

DO YOUR BEST,
:o:
Do whatever good you can,
Show you are no grovelling man;
Dread no scorn, and fear no ban—
Do your best!

There is work for all to do;
Life's a battle—fight it through
With a full success in view—
Do your best!

Honest toil must surely win!
Now's the moment to begin;
Work for virtue, banish sin—
Do your best!

All around are forces grand;
Nerve your heart and wield your hand,
Till with victory you stand—
Do your best!

Halt not trembling on the way:
March! work on while it is day;
Life is labor more than play—
Do your best!

Let the carping ones deride.
Stand fast e'er by virtue's side,
And His care your feet shall guide—
Do your best!

Men may sneer but let them frown;
Labor lives all scoffing down,
If it strive for honor's crown—
Do your best!

BROKEN FAITH.

(CONCLUDED.)

She looked so beautiful in her gay morning dress and bright ribbons that my brother could not repress a smile of pleasure.

Aunt Mita, she said, Hattie has fainted in her room. I don't know what to do for her, so I came for you.

I hastened away, hearing my brother say:

Lois, my dear, I want to speak to you.

I hastened to Hattie, and found her insensible upon the floor of her own room. It was destined to be a day of excitement for the poor girl's first act of returning consciousness was to hand me another momentous letter. It was but a few lines from John Rodgers begging a release from his engagement, pleading his own unworthiness and uncontrollable love for Lois. Lois! Deciet again! She had been so indifferent and cold before us, yet evidently giving him secret encouragement. My heart grew sick as I thought of the beautiful young face, the false, hollow heart. I tried to comfort Hattie, but she only kissed me sadly, and begged for a few lonely hours; so I left her.

I returned to the library. My brother and niece were still there, and, to my great surprise, John Rodgers. He spoke to my brother as I entered.

I should not intrude upon you, he said, but the landlord of the Sunshine House wishes to see you at once. One of his boarders has been arrested in the act of robbing the office safe of valuables, and insists upon seeing you, sir. His name is de Villeroz.

It is false, cried Lois, with crimson cheeks and eyes blazing with rage. He is no thief!

You know him then! cried John, turning pale.

Indignation for once mastered the girl's deciet.

Know him? she cried. He his my husband.

Your husband! cried John hoarsely. Lois! and his voice had a tone of agony horrible to hear. You have sworn to be true to me—my promised wife!

Your wife! I wed a country clown! said Lois, with a contemptuous laugh. You amused me. That was all.

With a look it thrills my heart to recall, John sprang forward, but my brother crasped his arm.

Enough of this, he said. Leave us, John Rodgers. I have loved you as a son; now I bid you leave my house forever. Go, sir.

Go to your saint for forgiveness, sneered Lois, as the wretched man staggered from the room. Uncle, we must go to Jerome.

Your husband, you say? said my brother sternly.

We were married in Paris, but I wished to keep it secret until I came of age, because you can deprive me of my property if I marry without your consent.

I, child! cried her uncle in horror. I take your money! It is too late now to say I would have prevented this, but your money is your own.

Come then to Jerome, said Lois joyfully; and I was left alone.

Money freely spent hushed up the affair of the robbery, and Jerome de Villeroz was released. Lois sent for her trunks, and left the village with no word of farewell for us. We heard of her sometimes, always travelling in Europe, but we saw her no more.

For many long days my gentle Hattie lay ill. Her heart blow had been so sudden and severe, that it prostrated her completely for the time; but she was no weak maiden to mourn inconsolably for a false lover. As she recovered strength, the name of John Rodgers never passed her lips. With quiet dignity she took her place among us again; a shade paler and sadder, but no weak moaning for pity.

The summers and winters rolled away until ten more had been added to our ages, when John Rodgers suddenly returned to his home. We had heard occasionally, through his mother, of his wanderings, but no direct word came to us. The friendship between the families had been never broken, and soon he came and went as of old. I was not surprised when, after a long wooing, he again asked Hattie to be his wife. Gently she told him:

The old dream of love is dead, John. We can only be friends.

Is it because I am gray, worn, and old, Hattie?

No. My youth is gone also. Forgive me if I pain you, but I cannot trust faith once broken, love I once have lost.

He could not move her. So we live our maiden lives, Hattie and I, striving by charity and kindness here to win our place in heaven in the great hereafter.

Three Brave Men.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation. Why are you so stubborn, Barbara? she asked. You have plenty of lovers.

But they don't suit me, said Barbara coolly tying her curls before the mirror. Why not?

I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of.

Silly child! what is the matter with Big Barney the blacksmith?

He is big, but I never leared that he was brave.

And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Earnest, the gunsmith?

He is placid as goat's milk. That is no sign he is a coward. There is little Fritz the tanner, he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely.

He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers.

It is not always strength that wins a fight girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now Barbara, give these three fellows a fair trial.

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another. I will mother said she at last.

This evening Earnest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door. You sent for me, Barbara, he said going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquetishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

Yes, Earnest, she replied, I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here.

Well, Barbara?

Earnest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked intently.

I want to test you. How?

I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing. What is it?

There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Reamond the murderer was buried in it; but Satan came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of the week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that your bed to-night?

Earnest laughed. Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think that I had weak nerves?

Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember no one sleeps in that part of the house.

I shall sleep the sounder. Good night then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay there all night, said the imperious Miss Barbara, I will marry you.

You vow it?

I vow it.

Earnest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through the dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Earnest made him wait till he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old grandire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin; beside it stood a chair. The room was otherwise empty.

Earnest stretched himself in his coffin, he kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a good fit, said he. The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the

gunsmith alone in the dark. Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping-room.

Barney, said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, I've a test to put you to before I give you an answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber, where my grandire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare to sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you away from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain.

You give me a light, a bottle of wine and a book to read?

Nothing.

Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?

All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again. I'll take them, then.

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Earnest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

Have you changed your mind, Barbara? he asked.

No; and I shall not until I know you can do a really brave thing.

What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara.

I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage. Tell me.

Well, in this house is now a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and brave as I require a husband to be.

Why, nothing is so easy! exclaimed Fritz. I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at the post in the morning.

Barney did as he required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney had been sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed to him as if he could hear low, suppressed breathing not far away! but he persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face of the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if famine was upon them and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall and sat down again.

He had been hard at work all day, and in spite of everything he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and then snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start but saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

Curse you, get out of this! he exclaimed in a fright, using the very first words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet, the spectre came nearer, and pressed him into a corner. The deuce take you! cried Barney in his great extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back. Still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer extending both arms. The hair started upon Barney's head; he grew desperate, and as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping and pounding, beating and kicking, more and more outraged as the resistance he met told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little, and while pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry—

Take one of your size, big Barney. Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in the coffin. This was too much; they released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in haste, panting like stags. It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Earnest the next morning.

It's very early; one more little nap, said he, turning over in his coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

Why is a married man like a candle?—Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

The Deaf Aunt and Wife.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated toward my wise and ancient relation.

My dear, said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow. Well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf, although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones; yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her visit agreeable.

Mrs.—announced her determination to make herself heard, if in her power.

I then went to John N—, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be at the house at six p. m. on the following evening; and, comparatively happy, I went to the railroad depot with a carriage, next night and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Annie (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it.

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her a great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—the steps was my wife—in the window was John N—, with a face as solemn as if he had buried his relatives that afternoon.

I am delighted to see you, shrieked my wife; and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt came near falling down the steps.

Kiss me, my dear, bawled my aunt; and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cap; and there sat John, with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly—Did you have a pleasant journey? went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

Rather dusty, was the response, in a warwhoop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the bulding I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

How loud your wife talks!

I told her deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to me, was not affected by the exertion, and that she was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

Alf, how very loud your aunt talks!

Yes, said I; all deaf persons do. You're getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say. And I rather think she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything upon the mantelpiece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs? said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not quite as musical as it was when she was young.

It is an exertion, shrieked my wife.

Then why do you do it? was the answering scream.

Because—because—you can't hear if I don't squealed my wife.

What! said aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around, and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor; and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think, from the relative position of our feet and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan, which Jones gave vent to in his endeavor to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding-place.

In rushed my wife and aunt who by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I got I never received before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear

respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a groan of a horse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

I know it was very wrong, and all that to tell such a falsehood, but I think that Mrs. Opie herself would have laughed if she had seen Aunt Mary's expression when she was informed that her hearing was defective.

WIT AND HUMOR.

WHY is Summer like the letter N?—because it makes ice nice.

When may a man be said to be about as hard up as a man can be? When he cannot even get credit for good intentions.

A GERMAN who was lately married says It was easier for a needle to walk out of a camel's eye than for a mans to get der lasht vord mit a voomans.

CHANGED HIS BUSINESS.—What has been your business? said a judge to a prisoner at the bar.

Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist; now I am a pugilist. Then I put teeth in; now I knock them out.

A LITTLE girl on hearing her mother say she intended to go to a ball, and have her dressed trimmed with "bugles," innocently inquired if the bugles would blow up while she danced.

Oh, no! said the mother; your papa will do that when he discovers I have bought them.

THE other day a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl.

I am attached to you, said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

The attachment is mutual, was the good-humored reply.

HANDLED. How are you, Broom? asked a bluff old sailor of a fop who was always annoyed unless he was addressed as Mr Broom, and who responded:

I'd have you to know, sir, that I've a handle to my name.

Oh, all right; How are you Broom-handle?

A LITTLE girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in clustering curls down on her neck. One hot summer day she went up-stairs and cut all the curls off. coming down she met her mother.

Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?

To which she responded, that she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Nancy did!

A ROMANTIC young lady fell, the other day, into a river and was nearly drowned; but sutor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless, and carried home. On coming to, she declared that she must marry him who had saved her.

"Impossible," said her papa.

"What! is he already married?"

"No."

"Wasn't it our gentlemanly neighbor?"

"Dear me, no; it was a Newfoundland dog."

TOO CUNNING FOR HIMSELF.—A miser, having lost a hundred sovereigns sealed up in a bag, promised ten pounds as a reward to any one who should bring it to him. A poor man, finding the bag, brought it to the old gentleman, and demanded the ten pounds; but the miser to baffle him, alleged that there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag, when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the case came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel.

The bag your client lost had a hundred and ten sovereigns in it, you say?"

Yes, your honor, said he.

Then, replied the judge, according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be his money, for here are only a hundred sovereigns, therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears.

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