

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

O gay and happy-hearted, whose lives have been crowned with sunshine and beauty, have you never imagined that outside the fairyland in which you are living, there are those who are pining for want of one kindly ray of sunlight to fall upon the dreary waste that stretches out before them? Have you never singled out one whose young life has been filled with sorrow, and whose eyes have often welled with bitter tears? Have you never read the history of that heart, its sanctification through suffering, and its purification through tears?

I call to mind, at this moment, one who has drained the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs; who has tasted of what to her wore a semblance of happiness, and found it but a Dead Sea apple; a woman, tender hearted and true, in whose eyes even now there beams a subdued light, and whose face wears a look of patient resignation such as only those who have passed the ordeal can ever know.

You do not know her, I presume. She was Marian Hastings once, a light-hearted, joyous girl, tenderly beloved and respected by all who knew her. She graduated from school with highest honors, entering upon the duties of life with the brightest prospects before her, and she has often remarked since on the realization of her girlish dreams,—

I used to think life one continual summer day, and it seemed to my vivid imagination that it would always be like the calm ripple of those Southern seas where never an angry wave breaks the serenity of the surface, and where spicy odors are wafted from the shore to intoxicate the senses. I have always imagined this to be the fulfillment of my dreams; but oh, the bitter awakening!

It was during a visit to his sister that Marian first met George Lyons. Twelve years her senior, a finished man of the world, and to all appearances noble and high-minded, he won first her esteem, afterwards her love, and finally persuaded and flattered until the poor child consented to be his wife, though in direct opposition to her mother's wishes.

I shall try to make the best of it, Mrs. Hastings would say, and Marian is so happy I am beginning to think all my fears groundless; yet, somehow, I cannot overcome the feeling that it will not always last.

A year of unalloyed bliss had passed, and with it all the love of George Lyons for his wife. Finding himself frustrated in his plan to obtain her income, he became neglectful and even harsh. The games at chess were ended, the music in the parlor hushed, and, instead, Marian, always alone now, spent the weary hours in tears.

Too proud to expose her husband's neglect to the world, the young wife shunned all society, gradually pining away and preparing herself for an early death.

Ah! how many times red eyes and swollen eyelids were attributed to some highly imaginative story which lay on the table unread. But deep in the heart of Marian Lyons was a story imprinted; a story of a pure young life wasted, of bright hopes and noble aims blasted; a story of real life with a chapter being added daily; Heaven alone knew how it would end.

There are among us—and the number is not small—fond, trusting women who are reading daily the same deplorable tale; in whose memory it will linger as long as life lasts, and in whose hearts it is a vampire draining away their life-blood. They may wear a smile, but oh, bear testimony, you who have felt those burning heart-scalds, how much of weariness and emptiness there is in such a life!

To every delusive dream there is at last an awakening, and it finally came to Mrs. Lyons. A friend who had seen her utter dejection called one day, determined to rouse her, if possible, from the apathy into which she had fallen.

My dear, she said, why do you shun society? It is a common talk among those who know you, and I cannot bear to hear your name the theme of scandal without defending you. You are silent and sad, so unlike your former self that I know you are not happy. Now put confidence in me, just as you always did before you were married, and tell me your troubles. Let me sympathize with you, for I know it will lighten the load.

I will tell you, Nellie, what I have never before hinted to any one else; for when I found my marriage had nearly broken my mother's heart I resolved that, whatever might befall me, I would never give her another moment of unhappiness. The trouble rests with my husband, for he no longer loves

me. As soon as he found that the income left me at my father's death was placed beyond my control until I came to be twenty-one, he ceased his attentions, and is now scarcely more polite to me than to the maid in the kitchen. How often I have longed for one little act of kindness, one cheering word of sympathy! but all in vain! Heaven pity me or I die!

You must not give up this way; I cannot bear to see you so sad when there is so much left for you to live for. Others suffer as much as you, and yet wear a smiling face, so do not be faint-hearted, but show the world that your love for one man will not kill you. Society cannot yet have lost all its charms, and it misses you more than any one can tell. Open your piano and learn the popular pieces of the day; you have no idea how much it will assist to pass away lonesome hours. My brother and I are going to the opera to-morrow night, and if you will only consent to go we shall be most happy to call for you. Now don't refuse. And just get your cloak and hat, and we'll have a nice walk; the air and sunshine are two powerful restoratives.

Thus urged Marian could not refuse; and you would have been surprised, I know, to see the change it made. At their parting, she said to her friend,—

I will let you know in season my decision about the opera, and I am more than half inclined to go.

George, Nellie Gregory has been here to-day, and is anxious that we should go to-morrow night with—

Yes, of course go, if you like; but you know it would be a perfect bore to me, and besides, I am going to Baltimore for a day or two.

Well, as I do like, I'll just trouble you to hand Miss Nellie a note as you pass the house on your way down town.

Was it Marian who spoke then, hitherto so silent and sorrowful? I think Mr. Lyons half doubted it himself, for he looked up instantly only to find her before the mirror fastening a bit of bright ribbon at her throat—something that had not happened before in months.

On his way to the Club he left the promised note, and somehow, he found his way home earlier than usual that night. Much to his surprise the parlors were lighted, and as he neared the house the sound of music greeted his ears.

Surely there must be company to-night, he thought.

But to his utter surprise Mr. Lyons found only his wife.

What will happen, Marian, that you are playing to-night? and haven't you nearly finished?

It may happen that the moon will turn to green cheese, or the sun prove to be a piece of wood with a gilded face, like many other things; and since you are annoyed I will close the piano.

The next day, as her husband was leaving for the cars, Marian went as usual for a parting kiss; but pushing her aside he said,—

You'll never remember you are a married lady, and any one would think you little else than a child with your baby caresses and kisses. Do act like a woman for once, and don't have the dumps while I am away.

Have no fears, for I certainly shall not have the dumps, as you choose to call them. And forgive me that I have been so long a child, when I've arrived at the mature age of nineteen! but henceforth I'll be a woman, since it is your wish. Most men would take with them a wife's parting kiss as a holy treasure, not something to be scorned; but thanks to your good judgment, I shall never give you the opportunity to refuse one again. Now good-by, and, God speed you on your journey.

So they parted, he with a jeering laugh on his lips, she with proud scorn on every feature, and for the first time since their marriage her eyes were tearless at his departure. That night, at the opera, none received more admiration than Mrs. Lyons; old acquaintances pronounced her to be truly charming. But blame her not if under the artificial bloom there was hidden an aching heart; would you have her expose to the world all the bitterness that crowded itself into her young life?

And a new life dawned upon her. At first she sought society to drown the voice of gossip; but at last she came to long for it as naturally as does the thirsty traveller for the cooling spring. No longer quiet and sad, but a proud, worldly, and beautiful woman, Marian reigned queen of the circle in which she moved. Her style was faultless, her wit sparkling and brilliant; her songs were filled with a touching pathos or lively ring such

as none other could give, and so society claimed her as its pride and darling.

So she woke finally from her dream, to find the idol of her girlhood was but a brazen image with the face of a man, but a heart of its own peculiar metal; and at last she became sensible that she no longer loved the man the world called her husband.

Marian, said Mr. Lyons, one day, I am in need of money; can't you get some for me? If you love me as you used to you will not refuse, so get it for me to-day, for I must have it.

Never remind me again that I loved you once! It is like a blissful little dream from which I find a rude awakening. And I know now why it was that you lured me into an early marriage. Had you been content until I could control it, the little money I had would doubtless have fallen into your hands; but my eyes are opened, and I refuse, now and forever, to give you a penny of my dear dead father's savings. Never dream of it again, for it is as impossible as my love for you—and that long since died a death from which there is no awakening. I presume we understand each other now.

Quicker than a flash of lightning the infuriated man raised his hand and struck a blow that sent her reeling across the room, where she lay stunned and motionless for some moments.

On recovering from the swoon Mrs. Lyons looked around in amazement; but on gathering her scattered senses it dawned on her mind what had happened, and going to her husband with a steady, determined look in her face she said,—

Henceforth and forever we are strangers, and no word or look of mine shall ever recall it, for I make the vow before Heaven!

It needed but a short time for Marian to collect everything that belonged to her, and be driven to her mother's door. When her trunks were carried in Mrs. Hastings looked with ill concealed surprise; but too well-bred to manifest it in words, she stood silent until the door had closed.

Marian, child, what does all this mean? All your trunks here, yourself pale and trembling—tell me, I cannot bear suspense.

It means simply this: I have come home to stay always if I may. This swelling on my head will tell you that all is not right; but that is nothing to the wretched life I have led. And seeing the tears fast gathering in her parents eyes, she continued, do not pity me; I have lived so long without a word of sympathy that I do not need it now. Let me have the same room, and the same seat at the table that I used to have, and we will try to forget that I have ever been away.

My child, I have known it was not all right for some time; your sad countenance broke the truth first, and your gayety afterwards could not deceive a mother's heart, though it might all others. Your pride has kept you silent; but I knew the thread would snap sooner or later. And he dared to rise his hand and strike you! I have had a presentiment that something was about to happen, for I have had a fire in your room all day—something that has not happened before since you left home; so we will go right upstairs and you shall lie down while I get something to quiet your nerves.

For two days Marian seemed in a state of feverish excitement, and on the morning of the third day her mother found her tossing on her bed, wildly delirious and moaning piteously. So for two long weeks the fever raged, and throughout that time the sufferer lay insensible to everything, whispering to herself in an inaudible, weary strain. At the end of that time, when the fever had reached its crisis, and the good doctor gave but little hope, Mrs. Hastings sent this message to her son-in-law:—

"Your wife lies unconscious, and will not probably recover. If your guilty heart prompts it, come and see her to-night, as she may not live until morning. Your secret is safe; do not fear reproaches."

And he came while she lay sleeping, perhaps never to wake again; for the physician had said on this sleep her life depended; and looking on her fair face, so lately radiant with health, no sign of remorse crossed his hardened features, no word of regret escaped his lips that she lay dying, and by his own hand; but with his characteristic indifference to everything he said to Mrs. Hastings,—

Morning will probably decide her fate, and if she dies let nothing be left undone, and send for me again. If she lives I shall carry out a plan I have had in view for some time. Marian will never come home to me again, and it is better so, for I never loved her. So before she regains her former health I shall be on my way to China, probably

never to see her face again. Then with some degree of tenderness he added, God bless her and may she find in the home and heart of some other the happiness she never knew before.

This was all, and taking his hat George Lyons left the house.

All that night her mother and the physician watched by the bedside, and when morning broke, and Marian opened her eyes and called "Mother," they knew she was slowly but surely drifting back from 'Death's door.'

The weeks passed and the invalid was rapidly regaining her lost health; but no word from her husband, until at last in glancing over the morning paper she read of a frightful disaster at sea, where many lives were lost, and the name of George Lyons in the list of those missing. Eagerly she sought her mother, who could but confirm the probable truth of the statement, and then tried to console her daughter.

It is all over then at last, and may a merciful Father have pity on him! Do not think me strange and unfeeling, but I cannot mourn for him, and I feel an inward thanksgiving at my release from bondage, for he was a hard task-master. And he told you he did not love me? he was honest at least, and now that the sea rolls over him the name of George Lyons shall be sacred in my memory, not for what he was but what I once believed him to be. We all have our faults, and let us leave his with his Creator.

Many came to offer consolation to Mrs. Lyons at the loss of her husband, trying to penetrate the mystery of his departure during her illness; but on this subject she was singularly silent. Not even her most intimate friends could gain a word of satisfaction. She would only answer,—

He was in health then, and I in sickness; yet it pleased God to take him first and in the way He did. The decrees of Providence are always just.

Two years passed and during that time Marian regained much of the charm of her younger days; not a mask now to deceive the world, not a smile when the heart was sad; but her genuine light-heartedness had come back to her in her old home life.

May, dear, said her friend, Nellie Gregory, now Mrs. Lockwood, I want you to go home with me and spend the winter. Your mother has promised to go if I could get your consent, so you have really no good excuse, and I will not take a refusal.

So after much persuasion Marian finally consented, and at the end of the month, found herself at the pleasant home of Mr. Lockwood. It needed considerable tact on the part of her friend to bring her out into society; but with the assistance of Mrs. Hastings it was finally managed, the result being a grand party given in honor of Marian's arrival, and henceforth no party was complete without her presence. This was the first time since her husband's death that she had laid aside her mourning robes, and now she was radiantly lovely in pearl color and black lace. No wonder that Fred Gregory's eyes were dazzled, and no wonder that he thought her more beautiful than any one else present; for few possess the power to charm or at least know how to use that power to advantage.

A continual round of gayety followed, into which Marian entered with some of the old spirit; and many were the offers of heart, hand and fortune laid at her feet, to all of which she returned the answer, I do not love you.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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 seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation, 25 cents.

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

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote.
- BRIGUS....." W. Horwood.
- BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.
- HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.
- TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller.
- ST. PIERRE, Miquelon " H. J. Watts.

Volume

SEP

S.	M.	T.
1	2	3
8	9	10
15	16	17
22	23	24
29	30	
..

MOON

NEW MOON...
FIRST QUART...
FULL MOON...
LAST QUARTER

N

J. HOW

Dealer

ENGLISH

HAR

Picture Mould

Glassware, &c

TROUT

(In great variety)

221 WATER

St. John's

One door East of

N.B.

and material, ma

St. John's, May 10

HARBO

Book & S

E. W. LY

Importer of

NEWS

PERM

Constantly on ha

School and Accou

Prayer and Hym

nominations

Music, Charts, Lo

French Writing I

Concertinas, Free

Albums, Initial No

Tissue and Drawi

A large selection

MUSIC

Lately appointed

PRINTING & LI

Also, Agent for J.

ing Jeweler.

A large selection of

CLOCKS, WAT

MEERCHA

PLATE

JEWELRY of e

May 14.

BLANK

Executed with

DESPATCH a

Paper.