SOME DAY.

Two souls, a boy and girl,
Wandering on to the foot of the hill,
Flushes of green and blossoms of pearl,
Laughing at themselves in the roadside rill.
Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,
Bathed in the light of a flattering ray,
Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid
(Beechen branches twisted above),
Picking the daisies which sprinkles a glade,
And trying their luck at a game of love;
"This year?" "Next year!" What do they say?
And out of the beeches the curious jay
Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, and the end of the day
Follows them home to the foot of the hill,
One late gleam which has wandered astray,
Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill,
Autumn leaves are strewing the way,
And hoarse from the larch the hungry jay
Shouts out at the night, "Some day, some day!"

Two poor souls in the dead of night,
Side by side, lie stiffened and still;
And the winter's moon just softens her light,
As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill.
Remembering the bees and the buds and the May,
The summer gold and the autumn gray,
And the warm green lane where the beetles play,
In the crisp cold night the shivering jay
Creaks out of his dream, "Some day, some day!"

The Coquette's Lesson.

BY CLAUDE CLEVER.

It was the height of the gala season at Long Branch. The summer had been hot and sultry in the cities, and many of fashion's gayest votaries had taken residence at this grand centre of the *creme de la creme* of the society of New York city. The large and cool balconies of the West End, the magnificent drives along the beach, and the picturesque and delightful walks that this resort affords, all had a holiday appearance, and everywhere and anywhere might be seen the stately, queenly beauty, with raven hair and eyes, or the laughing, blue-eyed, mischievous, blonde. Devoted and admiring cavaliers were ready to attend to the slightest behest of these female tyrants, and never seemed to tire of the task.

Sailing and fishing parties, participated in by these fair creatures and their escorts tended much to make the hot July days pass off almost unnoticed, and in the evening a select hop at the United States, West End or Howland, was a fitting night-cap, as it were, to their day's pleasure.

It was at these hops that all the female beauty of the place was shown in its most magnificent grandeur. Of all the beauties who tried to reign supreme at this resort, there was one to whom was accorded the palm by everyone. That was Inez Maltravers. Her tall, stately figure, with hair the color of the raven's wing, coupled with the large lustrous eyes of intense black, as bright as the brilliant diamonds with which she was adorned, together with her finely moulded face so full of expression, must indeed have made sad havoc among the hearts of the gay cavaliers who danced attendance upon her.

"Beautiful as a houri," thought Vivian Reed, as with love lit eyes he watched her gliding through the dance. Such beauty he had never before beheld. Being a stranger in the place he had never seen or heard of her, and he at once made up his mind to find out who she was.

The first person he accosted happened to be an old schoolmate of his, now a flourishing lawyer of the metropolis, Walter Maynard by name. After the first greeting was over, Vivian broached the subject nearest his heart.

"Ha, Viv, my boy, so you must needs follow the example of all the rest, and let your heart go into a flutter over the pretty face of Inez Maltravers. Beware, I say, and don't get in too deep or it will cause you much pain to get out. In spite of her looks and actions she is a heartless coquette, and many a man has found it out to his cost. She plays on men's hearts as if they were toys to while away an idle hour, and then, tiring of the monotony, she casts them aside and seeks a newer subject."

"Walter," replied Vivian, "I have heard such to be the case with some women."

"Well, Viv, you will find out for yourself; I will introduce you. But let me warn you once more; look out for your heart. I talk from experience; many a sigh has this proud beauty cost me. But, nevertheless, go in and win her if you can. It would do me good to see the heart that has been shut to every feeling of love, at last surrender itself to the keeping of another—I would not be one whit jealous. Rest assured that the proud and haughty beauty will some day find her match."

During this harangue Walter Maynard had become quite eloquent. Leading Vivian Reed across the room he presented him to Inez Maltravers, then hastily excusing himself he left them together and made his way out of the ball room.

While we leave them to form a better acquaintance, let us seek the history of the two who are about to play such a dangerous game as love-making.

Inez Maltravers was of Southern birth; her mother was a Spanish lady, hence the secret of Inez's dark complexion and fiery temperament. Her father was a wealthy planter in Louisiana, and had married her mother in Cuba, where he owned a sugar plantation. The only offspring of the union was a daughter, our heroine. When Inez was four years old her mother died, and she was left in the care of an old family servant until she was fifteen, at which time her father moved North, located himself in New York city as a broker, and that same winter Inez was brought out in society. At the [illegible] of which we write, three years later, she was eighteen. Her beauty had made a person m[illegible]ht after among [illegible]d. This [illegible]h, to[illegible]r and command homage, soon made of this artless girl an unmitigated and heartless coquette—and as such was she known by all.

Many a noble youth had had his dream of life blotted out when his earnest pleading at the feet of Inez Maltravers was met with a cold and stoic indifference, as if the proud beauty expected that such must needs be the case. And even more had she to answer for. Was there not a silent mass of clay in Greenwood Cemetry, which at one time was full of life! and was not a family robbed of its only son through her heartless indifference? But more anon.

Vivian Reed was a rising young physician of Boston, of good family, and, what was more attractive to most people, was rich. Tall and commanding, with handsome features, curling, silken mustache, full forehead, chestnut hair brushed lightly back, large, hazel eyes, he was a man who would command the admiration and love of almost any heart-free maiden.

With this explanation we will resume. Taking our way back into the ball-room we miss the couple, but soon find them seated in an out-of-the-way corner of the balcony, talking as familiarly as if they had been friends for years. Day by day their relationship seemed to grow more intimate, and Vivian Reed was a devoted cavalier. Was it a boating excursion, a drive, a walk or a party, Vivian Reed was the escort of the fair Inez. Proud indeed was the noble young man of the beauteous being as she hung on his arm while promenading through the ball-room. And how about Inez? Was she, too, proud of her distinguished-looking cavalier? Had she at last succumbed to the little angel with his fatal arrows, or was she as yet, heartless? We shall see.

Day by day this same thing went on, and the season was about to close; there was to be a grand hop at the West End, and Vivian Reed and Inez Maltravers were to attend. Vivian Reed had made up his mind that then he would know his fate. On that evening his attentions were particularly assiduous to Inez Maltravers, and to her they seemed to be equally welcome. This gave him encouragement. At last the dancing was nearly over, and taking advantage of the first opportunity, Vivian and Inez went out on the balcony to enjoy a little quiet. Now was the time for Vivian Reed to learn his fate; in strong, impassioned tones, he spoke,—

"Miss Maltrevers, Inez, if I may be allowed to call so, for the past six weeks we have been much in each other's society; my attention has been engrossed by you, and you have seemed to look upon me with favor. In this time my heart has undergone a strange feeling—I have learned to love you. Can you return that love? Will you be my wife? You know my prospects are bright; do not blight my life by a refusal. Say that you love me."

During this time Inez was seated on a chair, and Vivian was on his knees at her feet; slowly rising, with head erect and scornful face, in a voice cold and haughty, Inez Maltravers spoke.

"Mr. Reed, such conduct as this is totally unwished and uncalled for; the feeling that you call love I know nothing about; as for blighting your hopes, I will say that it is not my fault if you misconstrue friendship for a return of the passion you call love. I will not deny that your company has been very entertaining and agreeable to me, and for this reason I encouraged your attentions; but to prevent any wrong interpretation in the future, we had better be less familiar. Mr. Reed, I am sorry I have caused you any sorrow, and wish you a very kind good evening."

With head erect and proud bearing she swept into the hotel, leaving Vivian Reed alone on the balcony. For some minutes he sat as if in a dream, and then he slowly recovered from the lethargy; quick as a flash the words that Walter Maynard had spoken to him six weeks before, came into his mind. He rose and slowly wended his way into the hotel, retiring soon after to his room, where he resolved to leave the place in which his hopes had been so suddenly blighted.

When he awoke the next morning he felt greatly refreshed; the night's rest had done much to cool off his heated brain. After breakfast he sat down to a careful study of his own feelings, and after communing with himself a little he came to the conclusion that his love for Inez Maltravers had not taken so deep a root in his heart as he had at first supposed. During the time that he was in her company, he had been held by a sort of magnetic influence over which he seemed to have no control, but which held him spellbound before her, just as a victim is held by the magnetic power in the eyes of a snake, or the latter is made to obey the behest of a snake-charmer. It seemed at such times that life would be nothing without her; but now, away from any outside influence, when he had a quiet moment for reflection, he came to the conclusion that what he had considered love, was merely a momentary infatuation, from the effects of which he would soon recover. Indeed, so speedily did he recover that he resolved to give up his intended departure.

That afternoon Walter Maynard and his wife called on him, accompanied by Mrs. Maynard's sister—a little, blue-eyed blonde whose beautiful face was all smiles and dimples. Vivian and the young lady soon became fast friends, and the guests at the hotel opened their eyes in wonder to see Vivian Reed, who had always been with Inez Maltravers, going arm in arm along the beach with the beautiful Alice Atherton, the new arrival. They looked alternately from Vivian to Inez, but neither face showed any solution to the mystery.

When the proud and haughty Inez Maltravers saw how much these two seemed to enjoy each other's society, her heart gave a jealous throb which she tried in vain to stifle. Had her cold indifference to Vivian Reed, when he proposed to her, been assumed? Such seemed to be the case. Studying her own heart she found that unconsciously she had learned to love Vivian Reed, but her stony nature was of such a character that this feeling never showed itself until it was too late. Bitterly did she then regret that a false pride had stood between her and happiness; but such was the case. Carefully trying to steal the heart of her victim, she had failed to place a proper guard over her own until it was too late. Cupid had shot his dart well, and it could not easily be extracted.

She resolved to try to bring him back to her shrine, and thus encourage a renewal of his vows, in which case she would not be slow to confess her own feelings. But when she saw Vivian Reed so deeply engrossed in the society of his new-found friend, her heart was filled with strange misgivings, which try as she would, she could not get rid of.

In the meantime, Vivian Reed seemed to be happy in the company of Alice Atherton, so much so that he had already almost forgotten the unpleasant episode of so short a time previous.

One morning, as Vivian Reed was strolling on the beach near one of the private bathing houses, his head down as if in deep thought, he was aroused from his revery by a shrill cry for help, coming from the surf in front of him. Quickly looking up he saw a female form struggling in the water, while the fatal undertow was fast taking her out farther. Vivian was a strong and expert swimmer, so hastily pulling of his boots and coat he plunged into the breakers, and with a few powerful strokes was at the side of the struggler, when, to his astonishment, he found that the person he had come to rescue, was Inez Maltravers!

Hastily throwing one arm around her waist, he tried to reach the shore, but the undertow was too strong. Slowly but surely was he drifting out; to make matters worse, Inez was showing signs of life, and commenced to struggle. In a low voice Vivian told her to be quiet and trust to him to save her.

"O, Vivian, save me, save me!" she cried, then fainted.

Vivian was making strong efforts, but they were of no avail; he was fast becoming exhausted. Was he to die thus? Was there no help for him? And, worst of all, to lose his life for the one who had scorned him. The thought was terrible.

In the meantime a life-boat had been launched from the shore, and just as he was about to give up, strong arms lifted him and his senseless burden into the boat, in which they soon reached the shore. A draught of brandy made him all right, but Inez had to be taken to the hotel, where proper stimulants were given, and she was soon herself again.

Vivian Reed was the hero of the hour, and praises for his bravery were showered on him from all quarters.

The next day Inez Maltravers sent for him to come to her; her haughty spirit was completely broken; she was now under obligations for her life to the very man she had so lately despised. Oh, how bitterly do some of our misdeeds come back to us? Vivian Reed entered the room where Inez was waiting. With a stiff "good-morning" he saluted her, and she begged him to be seated.

"Mr Reed—Vivian—I have sent for you to offer my heartfelt gratitude for the service you rendered me yesterday; to you I now owe my existence. Deeply have I regretted the manner in which I treated you the other evening; I did not then know my own heart; a false pride obstructed my vision, and ruthlessly I threw aside that which to me was most precious. Yesterday you saved my life—to-day I would place that life in your keeping. Renew the vows you then made and I will not be a cold listener. I was blind not to see it—Vivian, I love you—love you as only one of temperament can love, deeply, passionately, intensely. Vivian, I beg not to cast me aside," and with outstretched arms came toward him.

Motioning her away he arose, and in a cold tone said,—

"Miss Maltravers, such conduct ill-becomes a woman. Listen to me and I will tell you my thoughts. Six weeks ago I came here, saw you, and became your devoted admirer. Day by day your stern ways drew me deeper and deeper into the toils. At last the climax came; I offered you my hand and heart; with the coldest hauteur you spurned them. My nature changed from that instant, my pride revolted, and I resolved to forget you; I succeeded. On an analysis of my feelings I found that what I had thought to be love, was a mere infatuation for the time I was in your society, which disappeared as soon as I was away from you. For this I rejoiced; could I now take the hand that once spurned me? Does the veriest gnr that runs the street forget the hand that gives it a blow? Never could I forget it. You talk of my saving your life—I did no more than an ordinary being should do for another; It was an act of humanity. For the service I accept your thanks; hereafter our roads of life diverge. I bid you good-day."

During all this time Inez stood like a statue, pale as marble: when he had finished she uttered a cry, and bursting into tears, fell on her knees before him.

"Mercy, Vivian; have mercy!"

"Mercy," continued Vivian; "and did you have mercy when I pleaded so earnestly? And did you have mercy on Walter Maynard and the rest of the noble youths with whose hearts you have toyed? Think of that noble life that you were the cause of bringing to an untimely end! Go yonder to Greenwood, and there, on a marble slab, erected by a sorrowing family, read the name of a victim of your machinations! Did you pity him? Did you have mercy on the family of that noble youth? You robbed them of their choicest treasure, and where once was sunshine and happiness you caused desolation and sorrow. And yet you beg me to show you mercy! Do you deserve it? Does the wily Indian who steals into a solitary cabin and after murdering the inmates burns the roof above them, does he deserve mercy when overtaken by avenging neighbors? Does the farmer show mercy to the wolf who enters his fold and steals a lamb? You entered that household fold, stole the choicest treasure, and then cast him off."

"Vivian, would you kill me with your taunts?"

"Kill you, nay! I would have you live that a just God may do to you as you have done to others. Go hence, reform, mend your ways, and when next a noble heart shall woo you, spurn it not, but try to find a refuge."

During this last speech Inez had recovered her old bearing, and rising, with raised head and haughty lip, the fire flashing from her eyes, she said in a cold measured tone,—

"Vivian Reed, I need not your assistance in shaping my future course. It will meet with more welcome at the hands of Alice Atherton." And with a proud step and this last taunt on her lip, she left the room.

The interview was at an end. Bitterly did she regret showing her true colors to Vivian Reed, only to be disappointed in the end. Long Branch was no longer the place for her; the next day she left for home, and soon she and her father returned to the South, and her friends lost all trace of her, but to her dying day we are sure she will remember the lesson she received.

The Long Branch people soon forgot the proud and imperious coquette, as all were interested in the new queen; Alice Atherton's fine face and captivating ways, coupled with her gentle disposition, soon earned her the title of belle.

Vivian Reed was sorry, after the interview with Inez Maltravers, that he had been so harsh, but yet he knew it was no more than she deserved. He became the devoted cavalier of the new belle, and before the Christmas holidays were over there was a grand wedding at the Fifth Avenue residence of the Athertons, Vivian Reed and Alice Atherton being the happy couple. Vivian is not sorry for the one jilting that he received, for if such had not been the case, he would not now be the happy man that he is.

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By the Board of Education.

The Board of Trustees of any School District is hereby empowered to provide from the School Funds under its control Prizes not exceeding a first, second and third prize, in any School Term, for each School or Department, and according to such conditions and regulations as may be prescribed by the Board of Education, provided that no such Prize shall be awarded in respect of proficiency in particular subjects of the School course, or the discharge of particular School duties,—41 Vict. cap. 85, sec. 10.

In pursuance of the above enactment of the Legislature, the Board of Education has been pleased to prescribe the following conditions and regulations—which are to be carefully observed by Boards of Trustees and Teachers—respecting the offering and awarding of the School Prizes therein authorized;—

1. The offer of the Prizes and the conditions of their award set forth below (in Sections 2 and 3) shall be announced to the school, or department, on or before the first day on which it may be in session in any Term.

2. The following shall be regarded as the STANDARD for every member of the School:—Prompt attendance at each school sitting; unexceptionable conduct while subject to the Teacher's supervision, whether in the schoolroom or elsewhere; industrious application in the discharge of every school duty; and excellence of Scholarship in the subjects of prescribed study, according to the pupil's assignments in the course of instruction pursued in the school.

3. The Teacher shall assign a fixed numerical value to the above Standard (say 5 or 10) for each half-day (or for each day) *to be available in respect of those pupils only who are present*; and the Teacher shall according to his best judgement determine and record at the time what abatement is to by made for any half day (or day) from this standard figure on account of tardiness, improper conduct, want of application or imperfect scholarship. At the close of the calender month the Teacher shall make entry in the School Register (page 6 or 10) of the sum of the Standard figures (or parts of them) retained for the month by each pupil, and the aggregate of these monthly entries shall be regarded as the pupil's School Standing for the Term.

4. At the close of the Term the Teacher shall present a written report, under his signature to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, stating (1) the names with the School Standing for the Term annexed to each, of the pupils having first, second and third positions; and (2) the name of any pupil who, while a member of the school, or department, was unavoidably absent, and whose actual average daily standing being allowed for such days of absence, not exceeding five in any case, would make his school standing for the Term equal to that of a pupil whose name shall have been reported in the foregoing statement (1.) The Secretary of the Trustees shall keep the Teachers report on the file for a period of at least two years.

5. The Board of Trustees shall award the Prizes to the pupils having the highest School Standing for the Term; and in making the awards the Trustees may, in their discretion, take into consideration, but only within the limitations specified in Section 4, the case of any pupil unavoidably absent from school.

6. The Board of Trustees shall determine the nature and value of all Prizes, and shall exercise a responsible care that no Prize be of a character excluded by the provisions of Regulation 35, or by Section 102 of the School Act.

7. The Prizes shall be publicly presented through the Board of Trustees at, or subsequent to, the close of the Term, at such time and place as the Trustees shall determine; and the Trustees may invite, in their discretion, gentlemen resident and non-resident to present the Prizes to the winners on behalf of the Board of Trustees and the District.

8. The foregoing conditions and regulations are applicable exclusively to schools or departments, conducted by Teachers holding valid Licences under the provisions of Regulation 29 or 30.

By order,
THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent Education.

Education Office,
Fredericton, N. B., August 3rd, 1878.
aug17

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