

## "Don't Care."

"Don't care!"—a foolish watchword  
That leads to sin and shame,  
That brings dishonor to the man  
Who links it with his name.  
It is a treacherous beacon  
Upon life's stormy shore,  
A light that leads to wretchedness,  
Where joy is known no more.

"Don't care!" Oh, reckless mortal!  
Take back the thoughtless words,  
While there are days all beautiful  
With trees and singing birds,  
With skies enrobed in sun-shine,  
And merry, laughing rills,  
And forests standing tall and grand  
Upon the sunny hills.

Take back the words, and never  
Give voice to them again;  
They lead to woe and ruin dire,  
To deep remorse and pain.  
If life were only folly,  
If hope were but a cheat,  
If hearts were only selfishness,  
All promises deceit.

"Don't care!" might be your motto;  
But while this life is true,  
While honor lives and virtue thrives,  
And there is work to do,  
You must not be regardless  
Of all that's good and pure,  
If you would win the prize of peace,  
And make your joy secure.

To care to do your duty,  
To care to do your best;  
To care to think that life is more  
Than pleasure, more than jest;  
To care to gain the friendship  
Of men who've won the prize  
Of fortune wrought by labor's hands  
And noble energies;

To care for good opinion  
And count its truthful praise,  
And live so that the light of joy  
Shall ever bless your days;  
That is your duty, brother,  
As it is also mine,  
To care for all things good on earth,  
And all that are divine.

## ELECT STORY.

## Bought With a Price.

[CONTINUED.]

## Chapter XVIII.

ASHTON TOO HOT FOR THE SQUIRE.

OW performed was as yet disputed amongst them.

What madness to insult the vicar! exclaimed the Honourable Herbert, when the Squire had told him the state of things in Ashton. No doubt the place is too hot for you. There will be a deputation from the great unpaid, before many days are past. You will have to show your wife to prove she is alive.

But that will be ruin, Estelle will appeal to them against me.

No, she will not. I will undertake that that shall not happen. This uproar will be quite in our favour, I gather.

As the hon. Herbert had predicted, three of the neighbouring magistrates called on the squire and told him, it was requisite that his wife should be produced.

They were hardly prepared for the readiness with which he complied, nor for the denial on the part of Estelle of any restraint being placed on her liberty.

They departed wholly puzzled.

The next morning something even more startling was discovered.

The Manor House was empty!

\* \* \* \* \*

Neville, such a strange thing occurred. I sent a letter to Estelle when I first came home to the priory, and another when baby was born; a few days ago they were returned, and outside them written, house unoccupied. Where can she be gone?

Has she never written to you saying they were leaving Ashton?

No. But then it is so long since I have heard from her. Perhaps her letters may have miscarried. But I scarcely think so; I always found a budget of them waiting for me at the nearest post-town. Of course I never anticipated being so long away, when I first started.

Then you think she has not written? Perhaps she has nothing much to tell, and naturally concludes you will think no news good news.

What is it, Porters?

This to the servant who just entered. A letter which was left in the bag this morning by mistake.

How curious, Neville, it is for me, and from Ashton, but not from Estelle. It will surely tell us something of her; it is from Mrs. Fraser. Do listen Neville.

You have no doubt heard of the very strange proceedings at the Manor House and the very peculiar manner in which your cousin have behaved ever since the death of her child. Ashton has lately talked of little else than the doings of the Manor House. At last, such wild rumours were afloat about madame, some declaring she was murdered, that the magistrates considered it their duty

to interfere, and call on the squire to produce his wife. To their astonishment no objection was raised, and your cousin came into the room where they were. One of them told me she was much altered; very white and fragile-looking, wholly unlike the brilliant beauty of former days. But it seems everyone was wrong in supposing her husband to have placed any constraint on her movements. She assured her visitors that the total seclusion in which she had lived lately was owing to her own pleasure. I assure you nothing would have surprised Ashton about the squire. He has proved himself to be a vile, dissolute man. Sometimes he has guests at his house, whose presence is a disgrace to him. How your cousin has tolerated them puzzles most people. No respectable servant will stay with them. But I must not omit the strangest part of the proceedings. The day after the magistrates' visit, when the tradespeople went for orders, the house was closed, the squire, madame, servants and all gone; I suppose their most frequent guest, the hon. Herbert Montgomery went with them.

There was a great deal more in the letter, but nothing further about Estelle.

Neville, what can it mean?

That Estelle was annoyed at what she considered the prying curiosity of the Ashtons, and determined to mystify them. You will hear from her soon I daresay. I will make inquiries when I return to town; no doubt someone can tell where they are. I must go back to-day, so must say good-bye to you and king babe, my little godson.

But as the weeks went by, and no news came from Estelle, nor could Neville discover their whereabouts, Lilly began to be alarmed.

An undefined fear crept over her that something was wrong.

Neville, too, was not quite sure that all was right.

He did not like the fact of the hon. Herbert being away from town no one knew where.

## Chapter XIX.

THE HERMITAGE.

DISLIKE this place, mused Estelle, as next morning she looked out upon the prospect immediately surrounding her new abode. If it were not for the letter received from Neville, through the hon. Herbert, I should begin to fear there was some fresh trouble in store for me. I have a vague sense of some unknown horror. But what can harm me now that Neville is watching over my interests? How different the hon. Herbert has proved himself to what Neville at first judged him! How frank my cousin is in acknowledging his estimate of his character to have been unjust! To prove it, he desires me to place unlimited trust in him. That his instructions to me must reach me through him alone. It seems to be a very difficult matter to manage my separation from my husband. How bitterly have I suffered from my mercenary marriage.

You look troubled, Estelle. Have your persecutors been devising any fresh means of torturing you? asked the hon. Herbert, who came upon Estelle as she was viewing the cheerless and dispiriting scene around her.

My tormentors are wonderfully lenient, thanks to your protection. The squire has scarcely addressed a word to me since our hurried departure from the Manor House, and his vile accomplice seems wholly occupied by listening to the flattering speeches which your valet, Jacob Gunning, is continually pouring into her ear. I wonder the squire does not notice it. But you have not yet told me why you counselled me to deny any ill-treatment on the part of my husband. I own I was very much inclined to throw myself on the protection of my old friend—Mr. Dubois—who formed one of the deputation. It appeared to me so unthankful on my part to mislead them.

It is well you did not follow your inclination, worthy as the feeling was. I expect you will find in this letter from your cousin that he perfectly agrees with the advice he gave you. I wrote to him at once and here is his reply.

Estelle could have no suspicion that all was not right.

She knew Neville's writing well. It was peculiar and not to be mistaken.

Then, too, her letter reached her with the seal stamped with his seal.

No, it must be all right.

In this letter Neville told her he entirely approved of her removal from Ashton.

The fussy but well-meant interference of the magistrates would retard, rather than help his plans for her release.

It would be the means of giving her domestic misery a notoriety, which they especially hoped to avoid.

He then went on to tell her the still place implicit reliance upon her trusty friend, the hon. Herbert, and to yield herself to his guidance whenever he may call upon her to leave her present refuge.

Am I right Estelle, in judging your cousin considers I have done well?

Quite, my good, trusty, friend How shall I ever thank you for your disinterested kindness to me?

Not quite disinterested Estelle. Remember it was love for you first made me your friend. When your wonderful purity shrank from such pollution, my eyes were opened to my utter depravity, and the insult I had done you by urging my love for you. Then, when you threw yourself on my pity I swore to help you. I would place myself in correspondence with your cousin—confess all to him, and avow my intention of henceforth standing your true friend. You see from his letter he believes in me, and this I solemnly promise, that I will honourably deal with you—guard and protect you as though you were a beloved sister.

In her pure faith, Estelle believed him, and thanked him in the fulness of her grateful heart.

They had not been alone as they had supposed; and the prying, scheming Jacob, who was as big a villain as his master, did not allow anything to take place of which he thought he might make use for his own benefit in a time to come, without knowing the whole of the affair.

He knew the hon. Herbert intended to see Estelle, and he was there at the meeting, with that woman fiend, Betsy, his accomplice, concealed behind the fountain at the foot of the old terrace.

They saw the dark souled Plotter standing by the rustic seat with Estelle's hand clasped in his own and heard every word that passed between them, and when he turned to take leave of his unsuspecting victim, they disappeared like shadows, as they had come.

Estelle being so successfully duped, the honourable Herbert had now to turn his attention to another victim of his wiles.

The squire was by no means in an agreeable frame of mind.

He missed the excitement of wreaking his temper upon his wife.

He scarcely understood how, but she seemed to have slipped from his grasp, since the visit of the great unpaid to him.

His friend had taken the rule of everything, and everybody under his control.

He frightened the squire by predicting that the roughs in Ashton would give him no peace; that he would meet with rough handling if he ventured to show himself in Ashton.

Also, that Neville would bear the rumours about his treatment of his wife, and come swooping down upon him, armed with all the terrors of the law.

He quite convinced him that if Estelle was not hidden away in some secluded spot, Neville would obtain forcible possession of her—release her by means of a divorce, and probably marry her.

This last, alone, was quite sufficient to make the squire utterly furious.

He readily agreed to remove to the lonely tumble-down mansion, known as the Hermitage, whither, in more than one instance, the honourable Herbert had retired, when his creditors were disagreeably clamorous.

But the squire had other causes for the ferocious aspect of his countenance, at this moment.

His valet had been to a post town, some distance off, for letters.

One had reached the squire from the banker, who had charge of most his fortune, in reply to his letter requiring a large remittance, with the startling tidings that he had rather overdrawn his account, and begging an early settlement of their claim.

Heavens! can this be true! Have I lost so desperately as this? cried the squire. Curse that wife of mine, she has been my ruin! Why does not Montgomery make off with her? I shall kill her, I feel sure, if she remains much longer in my sight.

Talking of him reminds me he must not know I am ruined. I must hide this from him, and try if I cannot even now save myself. My companions at the gaming table have told wonderful stories of luck changing at the eleventh hour. I will persevere, and perhaps even yet I may be again a man of millions. Betsy Cornish neither must suspect I am ruined. I quite shudder at the thought of her fury if she did but know. That woman's hate would be something fearful to excite. I sometimes found myself almost pitying that wife of mine being in her clutches. How she used to delight in torturing her! There is a very great deal of the tiger in her nature, I fancy. After all, she is more to my taste than that highbred, dainty wife I was fool enough to marry. Betsy would never have held me in the scorn that Estelle has. Plough! I hate her.

Who has excited such lovable emotions in your breast, squire? asked the honourable Herbert, who came towards him just as, in the intensity of his feelings, he had uttered the last expression aloud.

Who? That wife of mine, to be sure. Do you mean to test our affection for each other by shutting us up together in this gloomy old spot? I declare it is

like a prison, shut in as it is by these high walls. Jacob assures me there is not another house within a mile of this. How do you mean me to occupy my time whilst it is your whim to hide me in this hole?

My dear squire, how unreasonably you talk. Is it not entirely on your account we are here? Was I to suppose you needed a house surrounded with prying neighbours? Am I not remaining with you till the suspicions of those meddling dolts at Ashton have passed from their minds? Did you want your wife taken forcibly out of your power by that cousin of hers? You talk as if you had no means of occupying your time. Are there not cards and dice in the house?

True, but I am in no mood for low stakes. You are too cautious for me. I wish Albany was here; he never hesitated to risk a few thousands.

The hon. Herbert did not enlighten his dupe as he might have done by disclosing to him the fact that the captain and himself were shareholders in the spoils of their victims.

Whilst the hon. Herbert was the decoy for luring to their den the victims to be spoiled, his parasite was the executioner; his noble accomplice, meanwhile, affecting to caution his dupes, thereby only making them the more eager to rush to their ruin.

Thus it was that the squire, with others, considered the hon. Herbert rather averse, than in favour of high play.

Come, come, squire, you shall not be disappointed. I will lay aside my usual caution, and play for stakes of your own choosing. One stipulation I must make: as I may not be here many days, and may have to go abroad, we will settle our debts each night, either in bank notes or gold. Are you agreed? I have some thousands with me, which you are at liberty to win from me.

The squire was delighted. He also had some thousands left.

He had very little fear that, before long, he should be the possessor of his friend's banknotes, which had been so ostentatiously displayed before him.

He had by no means a high opinion of his companion's skill in play.

The Hermitage no longer looked gloomy.

He was satisfied, too, that Estelle was falling completely into the toils set for her.

She no longer shunned his friend. He would yet make her a mark for the finger of scorn to point at.

He would crush that haughty pride of hers.

## Chapter XX.

COUNTER-PLOTTING.

Y sweet Betsy, consider what a charming mistress you would make of the 'Spotted Cow.' There is not such another 'public' in England, I do believe. I have long had my eye on it, only could not hear of its being to let till now. But even if it had been I could not have taken it very well, unless I took a wife with me. I must own to you, my love, I never felt any inclination to commit matrimony till I saw your handsome face. Directly I saw it I said to myself, there's the mistress for the 'Spotted Cow.' For you know, Betsy, it has always been in my thoughts. More than that, I say, she is one likely to have made a pretty penny out of the squire, and to have something snug in the bank. My savings are pretty tidy, and both added together would no doubt make a good round sum, quite sufficient to start us bravely.

It would be all very well, Jacob, if I had not something else in view. It would be just what I have longed for, to be the mistress of a flourishing 'public,'—to be in a snug bar and complimented on my good looks day after day by our customers. You would not be jealous, I suppose Jacob?

Not I, Betsy. I should feel as proud as a king, to hear our customers envy me my handsome wife. Besides I should count on your good looks to draw custom. Why in a few years we should ride in our carriage.

Talk of that, Jacob, it's just what I intend doing before long. You are just the man to have suited me for a husband, and I don't mind confessing I like you very much.

Then what stands in our way, my charmer?

The fact that before long I shall be a millionaire's wife!—dress in laces and satins!—deck myself in jewels!—ride in my own carriage! and be shown to the queen!

Egad! exclaimed Jacob, starting back with astonishment; Betsy, you do want to be grand! How do you mean to manage it?

By marrying your master, Jacob. But he is married, already! And it seems his wife don't die, though I think between you she has been lucky to escape with her life. I never quite understood what your game was in torturing her as you did, at the Manor House.

Because I hated her, Jacob, and wished her dead. The squire jilted me for her. When he sent for me to the Manor House, he told me his wife would

not live long, and then I should be his grand lady. He said she had been daintily reared, and, if treated differently, could soon pine away and die.

A precious old rascal! You don't mean to say you prefer him to me, Betsy?

Not I, Jacob. I never cared for anyone till I saw you; but I should be a fool to lose the chance of being a grand lady. Though madame will not die as I wished, she will be got rid of.

Why, Betsy, you have been finally taken in by the old rogue. He has just been making a cat's paw of you—a jailor to his wife, and nothing more. If she had really died, it is my belief he would have put all the blame on you. Lucky for you his game was to force her into my patron's arms. The villain is succeeding, too, I think from the aspect of things. But what mostly concerns you is, that all the fine promises of the squire are just nothing. If he married you, which I doubt, you would be the wife of a ruined gambler. He is over head and ears in debt. Even the Manor House is mortgaged, privately—his wife's jewels are in pledge; and his bankers wrote to-day that he had overdrawn his account with them!

Jacob, you cannot mean it! Why, three years ago he was worth millions!

Which have passed into the possession of my patron and his friends. He was a nice, plump pigeon, well worth the plucking. La belle Adela, a very charming actress, drained him too, pretty smartly, as long as she could. I am not deceiving you, Betsy dear. I am in the pay of my old master, and know that his only object at first was to relieve the millionaire of his stupendous fortune—then he fell in love with his wife, and determined to have her as well. The hon. Herbert will not leave his victim till he has bled him of every farthing he has got.

Betsy Cornish sat as one stricken in stone.

Then she raved and tore her hair, vowing to be revenged on the squire, who had the second time deceived her.

My dear Betsy, don't take on so. You have still the 'Spotted Cow' before you. You shall still have your satins and laces, and we will go to London and see the Queen. I daresay, too, we can manage a dog-cart, with both our own savings.

That's just it, Jacob—I have no savings! I never troubled to make a nest, thinking all would be well before long.

That's awkward, Betsy, I must acknowledge. My perquisites have been pretty fair, but not enough to set us up at the spotted cow. I reckoned on a few hundreds with you.

And to think that villain has robbed me! cried Betsy Cornish, wringing her hands and sobbing, as she saw even Jacob and the Spotted Cow slipping from her grasp.

Come Betsy, don't give way, my girl. Things are not quite desperate. Promise to marry me if I find a way to become the owner of the Spotted Cow?

That I will, my dear Jacob. But I should dare like to serve out that old villain of a squire.

So you shall, my love, if you follow my directions. You have been shamefully robbed of your rights since you have served him, and it is nothing but right that you should pay yourself. To do this, we must counter-plot my old patron. He has I believe some thousands of the squire's money with him now—ready for emergencies when he carries off la belle Estelle. It would go against my conscience to rob one who has stood by me on all occasions, so I will compromise by letting the squire have possession of it, and then rob him!

How clever you are, dear Jacob! What a man for business! But how will you manage as the squire always loses?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.)

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

## AGENTS.

CARRONAR.....Mr. J. Foote.  
BRIGGS....." W. Horwood.  
BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.  
HEART'S CONTENT....." C. Rendell.  
TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller.  
NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller.  
CATALINA....." J. Edgecombe.  
BONAVISTA....." A. Vincent.  
ST PIERRE....." H. J. Watts.