cards.

I've altered my mind about the flowers I gather to-morrow, Mr. Boughton. They must be for your study. Will you have them?

Will I not!

His face is in the shade and looks very well there. Minnie adjusts her lead at a becoming angle and makes another effort.

Aunt Catherine with that good, serviceable, common sense of hers, would jeer at me for being romantic if she heard me say that I should like to take a tiny bit of this stile away to wear in a locket as a charm.

He knows that she means him to think that she loves the stile because he is leaning upon it with her, in what a poet would call the gloaming. He knows all she means and likes it.

He takes his knife out and defrauds the lord of the manor by cutting a square inch out of the stile. He would defraud twenty lords of the manor of twenty times the value of this square inch of stile at this juncture to please Minnie Ward.

With rather a shaky hand he proceeded to cut his initials, E. B. on the little bit of wood. He trims it and smooths it, and then he looks at her.

She gives him one look, and he forgets all his views as to the propriety of the clergy being a celibate body.

May I cut yours here, too? he asks, and she bends down her head and whispers Yes, and when she comes down from the stile she is engaged to him.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

"POOR JOE!" his head is level now if it never was before," is the inscription on a tombstone in an Iowa graveyard.

COURTING after marriage.—applying for a divorce.

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUIRE, at their Office, opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote, BEIGUS....." W. Horwood, BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson, HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell, TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller, ST. PIERRE, Miquelon " H. J. Watts,

Vertical text on the right margin including page numbers and various notices.