# And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser. 

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Number 3.

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| med midow satalono |  |  |  |  |
| dilene nompor heart | been hard, loset and wioked that |  |  | nk |
| er ringing laug of | my baby, my pete died, and 1 mourned |  |  | On sir for the in |
| Fell softly on five little graves that were |  |  | as Dian's apollo ever had the pleasure |  |
|  |  |  | It rasalili in vain I tried to fasten up |  |
| d them all | Perty | r, | my hair it would stil persist in iling. | ${ }_{\text {in }}$ |
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|  |  | - |  | comple drending whith would haro |
| o woeful mother lived to wish that she had also died. |  |  |  | taken all the stifirass out of the 'slites' |
|  | lave stared to death if you hadr't |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | complaxion. Good.day, sir. |
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| gires Sin to wear, |  |  |  |  |
| ite, | dit had a poro orph |  |  | Ooked |
| 兂 | my hilidren trated me. Finalls, I got |  |  |  |
| thougha a silent praser. denly, behind her seat, unvont | and anged at some ilitl |  |  |  |
| though a hesitating hand the rustic |  |  |  | caupht in the storm, and your distivzas |
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|  | cruel things in my weighed on my con the rest. It I cou |  |  |  |
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|  | more | My sister turned superciliossly up |  | Itruiy hepe that the did not reoegniza |
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|  | That's her |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { cobl } \\ & \text { bile } \end{aligned}$ |
| And thankeed the Lord, whas | Oun kor her? The feeble wo | We |  |  |
| da cranted |  |  | 1 replice only in | but suppressing tie angry mordis hat I |
| eei, God halp mo to | mas onel Earrestiona Van Dialseio, the |  |  |  |
| Hether | poorhous inir and forrive and pitit |  |  |  |
| aik ab |  |  | hen, riv | ed myself io my necustamed place by |
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|  | Wha has taken are or me when my own |  | ${ }_{\text {coin }}^{\text {that }}$ |  |
| you keep your door unbarre |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Muct more was |  |  | Thi |
|  | 退, | with such a plain, dark face, the sallow- |  |  |
| vho died for youl |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | of light blue which I was arrayed | . |  |
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| The Poor-House Girl. |  |  |  |  |
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| PPY in the lore of her | of Abigail |  |  | less |
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|  | ${ }_{\text {a }}^{\text {Was }}$ | by Diana and Misis Ray, I salliced oot | y |  |
|  |  | dis | that |  |
|  | Were heaenes, threate | On and | ${ }_{\text {tive as }}^{\text {mas }}$ | You condescauded to bestom uppon us. |
| or, sick, and apparenenty frieodass, |  | rising within me, as I thowht that I |  | ${ }_{\text {mys }}^{\text {minto }}$ |
| mi | if elegant sister, Diama, and her most in | who had |  | like cyese of yours, your whole dark face |
| tend, and the next day ween | We rero all spendinga foew weeks at |  |  |  |
| serriant carryiog a raricty | a by no meass very ta | ${ }_{\text {Das }}$ | laughing glanees and almost insoloenty |  |
| She monuted tio.e rioketty | ted |  | that he was |  |
| derything bespole popere | tesenty $I$ heard my | ata |  |  |
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| corner was, indeed, a pitil | Yes. Balle, it eertai | Pri |  |  |
| conld b | setat and restiliely to to | eadd |  | in orb nexr.] |
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|  | and render the ti |  | of us, | THE STAR |
| A sorrowtstrioken, wrinkled |  |  | Sp here | AND CONCEPTION BAY SE |
|  | 1 orerearat to.day. | ner | Certainit |  |
| wroug | That I canot tell, Diana |  |  |  |
| $e_{\text {TMas lier former mistreses Mrs. Rich. }}$ | on |  |  | Tosite the premiese of Capat. D.fireend |
| times sthange, and fortu |  | preaipitated | ing 1 saw him | and Job Prming exeoutea in a |
|  | And Mises Ray tosed bit | As. quickly asp posibie |  | teed toationd the utmost |
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