

The Crumpled Glove. A little crumpled, worn out glove, Lies in an open drawer;

"'Twas thine," he murmurs, soft and low, This relic old and worn;

He dropped the glove and spoke no more, For visions slow arose—

He saw again in woodland path When evening songsters sing

The woods he seemed to roam again, His fond one by his side;

He saw a stern, indignant sire, Stand proudly in the glade;

Then years pass swift before his eyes, And mingled care and strife,

But here his visions darker grow; Her home looks grave and sad,

The old man prays, then falls asleep, As Luna's rays in ume,

SELECT STORY. SERIOUS SUE.

ROSE COTTAGE is sold, exclaimed Ralph Burdette, rushing into the breakfast room,

With six children, I've no doubt observed Rose Burdett, pettishly.

I haven't any, was her response. The only part that concerns me is that the sketch that I was making of the south end of the cottage isn't finished,

Well, you are all right then, retorted her brother philosophically. Plenty of time between this and next week!

But his eyes sparkled ominously as he sat down to the table. Immediately after breakfast was over

I only hope she'll marry him then, ejaculated Miss Rose. It's fearful to have such a slow poke of an elder sister.

on the piazza, ready for flight. No chance for a virago like you while pretty Sue is in the market!

A stool followed him, but he doged it and went on whistling. What ailed Sue was more than her family, especially her two younger but marriageable sisters could determine.

When she had been sent to boarding-school, a few years before, her mother had been very anxious about her on account of her romping propensities;

They all commented upon the change but her brother was provoked. She had been his faithful ally in all plots to tantalize the human mind, and now that she had failed him, he had nicknamed her Serious Sue, in derision;

Over on the lawn, Susie sat huddled with her pencil, re-producing the 'south end' which had taken her fancy.

I beg your pardon for intruding. I presume you are the new owner of the cottage, though I was not aware, until this morning, that it was sold.

I—I stammered the gentleman, I beg your pardon, dropping his hat. Do not allow me to disturb you.

Before she could make any response he was gone. She sat down again with a sigh of relief, and worked until lunch time.

During the following week the stranger arrived. He sought out Mr. Burdette's acquaintance, and he, being charmed with him for a new neighbor,

From that day Mr. Tremain became a constant visitor. He was always running in for suggestions concerning new additions to his garden or cottage,

But Mrs. Burdette shook her head. Any one could see that, though polite to all, he evidently preferred Sue, and Sue was beginning to avoid him—her usual plea when friends were developing into lovers—she knew what that meant.

Sue won't have him, she said, and he don't want either Rose or Louise. She must be crazy! exclaimed Sue's father. I don't see what ails that girl any way.

Mr. Tremain soon began to be as serious and gloomy as Sue herself; and Ralph, when looking at them, would chuckle about the serious couple, and hint that Tremain was going daft.

As soon as she recovered, she vouchsafed no explanation of her attack, but, donning her hat folded up the paper and started out for a walk.

It will be all right, he exclaimed. You may congratulate yourself. You are quite sure? She asked.

No nothing, he replied. No one need ever be the wiser. She bade him good-morning, and walked home with a happier heart than

she had carried around with her for some time. The family exchanged looks as she entered their circle, her face was so radiant, and her whole expression so changed.

Mr. Tremain came in, but though she was more gracious than usual, he seemed to be nervous and distrustful. A week later, he sought her and asked her to take a walk with him.

I have a story to tell you, he said, after they had gone a little distance. Let us sit down here. She sat down.

I love you, Susie Burdette, he said somewhat abruptly, but before you answer me a question I wish to ask, I must tell you something of my past.

The time went by, and they did not come. One of the boys proposed that we should have a little fun. If one of the girls were willing, I said I should go with her up to the attic, and make the half blind old parson believe we were the couple he was awaiting.

The minister went through the ceremony, and we signed our names, probably fictitious one, at least mine was, and at that moment the rightful party entered.

Well, when I arrived home, I began to think what I had done, and was thunderstruck when I realized I was actually married to a girl whose name I did not know, and whose face I had never seen.

I left college; I began to practice, and almost ceased to think of that escapade until I met you, or rather saw you down at the races, one day, with your father.

She made no response; she did that for which he was total unprepared; she began to laugh so immoderately that he looked at her first in astonishment then in anger.

I beg your pardon, he said at last, stiffly, for making myself the subject of your merriment. I at least believed you dignified enough to—

Don't! she gasped. I beg your pardon, but—but it is ridiculous to be divorced from me yesterday and ask me to re-marry you to-day.

It is true, she said, growing sober. I was the hoyden who was your partner in that escapade, and I have bitterly repented my wildness ever since.

And you will say yes now, Susie. Her answer is not recorded; but when they returned to the house Mr. Burdette knew his wish was fulfilled.

That the court divorced us yesterday; but we have 'made up.' Mr. Burdette rose excitedly to his feet. Whether the man was mad or sane he could not fully determine.

The Fateful Hand. BELIEVE there is no event into which Cupid does not intrude his saucy presence, and strive to convert it into his own opportunity.

A party of us had met, one evening, ten or twelve years ago, at the house of a mutual friend, for the laudable and solemn purpose of invoking the presence of the departed.

There were twelve or more of us, young and old, and we seated ourselves round the table in the centre of the room each intent on doing his share toward promoting the harmony necessary in order to call spirits from the vasty deep.

I think, said one of the party, that we had better leave the table, and sit in a circle with joined hands. In that way we shall be harmonious.

This proposition was agreed to, and we seated ourselves accordingly, in a ring, determined that no effort on our part should be wanting to accomplish our purpose.

We sat down, as I said, in a ring, joining hands all round. I am a very sensitive fellow, indeed, and the first touch of a human hand always makes a very powerful and permanent impression on me.

My left hand I gave to a person whose touch chilled me to bone—it was clammy, cold and repulsive. I had felt the hand before, and knew whose it was; it belonged to an old deacon of our church.

'Lay tenderly, confidingly in mine.' And the latter impulse, I need scarcely say, prevailed.

Well, we sat for nearly half an hour in this way, I meanwhile, absorbing like a sponge the enrapturing ode that emanated from the palm of my lovely neighbor.

We went our ways that night, each with different feelings as to whether we had become harmonized or not. At any rate, I doubt if any other person at that circle carried home a heart as nearly in a state of red-hot fusion as mine.

All that night I lay awake, dreaming of the blue eyes and rosy lips of my enslaver, and seeming to feel over and over again the exquisite thrill I had experienced from her gentle touch.

How my heart beat at these words! Reader, if you have ever been twenty years old and in love, you will understand how it was; if you have never been young and know not what the passion is, you ought by no means to read my story.

How I went the next evening with Phil to call on James Birney. He lived in a nice snug little house in P— street; a little wooden cottage as neat as wax, with a bright brass knocker on the door instead of a bell.

We were shown into the parlor, a little boudoir of a room, bright as polished brass and glowing fire and fluid lamps could make it; and there seated at a table near a glowing grate, were the object of my affection and her brother playing chess.

They rose as we entered, and I was formally introduced. She gave me again that white, warm hand of hers, and said—

I have met you before I think, Mr. Avery. You were at the circle at Adman's if I remember aright.

The conversation became general now, and we of course could have no more private passages; but the ice was broken and I having 'carte blanche' to the house, made frequent calls; but the brother was always present.

One happy evening however, he was too ill to come down. Never before did I so bless the fact of a friend being ill.

Her words broke the spell, or rather the sound of her voice did. I rose and seated myself beside her saying—

That it enables me to say to you what I could not have said in his presence; that you are the only woman I have ever loved.

There! it was out! (How easily it always does come out after all!) And she sat blushing and trembling before me, unable to speak a word, yet evidently neither angry or displeased at the bold words I had spoken.

Her hand trembled a little on the arm of her chair, and she lifted those blue eyes to my face, so full of love that they answered me, without words. I seized the little trembler and kissed it.

Theodore, said he, one evening as we sat talking together over his bright bachelor fire of candle, there was one young fellow there that night, who had his sister with him—one that I had forgotten—James Birney. They came in together very quietly, I remember now, just as we had risen from the table to form the circle.

I looked in sheer amazement at the man who needed a light by which to see those glorious orbs that had so bewitched me, but I said only—

Emerson says: We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

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