

Whip Behind.

I leant from out my two pair hack,  
The afternoon was mild—  
A cab passed by, and on its track  
A dirty little child,  
Cabby drives calmly through the slush,  
With all-unconscious mind,  
The dirty child came with a rush,  
And clambered up behind.  
His mates had looked with careless eye  
On all his efforts vain,  
But now he's landed high and dry,  
They burn with envious pain.  
And as he sits between the wheels,  
As happy as a lord,  
Hi, whip behind! with hoots and squeals  
They yell with one accord.  
The driver turns and plies the lash,  
The child falls in the dirt,  
And in a puddle rolls her splash!—  
I think he must be hurt.  
He turns away—that ragged boy,  
He's anything but gay,  
His little friends they jump for joy,  
And go on with their play.  
I shook my head despondingly—  
Ah, such is life, I guess!  
A man meets little sympathy  
While struggling for success.  
And when the back of fortune's Car  
He's clutched—you'll always find  
How ready all his best friends are  
To bellow, 'Whip behind!'

SELECT STORY.

THE EMERALD NECKLACE.

The evening was bitter cold. Mother had been busy since early morn, stitching, stitching, but now the weary work was done at last! Now, Charlie, said she, you must run and take these frocks home. 'Tis a bad evening, I know, but you won't mind, my boy? We must have some coals to-night, and you may get a little tea, dear, and a loaf of bread, and some ham for Janet.  
She had known better days, my poor mother.  
Three years before we were a happy family, living in a snug cottage in the suburbs, with more than the common comforts of life at our command. My father was a sea-captain, and spent the greater portion of his time from home.  
He made two voyages a year generally, remaining at home about a month between each voyage, and these two months seemed to hold all the hopes and happiness of our lives.  
Janet was a rosy, healthy child then, and she and I used to go down to the beach and play in the shining sand, and wonder when father's ship would come back.  
Mother never crossed the cottage threshold without casting a wistful glance towards the sea. And when the time of father's return did really draw near, what a joyous bustle we had!  
And at last the vessel would come, and the big guns would thunder, and father would return to us, looking so brave and handsome in his sailor's dress, bringing us treasures of foreign fruits and shells, and curious things from far-off shores.  
Ah, me! the happy day came to an end.  
Father left us to make his last yearly voyage. The months and weeks and days went by slowly. Janet and I went to school, and at nights we sat round the fire, talking of one event of our lives, the Blue Heron's return.  
Mother had set her house in order and filled her cupboard with good things, and we waited, waited and watched for the ship that never came in.  
In her stead we received the terrible tidings—The Blue Heron, Brandon master, took fire under the quarter, and every soul perished.  
So father never came home again, and the little cottage slipped from us, and our few dollars melted away, and the end of three years found us in a tenement house, dependent for our board on poor mother's needle. Then, too, little Janet was an invalid.  
But mother was a brave woman. Though her cheeks grew wan, and her tears fell incessantly, she kept a stout heart and a steady, tireless hand.  
Here, Charlie, she said, let me tie your scarf; the wind is bitter, and don't let the bundle fall. Tell Mrs. Trevanion I must have the money to-night.  
And don't stay, Charlie; I am so hungry, entreated the weak voice of little Janet.  
I shouldered the bundle, and, descending the long stairways, plunged out into the wintry storm.  
The wind almost took me from my feet at first, and the whirling snow blinded me, but I soon got used to it, and ran on bravely enough.  
Mrs. Trevanion's handsome residence was aglow with gaslight when I reached it.

I rang the bell, and, while waiting for an answer, I amused myself by standing on tiptoe, and peeping through the window into the parlor.  
What a gorgeous place it was! Velvet carpets, warm and bright as tropic beams, silken couches, gleaming mirrors, and gleaming marbles, and, in the midst of all, a mammoth Christmas tree, hung with every imaginable beauty.  
My heart swelled in my throat. If poor little Janet could only see!  
Just then, a small, rosy face, with its amber curls and sea-blue eyes, appeared at the window, and a tiny hand essayed to catch the waves of snow that beat against the glass.  
I drew back, but the blue eyes had spied me, and opened wide with wonder. Who are you? she questioned, pressing her rosebud mouth close to the glass.  
Charlie Brandon. Who are you?  
Pansy Trevanion. What do you want?  
I've brought home your dresses.  
I rang again, and this time the footman came.  
Mrs. Trevanion's work, I said, and my mother wants the money to-night.  
The man reached the bundle, and disappeared. In the meantime, little Pansy, with an almost super-human effort, had succeeded in raising the heavy window at least ten inches, and now, peeping through the aperture, she eyed me wistfully.  
I wish I could come out there, she said. Ain't it nice in the snow?  
It's too cold. The wind would blow you away.  
Give me a snowball, please.  
I rolled up a small ball, and pushed it under the window. Her blue eyes danced with delight.  
I wanted some so bad, she said, and mamma wouldn't let me have it. She's cross, mamma is. She didn't make my Christmas tree.  
Who did, then?  
My papa, of course, and he gave me that necklace. Ain't it lovely?  
It was an emerald necklace, hanging from a bough of the tree, and emitting a thousand dazzling reflections in the gaslight.  
Did you have a Christmas dinner?  
No.  
Why didn't you?  
My mother's too poor.  
Where's your papa?  
He's dead.  
Her eyes swam with tears.  
Poor little boy, she said, I'm sorry for you.  
And my little sister's sick, I continued, feeling a desire to pour out the full tide of my trouble. And we've nothing to eat and no fire. Do you think your mamma will send the money?  
Her little face grew intensely sober.  
No, she said, reflectively, I don't think she will. She's bad and cross, and I hate her. She's not my own mamma!  
Just at this moment the footman reappeared.  
Mrs. Trevanion says you can call next week; she has no change to-night.  
But my little sister is starving; I must have the money to-night; I will go and see her myself, I cried, making an effort to pass him.  
But he pushed me back and shut the door.  
The biting winds swept round the corner, driving the snow in great blinding sheets before me.  
Janet's little hungry face seemed to rise up before me, and overcome with grief and cold, I dropped upon the marble steps, and burst into tears.  
Little Pansy was watching me from the window, her blue eyes wide and pitiful.  
All at once she disappeared, returning the moment after with a radiant face.  
Little boy, she cried excitedly, don't you cry. Come here, I'll give you something. Take this necklace. Papa gave lots and lots of money for it. Here take it quick, and run somewhere and sell it, and buy your little sister something to eat.  
She pushed it through the crevice, and it came flashing and tinkling through the snow like a shower of stars. I caught it up breathlessly, never pausing to think that I had no right to take it from the child.  
My thoughts were too full of my mother and poor little Janet. I hurried away through the driving snow, my heart throbbing with delight. Only once I looked back, and I saw the little star-like face still pressed against the gleaming window.  
When I reached the jeweller's, towards which place I had directed my steps, I was completely out of breath and compelled to pause on the steps.  
While I stood there, I looked down at the necklace, which I held in my hand.  
What a beautiful thing it was, gleaming and glittering in the gaslight.  
For the first time, as I turned it over, the thought flashed like lightning through my mind that I was doing wrong.

I should not have received so costly a thing from so small a child; she had no right to give it to me.  
My first impulse was to carry it back, but I thought of little Janet.  
How could I go home, and see the look of disappointment on her wan face, when she found that I had brought her nothing?  
I could not do it. Mrs. Trevanion had refused to pay my mother, and I would sell the necklace.  
I set my teeth hard, and entered the jeweller's; but my face must have betrayed me, for the gentleman behind the counter regarded me with a suspicious eye.  
I laid the costly bauble before him, asking, in a voice that I vainly endeavored to steady, what he would pay for it.  
He examined it carefully for an instant, and then his eyes pierced me through and through.  
Boy, he questioned, sternly, how did you come by this? I sold it to Mr. Trevanion not two weeks ago and here is his little daughter's name on the clasp.  
I told my story, but, of course, it was not believed.  
I cannot credit any such stuff as that, he replied; even if the child did give it to you, you had no right to take it. I must keep you here until I send for Mr. Trevanion. Step in there!  
He pushed me into an adjoining apartment, and closed and locked the door.  
I sank down, utterly overwhelmed with despair, my very finger-tips tinkling with shame and humiliation. I was suspected of stealing, and would, no doubt, be imprisoned.  
And poor mother and little Janet, what would become of them? I sat down by the window, watching the drifting snow, dimly visible in the increasing darkness, with a bitter feeling at my heart—a feeling as if God had deserted me.  
An hour went by, perhaps, and then Mr. Trevanion's carriage drove up.  
He alighted, and lifted out his little daughter, and in five minutes they were in my presence.  
Mr. Trevanion inspected me closely for a moment, with a pair of kind, human eyes, then he turned to the little girl at his side.  
Pansy, he said, look at that boy, and tell me if you gave him your necklace.  
The instant the blue eyes espied me they began to dance with delight.  
Yes, she cried, I did so; I gave it to him to buy something for his little sister. She's sick and starving, and mamma would not pay him for the work.  
Mr. Trevanion smiled.  
That will do, he said; Pansy never tells a story. We must let the little fellow out, sir, addressing the jeweller, though I'm much obliged to you for your trouble. You should not have taken the necklace, my lad, he continued, turning to me; but I don't blame you under the circumstances. Here, Pansy, he added, putting a ten-dollar bill into the child's hand, give that to your little friend; 'twill do better than the necklace.  
The little thing came and put it in my hand.  
That will buy you lots o' things, she said exultingly.  
I struggled to keep back my tears, but they would come.  
I'm not a rogue, sir, I sobbed. I didn't think when I took the necklace, and it was so hard to go home with no thing.  
He put his hand on my head his eyes filling with tears.  
I understand it all he said, and I don't doubt your honesty. Run home to your mother, now, and when you are in need of help again, come to little Pansy.  
He turned away, taking his little girl's hand. She looked back, shaking the tangled gold from her eyes.  
Good-bye, Charlie, she said. Papa won't let me give you the necklace now; by-and-by, when I get a big woman you shall have it.  
I ran home to tell the whole story to my mother. I would not spend a cent of the ten dollars without her consent. She heard me with dropping tears and when I had finished she said.  
We will accept it, Charlie, for Janet's sake. Run out, now, and get something nice; the poor little thing is famished for her supper. I'll find some way to pay it back to Mr. Trevanion.  
Never mind, mother, I said. I shall soon be big enough to work, and then I'll pay it back.  
Fifteen years have gone by, and yet I can recall with peculiar vividness the warmth and happiness of that night. What a fire! what a supper we had! what fragrant tea and delicious ham; and how poor little Janet enjoyed it!  
Better days followed those hours of darkness and trial, but I cannot remember that our changed fortunes ever brought us as happy a night as that.  
One dreary afternoon, late in January I sat behind the counter of a jewellery establishment in New York. I was a lapidary by trade, and getting a pretty fair start in the world, my uncle, senior

partner in the firm, having given me one-third of his interest.  
At last, after ups and downs innumerable, I had reached the even highway that led to prosperity. But my success brought me little joy, for I was utterly alone.  
Mother and Janet had gone to their long home; they slept side by side in the little graveyard near the quiet town where we lived together.  
The entrance of a customer broke in upon my reverie. It was a lady closely veiled.  
She approached the counter with a small jewel case in her hand.  
I desire to dispose of these, she said. Will you please examine them?  
I took the case. It contained a jewelled watch, some rings, and an emerald necklace.  
The simple sight of this last named article made my heart thrill and bound, and carried me back to that snowy afternoon in my boyhood. I examined it with trembling fingers.  
It was the same; there was the name Pansy engraved on it.  
I glanced towards the lady, but her heavy veil was down, and her face was not discernible.  
The articles are very good, I replied. How much do you want for them?  
The most you can give.  
You will have to call again to-morrow I said. I must consult the proprietor before taking them, but I promise you a fair price.  
Thank you, sir. Good evening.  
She took up the case and left the store, and in five minutes I left it also. Step by step I followed her, till she reached the squalid tenement in the upper part of which she abode. I found the landlady, and soon bribed her into being communicative.  
Trevanion; that's the name, she replied, in answer to my question. Her father's helpless, and the poor young thing works from sun to sun to support him. It makes my heart ache to look at her.  
That was enough. I went back to my post, and, on the following morning, she came down.  
Have you decided to buy my jewels? she asked.  
Yes, madam.  
And what will you pay for them?  
I had not valued the jewels, but I had calculated just how much I could spare from my own funds.  
We can give you a thousand dollars, I replied.  
She uttered a quick exclamation of surprise.  
Oh! she cried, delightedly. I did not expect to get half so much as that. It is the most we can give, I said. Shall I count you out the money?  
Yes, sir. I dislike to part with them, but—give me the money, please.  
I did so, and she went her way rejoicing.  
Next day I purchased a bunch of pansies. To these I attached my card, and sent them by a safe hand to Miss Trevanion's lodgings.  
Early in the afternoon she came down, her veil thrown back, her face radiant. Little Pansy's face.  
Oh, Charlie, she cried, extending both her hands. I thought I knew your face and it puzzled me so; but I remembered your moment I saw your name. Oh, I am so glad to meet you again.  
That night I called on her father, and we went over all the past years in detail.  
Mr. Trevanion had failed in business, his second wife had deserted him, and he and little Pansy came to New York to seek their fortunes. Then a severe stroke of sickness had stricken him down and she was left to fight the battle of life alone.  
But for a time only; for when the spring came, and the pansies bloomed along the country hedges, my Pansy, fairer and sweeter than them all, became my bride; and for a bridal gift I gave her THE EMERALD NECKLACE.  
ROGER MINOT SHERMAN.  
When Roger Minot Sherman was a young man, and before he had gained the legal reputation which afterward distinguished him, he was a resident in Norwalk, Connecticut. He had been, even at the age of three-and-twenty, once elected to the State Senate, and was highly respected by all who knew him; but party politics was on a rampage, and the political party adverse to him having unexpectedly gained the ascendancy, his opponents watched for an opportunity to take him down a peg or two.  
A town-meeting was to be held, and town officers elected. The meeting convened, and proceeded with business. The chief officers of the town had been elected, and finally came an election of a 'Hog-reeve.' The duties of the person elected to this office were to be particularly watchful of stray porkers—to capture them when manifestly at large—to put rings into their snouts—and to imprison them in the village pound. To this responsible office his political enemies proposed to elect Mr. Sherman, it having been decided that the minor

officers might be elected by nomination, the Moderator called,—  
Gentlemen, you will please to nominate for Hog-reeve.  
Roger Minot Sherman instantly exclaimed a dozen voices from the crowd.  
The Moderator, a staid and worthy citizen, was somewhat perplexed at this, and would have avoided the issue; but the repeated calls of the name obliged him to put the question, and he bade those in favor of electing Mr. Sherman to the office of Hog-reeve to raise their hands.  
The majority of elevated hands could not be questioned, but the Moderator, hoping thus to give the matter the go-by, declared that it was, not a vote. The voters doubted the decision, and called for a division of the house, which means simply that all those in favor shall gather upon one side of the house, while those opposed gathered upon the other.  
The Moderator was still at a stand when Mr. Sherman, who had remained quietly seated in a far corner, now arose, and with great frankness, but with a reserved twinkle of his bright eye, said—  
Mr. Moderator, this seems to be decidedly a vote, but nevertheless, I would thank you to allow the house to divide, as it might assist me in the onerous and delicate duties of the office "to know how many hogs I shall have to look after!"  
None dared to tempt the keen satire of Roger Minot Sherman further, and when the division of the house was ordered not a man showed his head on the side of the yeas.  
EDITORS VERSUS GENTLEMEN.  
John E. Coles, in the other year, editor of the 'N. E. Washingtonian,' never allows the expense of a bit at his individuality to stand in the way of a good story. (John is at present at the head, as its Patriarchal Chief of the Grand Division, of the S. of T., of Massachusetts. And he gives honor to the place, God keep and bless him! A truer man never lived.)  
One of John's stories was substantially as follows:—(Remember, this was seven-and-twenty years ago; but we haven't forgotten—nobody can ever forget who has heard John Coles tell a story.)  
We have travelled, said John, editorially, in giving an account of a Western trip, a good many hundred miles, by land and by sea. The hotel-keepers, steam-boat captains, and conductors generally, chafed our hat, and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, whether upon the raging canawl, upon the broad lake—in cabin or in hotel—we had a great free blow, being universally ticketed as a dead-head. It was certainly very agreeable, but it had its drawbacks. There was one free blow in particular which came near demolishing us.  
While on board one of the splendid steamers that ply between Buffalo and Chicago the yellow fuz upon our chin had grown to an uncomfortable length, and we repaired to the barber's shop, in the fore-peak, to have it taken off. The tonsorial darkey was all smiles and bows. He shaved us in the most artistic manner, oiled and combed our head, brushed and smoothed our clothes, and, in short, slicked us up so nicely that we felt like a new man; and in the fullness of our gratitude we pulled out a dime and offered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with pompous dignity.  
I understands, said he, dat you is an editor.  
Well,—what of that? said we.  
We nebber charge 'editors' noffs, said he.  
But, my wolly friend, said we, still presenting the dime, there must be a good many editors travelling now-a-days, and such unbounded liberality on your part will work your financial ruin.  
Nebber you fear ob dat, said he, with a patronising nod; we lets you editors go free, 'and makes it up off de gen'l's men!'  
With a knowledge of this new distinction John put his dime into his pocket, and sloped.  
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