A December Idyll,

One night in the dreary december, When nature was frozen and bare. I sat, as full well I remember, Alone with a maiden so fair-With Zelia so fair and so tender, Whose eyes were cerulean bluesend her.

A lover devoted and true.

She asked me, that night in December, A question oft asked me before, A question quite well I remember. For often I'd pondered it o'er Now tell me, why don't you get married! She asked with a toss of her head; 'Twas vain that the question I parried; I know there's a reason, she said.

So while the wild winds of December Were roaring and raving without, I gave her, as well I remember, A reason no maiden could doubt. You women, I said, are deceiving, Your love and your truth are not real And I will not wed one, believing That she's not my fancy's ideal.

And then, as the blasts of December Went howling more hoarsely on by. Beneath their weird wails, I remember, I caught the soft tone of a sigh. But, smiling she asked me to paint her The queen of my fancy so bright; A being unearthly- a saint or An angel, or fairy of light?

The winds of the dismal December. Swept down with a sorrowing moan, and swaying, as well I remember, The trees in the yard seemed to groan You wrong me, I answered her sadly, A woman I'd wed, not a saint; Though mortal, and erring, still madly I d love her; her portrait I'll paint.

And sitting, that night in December, With Zelia the maiden so fair, And watching, as well I remember, The halo of fire on her hair-The embers' soft sheen in her tresses, The love-light of soul in her eye, That shines but for him that it blesses, And lives but for whom it will die!

I painted that night in December, A picture so true to the life, That I clasped it, as well I remember, And whispered, will you be my wife? portrait was Zelia's so sunny And gave me her beautiful hand!

And now, as the snows of December. Another December, drift down, And carpet, I'll ever remember, The earth that is barren and brown. They cover the ground where is sleeping My Zelia, so good and so fair, And lonely to night I am keeping My watch by her tenantless chair.

SEEECT STORY.

Friend Emily

WELL remember the first time 1 I was standing talking to a set of giddy be by the sea alone, where I could think was indeed a bitter one. Papa was an young girls about the ball my mamma of him, I dare say all the time he ne honorable, just man, and paid off his had just given, and who were there,

mentioning the name of a very high because we were thrown together. But ing to mamma before her marriage, an and mighty family in H-; and the I was blind. I could not force myself old, aristocratic house in an old, aristogirls all said, oh, how splendid! What to believe that he meant nothing by his cratic neighborhood. It was not so bad of the next requirement of the pleasant days did Amelia wear? Just then a voice attentions. Looking back on my wild after all. Papa's friends gave promises

hall.

Mrs. Averley was the principal of Forbes very well, and liked his money pect. the school. I turned round, somewhat and position better, yet she had even When entirely settled in onr new provoked to be interrupted in my highflown description of mamma's ball, and from our own town of H-, was at which had occasionally oppressed mesaid 'sotto voce,' to the giris,-

to Mrs. Averley, yes'm; here I am. hall and put the hand of a trembling talking with Malcolm Forbes. little girl in mine.

This is Emily Thaxter, a new scholar

I looked down on Emily Thaxter, and wondered why the trust had been reposed in me. I saw a small, wizened face peeping up into mine—eyes of the on the water, and the wind blew over Why did not pride come to my aid? deepest blue, hair of a strange golden the sea freshly. brown -but not a pretty face; and now that it was a frightened face it was less pretty than ever; an old womanish face strange to see on such a child. Emily's world if one loves, dress, too, looked odd and old-fashioned, though excessively neat,

I took Emily into our school-room, and saw the girls look at her in odd

A new friend, Meta? said Josephine Dever's voice in a cold, sneering tone, as her eyes glanced over the child's odd dress, and noted her unfashionable

Sit down by me, Emily, said I; and I still kept her cold hand in mine as I me. went on relating the incident of mamma's

But our short hour of recreation soon

SETHMEON HELD HAVE BEEN HALLOS HALES

the firmest friends, opposite as we were coast, and liked nothing better than to was bitter, bitter, Emily's home was apparently quiet, ward eagerly. to Emily and her sick mother. What a short time ago. education, and so it had come that failed.

able school. I grew to love my littl school-friend ed such a sudden misfortune. very dearly, and to pass many happy Pray forgive my vehemence, Miss did you first meet? hours with her mother and herself; but Meta, but in this hour of trouble I must Only this summer, and we met just Clara has resolved to throw you over. I Emily never came to my home, although speak. Consider me as a friend at your before you left town. During that hear, spoke a man who had repeatedly often pressed to do so. Some excuse command. My heart and my fortune very warm spell he was constantly at tried to win a smile from Clara, H was ever ready to decline my pressing are yours, if you will accept them. I our house, Then he went away, and was flushed with wine, and spoke in. tled thing.

The years passed on, and our school- proposal. days came to an end. Mamma had great You are very kind, very kind, said I, lavished my love upon him! beauty, and sure to be a belle in society. of spirit; and then I hurried off, saying, though you told him, did you not, that I speak of Miss Melville more respectfully. thought of her loneliness and desolation plainly written on my face. swept across me with a pitying recollec- What is the matter? said the well ever guessed what a blow your innocent his aunt's to question Inez. But he tion. Poor, poor Emily! Was my lot modulated voice. always to be so far above hers? Was I Did he really feel concerned at my could not have thrust deeper. And yet then went to his room, wondering if Mr. always to be fortunate, courted and fu- misfortune? For the first time I sus. you loved me so well, and were so grate. Melville had really made such an asservored, while she was to be denied all pected that he really did not care for me. ful for the favors I had heaped upon you, tion, Tom was engaged to Clara, and pleasures, and forever tried with sorrow It struck me with a keener sorrow than Well, you are still my friend, true to naturally felt that he had a claim upon The truest that painter e'er planned: and distress? Once I sent a letter to all the rest of my trouble that day. I me always She wept, though she vowed it was funny, her, and a box of choice fruit and flow laughed carelessly.

> So the summer sped on, and I, Meta noon. Graves, was very happy.

came a man to our hotel who stirred my befallen you. heart with his handsome elegant face and winning, gentlemanly manners. I was all. I was so gay a butterfly; the gayest are words, and so we parted. often those whose feelings are the deephow well I loved Malcolm Forbes. I elegant home was to be given up, and saw Emily. It was at school, and wandered away from my gay friends to tried to be patient under the trial, but it ver imagined that I was in love with creditors as far as he possibly could. All the Armstrongs were there, said I him, and that he talked with me only We settled ourselves in a house belongdream now, I pity and loath myself to of help out of his troubles, and so mam-Meta, said Mrs. Averley from the think I was so blind. Although mamma liked Malcolm future wore not half so gloomy an as-

higher aims for me. Clive Armstrong, home the question arose to my mindthe same hotel with us, and was one of what was I to do about Clive Arm-"Continued in our next; and aloud my most devoted cavaliers; but I did strong? Now that I had time to ponder not care for him at all. His conversa- his proposal made in such a noble way, were tinged with the bloom of health, Mrs. Everley took me aside in the tion appeared insipid and dull after a great respect for my lover arose in my

Meta, and I give her over to your as I walked on the sea shore of him I and it was not a feeble affection either. came in and beat on the shore with their return of my love; but it had not root-solemn monotony, and the sun danced ed it out. Foolish woman that I was!

Ah, me! I sighed, if only this bliss

the sun touched my bowed form with a fortune had marked me for his own. I She is to be in your class, Meta, con- warm, tender caress. Yes the world somehow felt she would be the first to have consulted the oracles of millinery tinued our principal. Take good care seemed very fair. I was young, beau hasten to see me. I went down to see tiful, admired and in love. As I sat Emily in a saddened mood. there I heard a step on the rocks.

Meta! said mamma's voice. Foolish true friend, I said. child! you are dreaming wild dreams here by yourself.

Mamma's face was troubled and careworn, and as she stepped over the rocks carefully, I saw she had torn her pretty skirts, probably by her haste in walking along the shore for to gain

What has happened, mamma? asked I, starting up abruptly.

Thaxter, and from that time we were we must leave on the noon train. | that moment. | But Mr. Melville will not insist upon New Harborn. " L. Miller

O mamma, mamma! was all I said in in character. I was all frivolity, where despairing tones; and I think mamma Emily! said I. Pray tell me what this fend Tom? as Emily was all substantiality-plain did not guess how much I felt this new blushing, downcast look means? common sense. I was brought up in a distress. Leave the hotel, where I was Well, Meta dear, you shall be the his ways. He thinks Tom ought not home where all was bright, gay, fash- so happy, for the heat and dust of the first to share my secret. I am soon to be to mind being put off for once. Besides ionable, for mamma was an acknowledge city! And perhaps, when I had arrive mraried. ed leader in the society of H ---, a ed there, should be obliged to encounter I congratulate you; and I kissed my him, I believe. And prayed that kind heaven might somewhat pretentious town on the sea- a worse distress in papa's failure. It friend. Tell me who is the happy man? Inez looked rather grave, but present-

be surrounded with a crowd of friends. I hurried back to the hotel with I well remember my feelings at that Of course you must please your father On the contrary, Emily's home was far mamma, however, and tried to seem moment. Memory recalls to me strange- and explain matters to Tom. I don't from lively. Her mother was an in hopeful. As I entered I saw my admir- ly enough a few vivid details that it believe the stories in circulation, howvalid and possessed a very small income er, Clive Armstrong, standing near the teems odd I should remember; the buzz ever. I know my cousin is a good man. which necessitated much economy and office, looking troubled and perplexed. of a fly on the window; the melancholy, Have you seen the young Southern gena very humble way of living. Though As he caught sight of me he came for- dirge-like sound of a hand-organ played tleman yet?

longing to his wife in a rapid and sinful suspects it beside your mother, you, and came to me like a death knell. manner, all of which was trying indeed myself. My father telegraphed it to me

little Mrs. Thaxter could save from her That papa may fail at any moment? me, and I coughed constrainedly. husband's clutches went toward Emily's Pardon me, Miss Meta, that he has Yes, a very nice name. He was in

invitation, so at last it came to be a set- require no answer in your agitated state. we were engaged just before he left. solently.

ed by a crowd of adorers, and I learned had another encounter. Malcolm For- ed, and that must have been the reason. Harmon that his daughter would be to be more frivolous than ever. Seldom bes came along, book in hand, and fa e Friend Emily, we have exchanged accompanied by a friend from the South, did I think of Emely i he heated tor n serene and smiling. But on seeing me places at last. Mine is the husks, and spoke Frank. with her sick mother, but sometimes the his countenance changed. Trouble was yours the ripe corn. Mine is the bitter, Without replying, Tom Henslee arose

I went back to the city, and found good friend Emily! est when they love. No one could guess everything in direct confusion. Our became a dreamy, silent girl, and often all things sold off at auction. Well, I ma and I began to feel brighter, and the

mind. But the other love that was mo-One day, I remember, I went off on nopolizing my whole life, how about a ramble by myself, dreamily thinking that? I cared still for Malcolm Forbes, loved so well. I sought a ratired nook, Trouble had come in to disturb it, to be and sat down on the rocks. The waves sure; doubt had arisen-doubt as to the

Alas, only too soon did pride step in. One day Emily-my friend Emilycould be mine! After all there is a came to see me. It appeared strange great deal of joy and brighness in the to me that she had not come before. She had never been to my home when for-I bowed my face in my hands, and tune smiled upon me, but now that Mis-

> So you have come at last, my own Emily threw her arms around me and their clasp was firm and tender.

> I would have come before, but I, too, have had trouble. Mamma is dead. And I did not hear of it! I am truly sorry, my poor friend.

There was a silence between us, a ling me; I cannot go with Tom, ong, sad silence, during which we clasped hands and felt comfort in so doing. A strange flush came over my friend's ended, and our teacher began the lessons My dear, Meta! A note from papa. face, and she turned away. How pretty I know it. Listen a moment, my once again. Emily was questioned as He is in great trouble; his firm is in she looked as she did so-how girlish, dear, and I will explain. Papa wants

Who has gained my treasure?

in the street below; the set of Emily's No, We expect them to dinner this peaceful, and blest with love and cheer. One word, Miss Meta, he said, in a collar; and the look of her small hands evening. Ah-I hear the gate—there fulness, a cloud hung over it like a pall low, agitated voice; and be took my in their black gloves. I shall never for- they are now, Stay and dine with us, -a cloud of keenest suffering, borne arm in his, and hurried me, ere I knew, get the sound of the organs in the street, Inex. with greatest fortitude, for Emily's out on a secluded piazza. and I never now hear that air from The and I never now hear that air from The girls had hardly reached the par-

His name is Malcolm Forbes.

Emily went to Mrs, Averley's fashion I sought to steady myself against the How odd, how very odd! Such a nice a group of young men who were dispiazza railing. Never had I encounter- man, too! You are very fortunate. How cussing an approaching ball. long have you known him, and where Well, Tom, who are you going to

and yours the sweet. I wonder if you and left the club room, proceeding to tongue dealt me that day! A dagger found her gone to Miss Melville's. He

ers to her sick mother, and an answer Everything is the matter, Mr. Forbes, Armstrong. It was dictated by mamma saying,came full of brightness and gratitude. spoke my trembling voice. You will to whom it gave supremest satisfaction. Emily could be so cheerful under mis- hear soon enough. I must say good-by We were married a short time after- to you to you now, for I leave the hotel at ward, and every one said I was fort mate.

I will not trespess upon your confi- was very small and qulet, was Emily perused the few lines it contained. Clara Towards the end of the season there dence, but I am sorry if any trouble has and her husband. She had put aside had curtly rejected him. mourning for her mother for the occasion The tones were gentlemanly, but that wearing mauve and white. She looked felt that I should never love any one as Good-by, I said again; and the voice guessed that I in my prouder beauty vast assembly were merry—all save two. I had learned to love him. And though I even then loved so well echoed my envied her with all the deapth of my Tom and Clara persistently avoided heart-you, least of all, innocent, kind, each other all the evening. Tom de-

WILIGHT shades fell in sombre shades over the relation des-over the palatial residences on Twenty-third street and seated on a front balcony of one of these most magnificent dwellings was a lovely girl of of the past, ruminating on the neverending future, and thinking, with a feeling of dispair, of the present.

Her father was a retired banker, who had lost his wife when his child was but a few years old. This child was the idol of his heart, and was well worthy of adoration, Clara Melville was very beautiful. On this pleasant May evening, her unconfined brown hair floated over her like a dark mantle; her cheeks and her classical features were not less beautiful because her face was so pensive in expression.

Suddenly a young girl sprang up the marble steps, and with a gay, happy laugh, threw her arms around Clara: she was quite pretty, mild blue eyes short chestnut curls like a halo around her face, and with her cherry lips ever open to say a kind word to all. Inez was Clara's intimate friend, and they were devoted to each other. Seating set in circulation. And when the lovherself with her arm still encircling Clara's slender waist, Inez told her im.

Now, Beauty, I want you to tell me art, but still am in doubt. What must I wear?

I don't think I shall attend the ball Oh come, now, that will never do, said Inez. Of course you will go, and with my cousin, Tom Henslee, .Why do you say of course?

He told me he had requested the pleasure of your company. But Inez, that is just what is troub.

Cannot go with Tom? I, am afraid not. But you promised.

Why, how pretty you have grown, your doing so when he knows it will of-

Well, you know papa is rather set in he has heard some doubtful stories shout

ly said, —

father was far from a worthy man, and I know the news, Miss Meta, said he, Norma without a vague dread. Do you lors before the gentlemen were ushered helped to squander the small pittance be- earnestly, although no one in the hotel by this anticipate Emily's answer? It in. Mr. Melville welcomed Inez warmly and introduced both young ladies to Mr, Fred Denman and his uncle, and What did I do? Something choked soon the entire party were chatting merrily together.

the same hotel with us this summer. In a popular club room were gathered

honor with your devotion? The fair

I will wait until you can consider my He, then, had been engaged all that I don't understand you, sir, spoke long, happy time. Engaged, while I Tom Henslee, his cheek lightning up with a glow of anger, Hereafter, Mr, schemes for me, for it was said I was a struck by his manliness and generosity Why, he never spoke to me of you, Frank Howell, I shall trouble you to

She took me away to a fashionable wa- good-by. my true, true friend.

I went to my room, but on the way I Oh, yes, I told him, but he is very reserv- tone, for I heard her father tell Mrs.

her. He sought Inez quite early the That day a note was sent to Clieve next morning, and she gave him a note

Tom. Clara gave me a note to hand

He thanked her, and hastily tore it Among the guests at my wedding, which open. His face grew deadly pale as he

There was mirth and music in Mrs. very pretty in her quiet way, and none Harmon's parlors. All hearts in that termined to show Clara that he cared nothing for her, and so devoted himself to Inez; while Clara smiled her sweetest upon Fred Denman. So the first part of the evening passed away, and the lovers drifted further apart each moment Inez interfered at last.

Tom, she said, suddenly, why are you pretending to be so devoted to me this

Pretending ?-I-You need not deny it. You know you are trying to spite Clara. Clara is nothing to me, said Tom,

Pshaw! I know-or can guess-what was in that letter this morning, What was it then? A rejection. I have expected it for

days. Do you know that Frank Howell

has been talking about you? And then followed the whole story Inez told her cousin how melancholy Clara had been for days, and how troubled she was when her father insisted on her accepting Fred's escort. Jhe had heard many things concerning Tom which shook her faith in him, and finally in a fit of anger, wrote the note he had received, hoping, however, that he would

ask for an explanation. It did not take Tom many minutes to find Frank Howell and drag him into Clara's presence, where he forced him ers left the ball room that evening, they were reconciled.

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI. WEEKLY ADVERTISER,

printe d and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WIL-LIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (op posite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfound

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost Price of Subscription-THREE DOLLARS per

annum, payable half-yearly. Advertisements inserted on the most lib. eral terms, viz. :- Per square of seven teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each

111 Star 101 101 30:

Calc

Last

New

First

Mail

For

For

For

For

For

For

For

For

For

For .

For

For

For

For

For

For

For

For 1

Who

BREAD

FLOUR

CORN]

OATME

RICE-

PEAS-

CHEESI

HAM-

PORK-

BEEF-

Rum-

MOLAS

SUGAR

Coffee

LARD-

LEATRI

TOBACC

CORDA

SALT-

KEROS

CCAL-

Done