

THE OLD CLOCK'S VOICE.

Against the wall the old clock stands,
Its hands are red with rust;
And its pendulum sways through a dusky haze
Of cobwebs robed in dust.
Over a hundred years ago,
With measured swing and motion slow,
This clock began to mark times flow

Many a one, in days gone by,
Who gazed upon his face,
Now sleeps where the breeze through the
tremulous trees
Makes musical the place!
Yet, as if it were an immortal thing,
The old clock still keeps up its swing,
And counts the hours as they take wing.

Off in the stormy winter time,
While gathered around the hearth,
The young and the old secure from the
cold,
Make most of the hour of mirth.
Above the ringing laughter's chime
Is heard the old clock's steady rhyme,
Weaving the song of passing time.

And when the summer days come round,
And the birds sing in the trees,
While the breath of flowers called forth by
showers,
Sweeten the kind south breeze,
Mingled with sound of bird and bee,
And cheery laughter of infancy,
The old clock's voice sings merrily.

All seasons through that voice is heard,
Through fortune and through ill,
Whether fate be fair, or dreags of care
Life's fullest measure fill;
To note the moments as they fly,
The hours that come, the hours that die,
The old clock stands there faithfully.

CARRIE BERTRAM;
OR,
How a Heart was Healed.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI, AND LAST.

Caroline felt wonderfully relieved by her long drive in the country; seeing which, her uncle proposed another on the following day. Caroline willingly assented, and Donald asked Mr. Quintin to accompany them; indeed through a strange series of circumstances, this acquaintance of a day had already become as one of them, acquainted with their secrets, and they with his. Caroline had been very silent all the time, but her thoughts were not gloomy; they were only tinged with sadness at the uncertainty of worldly things; nevertheless, she thought that it was a very beautiful world, with its rivers, and mountains, groves and glens, flowers and singing birds.

In their subsequent rides, every beauty in the scenery was pointed out to her by Alfred Quintin, who, like herself, was an ardent lover of nature. Every herb and tree, not known in Scotland was commented upon in a way that proved him a thorough master of botany, till Caroline began to feel that these excursions would lack their interest were he not there. She felt his presence a powerful exhilaration to her mind, and gradually allowed herself to be drawn to talk upon her own tastes and studies, thus revealing unawares the extent of her own attainments. During these times old Donald was rather at a discount, though he generally managed to intersperse the conversation with a few irrelevant allusions to the Crimea and Edinburgh, his two favourite topics.

For two months they stopped at Leipzig, visiting many places within easy distance, but always returning there, as if it were their home. The air of the place, or the company, was serving to revive Caroline else they would not have stayed so long. Day by day she was growing more like her own self again, and her uncle rejoiced that he had brought her to so suitable a place.

At length the university session was about to close, and Alfred Quintin, along with a few others, was to receive his honors in the public hall. Donald Inglis and his niece were there, and when Carrie heard the congratulatory shouts as the young Englishman carried away the prizes from the German university, she felt a pride in her heart for his sake sweeter than anything she had ever felt before, and her eyes filled with tears. At the same moment she was conscious that Alfred's gaze was fixed upon her and a rosy blush suffused her cheek; but she reasoned within herself, wondering why she should be ashamed. She liked Alfred it was true, but only with a sister's love. Strange it was then, after all, when she felt so like a sister towards him, that she could not add her congratulations to those of her uncle, but hung back bashful and ill at ease through having a few tears discovered.

Miss Bertram, said Alfred, as they returned to the hotel at the same time offering her the handsomest volume in the collection, will you keep this as a memento of to-day?

Oh, Mr. Quintin, what a shame of you to give away your prizes! she cried unthinkingly.

I never give them away, he said; but I want you to take this one. I shall consider it an honor if you do.

Scarcely knowing how to act, but

feeling to refuse it would annoy him, Caroline accepted it and said she would keep it with pleasure.

Her uncle had ordered a grand dinner to be prepared for the occasion, and had given orders to have a carriage and horses to convey them and it to a fine old chateau distant about ten miles.

It was a beautiful place, a place full of romance and ghost stories; and Caroline felt as if she had left all her old world behind her, when, after the sumptuous meal, she left her uncle and Mr. Quintin smoking on the terrace, and roamed up and down by lake and rivulet, through groves and over lawns dotted with high chestnut trees, under the umbrageous foliage of which rustic seats were placed in perfect concealment. The chateau had been explored while dinner was being set out; so she said sitting down by a mossy well, now I think I have seen it all.

So I think you well might, said Alfred's voice close beside her, after your long ramble; you might have given me an invitation to go with you and see it too.

Oh, are you displeased? she said, I thought uncle and you were getting on very well.

So we were, he replied; what do you think we were proposing?

To take another ride to-morrow? she said, questioningly.

Yes, one in a railway carriage, said Alfred. Your uncle was thinking of visiting the principal cities in Germany, and then returning home by the Rhine.

And would you go with us? asked Carrie.

Do you want me with you? he asked. Of course I do, she replied, we could never go without you, you speak the language and understand the people so well.

Caroline Bertram, he said fiercely, you talk to me as if I were a guide, hiring myself out at so much a day. Surely you have not suffered to so little purpose yourself that you can dance carelessly over other people's best hopes.

Have you suffered? she asked inquiringly.

Suffered! he repeated; yes, and I am suffering now, so badly that I cannot endure it any longer. Put an end to it; say if you can love me—yes or no?

Caroline bowed her head, so strangely overcome that she could not find tongue to answer. Alfred was sitting on the stone wall of the well close by her, and in his agony he caught her hand in his and cried almost sternly, et it be yes or no—yes or no, at once.

Her fair head drooping still lower, she gasped forth a simple yes. It was enough: he heard it, and, clasping her in his arms in his excess of joy, he called her his beautiful, his bride, and all the endearing names that a man like him could shower from the fulness of his heart upon the first woman he had ever loved. They sat there and talked till the sunlight faded away, and the moon and the nightingale hallowed their bliss; then through the groves they wound their way back to the chateau, lost in their maze of love. Murmuring softly to each other, even their tones were in harmony with the scene around, when the spell was broken, and they were brought back to the every-day world by the voice of Carrie's uncle exclaiming, from the end of an alley, hullo, Mr. Quintin, you've taken a considerable time to tell my niece your plans about the tour!

Yes, I confess I have, said Alfred; but we have agreed to propose a small amendment to your plan; and that is, that it be converted into a marriage tour.

Is that your amendment? exclaimed Donald; with all my heart then be it so. I think you said, Carrie, you day two months ago, after you knew the worst, it is better as it is.

We do not know sometimes the kindness of the hand that scourges us, answered Carrie, in a low, happy voice.

When seated in the carriage, and the darkness enveloped them, the three talked the matter over in quite a cool, collected manner. Alfred urged that there was nothing to prevent their getting married at once, and old Donald declared himself set against long engagements; so Caroline was persuaded to give up her idea of being married in Edinburgh, and consented to its taking place before they left Leipzig, on their journey.

A fortnight after, very quietly, but solemnly, was the ceremony performed, and Donald Inglis handed over the fair Caroline to Alfred Quintin, with tears in his eyes, but saying, I am proud to give you into hands so worthy.

Oh, Alfred, she said, I wonder I ever deluded myself into the idea that I loved Stuart Kerr; what I feel for you is so different from what I felt towards him.

Is it, dear? said the proud and happy husband.

I liked him I think, because I considered him my fate, if I may talk of such a thing, said Carrie, or because he was my first love, but not for anything

that was lovable about him: though, of course, I did not see that then.

I understand it, dear, said Alfred; you were early bound by an engagement to him, and your heart was too faithful ever to seek a reason for its devotion, or once to wish for freedom.

This conversation took place as their tour was drawing to a close, and from it the reader will be enabled to draw the conclusion that they were perfectly happy. As for Donald Inglis, he gave halfpence to every beggar he met;—his own peculiar mood of communicating his overflowing joy to his fellow-creatures. In this way he was always being escorted by a retinue of beggars in every town they passed through, which circumstance not unfrequently hastened the departure of the young couple, who did not covet such popularity.

They were once more in England, and for some days were busy among the sights of London, when Carrie expressed a particular desire to see a play that was then being acted in one of the smaller theatres. It was a piece she had seen in her childhood, and she had a strong desire to see it again—nothing very good, The Man with the Iron Mask.

Very well then, little one, said Alfred; but remember, it is to be the last time. I do not object to the drama in itself; but there are evils arising from it, which as a minister of the Gospel, I must try to put down.

But you have not got a charge yet? she replied.

I have got one charge at any rate, that seems going to take charge of me, he said, as he stooped down and caught the little wheedler's face within his hands and kissed it fondly.

That night he kept his promise—he took her to the theatre. The piece was pretty well acted, and, recalling pleasant associations, was to Caroline particularly interesting. When the part came where the heavy iron mask is taken off the prisoner's head, after having been worn for twenty years, she became quite excited, the voice seemed so familiar to her. How strange, she thought, that such a strong impression should be made in such early childhood; it seems only yesterday since I heard that voice ring through the iron mask.

Slowly the prisoner was brought to the front of the stage, the heavy mask was removed, and Stuart Kerr stood before them. He was an actor by nature, and sought to earn a living by what had once been his favourite amusement.

Half fainting, Caroline was conveyed from the theatre, and never asked her husband to take her there again.

Alfred searched out his half-sister, and found her in low lodgings, leading a life of indolence. He offered to add something to the yearly income left her by her father, which offer she scornfully rejected. Notwithstanding this, he never lost sight of her. On his last inquiries he heard that her husband had fallen into dissipated habits, and had become a low actor in a low theatre. She had tried first to teach music and German, but lacking the perseverance and patience necessary to success, had failed in both. Latterly she had tried acting, and earned a small weekly pittance by doing, or rather overdoing the tragedy queen for the entertainment of the lower classes of London. During these vicissitudes Alfred failed not to assist her and her husband anonymously.

Caroline was welcomed with open arms by Alfred's mother; and her young husband, getting a living in his native country, his people became her people, for, saving her own dear Uncle Donald, there were no friends she loved so well as those to whom she had been united by marriage.

THE
Knight of the Gauntlet.

As Tom and I dived about the bay in our boat one sunny morning, baiting for "cunners" that never bit, we talked of many things. Love amongst the rest.

Nonsense, Geoff! said Tom; who would be a married man! Look at old Casco Bay, how it flashes in the sun, and the little blue wavelets go dancing up these island beaches; those same little fellows have been dancing out in the broad Atlantic, tree as the air, happy and jolly. I'd like to be one of them; I don't want to settle down, tied to anything. And as to love, as poets and women write it, it isn't worth stealing.

Hush! Such profanity, Tom!

"A secret sense comes o'er me, I shall not tarry long."

I feel it in the air; I am certain I am born for a romance, and that my destiny will be sealed suddenly and unexpectedly. I shall meet my fate and love her instantly, without regard to times and seasons, days, weeks, or months, but because 'my love loves me,' and I shall marry her off-hand, as in a dream, hardly knowing the color of her eyes even, and

Go on, Geoff! go on! I like to hear you prattle.

I will not. You are laughing at me, replied I, rather sullenly, taking up an oar to change our place with the subject, for I was opening a room in my air-castle, wherein hung my most gossamer, beautiful and dearly beloved dream-pictures, to Tom, just to be laughed at by the commonplace wretch.

What a fool I was to speak of my premonitions even in fun!

Don't mind me dear old Geoff. Indeed, I wasn't laughing exactly at you; but you are such a romantic old boy, and your talk about "sealed destinies" and "fairylike visitants" is so characteristic of you, that's what I was smiling at; not that I don't have the most reverential regard for your "fairylike visitant," or shall, if she appears. 'Kiss and make up,' as the children say, Geoff; and let's go down by the Cistern Islands; they've been frightened off here, and that's more out of the way.

As we slipped over the shining water, and neared the little islands, fir-crowned and pebble-beached, the fresh, glad air, the flooding sunlight, the ripple of the bay, all joined to make it one of life's most beautiful of beautiful mornings to me. What did I care for catching cunners!

Tom, put me ashore awhile, as you fish. I'll take a swim, and explore the place, and you can pick me up on the other side.

All right.

The boat grated the pebbles, a spring, and I was Alexander Selkirk, "Monarch of all I surveyed."

Tom idly "backed water" a little way, and threw out his line again. I strolled along the beach a few steps; snail-shells, pebbles, and knots, of leathery, blistery-looking seaweed strewn the tiny white beach. Just then my eyes rested on something else. I stooped.

At my feet lay a lady's gauntlet glove, a chamois-leather glove. Poor thing, it was soaked almost to a pulp by the bad little waves, that were still tumbling it about, all its fancy stitching discolored and frayed. A most woeful little wayfarer it was. I took it up and squeezed the water out of it. Something hard pressed my hand. I turned the glove, and a shining ring dropped at my feet. A prize! Hurrah! I picked it up eagerly. It was a handsome cluster diamond, and the setting was heavy and valuable. Inside the broad gold band was engraved, "Hope Werner."

Excellent! My future had sent me a token. My fairy was coming, and I knew her name now—Hope Werner. Who ever heard of such a thing as a glove and a ring being tossed up from the broad Atlantic at a young man's feet by chance? No it was a token.

Oh, fiddlestick! said Tom, when a half hour later, I showed him the glove. Nothing strange in finding a glove out here. There's lots of excursions up this way every summer—clubs and what not. The 'Highlander's Club' was here week before last from Boston, and last week the 'Cunner' Club was here from Portland, on Little Chebeague Island. Some girl lost it overboard, I suppose, though you'll think, no doubt, some mysterious, person your 'fairy visitant,' perhaps, sent it; there is to be a wonderful tale hanging thereby, and you'll pin her favor to your helmet, and be of a verity 'The Knight of the Gauntlet.'

Of course I shall, quoth I, with a satisfied little thrill, and an involuntary squeeze of my left arm to the vest-pocket where reposed Hope Werner's ring.

Tom's profane eye I did not intend should rest on that, nor, indeed, any other, to have my dainty secret common talk in ignorant, vulgar mouths.

As for the glove, it kept "shedding salt tears," and leaving dampness behind it on the seat, till Tom pitched it into the sea again, with an emphatic "Nasty thing!"

True to my quest as Knight of the Gauntlet, I searched long and faithfully for the owner, but in vain. Two years went by; it was summer again. My visionary lady love tarried on the way, and my romance was getting dim and dusty; I had almost given up, when one evening, as I was just pulling off my boots to retire to my berth on a Portland bound boat "en route" from Boston, where I had been studying law, etc., I heard a young girl's voice near my door talking to her "aunt." I did not mind what she was saying!

The name "Harpwell" they going there, too, for a summer's frolic? I wondered. She prattled on: Not like "Harpwell Neck," aunt? Oh, yes you will; it is splendid there. You know that's where the "Highlanders" went when I lost that ring.

Oh, yes, I remember when you was down there, dear; as much as two years ago, wasn't it?

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Mrs. H. B. Stowe says: "Men need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life; and to marry when you cannot truly love, is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice."

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honour and self-respect.

WIT AND HUMOR.

DURING a class meeting held in a Southern village, a short time since, Brother Jones went among the coloured portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavour to serve God on Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week he said, "Well Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Bruder Jones, no turkeys." "Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Bruder Jones, no chickens." "Thank the Lord, Brother Dick, that's doing well my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor with an immense sigh of relief "Ef he'd said ducks he'd a had me!"

HOW TO QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out,—she will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one who had common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was, You, with a sigh, reply: "Ah! never mind!" Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" By this time the climax is reached.

TIT FOR TAT.—Somebody—evidently (to judge from the condemned articles) influenced by feminine spite—advocated in an American paper a tax of sixteen cents per pound "on tobacco, liquors, dogs, old bachelors, and members of the Legislature." Old Single-man, after reading the paragraph snorted and said, "Why not on snuff, tea, cats, old maids, and supporters of Woman's Rights? We echo his questions."

A GENTLEMAN of indolent habits made a business of visiting his friends extensively. He was once cordially received by a Quaker, who treated his visitor with great attention and politeness for several days. At last he said, "My friend, I am afraid thee will never visit me again." "Oh yes, I shall," said the visitor; "I have enjoyed my visit much; I shall certainly come again." "Nay," said the Quaker, "I think thee will not visit me again." "What makes you think I shall not come again?" asked the visitor. "If thee does not leave," said the Quaker, "how canst thee come again?"

We never knew a cabman with an eyeglass, or a chimney-sweep with spectacles. We never knew a lady buy a bargain at a shop sale and not afterwards regret it. We never knew a man propose the toast of the evening without his wishing that it had been placed in abler hands. We never knew a waiter in a hurry at a chop house who did not say that he was "Coming, sir," when really he was going. We never lost a game to a professional at billiards without hearing him assign his triumph chiefly to his flukes.

CLEARING UP WEATHER.—Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself to her on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it is cleared up,"—"Just a little ma'am; enough for one, but not enough for two."

Mr. Page, a man of advanced years, found a young lady's glove, and handed it to her saying:

"If from the glove you take the letter G, The glove is love, and that I give to thee." Taking the glove, the young lady replied: "If from the Page you take the letter P, Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

"Ah, John, I have buried my brother since I saw you!" "Served him right," said John. "What do you mean, sir?" was indignantly demanded. "Why, my dear fellow," said John, "would it have been serving him right to leave him unburied?"

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.
BRIGGS....." W. Horwood,
HEARTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.
BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.
ST. PIERRE, Miquelon " H. J. Watts.