

Under The Surface.

On the surface, foam and roar Restless heave and passionate dash; Shingle rattle along the shore, Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface soft green light, A hush of peace and an endless calm, Wind and waves from a choral height, Falling sweet a far off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl, Tossing weed and drifting waif, Broken spars that the mad waves whirl, Where round wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface loveliest forms, Feathery fronds with crim-on curl,- Treasures too deep for the raid of storms- Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

On the surface lillies, white, A painted skiff with a singing crew, Sky reflections soft and bright, Tremulous crimson, gold and blue.

Under the surface, life in death, Slimy tangle and oozy moans, Creeping things with watery breath, Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach, A cry-tal couch for the moonbeams rest, Starry ripples along the beach, Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears, Treacherous currents, swift and strong, Deafening rush in the drowning ears, Have ye rightly read my song.

SELECT STORY. SNOWED UP.

"UCH a storm! enough to woary one to death!" exclaimed Florence Hunter, a haughty belle and beauty of the Trinountain City, pacing her elegantly appointed chamber with impatient step, pausing now and then to part the rich curtains draping the window, and peer forth into the night. Three days of snow, no abatement yet! no shopping scarcely a caller, and now a prospect of the trains being snowed up, and his not arriving! And, with an air quite at variance with the customary repose of her manner, she let fall the heavy folds of brocade, and crossed the apartment to the crimson velvet covered arm chair drawn up before the grate.

By every appointment of that excellent boudoir—The Persian carpet, soft as woodmoss to the tread, the costly fails of silk damask and lace, the elegant chairs and couches, the oval pictures leaning from the walls, and the numberless articles of 'vertu' scattered around—it was plain to see that this was the home of opulence; and by the curve of the city belle's scarlet lip, the arching of her stately throat, the expansion of her perfectly chiselled nostril, and the regal carriage of her small Grecian head with its massive braids of jetty hair, it were easier yet to vote her haughty as she was beautiful.

It was, in truth, a long and wearisome storm that had for these three days been an unwelcome visitor to many in the busy city beside the belle and beauty, Miss Hunter; not a wild, filibustering expedition of the allied powers of rain, sleet, and wind, which often sweep down upon our coast in fury, wreak their sudden vengeance, then as hastily retire; but a continued pitiless siege of snowflakes, whose countless squadrons pour down so steadily that all the earth and air was one parade field for their white plumes. Merchants passing through their almost deserted stores, or looking up from their lean ledgers, growled at the storm that kept the gold at home in ladies' purses, instead of in their money-drawers; clerks, lounging over orderly counters, folded their arms instead of webs of silk or Cashmere reps, for no fair customers disturbed their goods; there were few pedestrians abroad, for the sidewalk were deep in snow, and the horse-cars running through the thoroughfares were crowded to overflowing; State Street wore a forlorn look—curbstone brokers taking shelter in-doors, news-boys sparse and quiet, and change transformed into a sort of waste howling wilderness; while above the brick walls, towering chimneys, and church towers of the old Puritan city folded the gray mantle of the storm, and still fluttered down the snow.

Dear me, Florry, another tedious evening at home!—and the speaker, Mrs. Hunter, a showy-looking woman of forty-five, entered her daughter's chamber. What shall we do to pass the time, unless Holt or Morgan drops in? They are better than solitude, for John says the railroads are blocked up, and Everett cannot arrive to-night. What could have possessed him to hurry off to that stupid country seat of his before he came to Boston? And now this storm will detain him from us some

days longer! And Mrs. Hunter's voice was full of pique and disappointment.

Oh, mamma, if Leonard Everett prefers the rustic attractions of Ridgewood to town, let him enjoy them! replied Florence, with a languid intonation that quite contradicted her former impatience when alone, for she did not care to confess, even to her mother, how eagerly she had looked forward to the arrival of their visitor from his long absence.

Prefers! Why, Florry, you don't suppose that Everett has returned from Europe to bury himself on that horrid farm of his! I never could see the attractions of the country, even in summer, though one must go into it to be sure if one is at all fashionable; but give me a first-class hotel at a watering-place, or some other resort where our set go, and farmers are welcome to their fields, and grass, and all that. You don't imagine Everett will settle down and practice his profession in his native town, Florry?

He will make known his intention to us when he arrives, mamma, replied Miss Florence, with a well-affected 'ennuied' air. In his letters to me from abroad did he mention that arrangement.

Which, of course, you would never consent to, Florry, went on her mother, imperturbably, and complacently adjusting the folds of the rich silk, for she was quite used to the indifference of her only and indulged child. After your marriage he will, of course take a house here; as for his profession, he will do as he likes about practising; but he has wealth enough to live without it. As Doctor Everett's wife, you will be the envy of all our set, Florry!

Why, mamma, you seem to regard it as a settled thing, when you remember I am not his ' affiancée ' yet, said Florence, in her soft, rippling voice, that veiled well her own wildly beating heart.

Florence, all our plans have worked well, so far, and why should we look for defeat now? As your father's ward, Leonard Everett became more intimate in our family than any other young man, an intimacy I took pains to encourage after your father's death and his own majority and succession to his fortune; it was to attach him to you that I educated you to please him, and procured you the masters he recommended; it was to leave you a fair field that I sent her away, that dependent on your father's bounty—and here the woman's eye flashed darkly, while the lip of the haughty brunette in the crimson velvet chair smiled triumphantly as she assented to her mother's gaze. It has been my daily thought for the last three years, during Everett's absence in Europe, to anticipate the hour of his return, when he would ask your hand; and now, Florence, your own beauty and tact must do the rest, for if you let Leonard Everett, with his fortune and position, slip through your hands, you will never see such another eligible offer.

Nor do I intend to fail in so doing, dear mamma, let me assure you! was the beauty's quiet answer, complacently admiring her exquisitely small slipper, resting on the velvet footstool before the grate. So, prythee, 'ma chere mere, don't fear in the least for your Florence!

I thought you had a portion of my spirit and shrewdness, Florry! said Mrs. Hunter, well pleased at her daughter's answer. And there can be no such thing as failure if you decide so. Why there's Fred Holt, ready to offer himself at any moment, if you but show him the slightest encouragement; or Alfred Morgan either of them considered very eligible by any of our friends. But neither possesses Doctor Everett's fortune, a no small consideration, reared with such tastes as you have been, Florry; besides, he is handsome, gentlemanly, and refined. My hopes are high for you, daughter, said Mrs. Hunter, rising.

Thanks, mamma, replied the haughty beauty, indolently. But when left alone all her assumed calmness vanished, and, with flashing eyes, she sprang up and paced the floor of her room, as if she would throw off all false restraint. Wealthy handsome, gentlemanly and refined—all true, my dear lady mother; but you did not think it necessary to add that I love him! Yes, Leonard Everett, cold and proud to the beautiful and accomplished woman you have met in your wanderings, as I know from the tone of your letters from abroad, cold as you have hitherto been to me, my beauty has ripened vainly in these four years if it do not weave a spell to bring you to my feet!—and she flung an appreciative glance into the toilet mirror, swinging on its elaborately carved frame. Cold to all I said, she went on musingly, while her eyes flashed lambent fire for a moment; and yet I have not forgotten that little episode of your last winter here ere you went abroad, that which might have ripened into something serious had not we—my sharp, shrewd mamma and I—sent that artful piece away, that month, after pa-

pa's sudden death. But, Edna Moore, with your blonde face and blue eyes, for you were lovely, enact the role of artlessness as you might the drama was not played out here. It would have done well enough to have had you with us, had we kept you out of sight; but one can't always pass off their kin as governess or sewing girl, and father did have such queer fancies about supporting his poor relatives! So when Everett became interested enough to inquire for you one day it was a pleasure to tell him that you had proved ungrateful and left our protection. Certainly you did talk shockingly for a person in your position to mamma that day we parted! Where are you now, I wonder? And yet why should I give you a passing thought, Edna Moor? It is sufficient that you were swept aside long ago, and now Leonard Everett is returned and my triumph will soon be complete.

Chapter II.

JANUARY day was drawing to a close in the town of Dentford—a country region where dwelt a hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent farming community. The landscape might have been pleasant enough on a fair day, under the influence of a bright winter's sun; but the twilight was closing early, with a thick fall of snow that had not ceased since its commencement the preceding day; and broad fields, bounded by straggling stone walls, dark clumps of firs and hemlocks, that stood like patient hooded monks on the hill to the west—and the weather-beaten houses, with their broad, low chimneys, and long lines of out-buildings—all seemed dim and weird-like through the veiling snow.

With early twilight that shut in the winter's afternoon, the door of a little red school house, perched on the summit of a wind-swept, treeless rise of ground (after the fashion of our puritan ancestors, who always selected such localities for the site of the meeting or school house,) was thrown open with a wide swing; and a troop of noisy urchins, followed by the great boys and girls of almost adult size, emerged into the open air. With book satchels in hand, or the little tin pails that had held the dinner for their nooning, they bent their steps homeward—the boys descending on the prospect of building a snow fort when it should "fair off," and easing the exuberance of their spirits let loose after the school-room confinement by pelting each other with snowballs hastily manufactured from the damp, clinging drifts through which they waded.

When the last scholar had departed the mistress—a young and lovely girl, with such purely transparent complexion, tender blue eyes, shaded by long brown eyelashes, and a grace of air that betokened her the fine lady—the mistress turned the key in the great iron padlock that hung against the weather stained door; wrapped her cloak more closely about her; and turned her steps down the drifted highway to Farmer Brooks' dwelling—the great, square, old-fashioned farmhouse, with its poplar trees in the front yard, and the long gate that barred it from the road.

For a quarter of a mile 'the mistress' kept on, until she turned up into the lane leading to her boarding house. As she neared the door, she felt unaccountably ill and dizzy. For two days past, she had complained of a slight cold, but that afternoon, while busy with the duties of the school room sudden ague fits had sent her to the great wood fire blazing up the wide-mouthed chimney and filled one side of the old school-house, and then as suddenly, hot flashes shot through her veins that sent a splendid crimson to her delicate cheeks and lips, and fired her eyes with unnatural brightness, till she was glad to lean her forehead against the cold window pane for relief. Now, as she crossed the threshold of her boarding house, a blind vertigo seized her, and she stumbled into the entry, and would have fallen but for the friendly aid of Mrs. Brooks, who seeing her approach from the window, had opened the door of the keeping room.

The land! what ails you? are you sick, Miss Edna asked the good woman placing a chair, and hastening to remove the cloak and hood flecked with the soft clinging snow. Speak, child, for you do look dreadful! Ain't a-goin' to be taken down, I hope!

My head was so dizzy! said the teacher, in a faint, sweet voice. It is a little better now—it will pass off, I think! Perhaps a cup of your nice tea will make me feel better. Don't look so alarmed, Mrs. Brooks!

Scairt? I ain't the least bit scairt, Miss Edna; but them cheeks of yours, crimson as pinnies and hot as fire, ain't a-goin' to deceive me—you're feverish, that's sartin; and it'll take another kind of tea than Young Hyson to cure you. I declare, I kept thinking of you this afternoon; and I went up into the garret and fetched down some penny'yal to steep for you to-night, for I said to Jacob: This'll cure up the Mistress's cold and soar throat. Now, set right up to the fire in this cushioned chair, and put your feet on this stool while I take

off them wet overshoes; and then after a light supper—if you feel like eating—I'll steep the penny'yal, and make you such famous 'arb tea as'll bring you down bright as a dollar in the morning. We ain't a-goin' to have you down sick, while Aunt Betsy Brooks knows how to make penny'yal tea! said the brisk, motherly woman, cheerily. Land! what little feet you have got, Miss Edna! she added, removing the teacher's rubbers, and placing the foot-stool.

I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Mrs. Brooks! said the teacher faintly smiling yet pressing her hand on her aching forehead to thrill its throbbing.

Trouble? don't say that agin, child! cried the little woman with mock asperity. Who's a-goin' to take keer of us when we're sick, if we ain't willin' to do the same turn by others? and, stirring the maple clefts that burned in the great cook-stove, she filled the tea-kettle, then drew out the table for supper. Yes, that's what I often tell Jacob, she continued, laying the snowy, cloth, setting out the well-preserved, old-fashioned pink china that she used in honor of boarding the mistress, and cutting generous slices of snowy bread, nice cake, and rich yellow cheese. I tell him, that what we do unto others'll be pretty certain to fall in our own dish some day; and duty, if nothing else, ought to point out the road for every human creature to walk in. Not that I need to think of any such reason for looking after you, Miss Edna—for I told Jacob the first day you came under our roof, a year and a half ago, that I should be sure to take you into my heart to fill the place of my poor lost Annie! and here Mrs. Brooks' voice trembled a little. She was eighteen, when she died; and your brown hair and blue eyes always bring her up before me.

You are very kind to me; and, if you are daughterless, I am motherless! The words fell impulsively from the teacher's lips; and, with them, came also a burst of tears and little sobs that shook her frame. Ill and weary—grateful for the kind friends among whom her lot had placed her—yet oh for a mother's hand to be laid upon her aching forehead! a mother's breast whereon she may pillow herself to sleep!

There, there, don't cry, child! You're tired and feverish, and homesick; don't cry, dear! said Mrs. Brooks, soothingly.

No, not homesick you forget that I have no home to pine for! replied the girl presently, calming her emotion, but suffering the tears to roll down her burning cheeks. But I can't help this longing for my dear mother; and when I get more wearied than usual, or a little ill, as to-night, the old feeling comes over me too strong to be conquered.

And I wouldn't try to put it down, dear! Cry as much as you're a mind to; it's a blessed thing that we can cry sometimes! exclaimed the sympathizing woman, who came and stroked the girl's hair with a tender hand. Dear! how hot your head is! I'll fetch a cloth wet in cold water to lay on it. There, don't feel so bad! You've got some good friends in Dentford at any rate! Squire Stanniford was praising your teaching the other day to the minister, and he said our district had the best teacher of any in the county. So you can stay here all your days, and keep school and live with us—unless somebody should carry you off to live in another home! added Mrs. Brooks, as if previously forgetting such a possibility.

Which isn't the least likely, said the teacher, after a long pause in which she had striven for calmness; the last part of your sentence, I mean, Mrs. Brooks. So you perceive the chances are for keeping me the rest of my life.

There! that sounds natural—to hear you talking cheerful again! said Mrs. Brooks, bustling about her table. Now drink this cup o' tea; not tea, while I call Jacob.

When the good woman returned from summoning her husband, and the worthy farmer appeared in the cheerful keeping-room, the tea still stood untasted before the teacher.

Land! Can't you touch it child? You are real sick. I must have you go to bed right away! and in a warm room to, and when, an hour later, kind-hearted Mrs. Brooks returned from the chamber appropriated to the mistress, she said to her husband, with a serious face: Jacob, I don't know but the child's going to have a settled fever. I shall do my best to break it up; but if she isn't better by to-morrow, we'd better send after Dr. Fenner. She's had a bad cold two or three days, and going to the schoolhouse in this storm hasn't helped her any.

I should have gone over after her to-night; but neighbor Stone had my horse to go to mill, and didn't get back in season. I hope Miss Edna'll be better in the morning, said the farmer kindly. I hope so, too; but she seems to talk kind of rambling, and keeps complaining of her head. I sha'n't leave her to night! replied Mrs. Brooks with anxious face, returning to the chamber where—her scarlet cheeks upon the white pillow—the sick girl tossed and

moaned in the wanderings of fever, and called constantly for her mother with plaintive cries.

Chapter III.

THE railroads plucked up by these mountain drifts I must settle myself contently to another week at Ridgewood! said the owner of the handsome country seat, bearing that title, walked from the window of his library on the evening of the same day when he first looked in upon Florence Hunter so impatient in her city home. What to do, to pass away these lagging hours' is the next question, stretching his handsome limbs indolently before the blazing wood fire, and patting his slippery feet on the polished fender. Books? I don't feel like reading to-night. Ruminating over my travels? That's very well for a week, but one gets tired of solitude, and wants a friend to talk to about the Tyrol, the Vatican, and the Rhine. Correspondence? Well, none of my old chums know I've returned, so none will be expecting letters from me; thus, like Othello, my occupation seems to be departed from me. Speaking of letters though—and by the way, I quite forgot that, if the train ar snowed up, they won't be likely to carry my mails—speaking of letters, here's Miss Florence Hunter's last, received in Europe—a delicately penned, interesting epistle, which I duly replied to before setting foot on the Arabia for my homeward passage! and he pulled a daintily superscribed envelope from his pocket case. They're expecting me, there in Boston—and, somehow, it seems impressed on my mind that Mrs. Hunter is also expecting me to offer myself to Florence. Handsome, accomplished, sought after in society—it would seem a desirable connection; and why should I not be thinking seriously of settling down in life? I've had my wanderings, my dreams, and my visions; why not now content myself henceforth with realities, and become a quiet, domestic Benedict? Florence Hunter is Handsome, and 'the style!' I am wealthy—not particularly ugly, I flatter myself—and with some traits that are not undesirable for a married man; she would make a dignified mistress to my house, and I should render her respect, if not love. But 'love,' love—ah, that's a word that has no business on my lips! Every man has his dreams, I suppose, of the woman he would like to take to his heart—a sweet, blue-eyed, gentle girl, who would fit into his being till she became a part of himself. I had a vision of such a face once, there at Mrs. Hunter's. Who would have believed that young thing so ill tempered and unworthy? But ah, well! Imagination has many delusions; and thirty years should bring one a wiser head than to trust in them. When this tedious New England storm is over, I will go down to Boston, and offer my hand and fortune and heart, if I possess the article, to Florence Hunter!

Doctor, Farmer Brooks is at the door—waded over from his farm through all the drifts; and wants to know if you won't go over with him to visit the school-mistress who's sick. He's been for old Dr. Fenner; but he's gone to see another patient, five miles off; and he heard you had come back, so thought p'raps you'd go.

Certainly, Hannah, ask Mr. Brooks in, and say that I'll go with him directly, replied the young man, starting up; and while the maid returned with his answer, he took down a heavy overcoat, drew on his long boots, and soon stood ready. Rather a surprise to me, Mr. Brook to receive a call to-night, for my professional duties have been laid aside these few years back; but I think I can rub up sufficiently to be of help to you, if the case be not too severe, he said, entering the kitchen. It is not your good wife, I believe, whose pleasant face I remember with distinctness, who needs my services? So I think Hannah stated, he added, as they went out in the storm together.

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