

Two Sides of the Window.

This side the pane
Of window glass,
Fair childish faces
Peep and pass;

That side the pane,
A beggar's brat
Looks wistfully
This way and that.

This side, a kiss
Buds with a prayer;
That side are fagots
Thronged with care.

This side, white hands,
In careless pose,
Through tresses bright
Touch cheeks of rose;

That side, hard palms
At labor clutch,
And brows born fair
Show soil and smutch.

This side, proud looks
Perchance may flout;
That side, the wolf
From eyes looks out.

But old Jack Frost,
(Wise democrat,
To keep the peace
This side and that,

Weaves wondrous screens
Of fern and feather,
That both may see
And love together;

White fairy dells
By pictured pass,
Wide waterfalls,
Tall prairie grass,

With plume and spray,
With star and crown,
River and rill,
And steeped town,

As fair that side
As this to see.
Oh, wise Jack Frost
Works skillfully!

ELECTORY.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

Phil, why don't you marry? asked the younger of two gentlemen who were lounging in the cozily furnished bachelor apartments of the one addressed, and lazily drinking in the fresh breeze that came in through the open windows.

Marry? My dear boy, I am astonished that you should ask such a question, when you know I settled down long ago for a bachelor.

Bachelor? Nonsense! replied the other, with a laugh. It is a shame for a splendid fellow like you to be living here like a bear in his den, when you might marry some good woman, who would make your home pleasant and you happy.

Very pretty picture! But I think I am comfortable enough here, glancing around over the tastefully furnished apartment, and with Mary and you to visit, I am satisfied.

O you old incorrigible! said Fred, with a hasty laugh. Suppose we should move away?

The case is not supposable; you will not move, replied Phil, with a lazy yawn. And, changing his six feet of masculinity to a more comfortable position, he continued,—

I tell you, my boy, women have sadly degenerated since the days of our grandmothers; there used to be women in those days, but now there is nothing but a fashionable composition of bustles, paint, false hair, "et cetera." If I were to marry, I should want a wife that would be a companion and a blessing, instead of a fashionable, doll-like creature who cares for nothing but fashion and dress.

Phil, you are a down-right woman hater! There are just as good and as true women now as there ever were, only, as you do not happen to meet them, you think there are none. But never mind, old fellow, we will have you married yet. Will you come over this evening? Mary told me to be sure and ask you, as she wants you to come very much.

It is well enough for you to talk that way, Fred, when a woman like Mary is your wife, said Phil, ignoring Fred's question. But she is one in a great number—a womanly woman. If I could find such a one, I would be tempted to get married myself.

There are plenty of them, replied honest Fred, as he rose to go. But you will be sure and come to-night?

Come where?

Why, over to our house.

Yes, I will come. And Phil settled back in his easy chair for a nap.

Phil Hardeth was a wealthy, indolent gentleman, just on the shady side of thirty, kind-hearted, and naturally possessed of excellent qualities, both business and social; but he had allowed both to rust and decay, while he drifted indolently along with the tide. With no parents hand to guide him when he most needed guidance, it was only through his natural stamina of character that he remained pure and unscathed.

The friendship between himself and Fred Northwin, had begun in old school-boy days, and each succeeding year only served to make it the stronger. Fred had not been blessed with wealth, but by patience and economy, together with good business qualities, he had worked up to the position of a well-to-do merchant. He had, a few years previously married a bonny, brown-haired, blue-eyed little lady—a distant relative of Phil's—which marriage had proved a happy one, for Mrs. Northwin was a true woman. And the evenings spent at their home were regarded by Phil, as oases in his desert of loneliness.

With this short sketch of our characters, we will return to the incidents in hand.

Evening came, and Phil started for Fred's home with many a grumble at having promised to go; not that he disliked going, but, like a great many others, he enjoyed the old-fashioned privilege of grumbling.

You dear old Phil! How good of you to come! I was afraid you would not, said Mary, meeting him at the door. Come right into the parlor. I want to introduce you to one of the best of girls, added she, in a lower tone, as they neared the room.

Ah! I see why you wanted me to come so badly, replied Phil, stopping short with a smile. But I say, Mary, excuse me this evening, and I will come over again when you and Fred are alone.

Oh, no! Please stay—there's a good Phil! pleaded Mary. Besides, Elise is to remain with us some time, so you see you cannot avoid her. And the blue eyes twinkled mischievously.

Phil hesitated a moment, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, and, a nice scrape you have led me into he followed her into the parlor.

The best of girls was standing by the open window when they entered. She was rather above the average height of women, but though tall, every movement of her well-rounded form was easy and graceful. This Phil noticed as she turned, on their approach, disclosing to his gaze a firm, pleasant face, framed in with rich masses of dark brown hair, and illumed by marvelously beautiful hazel eyes.

As Phil was, when he chose to exert himself, a good conversationalist, they fell into an easy conversation, in which Miss Verd showed that to her other gifts she added the additional charm of an intellectual and well cultivated mind.

During one of the pauses in conversation, Fred entered the room.

Truant! Where have you been? asked Mary, with a smile, and, not waiting for an answer, added, come and do penance by holding this wool for me to wind.

I stopped into K—s new store on my way up this afternoon, Phil, remarked Fred, as he took a stool by his wife's side.

Isn't he the man who has employed so many lady clerks? asked Mary.

Yes.

Women are next to useless in such places as that, said Phil.

Do you think so, Mr Hardeth? asked Miss Verd, the hazel eyes speaking ominously.

Certainly; men can do twice the work that women can, and do it better.

Except as regards the heavier kind of work, I differ with you,

K—told me he wouldn't change, broke in Fred.

And others say the same, continued Miss Verd.

I see you favor woman's rights, said Phil, with a smile.

I favor woman's right to work, and her right to get paid for that work, replied she. Some women of my acquaintance are doing the same amount of labor that men would do, and yet do not receive near as large a salary. I hope to see the time when women will stand on an equal footing with men in that respect.

With such a fair advocate to plead their cause, they ought surely to succeed, replied Phil. And the conversation was turned into different channels.

Why did you not tell me you had a lady visitor, Fred? asked Phil, as the former dropped into his rooms, on his way homeward, the next afternoon.

I was afraid you would not come if I did.

You might at least have given me a hint as to her views, and not allowed me to make such a confounded block-head of myself, continued Phil, with an injured look.

My dear fellow, how could I. Besides, I had a little curiosity to hear what you had to say on the subject, so waited for further developments.

You got them with a vengeance, replied Phil with a grimace.

Never mind I think Miss Elise will forgive you. But isn't she a splendid woman?

Miss Verd is a well-read lady, and passably good looking, answered Phil, coolly.

Humph! I suppose I ought to be thankful that you own so much, said Fred, rising to go. But I say, Phil, turning back as he reached the door,

don't you think she would make a good wife?

Clear out! was the answer, as Fred went laughing, down stairs.

Days lengthened into weeks, and yet Miss Verd remained with the Northwins. Phil's visits were quite frequent, though in no other way did he shew any signs of being impressed by Miss Verd's beauty; but he often found himself picturing a pleasant home, the mistress of which bore a strong resemblance to that lady. So matters progressed until, not having been to Fred's for a few days, Phil thought he would drop in and see them.

I'm so glad you've come Phil, cried Mary, as he entered. Fred and I were beginning to feel really lonely. Such news as I have for you! she rattled on.

You couldn't guess it if you tried ever so hard. Elise left us this morning.

Whew! That prolonged whistle, and the blank look which accompanied it, expressed Phil's surprise and disappointment plainer than a whole vocabulary of words; but, quickly recovering himself, he said, with a laugh, and that is why you and Fred were looking so forlorn when I entered? But why did she leave so suddenly?

She received a letter from a friend saying there was a situation open for her—

A situation! Do you mean to say that Miss Verd works for a living?

Certainly she does; didn't you know that? But do not interrupt me. Where was I? Oh, yes? This friend had a situation for her.

Surprise number two, remarked Phil, "sotto voce."

Keep still, sir! But she had to leave immediately to take it; so she packed her trunk, and left on the early train this morning.

What is the name of the place to which she went? asked Phil.

I don't remember; it is West somewhere; but she said she would write.

Wouldn't be a woman if she didn't remark Fred, dryly.

We will try and survive her loss, said Phil, gayly. Play something, Mary, and we will dismiss this forlorn topic.

Mary complied with his request, and took her seat at the piano. A few moments later, Fred was called from the room and with a final crash of the keys, Mary whirled round, saying,—

I do not feel like playing this evening.

As she turned, Phil stood by the mantel in a deep study. A mischievous light crept into the blue eyes as she noticed this.

Phil, you are in love?

For a moment they sat looking at each other, Mary's eyes dancing with merriment, while he wore the embarrassed look of one who had betrayed his secret. Then she burst into a merry laugh saying,—

You can't deceive me! I have found you out! As he answered nothing, she continued, more seriously, come, Phil, own up that you love Elise.

After a short pause he answered, steadily.

Yes, Mary, I do love her; but she probably thinks mean indolent, good-for-nothing wretch.

Nonsense! She doesn't think any such thing; did you never notice how her colour rose and her eyes brightened whenever you came?

Mary, do you think she would ever learn to love me?

None so blind as those that won't see, sang Mary; adding, roughly, you must ask her that question.

I will ask her, if I have to hunt the world over to find her, said Phil, while his eyes flashed, and his voice spoke will and determination.

* * * * *

Three years passed. The delicious fragrance of a bright June morning greeted the sense as a gentleman alighted from the cars into the busy noise of New York life, and, taking a carriage, was driven to a hotel.

Two days more to wait for Fred and Mary, mused he. Now I am so near home, I feel more of a longing to finish my journey, and almost wish I had not promised to wait for them. But, being here, I must make the best of it.

His musings were interrupted by reaching the hotel. Securing a room, and changing his travel-stained habits for others more suitable, he lounged away the time until dinner, after partaking of which the daily papers were brought into requisition, to decide the means of amusement employed for the evening. Seeing that a sale of fine paintings was to take place, and being something of a connoisseur, Phil—for it was none other—sallied forth to find the sale-room, which was not far distant.

Passing over Broadway, in which the lights were just beginning to gleam and glow, it suddenly occurred to him that his gloves were rapidly becoming the worst for wear, and, having time to spare—as it was yet early—he entered one of the many stores, and, passing up between the heavily laden counters, paused before the glove stand. After making his purchases, he turned to go, and

was walking leisurely out, when his attention was called to a lady clerk standing behind one of the counters. Her face was turned from him, but her form seemed familiar, and, on nearing the counter, Phil kept his eyes riveted on that one person. Presently she turned, and he recognised the one for whom he had been searching so long, Elise Verd. The recognition was mutual; few words were spoken, but the glance of the eye, and the warm pressure of the hand, told better than words, how welcome to each was the meeting.

Phil learned the number of the residence where Elise was boarding, and received an invitation to call on her the next evening. This he readily accepted, and then departed for his hotel, rejoicing over his good fortune in finding one for whom he had been eagerly searching three long years.

Prompt to the hour, Phil alighted at the door of a modest brick residence on one of the up-town streets. Inquiring for Miss Verd, he was shown into the parlor. He had hardly seated himself before Elise entered, pleasure beaming on every feature.

O Mr. Hardeth! How glad I am to see you! It seems so pleasant to see the countenance of a friend after being so long among comparative strangers. I was nearly wild with delight when I saw your friendly face in the store last evening. Are Fred and Mary well? You must excuse my questions, but so many things come to one's mind when meeting an old friend, that one hardly knows what to say first.

Phil willingly answered all questions, noting, meanwhile, with sorrow, the thin, pale face, on which lines of care and trouble were beginning to show, though from the eyes the soul still beamed forth as of old, giving to the face a brightness and vivacity that revived, in a great measure, the care worn lines. After a lengthened talk, Phil arose to go. As they stood face to face, he bent over, and, taking her hand, said with a loving look,—

Elise, I have looked and waited for you three long years, and, now I have found you, must I go back alone?

She looked up, and as Phil saw reflected in her eyes the loving light of his own, he knew that his search had not been in vain.

The next day brought with it Fred and his wife. They were met at the depot by Phil.

"Why, Phil, you look a great deal better than when you parted from us; the change must have done you good," said Fred, after the first greetings were over.

It has done me good, replied Phil, with a merry smile, as they were driven to the hotel.

He made no mention of his discovery until evening, when they all entered a carriage and were driven to Elise's boarding place. Without a word of explanation Phil rang the bell, and they were ushered into the parlor. Neither Fred nor Mary noticed for whom he inquired, and remained seated, lost in wonder, when a rustle was heard, and Elise stood before them.

This is the lady who has wrought such a change in me, said Phil, leading her forward.

Vain attempt to describe the meeting of the old time friends. Before they left, every thing was explained, and it was arranged that Elise should return with them to their home, where the wedding was to take place.

It was a happy quartette that made the homeward journey a few days afterwards, and when one short month had flown there was a quiet little wedding at the Northwins', the principal actors in which were Phil and Elise.

The remainder of the summer months after their marriage were passed with Fred and Mary, at a little farm house among the rugged hills of New Hampshire.

On their return to the city began Phil's noble life, and his charities and benevolence became soon widely known in all of which he was warmly seconded by his beautiful wife. But, absorbing as they were in plans of benevolence, they did not forget that home claimed their first attention, and gradually their winning manners drew around them a warm circle of friends, chiefest among whom were Fred and Mary.

Ten years later, it would have been hard to recognise in the active, pleasant featured man, around whose knees clustered children, and of whose arm leaned a happy wife, the indolent woman-hater of long ago; but so it was. Truly the love of a true woman availeth much!

er chignon. We would form a much higher estimate of the young lady who has the moral courage to appear on the street, or at an evening entertainment plainly but neatly dressed, than one who would appear in a "court train" and other "fixings" to give you to understand that she was trying to conceal some dreadful deformity, and their hair so arranged as to remind you of a sausage shop. Slight not the young lady who has nothing more to recommend her to your notice than good practical common sense and a good reputation.

A Word to Young Ladies.

When you see young men driving fast horses and seeing fast themselves, by following in the train of vice so prevalent just now, beware!

When you see young men chewing the spicery so much used at the present time, beware! for of this class are the drinkers of spirituous liquors.

When you see young men using tobacco in any form, beware! and when smoking they ask if it is offensive to you, always answer in the affirmative, for if the smoke is not offensive, the habit certainly should be to every lady of refinement.

The young man who has nothing more to recommend him than steady and industrious habits is much more worthy your notice. The want of forethought during the time of courtship is the cause of so many unhappy marriages. Young ladies are too easily "taken" with a fine exterior and a "splendid horse and wagon." The principles of the person are of the least consequence—the fact that should be sought. We believe in people attending to all that is necessary in dress and personal appearance, but let not this be the only object and aim in life. Aim to win those who, by industrious habits, are worthy the name of man. How many persons disgrace all the noble qualities with which God has endowed them. Remember the old adage, "Many an honest heart beats under a rough coat."

The Mocking-Bird.

From a pleasant account in "Appleton's Journal" of a Southern garden, we extract the following in reference to that wonderful bird whose notes so charm and amaze the visitor for the first time to that sunny region.

To the Southern garden exclusively is attached that Puck of the woodland wilds the inimitable mocking-bird. He is brave, sociable and useful. He is a game-looking bird, of quiet gray colors, with nothing about his plumage to separate him from the rough coverings of bark, and the pendant moss, that hangs in such weird grandeur from the limbs of decaying trees.

Over the summer-house of the Southern garden, though occupied by visitors, the mocking bird will perch and curiously peer down on his human companions, as if he would divine their thoughts. He will sympathize with the sound of human voices, enjoys the conversation, and the laughter and the wrangling of children. Under such circumstances he will dash from limb to limb as if crased with excitement, occasionally giving vent to his spirits in carols that are full of genius and heavenly melody; or, perhaps, inspired with some heroic idea, he will crowd into rapid measure the impotent resentment of the chicken-hawk and the screams of the bald eagle. And when evening sets in and the moon rises over the charms of a Southern garden; when the night is warm, and the lattice is up, and the door is open to catch a passing breath of air; when the flowers have gone to sleep, leaving their fragrance to literally load the air; when Nature is half exhausted under this semi-tropical climate of the South, the mocking bird, perched upon some dead limb, that prominently protrudes beyond the rich purple foliage, will pour out his song of praise, his wonderful o-er-ture of sweet notes, inspiring all living things within the sound of his miraculous organ with a dreamy sense of pleasure and admiration, which seemed to be consonant with the floral wealth of the Southern garden.

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