

LITERARY.

Oh, say Not Life is Dark!

Oh, say not life is dark!
There's brightness for us all;
For you and me and every one
The warming sun rays fall.
The moon and stars at night thy path
Illume as we l as mine,
For you and me and every one
The beams of pleasures shine.

Oh, say not life is dark,
Though fortune be not fair;
The cottage of the toiling man
May have a jewel there.
Though wealth has never round its
hearth
Its golden circle bent,
Perhaps the gem of love is there
That heath to ornament.

Oh, say not life is dark!
Though poverty be thine,
Thou hast a heart within thy breast
A soul which is divine.
Strive on plod on thy humble way,
And peace thy lot shall bless,
The fountain-head whence issues all
Of human blessedness.

Oh, say not life is dark!
There is brightness all around,
How oft beneath a homely garb
A noble soul is found.
The laborer in his lowly cot,
And beggar on the road,
The miser and the millionaire,
All have one common God.

Oh, say not life is dark!
There's pleasure for us all,
Though we may never dwell where
wealth
Has let its blessings fall;
For humble joys that in the heart
Are nurtured into birth,
Make up life's richest joys, and are
The sweetest joys on earth.

Oh, say not life is dark!
While mind continues bright;
Twee time to mourn when from the
brain
Great Reason takes her flight,
But while the heart beats high with
health,
And thought keeps bright her spark,
And friends are thine, though humble
ones,
Oh, say not life is dark!

PAUL GASCOIGNE'S MARRIAGE.

(CONTINUED.)

Dolly laughed softly.
'Come'—smiling—'it must be time
for dinner.'

'And I must go dress,' returned Dolly
with a sudden pleasant recollection of
various pretty dresses brought from
Paris.

Mr. Gascoigne patted her cheek.
'Well, run off; but you have only five
teen minutes to beautify yourself.
For fully five minutes after she left he
stood by himself in the window looking
out vacantly at the dying splendor of
the sunset, and thinking of that time he
had hinted at to his wife—the time that
has cast a shadow over his life, nearly
twenty years before. Then he closed his
lips resolutely, and went gravely and
quietly to his dressing-room, thinking
still of that past sorrow, and then with a
dawning smile in his eyes of the young
wife he loved so dearly. And as he
looked at her, fair and smiling sitting
opposite to him in the evening at dinner
in one of the pretty dresses he had himself
chosen for her in Paris, his face was as
full of happiness as her own.

Mr. Gascoigne sat in his own private
study the day after his return home, his
head bent over the table, letters and
papers littered about in confusion.
There was a little frown upon his brow.
In his two months' absence business
matters at Burwood had accumulated
and Mr. Gascoigne liked to manage things
himself. For two hours he had been
hard to work over accounts with the
steward.

'I will finish them to-morrow, Burns,'
he said at last, 'I have letters to write
and you may go.'

And he has just settled himself to his
work again—a foreign letter now, and
one that evidently cost him much deep
thought when the door was opened softly
and two white hands were laid on his
shoulders.

'Oh, Paul, I thought that man was
never going away!

The little frown deepened on Mr. Gas-
coigne's forehead; he took his wife's
hands off his shoulders and held them in
his own gravely. Dolly's eyes wandered
to the letters littering the table, and fell
upon the one he was writing.

'A foreign letter, Paul?' she enquired.
'Dolly, you can't come in here'—his
hand closing firmly on hers.

'Why? kneeling beside his chair, and
looking quietly up at him.

There was a stained glass window at
one end of the room and the colors—
crimson and violet—fell across her fair,
upturned face. Mr. Gascoigne's stern
expression never altered.

'All I have is yours, my wife, but this
one room: I work here for two hours
every day and dear, I cannot be disturbed
—not even by my wife.'

'But, Paul, if I may sit by you, I won't
even speak.' There was loving entreaty
in her eyes. 'Please,' she whispered,
'I will whisper, pressing a kiss on
the quivering, sensitive mouth,
She was bitterly disappointed.
'Now go, my child,' he said.

And Dolly went slowly, paused at the
door, and looked back. The iron-grey
head was bent over the papers again, the
crimson light from the window falling
across his hand as if it had been dipped
in blood. So Dolly thought with a sud-
den shiver, as she wended her way up-
stairs to cry as if her heart would break.
Those few words from her husband's lips
had hurt and given her sensitive heart
as no harsh word from other lips could
have done, for they meant her complete
isolation from his inner life. An hour
later Mr. Gascoigne joined her, loving and
tender as usual.

'Here I am,' he said, 'all for yourself
little wife. Work is over for the day.'
The blinds were down. Dolly kept
her back to the light and he never saw
the traces of bitter weeping in the eyes
that met his. From that day they lived
and loved, but the wife never again tried
to creep nearer to her husband to read
his very heart, and be a l in all to him.
From that day Mr. Gascoigne's study was
never invaded by her presence.

'Dolly,' he said one morning at break-
fast, my sister will stop a night with us
on her way to Scotland.'

Dolly had never seen any of her hus-
band's relatives. She looked up now
quickly.

'Your sister Florence?'

'Yes; she says she will be here on
Thursday or Friday.'

Miss Gascoigne arrived, and one conver-
sation with her effectually banished Dol-
ly's peace of mind forever. Mr. Gas-
coigne was not in the room. Miss Gas-
coigne, after scrutinizing her brother's
wife, said, suddenly—

'What a child you are! Paul must be
twenty years older, I should imagine.'

'Yes,' assented Dolly, smiling; 'but
Paul looks older than he is.'

'And no wonder,' rejoined Miss Gas-
coigne. 'He has gone through a great
deal.'

The young wife's cheek burned hotly;
he had gone through a great deal, but
she knew nothing about it. Miss Gas-
coigne's next words sent all the blood
from her face.

'You were very courageous to become
a second wife,' she said.

A second wife and Paul never to'd her
he had married before! But before Miss
Gascoigne's keen eye the young wife show-
ed no sign. She looked up, and answer-
ed bravely, with a smile though her heart
was beating wildly—

'Does it require much courage?'

'Perhaps not,' replied Miss Gascoigne,
scrutinizing the eyes and lips that were
holding out so boldly, and carefully watch-
ing the effect of her words. 'But his first
marriage ended so unhappy—and yet we
thought he idoled her. Oh, it was a
terrible affair together!'

Dolly made no sign, asked no question,
but when Mr. Gascoigne's sister was gone
she went up to her husband that night
in the gloaming and hid her face on his
breast.

'Paul,' she whispered, 'why don't you
trust me?'

'Why, Dolly?'

She raised her bright eyes, and looked
up at him through gathered tears.

'Paul you never told me you had been
married before?'

Even in the dusk she saw the change
that came over his face before he put up
one hand quickly before his eyes to hide
the expression there. There was silence
for fully a minute—and then he spoke.

'Dolly, who told you about my first
marriage?'

'Your sister, Paul,' and word for word
she repeated, in her low, soft voice what
Miss Gascoigne had said. 'Paul, Paul
why did you keep your life a secret from
me?' asked Dolly sadly.

'My past life is my own,' he answered,
looking down at her. 'I tell you that in
the present life you are everything to
me. Thank heaven, the past is gone.
I have your true love at last.'

'Paul,' whispered the low, girlish voice
but Mr. Gascoigne stood up.

'No more questions, darling! I was
married before, about twenty years ago;
but you have a grown man's strong abid-
ing love. Dolly, little Dolly, let it be
rest forever.'

His strong arms were round her, his
tender face with loving eyes bent down
to hers. Dolly clung to him tightly.

'Paul, you have suffered and endured.
I am your wife, won't you tell me all?'

'He bent his gray head over her fair
brow, she leaning against his breast, and
his voice was low and broken.

'My darling the sufferings is all over
now, I forget it all in your love.'

'Yet those twenty sealed years of her
husband's life made Dolly sadly miser-
able at times. What was his first wife like,
and why should his face change so at the
mention of that first marriage?'

'He is thinking of her,' thought Dolly
often, as Mr. Gascoigne sat grave and
silent till his wife laid her soft cheek
against his; and then the grave eyes
would light up with a smile and she was
happy. 'Yet what was love without con-
fidence?'

What though his face brightened at
sight of her as nothing on earth had
power to brighten it. What though his
whole life seemed wrapped up in her!
Dolly was not content. Those unknown
years came between her and her happi-
ness; and yet when the day came that
all was made plain, she would have given
life itself not to have known the secret
of her husband's life.

One morning the post-bag contained
one letter, in a foreign envelope for Mr.
Gascoigne. Dolly was used to this mys-
terious correspondent, and took no notice
till a sudden exclamation from her hus-
band made her look up.

'What is it, Paul?' she asked, wonder-
ing at the agitation of his face.

'Nothing,' he answered, hastily crushing
the letter into his pocket.

And the wife knew from his face she
need ask no more. His horse was
brought round—he volunteered no infor-
mation. She asked no question save to
whether he would be back to dinner.

'I can't say,' he responded—I am go-
ing into the town on business; but I will
get back as early as I can. Good-bye, little
wife. What will you do all day?'

'I don't know'—looking wistfully up at
him with eyes that were misty with tears.

'Why, my pet, what is it?' he cried, in
a tone of loving concern. 'Dolly, what is
the matter?'

'Paul, something has happened, and
you will not tell me?'

He laid both hands on her shoulders,
and looked down steadily the fair quiver-
ing face.

'Wife won't you trust your husband?'

'But Paul.'

'No, but's Dolly. Heaven knows I
would tell you all if I could. Kiss me,
darling before I go.'

Very lovingly he held her in his arms,
and yet Dolly was saying over and over again
to her own heart, 'If he loved me less and
trusted me more?'

But he smiled as he left her and looked
back to say—

'Dolly I wish if you have nothing to do
that you would arrange the book in my
study for me—but do not tire yourself
over them, dear.'

Long afterwards he remembered her as
she stood in the wide old hall looking
up at him—her sweet fresh face, the
bright wavy hair brushed back, and
lying in silky coils and the deep loving
eyes smiling through the unshed tears—
her slight figure arrayed in heavy black,
silk, with white lace at the throat, and
hanging over the small slim hands. So
she stood in her radiant, girlish beauty,
sweet, loving and earnest answering the
look of love in her husband's eyes.

Mr. Gascoigne rode away with that pic-
ture in his memory, and Dolly went to
the study soft y singing to herself, the
mysterious letter, Paul's past history all
forgotten in the thought that he loved
her dearly—her husband whom she had
worshipped, loved with all the strength
of her heart from the day when he first
called her Dolly in the old garden at
home the scent of the stocks and mignon-
nette the tall fire at her side making
the tiny old fashioned garden a very
paradise to the little shy-eyed maiden.

It took a long time to arrange even
half the shelves of books in the study, for
Dolly often paused and peeped into them
to see her husband's name written there,
general y in his own bold, firm hand writ-
ing, that at one glance told the character
of the man till at last she opened a book
of poems bound in crimson and gold and
hid away behind a pile of books by itself
—to find written in a woman's hand—

'Paul Trevor Gascoigne, from his fond
wife.'

The hot color dyed Dolly's face the long-
er she looked at her husband's name
written in the handwriting of his first wife.
But the brown faded characters told little
of her who had written it so long since,
and with a little sigh Dolly laid it by,
and turned from the books to a drawer seem-
ingly filled with old magazines and papers.
Dolly thought they wanted sorting and
arranging, and, sitting on the floor she
commenced her work. There was a large
pile of old newspapers tied up with black
ribbon.

Dolly looked at the date of the first
paper to find it was of twenty years pre-
vious, and opening it slowly, cast her eye
carelessly over the columns. Suddenly her
attention became riveted by the ever
recurrent mention of one name—Paul T.
Gascoigne. She glanced at the head of
the column, and every particle of color
forsook her face. Down on the floor, a
mass of black drapery, she crouched, the
light from the stained glass window flash-
ing crimson and purple on her shaking
hands, which could not hold the paper
steady as with staring eyes she read what
was there.

'Paul, Paul! Oh, Heaven is it not
true!' broke from her white lips as with
a terrible fascination she read line after
line and paper after paper, the horror in-
creased in her face, her quivering lips
whispered one name again and again.

She had discovered the secret of her
husband's life.

In mute grief with great tearless eyes
filled with an expression of agony un-
speakable, she was reading the trial of
Paul Trevor Gascoigne for the murder of
his wife. It had happened in Scotland
twenty years before. A sob burst from
Dolly's lips as she came to the verdict—
one that might well nigh break a man's
heart were he innocent—'Not proven.'

'Paul my husband, Oh, Heaven!'

'Paul, Paul!'—ever the same exceed-
ing bitter cry. For wrong, erring, ay
murderer though he might be, woman-
like, she loved him still; and when two
hours later she raised her face from her
arms, all the youth, all the joy seemed
to have gone forever. Yet in all her
brief married life, and in the sweet woo-
ing before Dolly had never loved her
husband so much as then, when all her
happiness seemed lost forever through
him. Though they might live for a
thousand years, Dolly knew they would
never be the same to each again never
in this world, never, and the bitter wail

ing cry that burst from the depth of her
breaking heart, 'Oh give him back to me
in Heaven!' while tears streamed down
the young face which on y a few hours
ago had smiled up into a loving hus-
band's eyes, with calm unruffled brow.
Paul Gascoigne would have hardly known
his wife's face had he seen it then, white
and drawn with anguish, and blue eyes
wide with horror.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

Reform in politics generally means
You go out, and I will come in.

When you see a wife exhibit unusual
affection for her husband, you may ex-
pect to see her before long with a new
bonnet.

A little girl scrambled up into her
uncle's lap and rubbing her velvety
hands over his two or three days' growth
of beard, exclaimed, in much surprise,
'Oh, mamma, unky's got splinters all
over his face.'

'My dear boy,' said a fond mother,
'never put off till to-morrow what you
can do to-day.' 'Then mother let us
eat the plum pudding to-night.'

One asked his friend why he married
so little a wife. 'Why he said I thought
you knew that of all evils we should
choose the lesser.'

James I. gave all manner of liberty
and encouragement to the exercise of
buffoonry, and took great delight in it
himself. Happening once to bear some-
what hard on one of his Scotch courtiers.
'By ma saul,' returns the peer. 'he that
made your Majesty a king, spoiled the
best fool in Christendom.'

'Are you dying?' asked an anxio-
us friend of a wag who was on his death
bed. 'How can I tell? I've had no ex-
perience in this thing. I've never died
yet,' was the quick reply.

A most interesting sight to see is that
of a young lady, with lips like rubies,
and with teeth of 'pearly whiteness,' and
with cheeks that have stolen the deep
carmin of the deathly rose, with her
mouth full of gingerbread!

A reporter, in describing a recent flood
along the Sacramento river in California
says: 'A vast deal of stock—cattle and
sheep—were drowned in the rising water,
and the owners on contemplating the
ruin wrought, were drowned in fall-
ing tears.'

Grace whispering—'What lovely boots
our partner's got, Mary? Mary,—ditto—
'Yes, unfortunate y he shines at the
wrong end.'

The other day a man died so sudden y
that the body was almost cold when the
distracted and grief-stricken parents
found the will.

A newly married lady was telling
another lady nicely her husband could
write. 'Oh, you should just see some of
his letters.' 'Yes, I know' was the free-
ing reply. 'I've got a bushel of 'em in
my trunk.'

'Here,' said a farmer in Syracuse, as
he exhibited a broken jar to the manufac-
turer, 'I packed this jar full of butter
and the jar split from bottom to top.
Perhaps you can explain the phenom-
on.' 'Oh yes' was the reply 'the but-
ter was stronger than the jar.'

FASHIONS.

Louis XIII. styles are coming next in
dress.

The prettiest lamp shades are frills of
crimson silk, edged with lace.

Beware of blue veils; several ladies
have been poisoned by them lately.

Stockings with wheat and grass work-
ed around the ankles are fashionable.

New silk shawls for summer wear are
round, and striped in Oriental colors.

Dress skirts grow plainer in front and
on the sides as they increase in puffiness
at the back.

Cherries and all kinds of berries are
preparing for the decoration of the sum-
mer bonnets.

Some of the dresses made for little
girls are of unbleached cotton cloth,
bound with bright plaid.

Dress waists, open at the throat and
without sleeves, will be worn this sum-
mer accompanied by sleeves and chim-
isette of muslin, silk, grenadine or foul-
ard.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. F. CARBERY,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,
Central Auction-Mart,
BECK'S COVE, ST. JOHN'S,
St. John's, June 12. 2m.

AVALON
Hair Dressing Saloon,
296—Water Street—296,
[Opposite Messrs. SILLARS & CAIRNS.]
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
J. W. PIKE, Proprietor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medi-
cine ranks amongst the lead-
ing necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood
and act most powerfully, yet soothe-
ingly on the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,
and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and
vigour to these great MAIN SPINGS
OF LIFE. They are confidently re-
commended as a never failing remedy
in all cases where the constitution,
from whatever cause, has become
impaired or weakened. They are won-
derfully efficacious in all ailments
incidental to Female of all ages and
as a General Family Medicine, are
unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Prop-
erties are known through-
out the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breaths,
Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,
It is an infallible remedy. It effectually
rubbed into the neck and chest as salt
into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT,
Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and even
ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,
Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it
has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufact-
ured 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 lan-
guage.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any
one throughout the British Possessions,
who may keep the American Counterfeits
for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the
Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the
address is not 355, Oxford Street,
London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
that a Light House has been erected
on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a
FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be
exhibited nightly, from sunset to sun-
rise. Elevation 98 feet above the level
of the sea, and should be visible in
clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of
wood and attached. The vertical parts
of the Building are painted White; the
roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.

Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Di-
optric of the Fifth Order, with a Sin-
gle Argand Burner. The whole water
horizon is illuminated.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879,

BLANK FORMS

neatly printed at the 'Herald' Office.

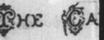
GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified
that from and after this date Parties
having ORDERS on the BOARD OF
WORKS are required to present the
same for payment on TUESDAYS and
FRIDAYS only in each week, between
the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works, St. John's,
2nd May, 1879.

Vol. 1.



OUTPORT

Is Printed at
Office, west of
Office, Water
THURSDAY M.

Terms - -
(Payable h

Adve
Fifty cents
tion, one-thir
continuation,
ments insert
half-yearly of
reasonable ter

All commu-
ed to the Edit
fisher,

J. A.
Her

ADV

ADV