

LITERARY.

*For the Herald*  
**A LITERARY FEAST**

Oh! list to the fate of a note of affection,  
'Twas given quite safe to a friend for protection,  
And delivery sure to whom 'twas intended,  
A lady who often that household befriended.

But that friendship, alas! just now is dissolved,  
The question, *Oh! why?* now here with is solved,  
The letter was scuttled its contents set afloat,  
To amusement of customers now full to de treat.

At the Bar of injustice this letter was read,  
To Tommy and Mickey, Jack, Billy and Ned,  
Who, as if by magic, from their stupor awoke,  
And instinctively laughed at the beautiful joke.

Then into the kitchen the darling was carried,  
Where squatted some females both single and married,  
Who approved of the way the plot was projected,  
Nor a peep at the much abused letter, rejected.

Now the junior attendant—not cleanest of lasses—  
Whose fingers are tainted with rum and molasses,  
To give her a read they dare not refuse,  
She carried the letter upstairs to peruse.

The job consummated, they all now rejoice,  
To possess such a secret was jolly and nice,  
Ne'er dreaming that he, who that letter did write,  
Would eleven days after, those verses indite.

All you good neighbours who letters would send,  
To father or mother, your brother or friend,  
Mail them, I say, lest they should miscarry,  
And enlighten the minds of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Out-do-You Land, Nov. 1880.  
Papers please copy.

**Pride and Jealousy**  
Or a Wronged Husband.

Continued.

"If you recognise in me your tyrant, I yield you the right to believe the worst of me," he replied in a pained voice.

"My dowry," she continued, unheeding his remark, "might surely be sufficient to defray any slight extravagance of mine."

Not by any implied word or remote hint did Hugh denote to her the source from whence that boasted dowry sprung.

"I married not your gold, Grace, he said, in a voice of emotion, "I coveted only the treasure of your love."

That was the last time he raised his voice to check the current of his wife's prodigality. He daily approached nearer to the gulf of ruin, still no complaining word passed his lips. Whatever the bitterness of his soul, he kept it to himself, unshared and silent. There was no circumstance that might have touched a less vain, thrifless nature than Mrs. Sherwood's, and that was her husband's studied absence for the gay assemblies over which she continued to hold her stated sway. She merely scoffed at the captious spirit from whence she flattered herself it sprung, little dreaming that those gay hours of hers were passed by Hugh in the unpretending but happy home of John Rudderforth.

Amongst the thoughtless crowd of her acquaintances was Sir Everard D'Oyley, once a suitor for her hand, or fortune rather. Beneath his sleek, polished, and elegant exterior beat a heart of selfish coldness. He had been a fellow-student of Hugh Sherwood's at the same college, but had subsequently passed almost from his remembrance until a rumour reached Hugh, when he was in Italy, that he was likely to find a rival aristocratic baronet. But Hugh believed he knew his cousin's heart, and that it

one who was alike incapable for good as he was powerless for evil. The banker's sudden death happily revealed to Sir D'Oyley a glimpse into the disastrous state of that gentleman's affairs, and nipped in the bud his professed devotion for the charming Grace. But when she became Hugh Sherwood's wife, and the centre of fashion, he once more aspired to bask in the sunny atmosphere of her beauty. His frothy eloquence flattered her vanity the base coin of his adulation was welcomed by her with graceful smiles; she knew not, dreamed not, a shameless counterfeit it was, nor the dishonourable exchange he sought to barter for it. Insidiously and stealthily as the spider weaves his subtle web, he drew the soft silken snare more closely around the feet of his unsuspected victim. He seized every occasion, however slight, to entangle his enervated pupae, and Hugh's continued absence aided him well in his crafty plan.

The London season was drawing to a close, and Mrs. Sherwood had issued cards for a ball, which was to outvie its splendour any that had preceded it. A few days prior to the event she had paid a visit to her jeweller's, where her eyes were greeted with the sight of a diamond necklace and bracelets of unique workmanship. The price for the gems was high. Grace hesitated, perhaps for the first time, until suddenly the ingenious device flashed across her mind to exchange for them a set equally superb and costly, that had formerly adorned her bridal robes, and had been her husband's wedding gift. To do her justice, the thought brought with it a pang of remorse; but the tempting jewels silenced it. They were bought, a check for five hundred pounds accompanying the exchange. She returned home with the coveted prize, and her first inquiry was for Mr. Sherwood. The servant replied that he was in the library, and here she sought for him.

Hugh was seated at the table with an ebony casket, of quaint fashion, inlaid with gold, before him. As the door of the room opened he hastily closed the lid of the casket, and hurriedly locking it, placed the key in his pocket. The rapidity of his movements excited her curiosity. Her eye glanced quickly from her husband's flushed face to the singular casket. A jealous pang shot through her heart, followed by a long procession of intangible doubts.

"Dear me," she at length said, with ill-assumed gaiety, "why Hugh, what a strange-looking box! I have never seen it before."

"Indeed," was Hugh's reserved reply.

"Indeed? no indeed," she said, with vexed petulance; "from whence or whom did you obtain it?"

"From one who gave me joyfully her love," replied Hugh in a sad voice. "I set your image beside hers in my heart once, Grace. It is there still; but—"

"And you dare to tell me this," interrupted his wife in a burst of frenzy. "Ungrateful man! the hints I have received of your perfidy are now confirmed."

"Hints of my perfidy!" said Hugh in surprise; "from whom?"

"From those who seem to know you better than your insulted wife, was her passionate reply."

"Indeed," said Hugh mildly, "and yet a wife should know her husband if she studied to do so, better than all the world besides."

"I demand," she exclaimed, enraged by his coolness, "to know the contents of that casket."

Hugh's figure rose to its full height. A bitter smile illumined his features as he folded his arms across his chest, and regarded his wife steadily and silently. Grace lunged back his face with a gesture of defiance, and she launched forth her jealous reproaches. His meanness was accentuated at last; this was the cause of her sordid avarice.

His silent anger stung her worse than words. He stung her sharper words approached nearer to him, and he breathed his hot breath on her face, as, with an impassioned gesture of her foot and hand, she said, "Give me the key of that casket."

"One obstacle prevents me," replied Hugh, with calm irony.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"My will," he replied dropping the words with slow precision from his lips. "I do not intend you to have it."

With an ironical smile lighting his face, and a mocking humility of manner, Hugh bowed his head, then turned from his wife, and walked proudly from the room.

To be continued.

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Also 500 Pairs Men's Marchalong Boots at 7s. 11d., only to be bought here.

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100 Barrels Choice P.M. PORK,  
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**V. ANDREOLI,**  
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**GENUINE SINGER**  
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**Beware of Bogus Agents and Spurious Machines.**

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Sole Agent for Nfld.  
Sewing Machines neatly repaired. Warranted for two years.

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Consisting of:  
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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

**I, ROBERT CHURCH,** of the City of Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada, Shoe-maker; hereby give notice that I have made application, under Sec. 13, Cap. 19, XIX Vic., for Letters Patent of the Island of Newfoundland on "Improvements in Boots," said improvements being applicable to "Tongue Boots," and consisting mainly in forming the leg, of a single piece of special pattern, with the seam in front.

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Inquiries made—questions answered. All business considered confidential. No greater publicity than necessary given to any matter.  
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Nov. 1st 1880

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