

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 well 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; Twere 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 fifteen 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. Gascoigne'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, 'kiss me.' He whispered, 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 sudden shiver, as she wended her way upstairs 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 part in all to him. From that day Mr. Gascoigne's study was never invaded by her presence.

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

Dolly had never seen any of her husband'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 conversation with her effectually banished Dolly's peace of mind forever. Mr. Gascoigne was not in the room. Miss Gascoigne, 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 Gascoigne. 'He has gone through a great deal.'

The young wife's cheek burned hotly; he had gone through a great deal that she knew nothing about it. Miss Gascoigne'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 showed no sign. She looked up, and answered 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 watching 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 altogether!'

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 abiding love. Dolly, little Dolly, let it all 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 miserable 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 confidence?'

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 happiness; 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 mysterious correspondent, and took no notice till a sudden exclamation from her husband made her look up.

'What is it, Paul?' she asked, wondering 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 information. She asked no question save to whether he would be back to dinner.

'I can't say,' he responded—'I am going 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 quivering face. 'Wife won't you trust your husband?'

'But Paul.'

'No, but 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 picture in his memory, and Dolly went to the study softy 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 mignonette 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 writing, 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 longer 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 seemingly 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 previous, and opening it slowly, cast her eye carelessly over the columns. Suddenly her attention became riveted by the ever recurring 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 flashed 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 increased 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 exceeding 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 wooing 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 a few hours ago had smiled up into a loving husband'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 expect 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 somewhat 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 anxious friend of a wag who was on his death bed. 'How can I tell? I've had no experience 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 carnation 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 waters, and the owners on contemplating the ruin wrought, were drowned in falling 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 freezing 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 manufacturer. 'I packed this jar full of butter and the jar split from bottom to top. Perhaps you can explain the phenomenon.' 'Oh yes' was the reply 'the butter 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 worked 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 summer 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 summer accompanied by sleeves and chimiselette of muslin, silk, grenadine or foulard.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. F. CARBERY, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT AND AUCTIONEER,

Central Auction-Mart, BECK'S COVE, ST. JOHN'S, St. John's, June 12. 2m.

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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 sunrise. 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 Dioptric of the Fifth Order, with a Simple 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.

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