From your ripe lips one willing kiss Would fill the soul with rapture; E'en now to merely feign such bliss Makes of my fancy capture. One tender, loving look from you Would turn each task to duty; E'en now 'tis much that I should do, Subdued but by your beauty.

If I were young as once I was, I'd wear love's golden fetter, For your sake yield to all his laws, And deem no lot were better: E'en now my heart its early glow With pleasing pain remembers, Though on its ashes lies the snow Of many cold Decembers.

With burning words and tuneful tongue I'd sing in youth's fond fashion; E'en now your radiant eyes and hair, Your lities and your roses, And-nere my frenzy closes.

FAITHLESS.

A heart throb to a heart-throb, A lip-press to a lip-press; And a loving intermingling
Of a black lock and a gold tress.

A sweeping surge of passion An embrace quick and strong; A raining down of kisses, In a shower sweetly long.

A host of futile vowings. Made only to be broken, And numbered 'mongst the black lies He has already broken,

A gentle, but a firm trust, Of a being pure and loving, Whose face shines like a sunbeam Midst life's shadows brightly moving.

A parting 'neath the starlight, A heart wrung with great so row, And an aching ceaseless longing For the never-coming morrow.

A lapse of years of waiting, And a woman wan and white Steals through the gloomy passage, Out in the si cut night.

In the morning on the greensward, 'Neath the old trysting tree. Lies she, clad in snowy vestments, Her soul forever free.

THE SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER

Long the sun hath gone to rest, Dimm'd is now the deep ning west: And the sky hath lost its hue That the rich clouds o'er it threw. Lonely on the pale blue sky Gleam faint streaks of crimson dye. Gloriously the evening star Looks upon us from afar; Aid us, o'er the changeful deep, God of power;

Bless the sailor's ocean sleep, At midnight's hour.

On the stilly twilight air We would breathe our solemn prayer,-"Bless the dear ones of our home, Guide us through the wild waves' foam, To the light of those dear eyes, Where our heart's best treasure lies; To the love in one fond breast, That unchanging home of rest! Here her when at even tide

She kneels to pray, That God would bless, defend, and guide Those far away !"

Now the moon hath touch'd the sea, And the waves, all tremblingly, Throw towards heaven their silvery spray Happy in the gladd'ning ray: Thus, Redeemer, let thy love Shine upon us from above, Touch's by Thee, our hearts will rise, Grateful towards the glowing skies; Guard us, shield us, mighty Lord, Thou dost not sleep, Still the tempest with thy word,— Rule the deep!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires To hold communion with his God, To send to Heaven his warm desires, And li. ten to His sacred Word.

Blest hour! when earthly cares resign The empire o'er his anxious breast; Whi e all ar und, the cam divine Prociaim the holy day of rest.

Blest hour! when God himse f draws nigh Well pleased His people's voice to hear To list the penitential sigh, And wipe away the mourner's tear.

Blest hour—for then where He resorts Foreta-tes of future bliss are given. And mortals nol His earthly court-, me nouse of God, the gates of Heaven.

Hail ! peace.ul hour, supremely blest Amid the hours of earthly care; The hour that yields the spi it rest, That sacred hour-the hour of prayer.

And when my hours of prayer are past. To find Lternity at last A never ending hour of praise.

ENTERESTING MALE.

## HUNTED DOWN.

band of robbers, who had for a chief a ground, villian whose cruel deeds spread terror wherever his name was known. Alcond to none upon the frontier for future day. crime.

His band, composed of a set of congeniai devils, hesitated at no wicked-

Scourge from the marts of civilization bride. the same crime kept him in the western wilds; and his motto, Dead men gain, had lost their lives in seeking to sir. Have made me rave; but—you are fair, rid the country of the reckless ruffian; for the Border Scourge had his spies to track him to death, was certain to find his own grave at the end of the

In a settlement not many miles distant from the retreat of this robber band, dwelt a farmer who, years before him a home and make himself comfor gave you this? table, he had settled there in the West; and after a few years, found himself in Indian, in good English speaking of Border Scourge found that he must flee in easy circumstances.

Sixteen years previously, Tom Ab. the settlement. bot had left his eastern home, driven from it by misfortunes that had come upon him in the failure of his business, and the death of his wife, this: and Oscar handed the paper to leaving him with a daughter, of two his commander, who in an instant reyears of age, to care for. Then he des turned :cided to seek his fortune in California, Take your troop and go at once. and placing his daughter Edith in the Lose no time. The Indian will act care of his wife's mother, he sailed for as guide. the Golden State.

in his Western home, he determined to borizon when Captain Oscar Mowbray. have his daughter come and live with at the head of his gallant troop, and him; and with joy he looked forward with their horses reeking with foam horror she saw the Border Scourge en, to the day of her arrival, for in all drew up at the spot where had stood ter, those sixteen years he had not seen her, the cabin of Tom Abbott. He had seen her picture, and there was Smoke was rising from the ruins and not a settler in miles who had not seen no sign of the settler or his daughter it and praised its leveliness; so that was visible; only the blackened ruins. Death ! it and praised its loveliness; so that was visible; only the blackened ruins. when it was rumoured that Tom Ab. still smoking, of the cabin, to mark bot's Beauty was coming, the whole where once had stood the happy home. valley had turned out to welcome her, Soon a settler drew near and Oscar for a woman was a rarity there in those Mowbray in horse tones asked, 'Who one. days, and a pretty woman an except has done this?

education, and had been reared in a answered the man. pleasant home of refinement; but without a word she relinquished all, to live daughter? in the far West with her only parent. Perhaps there was another reason for cabin The Border Scourge killed him. this sacrifice upon her part. Edith had a lover, a certain handsome, dashing cavalry officer, Captain Oscar Mowbray the beauty came out herewho had been ordered with his troops Oh I this hard to bear. But on the frontier, to be stationed at a swear to hunt the Border Scourge down post within a day's ride of the settles and by my own right hand he shall ment in which Tom Abbott dwelt. die! And Oscar Mowbray's eyes blaz-Thus the young girl had taken ad: ed as he spoke. soldiers, escorting the fair damsel.

were a few women, had gathered in the to the bitter end. And then turning front of Tom Abbott's comfortable and to his lieutenant, Oscar continued:commodious cabin; and conspicious Thornton, return with the troop to above all was the tall, burly figure of camp, and tell Colonel Watson that I the Border Scourge.

Why he was there none knew and the self for a few days. right he had to thus presume none Lieutenant Thornton knew his sucould gainsay; for the settlers cared perior, and well understood that to not to bring upon themselves his yen- urge to the contrary would be useless; geance; and well did they know that so, bidding him adieu, and wishing him

he was not there single handed. length arrived, and the fond father was deeply sympathised with the sorrows of about to rush to ward and greet his their noble young officer. daughter, the Border Scourge suddenly Oscar watched them out of sight; and her saddle, drew her a ram in his, and brought him the message from . Idith parent stood.

Permit me to welcome you to your new Edith.

his heel and walked away.

filled with tears. My daughter! And regaining his house, where poor Abbott lay dead.

self-command, Tom Abbott elasped the At midnight the Indian returned; maiden to his heart.

e er seen the bindit leader; tierefore in mountains. She gave me this for they are out of order, and mamma als Advertisements received at the ofthey had looked upon his act as a more white chief. token of welcome, believing him to be Oscar seized the bit of paper, and order. one of the settlers; but when the read: Oh! may I leave these Subbath days, young Captain learned the truth with a bound he was in the saddle, and cal "I have noticed the Indian chief often the death of his rival that he announce ling upon his men to follow him, darted while on my march hither, gazing upon ed it under the head of amusements,

of the settlers.

The Border Scourge had gone but a few hundred yards and seeing that the young officer was after him, turned, raised his revolver, and fired. The me one month to consider whether I am hall took effect in the head of the land. Nor many years ago one of the most ball took effect in the head of the horse to become his wife, or be punished with cursed as the resort of a murderous the animal hurled his rider to the ed!

Soon he was upon his feet, but the robber had been supported by a body most a giant in stature, a man of re- of his men, was mounted and dashing markable strength, cunning, and brus away; and then the young cavalry of chiefs, in all the glory of their warwas called, had gained a notoriety se- but determined upon revenge at some of the settler and soon disappeared in her from view.

Tom Abbott welcomed the brave young soldier to his cabin; his men were made comfortable, and soon all ness their chief led them to; and many was happiness in that Western home. discovered that he had a dangerous foe a poor settler and well freighted emis Edith told her father of her engage upon his path. Often had the clear to love with all your heart and soul grant train paid the toll demanded by ment to Oscar Mowbray, and received ring of a rifle startled him when riding when you had once penetrated the imthis frontier scourge, or paid the penalhis senction; and thus it was arranged at the head of his band, and narrowly palpable barrier of reserve she knew so that in three months more the Captain had the bullet missed its mark. Then well how to throw around her.

A month after the scene related followed by the whistling ball, showed above, Captain Oscar Mowbray was him that he was never safe. tell no tales,' was acted upon to the seated, late one night, at the messeta-The fevour of my passion,

And that rare grace from which it sprung tell no tales, was acted upon to the seated, late one night, at the messeta the messeta one ble with his brother officers, when an either from around the camp fire, or offered for his head, and many adven- orderly entered, and touching his hat, upon the tramp; and terror began to turous spirits, impelled by the love of said, 'An Indian scout would see you seize upon them, for no clue could they

> Sead him in orderly, everywhere throughout that portion of forest entered, and Oscar, rising to the dust before the unerring aim of the country, and the man who set forth meet him, received a small bit of of pat their secret enemy; but yet some per, upon which was written :

"If you love me, Oscar, come to my aid. I am in danger."

Turning as pale as death, the young had gone to California as a miner; and officer staggered as if about to fall: having gained sufficient means to buy but recovering himself, he asked Who tracked them, the men gradually de-

Tom Abbott's Beauty, answered the Edith by the name she was known in for his life.

When did she give it to you? When the Great Spirit hid the sun. At dark then. Colonel Watson, read

Having rendered himself comfortable The sun had not long been above the

The Border Schurge. He never for-Edith Abbott had received a good gave your attack upon him, Captain,

Where are Tom Abbott and his

Poor Tom lies dead yonder, in my And-Edtih?

Carried off. But I feared this when

vantage of a military escort to reach | Many brave men have hunted him her home; and one pleasant afternoon down, Captain, but found too big a courier reported the coming of the game for them, answered the settlere

kindly. A crowd of settlers, among whom I will not fail, but hunt him down have taken the liberty of absenting my?

success, he started upon his return to When the maiden and her escort at the camp, followed by his men who

stepped forward and raising Edith from then turning to the Indian who had led her to where her horror-stricken and guided him back, he said, 'You are a faithful friend. Go and find out

I look for beauty. Come tell you at And without a word he turned on cabin yonder. Tom Abbott saved my life I save his papoose.

Have you no word of welcome for And without another word the Inme, dear father? and the beautiful eyes dian disappeared in the forest, while Oscar accompanied the settler to his

and, to Oscar's eager questions, said :- graph wires a dose of Brandy? Why, Neither Edith or Oscar Mowbray had Border Scourge take Beauty to cabin my child?—Because the papers say than six months.

"OSCAR,-

away in pursuit, regardless of the cries me from the forest; so I write and will drop this when he next sees me, hoping

" EDITH,"

This is well chief. Now come into

my room with me. An hour afterwards, two Indian

the gloom of the forest.

In the month that followed after the capture of Edith the Border Scourge should return and claim her for his again, when seated around the camp fire by night, the same sharp report,

gain to their unseen and terrible foe.

Three weeks had passed and in that And the next moment a son of the time seventeen of the band had bitten guardian devil seemed to protect the friendships. Border Scourge, for although twice he had felt the sting of the bullet it had never wounded him. Finding that they were thus hunted down and being unable to discover whom it was that serted the camp, and left the country, What do you mean, Braddon? Don't until at the expiration of a month. the

> captive, and then, with the spoils he had gained in his years of plundering to flee from the country. Without a View House. word to his few remaining men he left the camp, and, mounted upon his powerful horse, sought the mountain retreat where his prize and his spoils were hidden away.

In that lonely cabin sat Edith Ab- of something else, Lawrence. bott. pale and worn from her weeks of suffering; and it was with a look of

Well Beauty, my dear, I shave come Better the latter a thousand times.

One or the other, I may be a horrible bridegroom, but death is a worse

Have you no mercy? entreated the isa, half angrily.

Mercy! What is mercy? I never show mercy. Neither do I! and a tall form clad

as an Indian chief, sprang into the cabin do not mind it very much. and passed quickly between the robber chief and his belt of arms, which he her brave words. A dull ache told had laid upon the table when enter- her how deep the wound had been when

starting back.

your band night and day, and one by the solitude of her own chamber. one cut them off, until the country', is meted out to others I now mete out to bright and burning. you. Die!

And ere the Border Scourge could spring towards his antagonist the Indian chief raised his weapon and sent two with a troubled countenance. bullets crushing through the outlaw's brain, who fell dead upon his face. Edith. I have saved you and hunted

him down.

And all disguised as he was in his war paint and Indian costume, the maiden sprang into the arms of Osear Mowbray, who continued, 'Here is one who has aided me. Come Chief!

And the door opened, aud in walked the brave Indian warrior, and warmly did Edith thank him.

to the fort with him, and there were married by the chaplain of the regiment land. This is your father, Miss Abbott. where the Border Scourge has taken Colonel Watson giving the bride away.

A year after, Oscar resigned his commission in the army, rebuilt the old home of Tom Abbott; and there the young couple now live in happiness, while at their fireside-circle the brave Indian chief ever finds a warm wel-

Papa, why don't they give the teleways takes brandy when she is out of fice of this Paper without written is-

A Tennessee editor was so rejoiced at

## WED AND WON

THE scene of our tale is laid in the Lake district of Cumberland and at one of the fashionable hetels which are ale ways filled in the autumn.

That 'listeners' never hear any good beautiful valleys of the far West was ridden by Osear Mowbray; and falling, death. Save, oh, save me!—I am watch of themselves' is a proverb that Maria Lynn unwittingly illustrated in her own experience.

She had escaped tho manities of a group of admirers clustered about the piano, and stolen into one of the deep bay windows for which Lake View tal courage, the Border Scourge, as he ficer saw it was useless to follow him, paint and heavily armed, left the cabin the heavy damask curtains concealed

> A tall, regail woman, superbly form ed and beautiful as a poet's ideal with intense black eyes, blue black hair and cheeks stained with sumptuous carmine

She sat in the window embrasure leaning forward with a listless, weary expression upon her face. Suddenly footsteps drew near, and voices became audible.

Do you know Miss Lynn? No, was the brief answer, delivered very significantly.

I might have known. You have not been here long enough to make no new acquaintances.

Just two hours Lawrence. That is scarcely long enough even to renew old

True. I will present you, at the table d'hote' dinner. Don't trouble yourself I beg. There was a slight exclamation. Then

the first musical voice that had spoken, said in ascents of unfeigned surprise, you wish to make the Miss Lynn's acquaintance?

No, curtly. Her vanity has been But he had determined upon revenge fed sufficiently already, I judge. At and sought his mountain retreat, in any rate, her name has been in the tending to wreak vengeance upon his mouth of every man with whom I have She does. She's a woman among

> ten shousand. Braddon. Humph ! I have only seen her at a distance, and am certain not to like her. I always detested bells. Do talk

And then the two young men saunt-

ered on again. The colour left Maria Lynn's cheek: for an instant. Her white teeth closed viciously upon her full under lip. to nake my promise good. You are Turning swiftly she came face to face with Louisa Weston, who had stolen,

unheard to her side. What a pity that women have ears in such a place as this, she said, with a

forced sickly smile. Or that men had tongues, cried Loue-

It was too bad of Mr. Braddon to speak of you like that. I was sure you heard, Lou. But 1

She did mind though, and in spite of she found time to realize it, And Who are you? shouted the ruffian, there was cause—abundent cause why she should take Braddon's careless I am the man that has hunted you words to heart. But she kept her own down. I am the one that has tracked counsel, and his her troubled face in

Two hours later, she came down nearly freed from the terrible curse. stairs for her accustomed gallop over You, the Border Scourge, I have come the hills. A vivid scarlet burned in for now; and such mercy as you have her cheeks again, and her eyes were

A groom met her on the front steps of the house. Your horse has fallen lame of one foot, Miss Lynn, he said. Maria bit her lip impatiently.

[Concluded in our next.]

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