

An Old Road.

A curve of green tree tops, And a common wall below, And a winding road that dips and drops, Ah me! where does it go? Down to the lovely days Goes that familiar track, And here I stand and wait and gaze, As if they could come back.

Somewhere beneath that hill Are children's running feet, And a little garden fair and still, Were never flowers so sweet! And a house within an open door, What was therein, I know,— O! let me enter nevermore, But still believe it so.

Up this oft-trodden slope What visions rise and throng! What keen remembrances of hope Lie shattered all along! These flowers that never grew, Bloom they in any clime? Can any Spring to come renew What died in that sweet time?

Here I believed in fame, And found no room for fear; Here sprang to meet what never came Here loved—what is not here! Not worth a moment's pause Seemed any fallen gem, Not worth a sigh, a glance, because Life would be full of them.

The child in the fairy tale Dropped tokens as he passed, So pierced the darkness forest-viel And found his home at last; I, in the falling day, Turn back through deeper gloom, By gathered memories feel my way Only to find—a tomb.

For there they lie asleep, Eyes that made all things sweet, Hands of true pressure, hearts more deep Than any left to beat; A world where all was great? Paths trodden not, but seen; Light streaming through an open gate, The world that might have been!

Pictures, and dreams, and tears— O Love, is this the whole; Nay, wrap your everlasting years About my failing soul! The lightest word you spake Beyond all time shall last— These only sleep before they wake— In love there is no past!

SELECT STORY.

AT LAST.

HERESE, bring up my breakfast; an omelette, two quails, well done, with muffins and chocolate, is all that I will take. Dear me! how distressing it is to have no appetite, and the Widow Stockton heaved a sigh as she sank down amid the rose-colored cushions of her arm-chair.

Old Stockton's money will soon disappear if I keep on at this rate. Here's a bill of five hundred dollars for dress and trimmings; six hundred for—well what's the use of troubling oneself about small affairs? Why does not Therese hurry?

A shuffling step was heard approaching, and amid a rattling and jingling of crockery the broad face of Catherine, the cook, smiled upon Mrs. Stockton.

Why didn't Therese bring it herself? impatiently demanded the lady.

Indade, ma'am the likes of that waiting-maid I never seen. She went up and down the kitchen like mad, ma'am, crying and groaning the while I was broiling the fowl, and spaking in her villainous French. I axed her was it sick she was, but she only wrung her hands and rolled up her great eyes at me; so I jest caught up the tray, ma'am, and it's hoping ye'll like the dainty bits I'm setting before ye; and Catherine paused to take breath.

How dare you tell me that Therese is sick when she is to arrange my hair? Indade, ma'am, it's sorra—Heaven be praised! Here is the very identical Therese herself, looking as chirp as iver!

Catherine thought you were ill, said the mistress, while the heavy frown gradually left her brow.

It was nothing, madame. May I open the window for you?

Never mind about it; look after my dress and laces; in an hour I shall want you. Baron Defareau will call at one precisely. Wait, give me my jewel-case; here is the key of the drawer.

The girl staggered a few paces, while a deadly pallor crept over her face. Baron Defareau? she faltered.

What do you know of him that causes you to start so?

The name is one I have not heard in years; and—madam—it—recalled other memories, she gasped.

The maid handed the casket to her mistress and then left the room.

Baron Defareau here! O God! Is there no pardon for being a nameless orphan? Must he be permitted to snatch from me the only blessing that is left to my poor, desolate heart? She clenched her hands and tore her hair in her wild agony; then as her passion subsided, she attempted to do her mistresses bid-

ding, but her trembling form sank wearily down on the floor.

Miss Distresher, mistress has been ringing three blessed times for yer. What's the matter? And the sympathetic Catherine leaned over the prostrate girl.

Tell Robert—where am I? came from the ashen lips as she pressed her hand to her pallid brow.

Indade, ye look like a ghost, miss. There goes mistress's bell agin. Bless us! She's getting into a woeful passion! She'll think ye are a waiting-maid fur shure.

Help me to rise, Katie, and please do not tell how you found me, implored Therese. I will go to her now. Baron Defareau; let me repeat the hateful name until my ears are less shocked at the sound, she murmured, as she stood at Mrs. Stockton's open door.

How dare you delay when I summon you, girl? Do you not know that I wish to look my best to-day? Come take down my hair.

Therese's hands gleamed through the dark masses of hair that she was so artistically coiling around the beautiful head.

A curl will relieve the plainness, Therese suggested.

Stop, Therese, if there is not a gray hair right on my temple! A gray hair, Therese, and I—Well, it does not matter; don't let it remain there. Why cannot we always be young and fair? she queried, glancing with a disturbed look at the image reflected in the pier glass before her.

You never displayed such taste before. My hair looks charming. Go to the door, Therese; some one is there.

A gentleman sends his spees to missus and waits her ladyship's pleasure in the 'ception-room, said the obsequious lackey, presenting a card.

Give it to me, said Mrs. Stockton, advancing. The baron, as I supposed. Tell the gentlemen, Juno, that I will not keep him waiting long. Then turning to Therese she continued, the dinner is not until six; but the company are to have a dance on the green at two; my 'pelonaise' now; music, charades, and so forth, in the evening. The baron is quite enthusiastic about it. He is very lively, although he is old enough to be your father. Look out! Do not tear that lace! I know he is completely captivated for he said that American ladies were 'naivete,' and charming, while he looked straight at me. By-the-by, Therese, he speaks English almost as perfectly as you. Where did you learn it?

My mother was born in England, was the low reply.

Hand me my opera cloak. Don't forget to put the rest of my jewelry safely back into the drawer.

Therese, concealed behind the heavy folds of the damask curtains, watched the baron assist the smiling widow into the elegant phaeton that stood waiting to receive them.

He will marry her; but what of poor, poor Therese? she moaned as the carriage was wheeled rapidly down the avenue.

One by one she placed each sparkling ornament in the velvet case, then carefully laid it in the drawer.

He will come here day after day, and he will find me. No, I will find another home. I have baffled him once I will flee again. Poor madam! I have been so happy here! They will not return until late. I can go out, and no one will question me.

She threw her light mantle around her and stole out.

In England I could not rest, and here in this glorious land I am still a wanderer.

From the great thoroughfare she passed on until the green fields began to appear, and she soon emerged in the open country.

Hark! I hear his voice! Robert! Robert! she called, as a beautiful boy of four summers came bounding towards her.

My precious one! she said, as she fondled his silken curls.

Mamma, mamma, softly fell on her ear.

An overgrown girl came bounding forward, shouting at the top of her lungs, Robbie! Robbie! but stopped as she saw him enfolded in Therese's arms.

Come, my darling, let us go to the house, said Therese.

Auntie Greenop is out to-day remarked the girl.

When she returns tell her I am coming here to stay until I can get another place.

Why don't you have a home for you and Robbie, mamma? asked the child.

The tears were raining down the cheeks of the lister, while she pressed her hand to her heart. Long she caressed the child.

I must leave you now, darling, but tomorrow, you will see me again. Here are some bon-bons. Good-by, my darling.

The sun had sunk far below the horizon when Therese again stood in her chamber. Carefully she took down each well-worn garment, and while

heartrending sobs shook her frame she sorrowfully folded them.

It is done, she said, at length; the farewell only remains to be spoken, and again I shall be adrift on the cold, cold world.

Quickly she fastened down the lid of her trunk, and directed her steps to the boudoir. The door of the room was opened from the opposite side, and the tread of many feet resounded through the hall.

Madam and de gentleman bofe bin hurt, missis; dey are fetching 'em up stairs now, said Juno. De hosses ain't caught yet; de carriage gone to—

Baron Defareau hurt? Don't stand dare in de way; step aside till dey lay missis down.

Whiter than the coverlet on which she rested looked the fair face of Mrs. Stockton.

Do you not see that she is faint from pain and terror? Go for a physician at once, said Therese, as she bathed the brow of the sufferer.

When the physician arrived, Mrs. Stockton had recovered enough to speak. Go to the baron, Therese, she said; see that he has every care.

It was many days before Mrs. Stockton was able to leave her room. Poor Therese divided her time between waiting on her mistress and watching the slow progress of the fever that seemed to be consuming the very life-blood of the baron.

Will he live or die? thought Therese, as she bent over his attenuated form. How I could rejoice in his death! His life is in my hands. Shall I give him back to fortune, fame and health, or shall I fold my arms and see the breath that has so often cursed me go out forever? Robbie, for your sake he ought to die.

Robert, Robert! I will find her, moaned the sick man.

Call for Robert, hard-hearted father! How you would recoil if you knew whose hand administered the cooling draught to your parched lips! I almost wish it were poison. Great God what am I saying? What must I have endured to have such a thought enter my brain? Robert, Robert, your image rises before me, and I will nurse him to life again.

When the physician entered, she said,—

He is sleeping now, but it seems the deep sleep of death.

He may never awaken; prepare for the worst, said the doctor.

Do not leave me. See, even now his eyes open; he looks around, whispered Therese.

Thank God, he will live, said the doctor, while Therese hid her face in her hands.

An opiate was administered, and the patient slept. Then the doctor ordered absolute rest for the attendant whose constant care had saved the stricken man.

If I only had strength to depart, sighed Therese as she sank exhausted on her pillow. Where can I find another home? was her last waking thought.

The morning light was struggling to get through the curtained window when she awoke.

Mistress says you must not come out of yer room to-day, said Catharine as she brought in a cup of coffee and fresh rolls.

Madam is very kind, and I thank her, returned the maid. How is the baron.

He is aisy now. Mistress says she is able to look after him a bit; and Catharine bustled out of the room.

One more day's grace before I go I know not whether, How furiously madam's bell is ringing! What can she want of me? The baron must be worse! exclaimed Therese.

With feeble step the girl reached her mistress's apartment.

Where is my casket, Therese? demanded Mrs. Stockton. You alone know where I keep it. Have you displaced it?

Madam, I returned it to the secret drawer as soon as you and the baron left the house.

The eyes of Mrs. Stockton wore a strange expression as they rested on the shrinking girl.

You must have it in your possession; and her hand grasped the silken bell-cord. I shall ring for Juno; he shall search your trunk.

You cannot suspect that I would be guilty of theft? cried the affrighted maid.

No scene; here is Juno. Come with us.

Mechanically Therese looked on while every garment was ruthlessly examined. You must not open that, she exclaimed, as Juno seized upon an elegant morocco case and was trying to find the spring to open it.

Go on, said the stern voice of the mistress.

You shall not, she cried, and gathering her falling strength she sprang forward.

My jewels are in there no doubt, said Mrs. Stockton, as the girl fell unheeded at her feet. Why—the baron's picture! What mystery is this? Has

she robbed him also? A plain gold ring, a flaxen curl; but where are my jewels? A bundle of letters; they must belong to the baron since they bear his seal! Everything is packed ready to make off with the booty. She shall not escape me! the widow said as she looked at the girl who was now reviving.

Juno, tell the porter to detain Miss Therese, should she try to leave the grounds.

Most of the day Mrs. Stockton remained by the side of the baron, but her mind constantly reverted to her missing treasures; and when night closed around her, she lay tossing uneasily on her bed.

What can I do to make her confess? she repeated again and again. 'Tis past midnight, and still I am awake. Perhaps if I turn down the gas I can sleep.

A sound as though some one was cautiously turning the knob arrested her attention.

Again I have forgotten to slide the bolt, was the widow's mental ejaculation.

The door slowly opened, and the white-robed figure of Therese glided in. She passed on until she stood by the mantel; inserting her hand behind the mirror she drew forth a package, glanced at it, then carefully replaced it, and with noiseless tread she left her mistress alone.

As soon as her fright would permit, Mrs. Stockton went to the glass, and behind it, stowed far out of sight, she found her own casket!

She has come to see if the jewels are still safe. She did not dare to secrete them in her room. Ungrateful girl.

The morning was far advanced as Mrs. Stockton stood watching Therese's slumber. A smile rested on the parted lips of the girl, and her luxuriant hair was streaming over the snow-white pillow, setting off the exquisite loveliness of her madonna-like countenance. An expression of scorn rested on madam's face as she noted her strange beauty.

Therese, she called.

The girl moved.

Therese, repeated the woman, are you feigning sleep? Arouse yourself! Madam, is it you who calls me?

Yes, and I have some unpleasant news to tell you, I have found the casket.

The casket, thank Heaven! she exclaimed. Now you will restore my package of letters and the miniature. But where did you find the jewels?

How dare you ask? Where you secrete them, and where you came in the dead hour of the night to see if they were safe.

Where I—what do you say? O madam, you mock me!

Go! leave my house! Your presence breathes naught but treachery and deceit. Go! before I have you thrust forth or yield you up to justice!

Madam, have pity; think I tried to steal your jewels, but give me back—

Give you back, shame-faced girl, the letters you took from the baron while you pretending to devote you whole time to his recovery!

Madam, as God hears me, I have never seen your casket since the day you went—

Therese, I will not stand and hear you perjure yourself; and madam turned away.

Madam, madam! shrieked the maid; but madam would not stay.

It was a long while before the baron was pronounced convalescent.

I must thank you, madam, for your care during my illness. Sometimes it seems as though an angel had offered me drink when my throat was burning with its terrible thirst.

Therese an angel! thought madam. Here are your letters, she said, anxious to divert his thoughts. And here is your picture, taken some years ago, I presume.

Where did you get that? And the letters in Robert's handwriting! Where did you get them?

Briefly she told him how Therese had concealed them.

Woman, do you know they belong to me—Therese? Where is she now?

She tried to steal from me, and I drove her forth.

Poor child, still persecuted. Why do you still flee from me when I have these weary years striven to undo the great wrong I committed? he muttered. Therese must be found at once, he said aloud.

Is it spaking of Miss Distresher ye are? said Catharine, who had been an unobserved listener instead of attending to the arrangement of the fruit on the table. It's meself who saw her standing by the window of a house way down the lane, sir, last day I went out, sir.

The excited baron could not be persuaded to send for her, but went immediately to find her.

Mamma, mamma, birdies sing, but mamma cry, said a childish voice.

Hush, child; some one comes. O God! he has found— Therese! Do not take my boy from me, she gasped, as she clasped him to her heart.

No; I have come to restore you to your home and to your husband.

She looked at him in a dazed way. Slowly his meaning dawned upon her.

To home—to Robert. But you told me I was not his wife; and the law would protect you; that your son was not of age, and could not marry. And I his bride of only one year!

Come, Therese, do not recount your wrongs, but listen to me. No sooner had you fled with your babe than my son returned. Your letter told him all. He spurned me from him. Like a maniac he tore his hair. Gone were the visions of a brilliant alliance for him. He called aloud for his wife and child. In bitterness of heart I followed you to London, and from thence to America. Never for a moment did I give up the search. And now will you not return to the sorrowing heart that calls in vain for you?

A new light shone in her dark eye as she extended her hand to him.

Gladly will I return, but—oh! she faltered, as a sudden thought oppressed her. I cannot go, for I am branded as—how can I say it?

I know what you would say. Tell me all about it. Your character must stand before the world in its true light. You shall be righted, he said.

On his way back to Mrs. Stockton's his mind was in a chaos of joy and perplexity. Joy that his weary search was ended, and disturbed at the charge brought against Therese.

The widow sprang to the hall as the servant opened the great oaken door for him, and excitedly exclaimed,—

Have you seen her—Therese? Take me to her, that I may tell her I know she is innocent. Catharine says she came in at midnight and looked at the bottles of medicine which stood by your side, and she knew by the vacant glare of her eyes, that she was walking in her sleep! She feared to awaken her, but watched her until she went into her own apartment! I will tell her she can come back to serve me.

No need, for she is going to Europe with me,—

With you? Your wooing has progressed rapidly, she said, as a crimson flush mounted to her brow.

Therese is my son's wife! She was married to Robert more than five years ago. I separated them, and now I shall reunite them.

The widow insisted that Therese and her child should be put under her surveillance until she could prepare them for their homeward journey. And though it was hard for her to give up the idea of marrying a title, she bade them all God-speed as she waved her lace handkerchief to the happy trio who stood on the deck of the great ocean steamer that was now sailing on the harbor.

The following advertisement appeared recently in the 'N. Y. Tribune.' It must have been written by a philosopher or a first-class joker:

If the party who took my overcoat was influenced by the inclemency of the weather, all right, but if by commercial considerations, I am ready to negotiate for its return.

DURING the war of 1812, the American officer, Captain Porter, of the Essex going into flight with a vessel commanded by a noted British captain, named Winter, gave his orders as follows: My men, you see a very severe winter approaching; I have only to keep up a good fire.

A MAN who was bitten by a dog the other night, declared, as soon as he recovered from his fright, that he would kill the animal. But the dog isn't mad said the owner. Mad! shouted the victim, exasperatingly; what has he got to be mad about?

THERE are but three ways of living, as some one has said, by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two.

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