

Business Before Pleasure.

On his face a close intentness, In his eyes an earnest light, Every movement or word needed Brimful of devoted might: It is now his time of business, And as at a sacred shrine, Does he hold with creed of granite That all duty is divine. Nothing shall give interference; Business first, in peace or strife After that, whatever offers For the Beautifying life.

On his face a relaxation— Now amusement he has won, For the duties are accomplished, And he'll laugh in pleasure's sun. He has right to: never conscience Pierces with some lightning thought That some dear desire triumphed Ere to duty dues were brought. So no discord mars the music Made by mind and honest heart, But a voice from the Great Worker Whispers, "You've well done your part."

Wise and happy men or women, Thus to Business loyal, yours To add also to earth's glory While upon the mortal shores, Loyal work that makes the ages Snow Humanity has right To possess the throne of Matter With the mind's, heart's, muscle's part! "Business then before all pleasure," Let us sing on land or sea, And the Pleasure when so earned, must Larger, sweeter, holier be.

SELECT STORY.

Following an Example.

I am really quite shocked at your conduct, Nettie; it is most indecorous; and the speaker, Nettie Danforth's maiden aunt, a prim, well-preserved lady of about forty, put on a severe look.

Why, Auntie, what have I done now? queried Nettie, raising her blue eyes in well-simulated surprise.

You know too well, I fear, child. You will persist in trying by every means in your power to attract the attention of Ned Bartram, and really your flirtations with him are too much for me to endure calmly. I feel that I must remonstrate, and try to awaken within you a sense of modesty, which now seems deadened, or at least sleeping. Now, when I was young—

When you were young! Why, Auntie, I hope you don't consider yourself old—I don't, cried Nettie, with animation, hoping to distract her aunt's attention from herself by a little delicate flattery.

Why—ahem—no, child, not old, of course, but I have passed the age of gushing school-girlhood, and can now, from my twenty-eight years of experience, judge more clearly of what is proper for a young girl like you.

To be sure, Auntie, I acknowledge that you know what is best; but you speak of your experience: do tell me about your old beaux, urged Nettie mischievously.

Beaux! cried Miss Elmer, and her face expressed all the horror she felt. Why, my dear, I never thought of such a thing! As I told you before, the ideas of the young girls of twen—ahem!—of a few years ago were not all bent on such things. Yet here are you, who, with the example that have been set you should be a most modest, retiring girl, using your greatest endeavours to captivate this young man. It's shameful, positively shameful! I blush for you. No, don't; I'll do it for myself.

And Nettie covered her face with her hands, and Miss Elmer observed with great satisfaction, that her niece's face was quite crimson; but, alas! we are sorry to say it was not, as the good lady imagined, with mortification, but—suppressed laughter.

I'll tell you what I'll do, Auntie, continued Nettie, after a pause of apparent confusion. I'll promise to follow your example. There, will that satisfy you? Perfectly. And though I say it, who shouldn't, I must say that I think you will find little to blush for if you follow in my footsteps.

And the lady lifted her head rather proudly; while Nettie, having given and received the kiss of reconciliation, managed to stifle her mirth until she reached her own room, where it found vent in a clear, melodious thrill of laughter, as she said:

Ah, Auntie, Auntie, you think I don't know about your demure flirtation with old Doctor Allen; of your occasional necessary visits to his office for medicinal aid, and your unexpected encounters in the street—ha, ha!—but I do. And it will not be my own fault if I don't

marry Ned Bartram, in spite of your shocked sense of propriety.

It's all nonsense, my dear boy, sheer nonsense, the idea of you, who are hardly of age, talking of marriage. And Ned Bartram's maternal uncle grew quite red in the face in his indignation.

Why, uncle, I'm twenty-five. I should think I was almost old enough to be looking out for a wife, that is, if I ever intend to have one, which I most certainly do.

Pshaw! ten years hence will be time enough. No man ought to marry before he is thirty-five; he don't know his own mind.

But uncle, expostulated Ned, who is going to wait all those years for a fellow? Certainly not pretty Nettie Danforth. Why she has had a dozen lovers already, and although I am happy to say, that she has discarded them all in my favor, I could not think of presuming to ask her to wait a dozen years for me.

Why there are other young ladies in the world besides Nettie Danforth, my boy. To be sure, she is pretty, and, I presume, is as sensible as most young girls; but she is altogether too young. Now if I was to select, I should choose some sensible woman of mature age—say about such a person as Miss Nettie's aunt, Miss Araminta Elmer. Ah, my boy, there's a sensible girl for you. She'd make a first-rate wife.

Ugh! she's forty if she's a day, muttered Ned to himself, in disgust; then turning to his uncle he said smilingly:

If you have such a fine opinion of the lady, why don't you marry her yourself, Uncle Allen?

I—marry? and the old gentleman's face became purple as he bustled excitedly under his coat tails. How absurd! Ned, you know I don't believe in such nonsense. I've lived fifty-five—ahem! forty years without thinking of it, and it's not likely I am going to make a fool of myself now, is it? Is it, I say, sir? demanded he indignantly, halting his chubby little person before his amused nephew.

Well, my dear uncle, you see we disagree so upon that subject. Now I should call it anything but making a fool of yourself if you were to marry; and really, sir, I agree with you that Miss Elmer is a fine old girl, said Ned mischievously.

Old, sir, old? Why, Ned, my boy, what are you talking about? She tells me—I mean I have been told that Miss Elmer is twenty-eight or thereabouts; just at the proper age for matrimony.

Well, if you say so, why, of course I am bound to believe you; but really, if any one had asked my opinion, I should have added ten or twelve years more; but any how, uncle, take my advice and marry her. You can't do better; and then perhaps you will feel more charitably inclined toward Nettie and myself.

No thanks for your advice, roared the irascible old gentleman. Keep it until it is asked for, will you? There, as Ned opened his mouth, as if about to speak; not another word, sir. Get out of my room, will you, with your uncalled-for advice?

Ned smilingly obeyed. He knew his uncle too well not to feel sure that his anger was only momentary, and that, as the old gentleman was really one of the best-hearted men living, he would have gotten well over his indignation before they met at table.

Good heavens! murmured the doctor, as he sank exhausted into a chair, and ran his hand nervously through his scanty curls, the young rascal will have me accepted, and married before I know it. Can he suspect my partiality for Miss Elmer? No, I think it is only his inveterate love of match-making. He is crazy to run his own head into a noose, and so wants everybody else to be as idiotic as he is.

And the offending nephew whispered to himself as he walked away:

The old gentleman is certainly smitten with the peerless (?) charms of Miss Elmer, and I shouldn't wonder if they make a match of it after all, as Nettie predicts. Ha, ha! How uncles colored up when I proposed it.

Miss Elmer sat in her brother's parlor alone, dressed in her best, and with her well-dyed hair arranged in the most becoming fashion. She sat rigidly erect in her chair, as motionless as if sitting for her portrait; but it was for something far more important that she was attired with so much care—she expected a caller. The family had all gone to a neighbor's to tea, but she, by a preconceived plan, had excused herself on the plea of a headache, and now, with a fluttering

heart, she awaited the coming of her visitor. Doctor Allan, who, she felt assured, would joyfully seize upon such a favorable opportunity to declare his passion.

A low, rather irresolute knock sounded on the door, and Miss Elmer hastened to open it.

Ah, is it you, Doctor? she cried smilingly. Walk in. I am in solitary grandeur, and was really feeling quite lonely.

Lonely, my dear Madam! ejaculated the little doctor, as he removed his hat, and followed his hostess into the parlor. Lonely! Oh, sweet lady, would I could guard you against all such feelings. Believe me, it would give me the most intense happiness; and he placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed deeply.

Why, Doctor, how you talk! and Miss Elmer simpered, and attempted to blush behind her fan; you men are such odd creatures.

Odd, dearest Madam! odd? Well, I admit it; we certainly are odd when Cupid pierces us with his downy shafts. But then, Madam, it is the ladies who are to blame, for who can withstand their bright glances and sunny faces? and he gave her a most affectionate glance.

Miss Elmer really did color, this time from excitement, for she felt that the decisive moment was very near at hand, and she murmured:

Dear me, Doctor, what a flatterer you are!

I assure you, dear lady, I do not flatter. Ah, Araminta! and down plumped the little doctor upon his knees. I assure you that I am in the most solemn earnest. I have lost my heart to your bewitching charms, sweet one, and will not rise from here until you promise to be my bride.

Much as she had longed and waited for this moment, during her long years of spinsterhood she now felt some embarrassment; but mistaking her silence for aversion, the doctor cried:

If you won't have me, Araminta, I'll—I'll—take poison!

O—h! screamed Miss Elmer. I will! he averred solemnly, forgetting his late declaration, and rising to his feet.

Oh, then, Jonathan, I will promise anything you please, cried Miss Elmer, blushing. Take me, dearest; I am yours! and she flung herself into his arms; but her weight was almost too much for the enamored doctor, who staggered back, and would undoubtedly have fallen, had not a knock just then sounded on the front door, and Miss Elmer withdrew herself from his arms, gasping:

O my! the folks have returned. What shall we do? I would not have them find you here for anything. They—they would tease me so about you, Jonathan, dear; and she simpered.

Good gracious, Araminta! cried the doctor, nipping his hot face with his handkerchief; I'm sure I wouldn't have that rascally nephew of mine find me here for a thousand dollars. Cannot you hide me?

The knocking was repeated, this time much louder.

Yes; this way, cried Araminta in desperation, and she pushed him into the china closet. They won't find you here, and as soon as they leave the room I'll let you out.

One moment, my dear, exclaimed the doctor, popping out his head as she was closing the door; you promise to be mine?

Yes, yes anything—only go in, she cried, in a panic, and, satisfied, the doctor drew in his head, and his betrothed closed and locked the door, and pocketed the key with a sigh of relief.

Ah! is it you? I declare, you gave me quite a start. I was dozing, fibbed Miss Araminta blandly, as she admitted her brother and his family.

I thought I heard some one talking to you as we stood upon the steps, said Nettie suspiciously.

O no; you probably heard me speak to the cat, replied Miss Elmer smilingly.

Oh, Mr. Bartram, cried Nettie suddenly, we have some of the finest cake-mother made it yesterday. You must taste it; and she essayed to open the door of the china closet. Why, it is locked. Where can the key be? she cried wonderingly.

A rattling of dishes sounded within the closet, followed by a crash and a wild cry, and then a voice exclaimed:

Oh! oh! Help! Murder! I'm killed! Let me out!

Miss Araminta uttered a piercing scream, and fainted.

The door now burst open, and out hobbled the doctor, and a most pitiable spectacle did he present; his hands, face and clothes were bedaubed with Mrs. Danforth's best preserves, and he limped

painfully, emitting a deep groan at every step, for one of his feet was held firmly in a large trap which had been set to catch the vermin that infested the closet.

On hearing Nettie's attempt to open the closet door, he had, in a blind attempt at concealment, essayed to climb upon the topmost shelf, but unable to sustain his weight, the shelf gave way, and precipitated him, together with a quantity of china, to the floor.

Despite the poor man's distress, his appearance was so ridiculous that it caused an irrepressible burst of laughter; but he was soon released from his unpleasant predicament, and was then much more inclined to treat the affair as a joke. Ned began to quiz him unmercifully, but Doctor Allen was equal to the occasion, and taking the hand of the blushing Araminta, who had recovered from her swoon, he said bravely:

Yes, Ned, I have after all concluded to marry, and the sooner you follow my example, you young dog, the better; and the day that sees pretty Miss Nettie here your bride, sees you the possessor of fifty thousand dollars.

Nettie has promised to marry me, uncle, said Ned, taking the hand of his betrothed.

And you know, auntie, said Nettie, laughing and blushing at the same time. I promise to follow your example.

A FAMILIAR PHRASE.

The phrase, "The devil to pay," is not so profane in its origin, nor so illegitimate, as some might suppose. Most of the common expletive sayings of the day have a parentage legitimate and proper, and the foregoing is not an exception. The startling word is not necessarily impious or irreverent. We have the "devil-fish," and we have in the printing-office a youthful specimen of humanity who cannot be understandingly designated to the craft without borrowing the Plutonic appellation. The phrase in question doubtless originated in a printing-office, on the occasion of the Saturday night's settlement of weekly accounts. The publisher, with a scant purse, receives the ominous call of his foreman.

Well, John, how is it? What must I pay to-night?

Typus wants five dollars; and Shooting-stick wants four; and Siderule says he must have seven.

Mersey, John, you'll clean me out entirely. My subscribers haven't done a thing at paying up this week. But—let's see,—yes,—here's the money.

And, sir,—I should like a few dollars for myself.

That's bad!—But here you have it—all I've got.

But, sir, you forget,—there's the devil to pay.

And can we wonder that thereafter, when the poor publisher wished to particularly emphasize what he deemed to be a perfect crusher in the way of business, he borrowed this significant phrase?

THEY WILL ALL DO SO.

A young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a young lady and after a brief courtship proposed and was accepted. But what was his surprise one evening, when about entering the parlor with all the unceremonious freedom of a lover, at discovering his innamorata upon a sofa, her arms around the neck of a neighboring youth, and her lips in such blissful proximity to his as to convince our hero that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed homeward, arriving just in time to surprise his only sister, the pious wife of the village minister, squeezing to kill a young disciple of Blackstone. Nearly frantic at such disclosures among people whom he had believed little lower than the angels, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother, kissing the old family physician, who had stole a march upon her as she was looking up the poultry.

This was too much, and with a groan the young man turned, undiscovered, away, resolved to pass the night with his grief, beneath the stars, fearful of further developments should he venture beneath the shelter of another roof.

The morning encouraged him, however, and dew-drenched and sorrowful, he finally sought his home, when his mother, with true maternal solicitude, questioned him as to his sad looks; whereupon he related the inconsistency of his fair betrothed, receiving in reply the gratifying intelligence that she was a good-for-nothing huzzy, and he must not speak to or notice her again—she was so utterly unworthy.

But mother, he continued falteringly, that is not all.

Not all! What can there be more?

That's the next question.

Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister—my goodly sister—in the arms of a rascally young lawyer.

Your sister? shrieked the outraged mother. My child? The ungrateful, wicked creature! Is it for this I have given her a home, and cared for her husband and children? I will do it no more such conduct is infamous—and to be disgraced! She shall leave to-day, and never enter my presence again.

When sick and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions of sin, I left the house determined to pass the night in the barn, I there found my mother kissing old Dr. F.

You did? I did.

Well, never mind, my son: they will all do it.

DON'T HURRY.—Believe in travelling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk; walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself, had better not move, from bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit, is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you, is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe, if the bucket be there to catch it. He who undertakes too much, succeeds but little.

A POP, wishing to excite the higher sentiments of his lady-love, and turn her mind to the contemplation of noble themes, said, "Maria, what do you suppose I was a hundred years ago?" To which Maria responded, "Just what you are now—nothing at all!"

A LONG BRIDGE.—A Paris paper, speaking of the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, says, "It extends from the shore of Portland, in Maine, to Port Sarria, near Lake Huron." That statement will make the school-children of America laugh.

A WESTERN poet gives a new version of an oft quoted stanza, thus: "Politicians' lives remind us That contentment's sure to scoff us, If we leave our wits behind us In struggles to get into office."

A COLORADO paper says, "We hope our next Legislature will vote funds for the establishment of a hospital for the deluded individuals who come to this State to die. This is too healthy a climate for such people."

A YOUNG lady of Michigan dug a well forty feet deep last summer, and received one hundred and thirty dollars therefor from her father. She received numerous offers of marriage from young farmers who wanted wells dug, just after she completed her job, but she declined them all, saying that she thought it best to "let well enough alone."

WHY is the sluggard told to go to the ant to learn a lesson of industry? Because he can there recline upon the mossy bank, and observe the ways of the diligent insect at his leisure without fatigue.

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