

LITERARY.

A Friend in Need.

(From the Waverly Magazine.)
 Look back, my boy, and retrospect,
 And let the future fade
 Until we view the years that lie
 In graves already made;
 Come, let us dig them up again
 While mem'ry holds her own—
 I love to sing the olden song
 In sweet affection's tone.
 Although yet young, our boyhood days
 Look in the distant dim,
 And, as we read along life's book,
 New feelings do begin;
 It takes us back in visions grand
 To childhood's stately days,
 When time on eagle pinions flew
 In many sportive plays.
 But then a little farther go,
 When we were in our teens,
 Do you remember what we saw
 In fancy's youthful dream?
 We thought to brave the foeman's sword,
 Escape the battle scar,
 And with all glory come again
 Out from that cruel war.
 But ere we turn our gaze away
 More peaceful scenes to view,
 We look and find that we have been
 Each to the other true:
 'Tis now our heart can swell with pride
 In this we did succeed,
 And may our motto ever be
 A friend to friend in need.
 MALDEN VALENTINE.

HELEN'S HEART;
 OR,
 TOLD BY THE SHADOWS.

(Concluded.)
 It was a gay winter in —, and yet
 it was a hard, cold, stubborn winter for
 those beyond the pale of wealth and
 fashion. Hard times became so visible
 a reality that those who looked on un-
 concerned for themselves saw that hu-
 manity called for some remedy, at least
 for alleviation, if not for cure.
 There were contributions and visiting
 committees and labor of one kind or
 another; until at last some of the *élite*
 determined upon a grand amateur enter-
 tainment—a sprinkling of comedy,
 chaff, and tableaux, for the benefit of
 the suffering poor.
 Helen did not enter into the latter very
 enthusiastically, though she after some
 coaxing, agreed to take a minor part.
 The stage and footlights had never daz-
 zled her fancy. That affair was to be
 public open to all the world, of course
 and perhaps, farmer's daughter though
 she was, she was too aristocratic to care
 to help minister to the amusement of
 the populace of a provincial city. It
 was the end in view alone that finally
 induced her scruples and join her friend
 in the undertaking.
 If her part on the stage were of minor
 importance, her place in the preparations
 was not, and her active governing made
 itself felt everywhere.
 The evening at last arrived, the house
 was crowded, the performance proceeded
 with great *scintillation*.
 Helen stood in one of the wings watch-
 ing the stage, all costumed for the next
 scene. There was a painful frown on her
 face since she had found that, at the last
 moment, by a necessary substitution,
 she would have to "go on" with Richard
 Steele, and she was just thinking if this
 could be a trick played upon her by some
 of those who had noticed her avoidance
 of Steele.
 Her quick ear caught the sound of
 footsteps, could it be Richard Steele,
 coming to insult her with his presence
 before it was needed? Could he know
 the ghastly struggle she had this day had
 on his account, the great yearning to cry
 out that she had stifled. Villain though
 he was, she had been truer to him than
 he had dreamed of.
 The steps sound-d familiar. With a
 bound her mind went back and she saw
 herself by the spring in Hazel Dell, where
 she last listened to the sound of their
 coming.
 She saw him at last. He came through
 the shadows in the darkness; but he was
 not in costume. He was in full evening
 dress.
 How was this? He came out of the
 shadows. His face changed. He was
 no longer Richard Steele, he was Wynwood
 Herbert.
 He came hastily forward, with out-
 stretched hand as if to greet her but
 halted suddenly at something he saw in
 her attitude and face.
 She was white as marble, and her eyes
 were dilated and fixed with a horrified
 expression.
 "My dear Helen he exclaimed, 'What
 is it? In Heaven's name what have you
 seen or heard—what have I done? Is
 that look meant for me?'
 "No nearer, sir, if you please, no
 nearer!"
 She raised both hands and with up-
 lifted palms turned towards him.
 "What sudden change is this? Who
 has dared to malign me to you? A day
 or two ago and I was your best friend—
 nay I believe I was more than friend.
 Now—what has wrought this change?"
 Helen's lips still quivered her face was
 still ashen, her eyes still dilated; but she
 was gradually recovering her senses.
 "You a friend—more than a friend?
 Never! You were naught to me at the
 best, now as only a woman can whose
 heart you have crushed, whose life you

have wrecked, I hate you. I know you
 at last—the shadows told me—the dark-
 ness revealed in the story.
 "You hate me?" he cried, drawing
 nearer, and as yet misunderstanding her
 words. "You are wild; someone has been
 torturing you. Since I have known you
 I defy the sharpest tongue of malice to
 utter a truth against my sincerity and
 devotion, to name a thing in which I
 have been untrue to you, to point to a
 single reason why I should not lay my
 heart and fortune at your feet."
 "Since you have known me? Were you
 ever at Weston?"
 "Never."
 It was an unguarded statement, almost
 but not quite true. His face flushed
 and he breathed hard as if expecting a
 coming thrust.
 "And you never knew Susie Hemming?"
 "Never."
 "I received a letter from Weston to-day.
 Her bones have been found secreted near
 the path that leads by the spring in the
 little dingle on what used to be my father's
 farm."
 "You from Weston? Heaven is my
 witness I never knew it. I never knew
 her."
 "It is false sir. I saw you go down
 that path with your victim, to the place
 of slaughter not ten minutes before she
 met her death. She was pleading with
 you even then. I mistook you for Rich-
 ard Steele and to this day supposed they
 had gone off together. Oh, my pride, my
 pride! If I had only the courage to
 learn more! Others saw your meeting—
 to this day he bears the blame—he might
 have stood in a felon's cell had not it
 been for this meeting you thrust upon me."
 Wynwood Herbert had stood like one
 stunned through this outburst. Now he
 sprang forward and caught her fiercely
 by the wrist while his eyes blazed like
 fire.
 "And now—what would you do?"
 "Proclaim the whole story from the
 house-tops but what I will clear him."
 "I am innocent of her death, I swear
 it!"
 "I saw you together! I will tell the
 truth!"
 "By heavens, you shall not! If I have
 lost you I have nothing to hold me to
 life, but I will never do upon the scaffold
 your promise, promise, quick, never to
 reveal this!"
 He was wild with passion; he was fran-
 tic, carried away; a very maniac. The
 livid look depended upon his face; his
 teeth grated together with a sound like
 that made by a wild beast. Verily the
 fine gentleman had changed into a des-
 perate madman.
 He, with a superb courage that re-
 fused to scream, raised her eyes firmly
 to his, and with her coolness all come
 back, calmly said in a deep, low tone:
 "But I shall tell. Unhand me sir."
 He loosened one hand as he spoke,
 but it was to raise it towards her throat.
 A moment more and his fingers might
 have cut her throat-like at her neck
 when suddenly they were no longer a one.
 Richard Steele bounded through the
 shadows, caught Wynwood Herbert by
 the shoulders swung him from his feet
 and flung him with terrific force to the
 floor.
 "Hold him, for your life hold him! He
 is a murderer!" exclaimed Helen, an-
 then, just as they came trooping in from
 the stage, she fell fainting in the arms of
 Richard Steele, who leaped forward in
 time to catch her.

It created a vast sensation. People
 talked and shook their heads and looked
 wise. Other people went quite wild with
 excitement. Wynwood Herbert was tried
 for the murder of Susie Hemming, and in
 the opinion of a great many was found
 guilty. It was slow that he met his
 end in a ham-burgh—a town some ten or dozen
 miles from Weston—where she was visit-
 ing some relatives, that he had shown
 her many attentions, and an unsigned
 note, found by Susie's father after her
 disappearance, was identified as his hand-
 writing. Helen Jayne dispute her pride
 and aversion to the task told the story.
 Richard Steele, who was called to give
 evidence upon another point, gave testi-
 mony, afterwards corroborated by other,
 that he was not in Weston that fatal
 evening, and as the trial had been pro-
 longed into the dusk, the jury had optical
 proof of the singular and startling resem-
 blance of the two men when seen in the
 shadow—a resemblance which was but
 dimly visible a few moments later in the
 broad glare of the gas-light. The bones
 found in the cleft of two huge rocks, were
 shown to be those of a young female,
 and a ring found with them was proved
 to be hers. It seemed a pretty fair case.
 Wynwood Herbert's story was a sub-
 stantially this:
 He had known Miss Hemming—intimi-
 mately—she should have been his wife.
 He had met her that night and finally
 refused to make her his wife. He was
 with her to the banks of the creek,
 where she had flung herself down. He
 turned away. She gave a great scream,
 said that she had taken poison, she would
 die, and her blood would be upon his
 head. After that he had remained
 silent and he, disbelieving her, had walk-
 ed away. Doubtless she had told the
 truth, lying there by the side of the
 stream, she had breathe her life away.
 A day or two later there was a great
 storm and her body had been washed
 into the rift and covered with floating
 debris. Her friends had been thrown off
 the scent by her letter and her body re-
 mained buried for years without discov-
 ery. Doubtless he had been very wicked
 —but this was not murder.

It was a plausible tale especially for one
 with wealth and friends. He did not as-
 cend the scaffold, at least, and if he had
 for a time the fellow's cell, what
 more was it than upon his own showing
 that he richly deserved?
 Helen's heart pitied him and felt for
 him and hated him—but Helen's heart
 also still loved Richard Steele.
 And so in the fulness of the fruition of
 Richard's early desires, the two hearts
 became one. It took time to build up a
 complete reconciliation, and it is not cer-
 tain that Helen will ever a together for-
 give herself for the past; but she has a
 fair chance for a happy life and Richard
 knows that, though it may sometimes
 seem to bend from the exact line of its
 allegiance, there is nothing so true in all
 this world as a woman's heart.

PAUL GASCOIGNE'S MARRIAGE.

Every one wondered when Paul Gas-
 coigne married, though indeed, consider-
 ing that he was a man of considerable
 fortune, there would have been cause for
 wonder if he had not. And yet people
 did wonder, and talk too, when the pas-
 sers announced one morning the place
 that Paul Gascoigne had taken to him-
 self a wife; and then their tongues ran
 on freely, wondering whom he had mar-
 ried, or whether the lady was young and
 pretty, or the reverse.
 For the past eighteen years Mr. Gascoigne
 had been abroad, no one knew
 where, and no one altogether cared to
 ask him when he came home, bronzed
 with travel and prematurely gray, a
 year before starting the world with the
 announcement of his marriage.
 Paul Gascoigne kept himself to himself
 that there was a shadow over his life, no
 one doubted; yet nobody quite knew the
 reason that had driven him abroad at
 one and twenty away from his own house
 and home.
 Every one knows his own secrets best,
 and Paul Gascoigne kept his well. No-
 body knew why he went, or why he came
 back after eighteen long years, and was
 now, at forty-one a stern reserved man,
 erect and strong with bright deep blue
 eyes, but hair and mustache gray before
 their time.
 He was at once handsome and remark-
 ably looking—"interesting," many a fair
 one called him; and been well known to
 the rich, he was greatly run after, but all
 in vain.
 Mr. Paul Gascoigne was evidently not
 a lady's man, and when the London sea-
 son was over he was still free. Great,
 therefore, was the surprise when a few
 months later he married.
 And, had people known it the manner
 of his marriage was romantic enough.
 Mr. Gascoigne who if he was nothing else,
 was certainly a sportsman to the back-
 bone, was returning after tramping many
 weary miles, to his deo-date little shoot-
 ing place on the Scottish moor, one hot
 afternoon.
 The sun was sinking westward in dying
 splendor, and a l was very calm and
 peaceful when the stillness was broken
 by a woman's scream.
 Throwing down his bag and gun Mr.
 Gascoigne set off at a run towards the
 river, when he cries pro ceed.
 Reaching the high bank he looked
 down through the network of over hang-
 ing branches to see a girl's white, dis-
 pairing face and two up lifted arms; cling-
 ing to a branch while her body was lifted
 up by the rapid current. The sun shone
 on the upturned face and terror-filled
 eyes on the man's hands clinging convul-
 sively to the branches.
 "Hold on!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne fran-
 tically, divesting himself of his coat and
 boots, and scrambling down the high
 bank he sprung in just as, with a last
 cry of "help, help!" the girl's hands slipped
 from their hold, and the white figure was
 swept down the stream.
 She rose and sank as Mr. Gascoigne
 struck out, trying vainly to grasp her as
 she rose again. It was a critical moment,
 for the river was deep there and full of holes
 but just as the dark rushing water was
 closing over head, he caught her long
 masses of hair, and succeed in bringing
 her to land, nearly a quarter of a mile
 from the place where he had seen her
 first.
 Dripping he stood with his lifeless bur-
 den beside him, looking with concern at
 the deathlike features.
 "Poor little thing, I'm afraid she's
 dead, he thought as he rubbed her hands
 and tried to bring back life and circula-
 tion. Then he remembers that he had
 a flask of brandy in his coat-pocket and
 ran back for it.
 He had not scoured the world for 18
 years for nothing, and this girl was not
 the first fellow creature he had rescued
 from drowning; so in a short time he
 had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts
 crowned with success, and of beholding
 two violet eyes opening for a second, to
 be veiled again immediately by the long,
 wit eye-lashes that drooped over the
 white cheeks.
 "All right," said her deliverer, pouring
 a few more drops of brandy between her
 blue lips. "And now what am I to do
 with her?"
 Standing up, he shaded his eyes with
 his hand and looked round. Not very
 far off was a roof between the trees, so in
 that direction he bend his steps.
 Stooping he lifted the girl's slight form
 up in his arms, and stepped out, looking
 down anxiously at the face hanging back
 on his arm, with its wealth of bright
 brown hair hanging in a wet mass back
 from her forehead, and beginning to wish
 he could see the deep violet eyes again.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

A crusty old bachelor's objection to
 ladies with beautiful teeth is that nine out
 of every ten of them would laugh at a
 funeral.
 Who was the author of that little poem
 beginning:
 "Tis sweet to love but oh, how bitter
 To love a girl and then not get her?"
 "Is this air tight?" inquired a man in
 a hardware store as he examined a stove.
 "No, sir," replied the clerk; "air never
 gets tight." He lost a customer.
 A Kentucky editor says that in one
 week he was addressed as Governor,
 General, Colonel, Major and Old
 Hoss.
 Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir, but I think
 you've made a mistake. This is a half-
 penny!" Old Gent—(grandly)—"Oh, dear
 no, not at all! I never give less."
 Home Missionary.—"Are you a Son of
 Temperance?" Tope.—"No reaction at
 all, I can you sir, not even an acquaint-
 ance."
 "And what did you think of Switzer-
 land?" asked a lady of a young Ameri-
 can belle who had just made the tour.
 "Pretty place; but it struck me there
 were too many lakes and too few young
 men."
 "Will the boy who threw that red pep-
 per on the stove please come up here
 and get a present of a nice book?" said
 a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa;
 but the boy never moved. He was a
 far-seeing boy.
 "Fellow-citizens," said a North Carolina
 candidate "there are three topics which
 now agitate the state—greenbacks, tax-
 and the penitentiary. I shall pass over
 the first two very briefly, as my senti-
 ments are well-known, and come to the
 penitentiary where I shall dwell for some
 time."
 "What made you quit the East," said
 a man in Nevada to a new-comer. "I
 got into trouble by marrying two wives,
 was the re-ponse. "Well," said the other,
 "I came here because I got into trouble
 by marrying only one wife." And I?
 added a bye-stander, came out here be-
 cause I got into trouble-imp'y by prom-
 ising to marry one."

FASHIONS.

Lyons satin looks like silk on the
 wrong side.
 Butterfly bows are to supersede the
 Alsatian.
 Pearl beads are used to trim evening
 dresses.
 Pantiers made entirely of flowers are
 worn in Paris.
 White Breton lace wraps are to be worn
 this summer.
 Black satin sleeves jackets are to be
 worn this summer.
 Soudras cloth is Madras gingham,
 neither more nor less.
 Weaving bouquets are now carried in
 bags hanging at the side.
 The empress ruff is of Chantilly lace
 finished with a gold thread.
 The rough straw bonnets in mixed colors
 are very simply trimmed.
 Colored silk wists will be worn with
 white gowns this summer.
 Amber is coming more into favor for
 ornamental brooches and the like.
 Dark blue and green plaids are made
 up into summer traveling dresses.
 The feathers three-quarters of a yard
 long are really to be worn this summer.

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY,
 Notary Public,
 "EXPRESS" BUILDINGS,
 ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

NOW LANDING
 Ex. Lacer, from Greenock,
 10 Octaves Scotch
 WHISKEY

10 Quarter Casks ditto
 25 Cases LOUVE ditto
 50 Cases HAZELBURN ditto
 75 Cases IRISH ditto
 50 Hds. JERRY'S ALE,
 50 Tierces PORTER,
 May 22. J. & T. HEARN.

FOR SALE.

A. Prince & Co., 5 Oct. Double
 CABINET ORGAN,
 6 stops, in handsome Walnut Case;
 cost \$150 will be sold for \$100; de-
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 immediately.
 Apply to
 F. W. BOWDEN,
 At Bowden's Sewing Machine Depot,
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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 soothingly
 on the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS
 and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and
 vigour to these great MAIN SPRINGS
 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 wonderfully effec-
 cious in all ailments incidental to Female
 of all ages and as a GENERAL FAMILY
 MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its searching and Healing Pro-
 perties 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,
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 ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,
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GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it
 has never been known to fail.
 The Pills and Ointment are Manufac-
 tured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
 And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines
 throughout the Civilized World; with
 direct us 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 533, Oxford Street,
 London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
 that a Light House has been erect-
 ed 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-
 opteric 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.

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.

BLANK FORMS

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Vol. 1.

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