

THE STAR.

Folly's Fandango.

In youth's bright days—'twas long before
My dancing days were over—
I voted work a horrid bore,
And idly lived in clover.
I danced as I shall never dance
Again now wisdom's riper,
And capered on in ignorance
Of who should pay the piper.

I danced until the money flew
Out wildly from my pockets;
I danced till dull and sunken grew
My eyes within their sockets.
I danced until rheumatic gout
Was of each toe a griper—
And then it was I first found out
Who had to pay the piper.

I danced till I'd worn out my soles,
My stockings needed mending,
My coat and trousers were in holes,
My very hat was rending.
I went to Friendship for a loan,
But Friendship proved a viper,
And I'd no money of my own
Wherewith to pay the piper.

I set my shoulder to the wheel;
I worked just like a nigger;
My heap through constant toil and zeal
By slow degrees grew bigger.
From off the slate of each old score
At last I was the wiper;
And now, you see, I dance no more—
Let others pay the piper.

ROSE FANE'S TRIAL.

[CONTINUED.]

I have come to you, Paul, she said simply; I knew you would help me; another man in your place might triumph over me and tell me to abide by the lot I chose, but you will not. You will help me, if you can.

Her simple faith and reliance touched him beyond all words. He waited until the deep emotion had passed, and then said quietly, You did right to trust me, Rose; I will not fail you.

There was no triumph in his look, no triumph in his tone, nothing that could remind her that she had preferred his brilliant, careless rival to himself. There was deep reverence for the simple, brave, noble woman, who came to him in this dark hour of shame and sorrow.

Rose Fane sat white and trembling in the easy chair where Paul Ashton had placed her.

You will let me lend you this money, Rose, said Paul; that is the only way in which I can help you. You shall repay me when better times come.

She tried to thank him, but the words died away on her lips.

Paul Ashton took down his cheque-book, and without a word he placed the cheque in her hands.

You will get that cashed at the bank, he said. Yet—no; people might wonder; wait only ten minutes, Rose, and you shall have notes.

When he had quitted the room Rose tried to pray; she tried to utter some of the thanks that filled her heart to overflowing. In less than ten minutes she held in her hands the money that was to save her husband from ruin and death. Then, for the first time her courage gave way, and uncontrollable weeping told how fearful had been the suspense.

I cannot thank you, Paul, she said. I have no words. You have saved a life dearer than my own.

I would do more than that for you, he said, quietly. I told you, Rose, I should come and ask for your friendship when I could look upon your face with calm indifference. That time will never come for me; yet I thank heaven that once in my life I have been of use to the woman I love and esteem above all other women. I sorrow in your sorrow; grieve in your grief; yet this is one of the happiest hours of my life.

She rose to take leave of him.

I will repay you, Paul, she said. I will repay the money—the debt of gratitude I can never pay.

Rose still trembled so violently that she could hardly stand.

Have you taken anything to-day? asked Paul Ashton, suddenly.

No, she said. I forgot all about everything, save Charley and his sorrow.

He fetched some wine and made her drink it; he forced her to eat some dry biscuit; he stood over her tenderly, gently, and lovingly, as a mother would have done over a child.

Now you look better, he said, as a faint colour stole over her face.

He looked wistfully at her as she held out her little hands to bid him farewell. He would have given anything to speak one lov-

ing word to her; his heart yearned with a deep and mighty love towards her. She did not know why those firm lips quivered and grew pale.

Good-bye, Paul, she said, simply. I thank you, and bless you.

Good-bye, Rose, he said. God bless you! for you are a brave, noble woman. Remember in the hour of need, you have but to come to me.

She passed out of his sight, and the sunshine of Paul Ashton's life went out with her.

It was evening when Rose reached home again—evening, yet Charley had never moved. He lay just as she had left him; the burning flush had died away, and the face was white as marble. The eyes that sought her face were wild and haggard. She went up to him, and knelt by his side.

Charley, she said, you are saved. I have got the money.

She never forgot his cry—it was that of a drowning man suddenly saved. For some minutes he was too much moved to speak; then Rose told him of the true and noble friend who had saved him.

That lesson went to Charley Fane's heart. He hated himself when he contrasted his own character with that of his noble rival.

How small, how mean, how selfish I am, Rose! he cried. But no one will ever know my secret, he continued. No one will know I gambled away my employer's money, and made myself a felon; but I know it myself; I can never respect myself again.

Then Rose spoke to her husband as good and true women speak to the sorrowful and repentant. She told him of the love that pardons all sins; she showed him that one error must not blight his life. He must expiate it, and live it down.

So I will, Rose, said the repentant man; this has been a fearful lesson, but it has cured me; my future shall atone for the past. I will win back my own self-esteem; yours will follow.

Charley Fane kept his word nobly. His whole nature seemed changed. Temptations, hours of weariness came, but he conquered them. He learned self-reliance. He learned to resist when duty bade him resist. He no longer yielded to persuasive words. He became thoughtful, earnest, and strong. The dreadful peril he had been placed in by his own folly was never absent from his mind.

By dint of hard self-denial he saved the borrowed money, and took it himself to Paul Ashton. How he thanked him no weak words can tell. Paul greeted him cordially; his whole heart rejoiced in the change; but in this life Paul Ashton never gazed upon Rose Fane's face again.

There is now no happier family in England than that of Charley Fane. The secret of his wife's trial remains a secret still.

Myra's Test.

Myra Winfield was an heiress, and, besides that, she was young and pretty, so you may be sure she had many admirers. They were all anxious to gain her favor, and thus a hard battle was fought between them on her account; but it was a difficult matter to tell who would come out victor. She was excessively fond of admiration, was, withal, rather coquettish, but seemingly unconscious of those charms of manner and person which she possessed, and which rendered her so attractive.

At the time our story commences she had left the seclusion of her home, and had come to the city to visit her cousin, Bell Travers. Here she met Charlton Rivers and Clarence Arlington, and both became very devoted to their attention to her. She preferred them to her many other suitors, but how to decide between them she did not know. Charlton Rivers was reputed to be very wealthy, while Clarence Arlington was poor. Had Myra followed the dictates of her heart, she would have chosen the latter person; but she naturally suspected both of being fortune hunters, and of that class of beings Myra Winfield had a peculiar dread; so, when they came, and, figuratively speaking, laid their hearts at her feet, she could give neither of them a definite answer, and sent them away with the promise that their fates should be decided the next evening.

It is so hard to choose between them, you know, she said, archly, to her cousin, when they were alone, and really I must have time to decide before I can give them an answer. I like both of them, but how am I to know whether they really love me?

Why do you not test them? inquired Bell Travers, smiling at Myra's puzzled expression of countenance.

But what can I do, Bell? said Myra.

Can you not form some plan—tell them you've lost your property, or something like that? Bell suggested.

Myra clapped her hands.

Oh! that would be splendid! Bell! I shall tell them that I am poor now, and then it will be a very easy matter to see if they want me for myself alone.

Bell Travers smiled this time at her pretty little cousin's eagerness. She was well acquainted with the gentlemen in question, and did not doubt that Clarence Arlington, the rising young lawyer, would prove equal to the test; she had a high appreciation of his many good qualities, and knew that he loved Myra devotedly! Of Charlton Rivers Bell could say but little; she did not entertain for him the same regard she did for his rival, and doubted much whether he would marry Myra were she a poor girl. Bell did not, however, make her cousin acquainted with her thoughts and waited with great eagerness for the result of Myra's test.

* * * * *

When Charlton Rivers came the next evening, expecting to receive a favorable answer, Myra met him in the cosy and cheerful little parlor, with as sorrowful a countenance as she could assume.

Mr. Rivers, she said, in a faltering voice, I feel that it is my duty to tell you all: I am poor now. Soon after you left me last night I learned that I had lost all my property.

Myra paused.

Charlton Rivers stared at her in surprise; he scarcely knew what to say, for this little piece of information had not been expected by him; after thoughtfully twirling his watch-chain, he at length stammered forth,—

Myra—Miss Winfield—I—I am very sorry for you, but I must beg leave to withdraw my—my—

I understand you thoroughly, sir; no explanation whatever is needed; you have changed your mind simply because you believe me to be a poor girl. I perceive now that it was my wealth alone had attractions for you. I am glad, sir, and thankful, besides, to have learned your true feelings toward me before it was too late.

Myra said this coldly, and with a flush of indignation on her cheeks. Charlton Rivers did not wait to hear any more, but, with a haughty bow and a scowling face, left the room, and Myra drew a sigh of relief when she heard the hall-door close behind him.

A few moments after Charlton Rivers' hasty departure, Clarence Arlington entered the room, and advanced eagerly toward her.

O Myra! he said, impetuously catching one of her hands and holding it firmly. May I hope? You do not know how much I love you—how very dear you are to me!

Myra was about to tell him all, but he would not listen.

Do not attempt to offer any explanation, Myra, he said. Your cousin has told me all. O Myra, he went on, in a grave tone, do you think that I care for your wealth—that I ever cared for it? No! that was but a barrier to all my hopes, and I am willing to take you as you are. Myra, tell me if you will be my own—my dear little wife? I am poor it is true, but I love you, darling, and will strive to make you happy.

Myra looked up tremblingly into his honest, handsome face, and, placing both hands into those held out to her, she gave him her answer, with a rosy blush that lit up her face, and made her look far prettier to Clarence Arlington than ever before.

O Clarence! Myra managed to utter, after a little pause. I have deceived you—I am not poor at all and merely did this to test you. Can you forgive me for the deception?

There was no need of asking that question. Myra, with her head pillowed upon his breast, looked up into the clear, honest eyes bent so lovingly upon her, and felt then that she would have been poor indeed had she lost Clarence Arlington's love. They were married soon after, but Charlton Rivers, though invited, did not attend the wedding; he had learned the whole truth, and never forgave our pretty heroine for the deception she had practised upon him. As for Myra, she did not regret the result of her little test.

Angustus says young men get tight by solacing themselves with the "ardent," but that young ladies get tight by so lacing in a different manner. Of corsets so.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of grief, contrition, and love.

VARIETIES.

A BEAR STORY.—A good story is told about an old hunter, who used to trap about Moosehead Lake, by the name of Ellis. His reputation as a great bear hunter extended far and wide. Several years ago, when bear skins were very fashionable for sleigh robes, sportsmen about the lake in the fall would engage one of Ellis; and, as the old man was poor, would pay for them in advance. He had bargained for one this way one year, and when the first snow came, he started off with his gun and soon came on Bruin's track. He ran all day not overtaking him, but camped upon his track that night, and early the next morning took up the scent and followed it all that day, with no better success than the previous day. The third day found his aged limbs quite sore; however he made another start, and ran till well nigh exhausted, when he came in sight Bruin, who had stopped for a few moments refreshments, but upon seeing his pursuer, started off again at full speed. The old man took aim and fired; but Bruin didn't stop. Feeling too far gone to run another step, he shouted with all the energy of despair,— "You may run, and run, but there ain't a hair on ye that belongs to ye, for I've sold your hide and got my pay for it."

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR GIRLS.—Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism:—

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with Cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are well in their places, and so are the ribbons and tassels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter—and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its relations as well as its fancies; but you make all its decorations remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may trap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! If you should trap and marry an industrious young man, and deceive him he would be unhappy as long as he lives. So render yourself worth catching, and you need no shrewd mother or brother to recommend you, and help you to find a market.

HAPPINESS IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—If a man is so situated that he cannot be happy in his family relations, he will not enjoy happiness at all. Man must cultivate, therefore, and look for this great end of his labors at home, in the bosom of his wife and in the affection of his children. Around his own hearth, in the presence of a loving family, the husband and father, himself the affectionate head of the household, cannot be otherwise than happy. He is there perfectly at ease, may be himself without reserve, and be sure that no unpleasant occurrence or consequence can result therefrom. It is his kingdom, and he is beloved by every subject. His wife is the honored queen of home; none dispute her benign sway; she rules by smiles, and the whole family lives in her love, and can be happy only where they possess it.

MOTTO FOR GROOMERS.—Honest tea is the best policy.

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