

An Old Sait on Polar Expeditions.

Bill Foretop, Able Seaman,
Now in hospital—that's me—
Who knows what scummy humbugs
Polar enterprisers be,
A truthful yarn desires to spin'
While lying in Sick Bay,
About that blasted fraud, the pole,
And this is what what say:

I shipped for a long Arctic cruise
Three years ago this fall;
Our barkey in the ice got nipped,
Jack Frost he nipped us all.
The pemmican and beans gave out,
The rum got werry low,
And with our ebbing liquor ebbed
Our spirits on the floe.

We slewed a "Nan Suke" now and then
(That's Eskimo for bear),
We sarcumented walrus
When they riz up for air,
And when we'd dined on blubber-soup
And finished up our chores,
We turned the old sledge bottom up,
And pitched into All Fours.

But when the blessed mercury,
Itself began to freeze,
And too low down to graduate,
Went back on the degree,
The Strongest salts, quite fresh till then,
Made signals of distress,
And numb with cold, the feeble lost
The number of their mess.

At last, when bear and walrus failed
We took to food unclean;
We ketchid and fri assed our rats,
But, rat if they were lean,
And when at lenth the ice broke up,
And let us out of dock,
Pharaoh's lean kinewould have seemed
fat
Beside such meager stock.

No more high latitudes for me,
I keep not for the pole;
The needle of my destiny
Don't point to symms's Hole,
If ever more this ocean child
Is ketchid among the floes,
May he be everlastingly
The opposite of froze.

SELECT STORY.

Making Love in the Dark.

DON'T some one mark my lines for me, please. My quilting looks very much like Mrs. Partington's turpentine walks, and Mary Norris raised a pretty laughing face to the assembled company, which consisted of the elite of Brownville, with some of the lower strata. The little village boasted not of its numbers as it did of its pretty girls, and Mrs. Goodwin was resolved to have her quilt finished by fair means or foul, and being desperote, had scraped Brownville for her quilting bee.

The usual gossip was at its height when it was interrupted by the appeal of Mary Norris to Mrs. Goodwin, whose interest it was to have every line perfect, and to keep the social machinery in running order. So she bustled about and soon got Mary to work again.

I wonder, said Jennie Haskins, if Mary Frazier is coming to-day? Goodness knows; she is terribly fashionable and aristocratic, returned one of the lower set.

O, she is coming, interrupted the hostess; she promised me not to fail, and she is such a quiet, unobtrusive little thing, that she will accomplish a great deal, even if she does come late.

She wouldn't be fashionable and like city people if she came as early as the rest, put in another of the lower strata. For my part, I wish she would stay away entirely. We can live without such stuck up—

The sentence remained unfinished, for at the moment the lovely face of Mary Frazier looked in upon them with a pleasant smile. In her quiet manner she had glided in at a side-door, removed her hat and gloves without disturbing the hostess and thus surprised them.

Mrs. Goodwin greeted her warmly, and as usual, with much fuss and bustle, she seated at the quilt, where her slight, left fingers, as Mrs. Goodwin had predicted, soon began to trace line after line in her exquisite and neat fashion, and to outdo many who had come earlier.

All the people who could be picked into pieces were, and Brownville had to pass through the social feminine mangle customary upon such occasions, and yet, strange to say, survived. After tea the gathering of the rustic swains began. Among them came handsome Doctor Collins and his old bachelor-friend, Doctor Peters. Of course the entire unmarried portion of the other sex were setting their caps for the handsome young physician, and were doing all they could to increase his vanity and spoil him generally. Upon the present occasion he joined right merrily in the country games, romped with Mary Norris, and paid more than one forfiet, on her red, pouting lips. Indeed he seemed to revel in sweets, for most of the girls thought making a show of resentment when he kissed them, evidently sought or challenged such liberties—all but quiet, little May Frazier. She stole in

out-of-the-way corners, and more than once slipped out of the hands of those who sought to drag her into their play. It was whispered again that she was too aristocratic to mingle with the common herd, though in truth, from having been reared in the city, she was unprepared to permit so great liberties. Her extremely delicate nature shrank from becoming public property. Her lips were reserved for him who should win her love, and were not to be desecrated. But that she, also, had cast longing eyes upon the young physician, was not to be denied. Yet, even the most careful observer had not been able to detect the fact—a higher color or sudden bounding of the heart at the sound of his voice, when he addressed her in tones always differential and polite, as if he was just a little frozen or awed by her manner.

Mirth reigned fast and furious as the evening waned. Chairs were overturned in the boisterous game of blind-man's buff, while dresses and sashes suffered sadly. The doctor, seeing Mary Norris dash out of the front door, followed her, resolving (upon the spur of the moment) to seize the time to disclose his love. Such an even had been one of the things of the future, if at all; until now he had not given much thought to it, but her saucy black eyes, and sweet, warm kisses had completed his enthralment. Out under the vine-covered porch of the Goodwin cottage, where he could distinctly trace the soft outlines of his love in her fleecy-white dress, he followed, and gaining her side, whispered:

Mary, I must leave now. I have a patient to visit yet to-night, but I cannot tear myself away without telling you how much I love you.

One little hand was clinging to the trellis as he spoke, and dimly tracing the coveted member, he forcibly possessed himself of it, while his other arm stole round her slender waist. With an air of timid surprise, all unlike the usual spontaneous and demonstrativeness of Mary Norris, the young girl dropped her head and murmured:

I—I—did not think—
You did not think I loved you. Is that it, my sweet girl? Well, I do most sincerely. But, Mary, I am not an adept at love-making, and I presume I am very brusque. Yet, will you be my wife?

Surely you cannot mean it. You have never shown me the slightest preference, was whispered back as her head dropped still lower.

Never shown the slightest preference! Is it possible that under my careless and light exterior you did not detect a more serious meaning? But I am waiting my answer, and he bent down to catch the timid "Yes."

The night was moonless and dark—so much so that the doctor could not see as he longed to do, the blushing face of his Mary. He kissed at random, and being determined to leave the seal of betrothal on her lips, kissed first her ear, then her cheek, and after meandering all about at last settled upon her sweet lips, which were turned temptingly upward.

God bless you! he whispered. Tomorrow evening I may come and see you, I suppose, and then we can adjust our happy future?

Just then the shouts of some lasses being chased out the back-door, and around the gravelled walks, by their rustic admirers startled the lovers. Dr. Collins kissed his affianced again, and dashed away before he was discovered. Of course he walked upon air, and it is most likely his prescription for the invalid was a little mixed. But after he had gained the quiet of his own room he lay awake for a long time reflecting upon the stupendous step he had taken. Somehow, he half regretted that he had been so hasty, as he communed with himself.

I am afraid, he thought, that my mother and sisters will think her a bit hoydenish. But it cannot be denied that she is beautiful and shrewd, and if transplanted into a more fine soil will improve. How she seemed to melt when she found I loved her, and how changed were her manners. I confess I expected her to accept my wooing with her old time, half defiant and saucy dash. But lo! she became sweetly womanly, tender and gentle. I could feel her pliant form tremble and thrill in my arms, and her timid "yes" was given almost with a sob. By Jove! I had no idea that the child loved me so much, and I shall always be good to the sweet girl. She shall be the very apple of my eye.

With this resolve Doctor Collins floated into dreamland, to rehearse over again the little love passage in the rustic porch of Mrs Goodwin and beneath the twining morning glory vines. The following day passed for him with leaden feet. He longed to meet Mary Norris in her new character of his affianced bride. That she would be gentle and sweet with him, now they were engaged, he did not doubt, and he felt he should like her better when a trifle toned down. So the early shadows of the evening found him at the door of the Norris mansion. Mary was at the piano,

He could distinguish her voice in some familiar strain. No doubt this was only a ruse to cover her natural confusion. A servant showed him in and he instantly discovered that Mary was not alone. A masculine friend from a neighboring village was devotedly leaning over her and turning the music. The closing of the door announced him. Mary started up from the instrument, and without the slightest deepening of the roses upon her cheeks and as simply and naturally as ever came forward, greeted him and introduced her friend, Mr. Cummings.

The hot blood surged into the cheeks of the doctor, and he attempted to express his disappointment and ardor with one eloquent glance; but it fell entirely short of its mark. No answering expression came back to him. As if unconscious of their new and near relation to each other, Mary Norris ran on in merry jest and raillery, until he became thoroughly out of humor, and espoused the contrary side of every question, and at an early hour took his departure. When in the hall where the girl accompanied him, he turned upon her with words of reproach.

How could you admit that fellow to-night when you expected me? I beg your pardon, Doctor Collins, she replied with her saucy black eyes dancing. You are very much mistaken. I did not expect you to-night, and that fellow is one of my dearest friends.

Mary, you are trifling with me. Have you forgotten what transpired in the veranda last night?

What veranda?
That of Mrs. Goodwin, to be sure. You must be insane, doctor, or are labouring under some hallucination. I was not in Mrs. Goodwin's veranda with you for a single moment last night; and if you made any engagement with any young lady at that time and place it was not with your humble servant.

Not with you? he gasped, pale to the lips. Who the deuce was it then, I should like to know?

I can't say. You should not be so careless, doctor. No doubt some fair Brownville girl is this moment looking hereyes out while you are wasting your time with me. But I must go back, or Charley will be jealous. Yet stay. I have one trifling bit of confidence for you. We are engaged.

Certainly. Don't I know it, he exclaimed, seizing her hand, with a suddenly radiant face.

Knew it and had the audacity to call my Charley a fellow! and to be angry because I did not deny myself to him on account of your stupidity in thinking that under Mrs. Goodwin's porch you had informed me of your intended visit. O, goodness, what a coquette you must believe me to be.

His hands fell away from hers suddenly, and his voice was husky, as he answered:

I congratulate you. Good night.
Out in the silent and dull village street he ground his teeth, and used some very intricate and harsh words against himself; the worst of which perhaps was that he might be considered an ass! He went directly to his office, and Doctor Peters noticed the change in his manners, and kindly inquired what was the matter.

Any bad news my boy! he asked, jocosely. You look as though you had been having a case of double conjunctions and did not know what to do with them.

I am an unmitigated fool, that's all. I've gone and engaged myself.
To be married? Not that, boy?
Yes, just that, old fellow, and he sank into a chair with a most disgusted air.

Dr. Peters looked at him for a moment, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Why, the deuce take it, he said, as soon as he could get his breath, one would think you were doomed to be hung. I give you my word that if I had gone so far as you say you have I should try and look more cheerful.

Good heavens, how can I? Listen for a few moments. As I said before, I am engaged to be married, but I swear to you I don't know to whom!

The old physician sat up, his face suddenly elongated, and he stared at his partner in pills with open-eyed astonishment. Presently he said, as if to himself:

The boy is as mad as a March hare!
No, I am not—wish to thunder I was. He related minutely every thing that had occurred under the porch and screening vines at Mrs. Goodwin's, and continued: Who ever I mistook for Mary Norris evidently believes in and loves me. She solemnly yielded herself to my caresses as my betrothed wife, thinking that I worshipped her and her only. Doctor Collins groaned and ran his fingers through his hair until each particular fibre stood on end. His partner vainly attempted to control his risibles. One glance at the disconsolate visage of his friend was too much and (to use an Hibernianism) he let off a roar that shook the very foundations of Brownville, and it was a good half hour before he could sufficiently

control himself to give his friend the comfort and advice he needed.

No doubt, was the reply; it is a laughable matter, and its ridiculous side exceedingly funny; but for the life of me, Doc, I can't see it. And now, as a gentleman and man of honor, what am I to do?

Doctor Peters wiped his eyes, settling himself to considering for a time before replying and then said:

If I were in your place I should first find out to whom I was engaged, and if she proved agreeable, or rather desirable, I should marry her, unless my heart was firmly set upon Mary Norris.

Fortunately that spell is broken, I see that I was merely infatuated. Besides I find that she is already engaged. But that does not matter now. Suppose I find the young lady the very reverse of my expectations and hopes. What shall I do then?

Make yourself so devilish disagreeable and exacting that you drive her to the extremity of jilting you.

That advice is very sound no doubt, but how in the name of common sense am I to find the girl?

You would make a poor detective. Evidently her name is Mary. If I understand you correctly you called her that alone, with a few pet epithets thrown in.

I had not thought of that.
Well, think over all the girls in Brownville by the name of Mary, and the one most likely to be she. Then visit her at once. There is Mary Carter.

It wasn't she, interrupted Doctor Collins with a gesture of disgust.

How do you know? Remember you shot in the dark.

Don't you think I should know if I was hugging a saw log? Didn't I tell you her form was slight and delicately moulded?

O! if you had ocular demonstrations of the fact, I yield. Might it not have been Mary Lewis?

No. She is too tall.
Then clearly, it is, as I have suspected—Mary Frazier—and, I congratulate you, my dear boy, for having so stumbled upon a happy fate in the dark. She is, without doubt, the dearest little woman in the world, and a perfect lady withal. The handsome face of the young physician cleared, and he reddened visibly, as he answered:

I had not thought of her other than to admire her gentle and sweet manner, and radiant, intellectual face. Somehow she is always so reticent and retiring that I have found it rather hard to get on with her.

If you had been better read in the ways of women, this alone would have convinced you that she was more interested in you than she was willing to acknowledge—even to herself.

A thousand thanks Doc. I confess that you have helped me wonderfully, and if it is indeed the lovely Mary Frazier to whom I am affianced, and by whom I believe myself greatly beloved, I will try not to be wholly miserable.

The next evening according to the advice he had received, Dr. Collins called upon Miss Frazier. As she arose to greet him a sudden uplifting of a pair of soft, brown eyes, and upsurging of the tell tale blood convinced him that he was upon the right track.

Of course, he said, taking her hand, and looking down into her timid and blushing face, you expected me last night?

Certainly, and I presume I ought to give you a lecture for not coming, she replied, smiling sweetly through the roses.

I most surely deserve it. But you are aware one is never certain of a physician. His time is not always at his own command, and you must be confident pressing engagements kept me from this dearer one. He blushed as he said the words, though he found it no hard task to again seek the lips of the lovely girl. Dr. Peters, Mary Norris and her Charley danced not many months afterward at the wedding of Mary Frazier and Dr. Collins, and who could not help drawing comparisons between the two, and most favorable to his own sweet, gentle wife. And as the years go by he never ceases to thank fate for the rare gift bestowed upon him in the dark.

WHY AUNT SALLIE NEVER MARRIED.

Now, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us why you never married. You remember you said once when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised you would tell us about it some time. Now, aunt, please tell us.

Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself, I was quite a good-looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy was a young minister, a promising young man and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a great deal of me and I kind of took a fancy to him, and so things went on until we were engaged. One evening he came to me, and put his arms around me, and kind of hugged me,

when I got excited and some frustrated. It was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged back a little. I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know the house where I lived was on one of the back streets of the town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened over the street. These doors were drawn to. I stepped back a little from him, and when he came up close I pushed him back again. I pushed him harder than I intended to; and don't you think girls, the poor fellow lost his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street.

Oh, aunt! Was he killed?
No; he fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of his trousers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back but his suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a party of ladies and gentlemen along the street.

Oh! aunt! aunt! Lordy!
There, that's right, equal and giggle as much as you want to. Girls that can't bear a little thing like that without tearing about the room and he-he-ing in such a way, don't know enough to come in when it rains. A nice time the man that marries one of you will have, won't he? Catch me telling you anything again.

But, Aunt Sallie, what became of him? Did you ever see him again?
No; the moment he touched the ground he got up and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you it was a sight to be remembered. How that man did run! He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. But he never married; he was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that time, that he never dared trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason why I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time—for he was a real good man, and I often thought to myself that we should have been very happy, if his suspenders hadn't given way.

A New York saloon keeper keeps his father about the place as an encourager to his patrons. The old chap is near ninety years old, and says he hasn't gone to bed sober for more than sixty years.

A lady who on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day, a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, is that a member of your family? Oh, that is my poor brother-in-law was the ingenious reply.

A telegraph operator at Elmir, last month, summoned a doctor from Wellsburg, thus:—Come at once to see procession of Carria Spencer's Menagerie. The message, when repeated, read:—Come at once, with prescription—case of cerebro-spinal-meningitis.

A Virginia auctioneer pulled out a revolver and announced: If any man goes frolicking about while this sale is going on, I shall interrupt his career. Put them guns over by the fence, an' leave 'em thar.

A physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary and inquired for a pharmacopoeia. Sir, said the apothecary. I know of no such farmer living about these parts.

Ain't it wicked to rob dis here roost Jim? Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo; we ain't got time to consider it now. Hand down another pullet.

In Wisconsin a man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because the blasted book hadn't got an index.

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