

POETRY.

IF I were young as I was once, Your beautiful eyes would charm me;

From your ripe lips one willing kiss Would fill the soul with rapture;

If I were young as once I was, I'd wear love's golden fetter,

With burning words and tuneful tongue The favour of my passion,

A heart throbs to a heart-throb, A lip-press to a lip-press;

A sweeping surge of passion An embrace quick and strong;

A host of futile vowings Made only to be broken,

A gentle, but a firm trust, Of a being pure and loving,

A parting 'neath the twilight, A heart wrung with great sorrow,

A lapse of years of waiting, And a woman wan and white

In the morning on the greensward, 'Neath the old trusting tree,

THE SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER.

Long the sun hath gone to rest, Dimm'd is now the deepening west;

On the stilly twilight air We would breathe our solemn prayer,

Now the moon hath touch'd the sea, And the waves, all tremblingly,

Blest hour! when mortal man retires To hold communion with his God,

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Blest hour! when earthly cares resign The empire o'er his anxious breast;

Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh Well pleased His people's voice to hear

Blest hour—'or then where He resorts Forests of future bliss are given.

Hail! peaceful hour, supremely blest Amid the hours of earthly care;

And when my hours of prayer are past, Oh! may I leave these Sabbath days,

INTERESTING TALES.

HUNTED DOWN.

NOT many years ago one of the most beautiful valleys of the far West was cursed as the resort of a murderous band of robbers,

His band, composed of a set of congenial devils, hesitated at no wickedness their chief led them to;

Murder had driven the Border Scourge from the marts of civilization the same crime kept him in the western wilds;

In a settlement not many miles distant from the retreat of this robber band, dwelt a farmer who, years before had gone to California as a miner;

Sixteen years previously, Tom Abbott had left his eastern home, driven from it by misfortunes that had come upon him in the failure of his business,

Having rendered himself comfortable in his Western home, he determined to have his daughter come and live with him;

Edith Abbott had received a good education, and had been reared in a pleasant home of refinement;

A crowd of settlers, among whom were a few women, had gathered in the front of Tom Abbott's comfortable and commodious cabin;

Why he was, there none knew and the right he had to thus presume none could gainsay;

When the maiden and her escort at length arrived, and the fond father was about to rush toward and greet his daughter,

This is your father, Miss Abbott. Permit me to welcome you to your new home.

And without a word he turned on his heel and walked away.

Have you no word of welcome for me, dear father? and the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

My daughter! And regarding his self-command, Tom Abbott elapsd the maiden to his heart.

Neither Edith or Oscar Mowbray had been seen the bandit leader; therefore they had looked upon his act as a mere token of welcome, believing him to be one of the settlers;

away in pursuit, regardless of the cries 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.

Soon he was upon his feet, but the robber had been supported by a body of his men, was mounted and dashing away;

Tom Abbott welcomed the brave young soldier to his cabin; his men were made comfortable, and soon all was happiness in that Western home.

A month after the scene related above, Captain Oscar Mowbray was seated, late one night, at the mess-table with his brother officers.

Turning as pale as death, the young officer staggered as if about to fall; but recovering himself, he asked Who gave you this?

Tom Abbott's Beauty, answered the Indian, in good English speaking of Edith by the name she was known in the settlement.

When did she give it to you? When the Great Spirit hid the sun.

At dark then, Colonel Watson, read this; and Oscar handed the paper to his commander, who in an instant returned:—

Take your troop and go at once. Lose no time. The Indian will act as guide.

The sun had not long been above the horizon when Captain Oscar Mowbray, at the head of his gallant troop, and with their horses reeking with foam

Smoke was rising from the ruins and no sign of the settler or his daughter was visible; only the blackened ruins, still smoking, of the cabin, to mark where once had stood the happy home.

Soon a settler drew near and Oscar Mowbray in horse tones asked, 'Who has done this?'

The Border Scourge, he never forgave your attack upon him, Captain, answered the man.

Where are Tom Abbott and his daughter? Poor Tom lies dead yonder, in my cabin. The Border Scourge killed him.

Carried off? But I feared this when the beauty came out here.

Oh! this hard to bear. But I swear to hunt the Border Scourge down and by my own right hand he shall die!

Many brave men have hunted him down, Captain, but found too big game for them, answered the settler, kindly.

I will not fail, but hunt him down to the bitter end. And then turning to his lieutenant, Oscar continued:—

Thornton, return with the troop to camp, and tell Colonel Watson that I have taken the liberty of absenting myself for a few days.

Lieutenant Thornton knew his superior, and well understood that to urge to the contrary would be useless;

Oscar watched them out of sight; and then turning to the Indian who had brought him the message from Edith

I look for beauty. Come tell you at cabin yonder. Tom Abbott saved my life I save his papoose.

And without another word the Indian disappeared in the forest, while Oscar accompanied the settler to his house, where poor Abbott lay dead.

At midnight the Indian returned; and to Oscar's eager questions, said:— Border Scourge take Beauty to cabin in mountains. She gave me this for white chief.

Oscar seized the bit of paper, and read:— 'OSCAR.— I have noticed the Indian chief often while on my march hither, gazing upon

me from the forest; so I write and will drop this when he next sees me, hoping he will find and bear it to you, for I know you have come to save me.

'The Border Scourge has sent me off to a retreat in the mountains, and gives me one month to consider whether I am to become his wife, or be punished with death. Save, oh, save me!—I am watched!

"EDITH."

This is well chief, Now come into my room with me.

An hour afterwards, two Indian chiefs, in all the glory of their war-paint and heavily armed, left the cabin of the settler and soon disappeared in the gloom of the forest.

In the month that followed after the capture of Edith the Border Scourge discovered that he had a dangerous foe upon his path.

One by one his band was cut off, either from around the camp fire, or upon the tramp; and terror began to seize upon them, for no clue could they gain to their unseen and terrible foe.

Three weeks had passed and in that time seventeen of the band had bitten the dust before the unerring aim of their secret enemy; but yet some guardian devil seemed to protect the Border Scourge, for although twice he had felt the sting of the bullet it had never wounded him.

But he had determined upon revenge and sought his mountain retreat, intending to wreak vengeance upon his captive, and then, with the spoils he had gained in his years of plundering to flee from the country.

Well Beauty, my dear, I shave come to make my promise good. You are to become my bride, or—the bride of Death!

Better the latter a thousand times. One or the other, I may be a horrible bridegroom, but death is a worse one.

Have you no mercy? entreated the maiden. Mercy! What is mercy? I never show mercy.

Neither do I! and a tall form clad as an Indian chief, sprang into the cabin and passed quickly between the robber chief and his belt of arms, which he had laid upon the table when entering.

Who are you? shouted the ruffian, starting back. I am the man that has hunted you down. I am the one that has tracked your band night and day, and one by one cut them off, until the country is nearly freed from the terrible curse.

You, the Border Scourge, I have come for now; and such mercy as you have meted out to others I now mete out to you. Die!

And ere the Border Scourge could spring towards his antagonist the Indian chief raised his weapon and sent two bullets crashing 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 Oscar Mowbray, who continued, 'Here is one who has sided me. Come Chief!

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

Captain Mowbray carried Edith back to the fort with him, and there were married by the chaplain of the regiment 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 welcome.

Papa, why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of Brandy? Why, my child?—Because the papers say they are out of order, and mamma always takes brandy when she is out of order.

A Tennessee editor was so rejoiced at the death of his rival that he announced it under the head of amusements,

WED AND WON.

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

That 'listeners' never hear any good of themselves' is a proverb that Maria Lynn unwittingly illustrated in her own experience.

She had escaped the mania of a group of admirers clustered about the piano, and stolen into one of the deep bay windows for which Lake View House was especially remarkable, where the heavy damask curtains concealed her from view.

A tall, regal woman, superbly formed and beautiful as a poet's idea; with intense black eyes, blue black hair and cheeks stained with sumptuous carmine—a woman to marvel at, to admire, and to love with all your heart and soul when you had once penetrated the impassable barrier of reserve she knew so well how to throw around her.

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 friendships.

True. I will present you, at the table d'hote dinner.

There was a slight exclamation. Then the first musical voice that had spoken, said in accents of unfeigned surprise, 'What do you mean, Braddon? Don't you wish to make the Miss Lynn's acquaintance?'

No, curly. Her vanity has been fed sufficiently already, I judge. At any rate, her name has been in the mouth of every man with whom I have spoken as yet, she must ride roughshod over the lesser beauties of Lake View House.

She does. She's a woman among ten thousand, Braddon.

Humph! I have only seen her at a distance, and am certain not to like her. I always detested bells. Do talk of something else, Lawrence.

And then the two young men sauntered on again.

The colour left Maria Lynn's cheek for an instant. Her white teeth closed viciously upon her full under lip. 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 Louisa, half angrily. Oh, no!

It was too bad of Mr. Braddon to speak of you like that.

I was sure you heard, Lou. But I do not mind it very much.

She did mind though, and in spite of her brave words. A dull ache told her how deep the wound had been when she found time to realize it, and there was cause—abundant cause—why she should take Braddon's careless words to heart. But she kept her own counsel, and hid her troubled face in the solitude of her own chamber.

Two hours later, she came down stairs for her accustomed gallop over the hills. A vivid scarlet burned in her cheeks again, and her eyes were bright and burning.

A groom met her on the front steps of the house. Your horse has fallen lame of one foot, Miss Lynn, he said, with a troubled countenance.

Maria bit her lip impatiently. [Concluded in our next.]

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—AND—

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