

Labor is Noble.

You think your lot is hard because
You have to earn your bread:
Better wear out by labor, man,
Than rust till you are dead;

Think him not always blest who owns
Broad fields and mansions proud;
His days may know no comfort, man,
His heart may be low bowed;

God make you, sir, to do and dare,
To own a steadfast heart;
To win rewards of labor, man,
And act a noble part;

What though some pass you on the way
To gain the sought for prize?
What though the clouds may gather, man,
And stormy be the skies?

Labor is noble, when it stands
Up for the right and true,
Where'er it does the best it can
And braves all troubles through;

SELECT STORY.

TWO LIVES.

Chapter III.

AT THE GRAVE OF HER LOVER.

CONTINUED.

RUSSEL felt a sort of shame at this
work of spying his wife, but the
scene of a few hours' ago was still fresh
in his mind, and he had been tortured
of late with so many horrible doubts
and fears, that he could not now turn
away.

And after seeing her pass the graves
of her parents, with scarcely a glance,
he was resolved to know her motive for
coming.

Poor Russel!
He had guessed at the first, but when
he saw her pause at the grave of Dudley
Preston, his heart almost ceased to beat
and he turned ghastly pale.

He saw her kneel and pluck away the
weed with such tender care, and her atti-
tude of grief assured him that she was
weeping.

He saw how long she remained, taking
no note of the time until at last dark-
ness began to gather and she looked
round with a startled, surprised look,
then quickly left.

Adelaide did not return by the same
path she had entered, but avoided the
graves of her parents, and passed Rus-
sel so closely that her dress brushed
him.

He bit his lip until the blood came to
keep back the fierce words that nearly
escaped him.

When she had passed out of sight, he
dashed out by another way, and did not
return to his home till midnight.

Upon entering his chamber softly,
Russel found Adelaide sleeping sweetly
as a child, with a beautiful, happy smile
hovering around her lips. It looked like
a smile she used to wear when she was a
girl, and he loved her.

Russel groaned and pressed his clenched
hand to his breast, as if to stifle its
pain.

Then he entered his dressing room,
and, closing the door, paced the floor till
morning.

Chapter IV.

THE CAUSE OF JEALOUSY.

THE next day Adelaide was back at
the old farm-house, making ar-
rangements to bring the little boy to her
own home.

Ye'll regret it, Mrs. Wilde, ye'll regret
it afore many days is gone. Do you
suppose your husband is a mole, and
can't see? Will he not be jealous of the
hugging and kissing ye shower upon the
boy? Oh, but I know men's natur', I
know there will be an outbreak afore
long.

Ann, I don't care to have you dis-
courage me, said Adelaide, the tears
filling her lovely blue-violet eyes. Rus-
sel loves me too well to be jealous of a
little child like this, I must take him.
O Ann, I shall go crazy if I do not have
him with me! only think how long we
have been separated! O darling Dud-
ley, you will always be with Addie now
if you are very good and love my Rus-
sel, she cried, running over to the
crippled little boy, and kissing his cheeks,
his lips his brow. Will you not be good
Dudley, darling?

Oh, I'll be anything, to live with Ad-
die, he said. And I'll love every one

that loves you, and he covered her hand
with kisses.

I don't want to discourage you, Mrs.
Wilde, but, mark my words, there will
no good come of this. Mr. Wilds is a
proud man—

Hush! said Adelaide, firmly, he has
given me permission to adopt the child,
and suggested the idea himself. Dudley
shall go.

Then she flung her arms around the
faithful old woman's neck, and laid her
head upon her shoulder.

Oh, Ann, thank you, thank you, for
your kindness to the boy. I never can
repay you, no, never!

Tush, Adelaide, said Ann, the tears
welling up to her eyes.

Then, with a hasty farewell, Adelaide
Wilde and her newly-adopted child were
gone.

When Adelaide reached home Dudley
was half asleep, but at the sight of the
tall, stern looking man bending over
him, he opened his dark grey eyes wide,
and looked him, half frightened, in the
face.

Is he not lovely, Russel? cried Ade-
laide, her face beaming with joy. And
will you not promise to love him very
much.

Russel did not reply to her questions,
but bending down lower over the boy,
he said in a strange tone,—

What is your name, my little boy?

Dudley Pres—

Then he stopped, confused, and look-
ed at Adelaide; she answered quickly
for him.

His name is Dudley Prescott. I told
him that he was to be called 'Wilde'
hereafter, and he forgot the name, I
think; did you not, Dudley dear?

Yes, Addie, answered the boy, greatly
embarrassed.

Russel hurriedly left the room, and
entering his study, sank down in a chair
by the window, and looked out upon
the moonlight.

His face was haggard, and his eyes
were dull and blood-shot; and he sat a
long time, and never stirred.

He heard his wife ascend to the pretty
little room allotted to the boy; he heard
her voice talking to him for a long time
and then her light step again upon the
stairs.

She opened the study door a little way,
and then asked, softly,—

May I come in?

Russel's voice was deep and hoarse as
he answered,—

You may,

She glided up to him, and leaning
over his chair, ran her fingers care-
singly through his dark, curly hair.

Chapter V.

DESPAIR.

RUSSEL, you are so very, very kind,
I never can express my gratitude.
I have known the little boy so long, and
he is so sweet tempered, that I have
really grown to love him. I wish you
would let him call you father, will you,
dear? And then I want you to like
him so much, said Adelaide, in a persua-
sive tone.

Did you come to talk of him to me?
he said, coldly. I think, perhaps, it
would be better to talk of other matters.
Adelaide, I do not like the child.

He felt her shiver and the hand that
had strayed so caressingly in his hair
was withdrawn; she sat down in the
easy chair, a little distance from him,
and in the deep shadows.

There was a silence of some time;
then she suddenly came forward, and
knelt at his feet.

She was weeping violently, but he did
not raise her or say a word.

Oh, Russel, why this change? You
have been so cold to me since you con-
sented to adopt a child. What have I
done to incur your displeasure?

What have you done? he cried an-
grily; my God! Adelaide, it won't be
well for you to question me much. You
cannot expect me to treat you as of old,
knowing what I know. Did I not see
you at his grave? Can I not see him
in the child, when he is his living pic-
ture? I allowed you to have him here
because I did not wish my name dragged
in the dust. And—by heaven! if it
were not for that, I would leave you
for ever.

Adelaide moaned and moaned as if
every word cut her like a knife.

Oh Russel, have mercy! Think how
unhappy I have been all this time in
hiding my secret from you! I did not
dare tell you, for I knew you would
hate me. I knew—I knew—

Here she sobbed as if her heart would
break.

Adelaide, cease this deception. I do
not believe your grief real. Listen to
what I say, now, for I shall never again
talk with you on this subject. I have
loved you too well, to bring scandal
about you as a separation would do. Let
us understand each other perfectly, and
our position towards each other. You
must not expect any tenderness from me,
for I cannot give it. I once loved you
fondly—alas! too fondly! But that is
past. While this knowledge is so fresh
upon me, I cannot think of you without
a feeling of contempt. Oh, Adelaide, to
be so cruelly—cruelly deceived! For

seven years I was true to you in every
thought and action. I believed—Oh,
God! I wish you had never been born!

Russel—Russel! don't speak like
that! You don't know how I was fas-
cinated by his beauty, and how I have
suffered with my secret weighing down
my heart like lead. I would rather
have died than have been false to you,
but I didn't know how I loved you till
—till Dudley proved himself to be such
a coward—

Hold! Adelaide, I will hear no
more! Do you wish me to curse you?
Leave me quickly. I'm a deperate man
to-night.

Russel arose as he spoke, and pointed
to the door; his eyes were fierce and
wild.

Oh, you don't mean—you don't mean
that—that I must leave you? she said,
trying to steady her voice, and clinging
to her chair for support.

I mean that you must leave the room,
I am afraid I may say things I shall re-
gret. You cannot imagine my mode! It
is late; you had better retire to rest,
opening the door for her to pass out.

She crept out, with her head bowed
upon her breast.

The door was closed quickly, and
Adelaide felt that he had closed his heart
against her, and she could never enter
in again.

Her face was deathly white.

She staggered along the hall till she
reached Dudley's chamber door; then
she slipped down on the cold matting as
one dead.

When Russel came upstairs to enter
his dressing-room, near morning, he found
her there.

He lifted her tenderly in his arms,
and carried her to her own room.

His heart was full of pity and self-re-
proach.

Poor Adelaide! I should not have
spoken so harshly to her. Whatever her
failings have been, she has and does suf-
fer for them.

He tried to restore her to conscious-
ness, but his efforts were in vain.

My God! I've killed her! he thought,
and he forgot then that she had been
false; he forgot all save his great love
for her.

He pressed a kiss upon her cold lips,
and called her name in a passionate ten-
der tone.

Her blue-violet eyes unclosed; a happy
smile wreathed her pale lips.

She did not speak or move, but lay
quietly in his arms, looking with pas-
sionate love into his eyes.

Adelaide, speak, he whispered in a
quivering voice.

Russel, darling, I've been dreaming!
Oh, you do love me still, do you not?
Dearest Russel, tell me that you do.

A great shudder shook his frame.

All came back to him then, and lay-
ing her down upon the bed, he brought
a glass of water, and held it to her lips.

She would have drunk it had it been
poison, and Russel had handed it to her;
but when she met his cold glance, her
heart sank down, down, and she turned
her face away in utter misery.

If you are well again, Adelaide, I will
leave you, he said.

Adelaide essayed to speak, but her
tongue was parched, and a great lump
seemed rising in her throat; she could
not utter a word.

He noticed the effort, and he felt so
sorry for her—sorry for her and himself.

He turned away, and went and stood
at the window, watching the grey dawn.

He stood there quietly for a quarter
of an hour; then he heard her soft reg-
ular breathing, and knew that Adelaide
slept.

He softly left the room, and the house,
and took a long walk in the balmy, ear-
ly morning air.

Chapter VI.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

ADELAIDE had grown very pale of
late.

Russel pretended not to notice how
she changed, but he did, and his heart
ached with a dull ache, and he tried to
treat her somewhat in the old manner.

But when he entered the room where
she sat, he always found little Dudley
with her; and a deadly repugnance
creeping over him, he would quickly
leave the house again.

Adelaide had been sitting at the piano,
playing and singing for Dudley.

He never wearied of hearing her, and
always begged her to sing some more.

He had a remarkable passion for
music, and listened with his soul shining
out of his large clear eyes.

Dudley was rapidly improving in
health, and as he seemed to gain, Ade-
laide began to fail.

She had ceased playing, and was look-
ing now at little Dudley, who was curl-
ing up in a great easy chair, deep in
thought.

She was thinking of Dudley Preston,
her old lover.

There was deep sadness in her blue
eyes.

The little Dudley's eyes began to close,
and soon he was sleeping.

Oh Dudley, if you had lived, I'm sure
you never could have been so cruel as
Russel now is. How kind Dudley was
at the last! And I—I was glad when he

died. How I hated myself for it, but I
could not help the feeling. Oh, how I
was mistaken in him! How weak was
his nature! Oh, darling, I hope yours
may never be, she said, bending over the
sleeping boy; but I am afraid it is; you
are so like him.

She pressed her lips softly upon his
forehead, and just then Russel came in.

She blushed, and left the boy sudden-
ly.

Russel frowned, and then said,—

You ordered the carriage, I believe,
Adelaide; it is at the door waiting; you
had better take your ride.

She bowed her head, and awoke Dud-
ley; then she put on his out-door gar-
ments, and her own, which she had
brought in readiness, and was about to
lift the boy in her arms, but Russel took
him from her.

He is far too heavy for you, Adelaide;
never try to lift him again; and he car-
ried the poor little cripple down to the
carriage, and placed him upon the seat
near Adelaide's side.

Then he gave her directions to the
driver, and was about to step away.

Will you not come too, Russel? she
said, quickly.

He shook his head, and turned back
into the house.

Adelaide's lip quivered for a moment,
and then she drew little Dudley more
closely to her.

You are the only one that loves me,
Dudley, she murmured unconsciously.

When I'm big enough, Addie, I'll
whip 'Ussel, he said, shaking his little
fists.

Hush! she said, Dudley, you must
love him. Oh, he's so good.

Dudley did not reply, but his thoughts
were not very complimentary to Russel
Wilde.

Russel strayed into his wife's room.
He hardly knew what for, but he was
restless, and could not remain still.

She was not there, now, nor Dudley
Preston's child.

The room seemed pervaded with her
presence, and he went in with the wild
hope of again imagining that there was
nothing that separated them.

One of her bureau-drawers was open,
and the key was in the lock; she had
evidently forgotten to close it.

He went up to it mechanically, and
not knowing what he did, he opened a
little pearl box that lay there.

He started back.

There was a tress of hair lying there,
like little Dudley's, and a photograph
and paper.

He took the paper up—not looking at
the picture—opened it, and—oh! the
joy that swept over his face! It was
Dudley Preston and Adelaide's marriage
certificate!

He read it through, and then taking
the photo, looked at his old friend's
handsome face.

Beneath the photograph was a plain
gold ring.

Upon the inside was engraved "To
Adelaide, my wife. From Dudley."

He placed them back with a reverend
hand, and left the room.

Oh, his wife was pure!

No other thought but that filled his
mind.

He did not think of their treachery
against him; he only felt with a glad
thrill that he could claim her once more.

He tried to be calm and patient, but
he could not.

The hour seemed so long, he thought
he must go wild.

What was it now to him that she had
broken her faith with him?—that she
had loved another? Did she not love
him now? Did he not love her?

Oh, Adelaide, Adelaide, if you had
only trusted and confided in me when I
first came back, what a sight of misery
and pain, it would have saved us both!
I would have forgotten all, for oh! I
could not live without you.

At last Adelaide and Dudley came
home.

Russel waited until the boy had had
his lunch, and had gone to bed.

He did not ever sit up to eat dinner
with them, he was so weak, and required
so much sleep.

After dinner, and when the lights
were lit in the drawing-room, Russel
took Adelaide by the hand, and said,—

I would like to see you in my study.

His voice trembled, so that Adelaide
looked questioningly at him.

Shall we order lights?

I prefer no other light than the moon-
light, unless you wish it, Adelaide.

Adelaide's heart bounded, she knew
not why.

Oh, no, Russel, just as you wish.

When they entered the study, he lock-
ed the door.

I wish no intrusion, he said; and com-
ing over to the window where she was
standing, looking out at the one lonely
star, that shone in the heavens, he took
her hand.

She looked smilingly up into his face.

Russel, you are so like your old self
to-night, I hardly dare speak a word
lest you should freeze again.

He looked at her pale face.

How thin she had grown!

He thought, with a pang at his heart,
that he had caused all her suffering.

Adelaide, he said, in a low voice. I
did not know till this afternoon, that you
and Dudley Preston were married.

She did not understand him, but look-
ed at him with wide-open eyes.

Then, as she comprehended his mean-
ing, her face and neck grew crimson.

A haughty light flashed from her eyes,
and she drew away from him.

She will never forgive the insult, he
thought.

A low cry burst from her lips.

My God! Russel, you didn't think
that of me!

Adelaide, my darling, forgive me.

Russel was kneeling at her feet, and
held both her hands, and was pressing
passionate kisses upon them.

Rise, dear Russel, she said, softly, I
cannot forget, but I can forgive. Oh,
Russel! the last in a reproachful little
sob.

He was standing at her side and his
arms were around her.

Adelaide, if I can atone by loving you
more (and that is hardly possible) I will
endeavour to make you happy, and no
wife will be more fondly cared for than
I will care for you.

Then he drew her to a lounge, and
they sat down.

He told her how he had wandered
about the house disconsolate, and how
some good fortune had led him to ex-
amine the contents of the open drawer.

I thought you knew all the time, Rus-
sel, she said in a half-sobbing voice.
Now, pray, tell me all that you do know,
for I want everything cleared up; I can't
have any more doubts.

I only know that you were Dudley
Preston's wife, and that is sufficient for
me, he said in a low tone.

Then you do not know enough, she
said. I will tell you everything—every-
thing. Russel, you were my first love,
and when you placed the betrothal ring
upon my finger, I thought I returned
your love with the same fervour with
which you loved me.

I was very young to be separated from
you so long, and after the first year was
gone, I had nearly forgotten you in my
new passion for Dudley Preston; for,
though your letters were tender and af-
fectionate ever, still they were not you,
and Dudley Preston, whose tastes were
so like mine, was with me constantly,
and his beauty and wit fascinated me
completely.

I think he began to talk love over the
love-songs we used to sing together, and
one day he asked me to be his wife.

He pleaded passionately, and looked
so beautiful, the love-light in his expres-
sive eyes, that I fancied then—by the
beating of my own heart and the plea-
sure I felt in knowing that he loved me
—that his love was returned. But I
was perplexed and full of fears.

I knew my father would never consent
to my marriage with anyone besides
yourself, and then I still felt a romantic
feeling towards you, and hated to give
you up.

His case was nearly as desperate as
mine, for his parents had chosen a weal-
thy young lady—whom he had never
met—for his wife, and he had consented.

He was fully aware that if he disobey-
ed them in this, that he would be disin-
herited; and as he had yet to arrive at
some means of support, he coaxed me in-
to a private marriage, saying that after
it was all over, and could not be helped,
his father would relent.

Of my own father I was afraid, and
too readily consented to a private mar-
riage, and also to keep it secret till he
should wish to have it known.

So we were married. My old nurse
was the only witness, and no one in the
world knew of it but our two selves, the
minister, and Ann.

Shortly after my marriage, a letter
came from you.

I gave it to Dudley, and asked him
what I should do.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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