

The Friends of By-Gone Days.

When memory brings afresh again The joys that once were ours, And lingers, as she's sometimes wont, On past delightful hours; How sweet to guide her mystic feet To tread the flowery maze, Where we have wandered with a friend— The friend of by-gone days!

When fortune smiles, and life presents A prospect bright and clear, When perfect sunshine, without shade, Around us doth appear; When flatterers pour into our ear The dulcet notes of praise, Oh! how we long again to hear The friend of by-gone days!

But when a change comes o'er the scene, And sorrow dims the eye, And found regret, for what hath been, Calls forth the deep-drawn sigh; Alone, in grief and solitude, Shunning the world's cold gaze, How precious would a smile be from The friend of by-gone days!

When sickness robs the rosy cheek, And plants the lily pale, When languor bows and stops the form So late erect and hale— 'Twill flush that pallid brow again, The aching temple raise, To see behind that suffering couch The friend of by-gone days!

Love's World.

'Tis only those whose souls are twin, Whose hearts respective beat, Can know the secrets that within Their bosoms find retreat.

Alone to them the earnest sigh That swells within the breast— Alone to them the moistened eye, At memory's behest.

To them the bitter and the sweet, The honey and the gall, Come in their fullness and complete— They know it, feel it all.

Then judge them not who do not know The world that hidden lies— What passeth there if far below The ken of other eyes.

SELECT STORY.

NEMA;

The Flower Girl of Florence

Chapter X. (CONCLUDED.)

HE young man wrung his friend's hand, saying—

You are a noble man, Fred, and strode out of the room, and in a few moments was galloping along the road to Myrtle Lawn.

Ione Campbell was standing on the porch when he came up, and a flush spread over his face as he approached her.

I have come to bid you good-by, Miss Campbell, said he, after the usual salutations were over.

Why so? asked she, a shade paler. Because my father wishes me to return to my home on business relating to myself. The letter is vague and unsatisfactory, yet I shall have to go. I have already lingered too long I fear.

I hope you will take away with you a sweet remembrance of Virginia, Mr. Delamere.

I shall take either a very sweet or very bitter one, Miss Campbell, said he, drawing near to her. Until I came here I was free. I had never seen a woman who could make my heart throb faster than usual. But you have taken me by storm. They say you are heartless; is it so, Ione? Have you no heart—no love to offer me in return for mine?

He had taken one little hand, and looking down on her he saw the red and white alternating on her fair brow.

A shy glance she gave, as she asked— And you believed that I had no heart?

No, I could not believe that, replied he, hastily.

Well, I think few women would have clung to a hopeless love as I have done. Nay, listen while I tell you a story. Four years ago, in the wilds of the West, I met my late, scarcely on the threshold of womanhood, I have been faithful to that first love, and intend to remain so to the end.

Delamere almost staggered under the blow, and with a terrible calmness he asked—

Is this my answer, Miss Campbell? A wicked light shone in her eyes, and a mischievous smile played around her rosy lips as she replied—

Yes, sir, this is my answer, and I don't think you have much cause to complain since my cavalier is yourself.

Me? you are surely joking, Miss Campbell, and I do not think this a proper time for such sport, said he.

Don't you remember Nema, the Indian girl? Nema and I are one and the same.

Delamere turned her face to the light as he scanned each feature, and ended by saying—

What a fool I have been not to have seen it before! My darling, you are tenfold dearer than ever.

The Campbells could offer no objection to the match, and it was settled that in six months Reginald was to return for his bride. Little did they know what those months were to bring forth.

Chapter XI.

CROSS the ocean events were transpiring that would crown Reginald Delamere one of Europe's nobles. In one of Montford's private drawers were found a bundle of papers containing the marriage certificate of Lord Montford with Isabel Moutzn of Spain, as well as the baptismal notice of Henri, the son and heir of this marriage. Every effort had been set on foot by lady Montford, who wished justice done to her whom he had so deeply wronged. After many weary failures they at last traced the child to a hospital, where he had been placed by his wretched father. The child had been taken from there by a Mr. Delamere, and it was to apprise Reginald of his new fortune that the kind old gentleman summoned his adopted son from Virginia.

Imagine Campbell's surprise when he learned that Ione's betrothed husband was really a nobleman, and the son of his most inveterate enemy! Turning to his wife he said—

He has many features of his father but none of his vileness.

I suppose he inherits his mother's disposition, replied Mrs. Campbell, and I hope that her sufferings may cause him to deal kindly, gently, with our dear one.

Amen! was the response. Very lovely looked Ione in her bridal costume, as fair as a lily, beautiful and bright, for heart and hand went together. Then far away in the old mother country a grand home, over which she was to preside, was waiting for her and her happiness was complete. The wedding was grand, and the young lord looked very handsome as he put the nuptial ring on her finger, and swore to love, cherish and protect her. Nor was he less proud when in the ancient halls of his ancestral home, he introduced her to the nobility, for in all England there was not a fairer lady. Lady Montford welcomed her home, and at the earnest suggestion of the young people made her home with them. Yet amid all the changes of after years, the bridegroom's pet name for his bride was 'Nema.'

What will it cost? John asked. About a hundred dollars.

Well, said John slowly, with a cloud upon his brow, and a pain which he would give no breathing space oppressed him; but the pain put into words would have been, does this woman truly love me?

John owned a good span of horses and a heavy light wagon before he was married; he bought a yoke of oxen early in the spring to do the heavy work of the farm during the summer, proposing to fatten them the coming winter, and considered himself well equipped for his summer work. Celia waited until he had completed all his arrangements and then petitioned for a horse and carriage for her own use.

It is impossible, dear, for me to buy them this year; only be patient and help me along, and in a few years we will be able to have almost anything we please. It will be impossible not to make money off from this farm, with good management, he continued.

I know it, and so I think we might have things as we go along; it will come all right in the end, Celia answered.

For the sake of your opinion of John's manhood, I am sorry to say that the horse and carriage were bought, with a new harness not silver-mounted.

Two years had passed. At the end of the first, John came to his uncle to pay the interest; he could pay but part of the installment.

I am ashamed, uncle, he said, frankly, but I can't raise another cent.

Well, no matter; you may be able to pay it with your next year's payment. But Uncle John could not help thinking that the amount paid for the furnished chamber (which they seldom used) and the horse and carriage would have more than paid the other half.

There was a fine Durham cow belonging to his uncle that John was anxious to possess; her price was a hundred dollars. If he could have made his payment, he would have a ked his uncle to take his note for her until fall; but he had not the face to do it now.

The next winter Mrs. John must have a velvet cloak and expensive furs—and she got them; (she was a peculiar woman—a quiet, cat-like woman; in justice to woman-kind, I will say there are but few like her).

Such a woman as that deserves no better home than a Kansas dug-out.

The truth was, Mrs. John was not very young, but she was very selfish and designing. She courted John so assiduously and yet so delicately; and he had nothing but a good head and strong hand; and his heart—well, he had never tried his head yet, and the fair-skinned, golden-haired woman, he felt sure loved him. She was poor, too; together they might make a home. She had always been obliged to work; of course she would be willing to work with and for him.

Poor John! But he deserves his fate, you say. What, when his failing was his perfect faith in womanhood.

It was Uncle John's faith too. Once a clear-eyed, sunny-browed little girl called him 'Dear John'; but ere he had ever pressed a husband's kiss upon the June lips, the angel called her. In those early days he thought all women were like his lost darling; but as years passed, he came to know that she had been one of the few lent to earth, to show all woman-kind what they might become.

It was the memory of her sweet self-sacrificing life that made John West though seeming a lonely man, so strong.

For the reason that young John's wife had worked hard and lived economically all her young life, was, to her sufficient reason, now that she was the wife of the favorite nephew of a rich bachelor uncle, that she should live like other folks, meaning by this, like people of wealth; never seeming to realize that happiness of the heart—never stopping to think that a large share of the gains from the farm must be returned to it in one shape or another, and that farm life means to most a home, and its comforts and pleasures.

How few realize that a work greater than that of any artist is given American farmers' wives and daughters to do; to show to the world what a home may be—a place where work and culture shall dwell together. The house was very pleasant, and loving hands might with simple means, have made of it a beautiful picture. John proposed to furnish only the kitchen (which they would use for a sitting-room) and their own room opening from it; but Mrs. John had set her heart on having her parlor furnished (on the Benson farm they would have lived in a tenant house small but comfortable, and there would have been no parlor to furnish; but it has been proven many times that only a well-balanced mind can bear sudden prosperity). But John was firm.

Wait, Celia, he said, until we get a head a little; then you shall furnish the house from top to bottom to suit yourself; and Celia knew that he meant it, for John had not a miserly trait about him. Well, if she could not furnish the parlor she could furnish one of the chambers.

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The second year John could pay nothing but the interest and the half payment due the year before. It was a week after that Uncle John, leaning over the fence where the young John was beginning the spring plowing, said, Your farm needs more stock.

I know it; but I cannot buy it this year; another year I must make some change, or sell out.

Very well, John; if you cannot, I advise you to sell by all means, said Uncle John, quietly, as he walked away.

And young John said he had a headache when his wife noticed, at dinner, how grave he was.

The summer passed. Celia had had so many of her friends staying with her that she told John she must have help in the house; so help was obtained, John was hospitable.

One dull November day, John said— I believe I must put the farm into market; I can make no headway. What do you say to going West?

Celia turned pale. Are you in earnest? she asked.

I am for once in earnest.

Celia knew by his firmly-set mouth, that he was. He had been indulgent to the last degree, and this was the end of it; she had pushed him too far.

But I don't want to go West, she faltered.

We shall be obliged to go there or somewhere. He rose, took down his cap, and went over to Uncle John's.

Uncle John was ready before a bright wood fire in his pleasant library; by the way, he had furnished John and his wife with all the reading matter ever since their housekeeping began; several agricultural journals, and two or three of the best literary monthlies found their way into their sitting room before their wrappers were removed, and Uncle John's library was open at all times to his nephew, who appreciated its advantage and profited accordingly.

Seating himself before the fire, John said— Please don't talk to me, uncle; I am discouraged. I want to sell my farm. I thought, perhaps you would want to take it back.

Certainly; nobody but a John West must own that farm, while I live. That was my model farm, John.

I know it, uncle, and I will disgrace it no longer. Do you want any of my stock?

I will take everything just as it is. I shall be obliged to find some good tenant for the place. Where do you think of going?

I think of going West this fall, to look about.

The sooner the better then, at this season. I will see to your stock; my men are trusty. Celia can stay here while you are gone; go, and find a home in the West if you can. I will take your farm off your hands in the spring, but, after a pause, if Celia ever finds her senses, come back to the home you should never leave; it will be waiting for you.

John flushed, and started nervously. Then uncle does understand the true state of affairs, was his thought. He made no reply; he had never uttered a word against his wife; he never would.

A week later, John and Celia turned the key in their back door, and went over to Uncle John's. As he bade them welcome, he looked at Celia gravely, and he wanted to say, woman, behold your work? But he waited until John had gone, and Celia had cried for three days, shutting herself up in her room. On the morning of the fourth day she made her appearance at the breakfast table.

When do you expect to hear from John? asked Uncle John abruptly, after his morning salutation.

He said he would write from his first stopping place. Oh, dear, what did he want to go away for? beginning to sob.

Celia, stop crying, and listen to me; I want to talk with you. I feel as badly as you can about John's going away.

I thought you wanted him to go, she said feebly.

He is obliged to go; and you have sent him. He has been too good to you; he needs a loving, helpful wife.

She sobbed piteously; she knew it was true, every word of it; and respected and feared Uncle John West.

I can be that, she said. You should have been that from the beginning. There are few nobler young men than my nephew, John West.

I know it, she said, simply. You ought to know it; you have tried his love and generosity to the utmost.

Don't, uncle; I can't bear it. John seemed dearer to her now than anything else, he was so far away.

I have never talked so plainly to you before, and I never shall again, said Uncle John; but for John's sake to try and make a true wife of yourself.

Three days later, John's first letter came. He was stopping at a small village in Minnesota, and thought of buying a farm in the vicinity; he would

wait, though, until he received letters from home.

Uncle John made no reply. Would you let us take the farm as tenants—the farm we left, I mean—if I will take hold and help John? she asked, at length.

If you are in earnest, and John wishes it am willing.

I am in earnest. I will do almost anything rather than go into that out-of-the-way place.

Well, write to John at once, then.

Uncle John wrote too, a long letter, and in a week John was at home again, not as a tenant, but with the pleasant prospect of some time paying for his farm.

The horse and carriage were sold, and Mrs. John was content to ride in the light wagon. She sent her furs to the city and with their price bought the Durham cow for a Christmas present for her husband; and another spring found them living as they should have begun.

John was a trifle graver, for this woman he had made his wife had failed him once, and he feared to trust her utterly; but Celia had effectually mended her ways.

Another year a little one came; they called him John, for the uncle; and if anything will cast out selfishness from a woman's heart, it is mother-love.

YINGS AND BOINGS.

People who are always wishing for something new should try neuralgia.

So dark, and yet so light, as the man said when he looked at his ton of coal.

What is the difference between a gaoler and a jeweller?—One watches cells, and the other sells watches.

A poetic Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as a flame because it's a tender sentiment.

A justice at Vernon, Iowa, wound up a marriage by saying, 'and I now send you to the country gal for thirty days.' He was thinking of another case.

It occurred to a Yankee scholar, while writing a composition, to make the remarkable statement that 'an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster.'

An old gentleman in Virginia bought himself a residence near the village burying ground, so as to have quiet neighbors who'd mind their own business.

I'm not in mourning, said a young French lady, frankly, to a querist; but, as the widows are getting all the offers now-a-days, we poor girls have to resort to artifice.

A punctual Minnesota maiden lately married a casual acquaintance who happened to meet her in the church, rather than be kept waiting for her original intended, who was a quarter of an hour behind the appointed time.

You must have lived here a long time, said a travelling Englishman to an Oregon pioneer.—Yes, sir, I have. Do you see that mountain? Well, when I came here that mountain was a hole in the ground. The Englishman opened his half shut eyes.

Dr. Smoothman is quite a lady's doctor, observed Mrs. Faintaway.—So nice! said one lady.—So chatty! said another.—Never prescribes many things said a third.—Oh, he's a duck! cried an enthusiastic young matron.—You mean a quack, growled her husband, who had just seen the doctor's bill for one year's attendance.

THE STAR. AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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

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

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.

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Table with columns for Calcula, Full Mod, Last Qu, New Mod, First Qu, Wholesale, Bread-H, Flour-C, Corn Meal, Rice-22, Butter-C, Cheese-1, Ham-9d, Pork-Ex, BEEF-37s, LARD-AM, RUM-per, MOLASSES, SUGAR-MU, RICE-21s, COFFEE-G, TEA-Cong, TOBACCO-1, KEOSHOE-O, LEATHER-A, CORNAGE-p, SALT-per h, COD OIL, 53, CEDRUS-1, 21s; West, Exchange of Nova Scotia, ted States G.

172 w, JAM, Tin, Cop, BEGS, opposite the, Munn & Co., ders in the, despatch, hop, business to in, conage.

Done at the, Dec. 13, OOMMER, NE W.

UNSIGNED, of this, 8000 inclusive, Jan., 1867, the, board the, Langlais Islam, month of June, been put in c, signatures of, "HENRY COOKE, I hereby cau, ing any \$5 No, bered, the Bar, \$5; Notes excee, St. John's, Sep.