Houseless and friendless, a stranger to joys, Worried by dogs, and tormented by boys

Wandering nightly in search of a rat, Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Lurking round outhouses, mewing a doors;

Begging a morsel from plentiful stores, Nothing she gets but a blow or a "scat, Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Somebody's chickens were missing on night, Animal craving discusses no right-Did her fierce hunger compel her to that?

Excusable quite in a famishing cat.

Maternal conditions at times would ensue. Betrayed on the day by a faint little mew, Murderous boys the whole brood would be at-

Poor old bereaved, unfortunate cat!

Pampered young tabby, how little you Purring or dosing on cushion or chair, Sighing she saw you so glossy and fat

Comfortless sight for a desolate cat! Pussy had lives the conventional nine-Lives are unlasting unless we can dine Toothless, disabled, she weakened for that

Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat! Guilty or innocent, dying she lies, Vacantly staring with glittering eyes, Doubtless, if sensible, thankful for that, fence, peering over at him,-Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Unlike us, for pussy, tho' trespassing

No tear that St. Peter would say to her " scat," All is now over-write-requiescat.

SELECT STORY.

## Ross Charlton's Secret.

T was getting dusk. Behind the lating sides the early summet was smil. him, till there seemed to grow into his racket for a while. Those two Maltese ing, and the sun had set half an hour gray eyes something of the care-free cats that Sarah, the kitchen girl, dotes before, his glories not all faded yet, but mirthfulness of hers. breaking through the gray bank of Now, if I were only Moses, and you night, and set up such a howling tomountain mist in bars of dusky gold, as the king's daughter, come to take pity wards morning, I got up and hunted

long, low, and irrigularly built, standing far back of the country road, and one who is more like a princess than I down through the scuttle, half hidden behind and beneath a row shall ever be, she said, gayly. There of stately horse-chestnut trees, aflame, is a lady at the bouse asking for you. now, with their torch-like blossoms. A and mother sent me to hunt you up, ing. house, its beds of bloom traversed every-where by rows of fragrant box. Rock | Who is it? Cottage everybody called the quaint old grim again, and deaf to her pleasantry.

The good the chill hauteur with It is quite Ross Charlton kept them at a death. The younger son-for there to stay, I believe. was once another-had not been so. A hale, free hearted, neck-or-nothing sort to Ross Charlton's lips as he rose sudof fellow they all remembered him, denly to his feet, and set his hat on with ready to stop for a friendly chat with a jerk. Then he stalked past her, the anybody who chanced to come in his brief happiness gone out of his eyes, and way, free of money, free of speach, free of morals: a constant trouble to his mother, a thorn in the side of his steady tearing it. Angry-but with whom? going, elder brother. A short-lived trouble, though. Gossip had it that he the way he hung over her chair, as she came home from one of his erratic jour- sat under the grape-vine an hour la er, neys, demanding a larger sum of money her shawl, a frost-like lace. mingling than it was convenient to supply at a moment's notice; and so, angry with his ner; her black hair push-d back from too indulgent mother. and furious at her temples, and braided in with strings the interferrence of his brother Ross, of white coral over the sheen-like ears. he went again, swearing it was the last time he would ever set foot over the threshold. And it was. In his blind, ton's admiring eyes she seemed an oriunreasoning folly, goaded by the strong ent pearl, white, pure. and gleaming, and immediate necessity for a large forgetting, perhaps, how, a year before, sum of money, he inlisted in the army he saw in her the likeness of a young -for large bounties were rife ther - panther, velvet eyed, velvet footed, but and fell on some hot battle-field, nobody with claws dagger sharp behind all the ever could ascertain just how or where; softness. and to wention his name to his brother blow in the face.

receiving the news of the death of her young man forgot himself? Her warm breath swept his face; the garden odors, like one stricken with some scathing the news of the death of her young man forgot himself? Her warm breath swept his face; the garden odors, trusted to them, and pranced off at a harbor Grace, Newfoundland. it was no worse for her than for them; kept on that passionate waltz. Then, but they lived on, while she changed, when the flute-like tones had drawn his man, in middle life to a piteous picture and said,of decrepitude; and in the fall of that I can't express to you how grieved I

shut up the house, and went away after so strange the news failed to reach me, his mother died. Rumor said he mar- I have counted on this visit; and now the season. The really cordial kind- tinued to any subscriber for a less term ried during his absence, and was trave how can I stay when all is so ness of Mr. Charlton's voice that morn- than six months. elling over Europe with his wife. But changed? be that as it might, he returned, suddenly, too—in the night; and none of
the neighbors seemed to know anything
shout it till they saw the house onen about it till they saw the house open, her, her accustomed place again, her calm Surely you will not turn away from Meredith to make a third, for, though face as calm as ever.

since his return, he showed himself to be happy again. haughtier and more reticent than before Mrs. Trafford, passing through the the light carriage, her elegant silk casakeeping quite to himself, neither visit- hall, stood still with blank surprise,

ing nor receiving company; and, judge firmed invalid.

He did not look very ill, or particu- ness, not mine. larly miserable, with the yellow June Ah! Mrs. Trefford was not a man, nor handsome, lazily emoking a cigar lay at full length in the long grass back sitting in the summer moon light, with gleam of recognition—a malicious gleam away the last two hours watching the in his ear. blue flies and honey bees diving, in Of all Miss Meredith's elegant irregu-

conventional an attitude.

to have been a head taller than she was; bing element in the domestic routine.

Really, Miss Gracie, you must excuse over everything. me; I hadn't time to get up, and make I don't believe I slept an hour all myself into Squire Charlton. I saw night. Miss Meredith said, leaning her truction. Death had no terrors, the future no fear. you coming, but took you for a squirrel. head on her hand, as she sat sipping her face agleam with mirth. She was horridest noise, or fancied I did. wondering if he really was the grave, Noise | repeated Grace, looking up. grim man she had known hitherto, My room is on the floor with yours, and little scarlet shawl of creamy crape over sparse of word, curt of manner, with I heard nothing but the wind and rain. her shoulders, shivering like a baby, and wrinkles seaming his great forehead, be- It rained hard all night. lieing his youth and health.

gies, she said, laughing at him. I like straight at Grace with her great eyes.

though loth to leave so fair a domain. on me, he said, looking at her with a the house over for them. It seems they There was a brown stone cottage, grimace that set her laughing again.

great flower-garden laid in front of the see I knew just where to look, knowing

Who is it? he blurted out, growing Grace Trafford looked half inclined

It is that Miss Meredith who came here visiting once before, when Mrs. distance, especially since his mother's Charlton was living; and she is going

Something rather unscriptural came set his boot-heel on the hem of her pink muslin dress, as he went, soiling and

Not with his lady guest, judging by

with the silver moonbeams all around Is there a face on earth moonlight cannot spiritualize? To Ross Charl-

She began humming a low-toned melwas to get a look that was very like a ody to the tinkling time of a fountain gay with elegant women, puppet like shedding its cool spray over a flower-bed children and poodle dogs. Down the Is printed and published by the Proprie-Mrs. Charlton did not live long after a little distant. Was it strange the sandy slope leading to the water, blood tor, William R. Squarey, every Wedneslike one stricken with some scathing redolent of lilac blossoms rose around grief. Other mothers, losing sons more them; waving branches cut the moonnoble than hers in the dead affray, said light into gilded bars, and still her voice suddenly, from a hale, handsome wo- eyes close to hers, she stopped, suddenly

am to find your dear mother gone, dead ish their leave-taking in the wide hall teen lines, (lourgeois type) for fir-t in-Ross Charlton dismissed his servants and buried. I cannot realize it. It is

us, now. You say you have no settled there was little affinity between the two. Boss Charlton's absence seemed, in plan for the summer, and the season is Grace Trafford never forgot to be amino wise, to have softened his grief; for young yet. Stay with us, and help us able and kind.

ing by the frequent visits his one guest Mr Charlton is in lis sober senses, tering slowly along the piazza and -the physician who had attended his asking her to stay here, with her great stretched hinself out on a settee, watchmother in her last hours-made, one black eyes! He was half afraid for me ing them too curionsly for a stranger, might conclude he had become a con- to bring my Gracie here. But this wo- Grace thought. Mr. Charlton, busy

twilight gleaming over his hair, as he in the flood-tide of youth and passion, Grace saw him move. She noted the

blind wantonness, among the red-top lamties, none caused her hostess-for, in reality, Mrs. Trafford was her hos-A step bending the grass—the flutter toss—so much annoyance as that of lys ger of his left hand so as to set a redof a light dress among the brier bushes, ing late in the morning- Indeed, she hearted ring he wore agleam in the made him raise his head slightly, peer- soldom or never came down to breakfast sunrays like an evil eye. ing through the thorny hedge, to see with the rest. But when she did come, who was coming to citch him in so un- so beautiful, so charming, so perfectly dressed, the realy kind, motherly woman She could not have been over seven- could not find it in her heart to chide teen, and could have borne gracefully her, or even hint that she was a distur-

though the childish spring and litheness | She came down, one morning, dainty, of her form was met and matched sweet- sweet and fresh as a pond-lily in her drive. Grace Trafford set her beaming ly by the girlish bloom of the face un- embroidered cambric wrapper and am. face towards the sunlit ocean, with a der the straw hat—a peculiar face— ber combs, declaring she did wish she too brown, almost, till some pleased could wake in decent season, like other soft curls, lifted by the sweet morning emotion sent a tide of rich scarlet blood people. Grace Trafford put aside her air, blew across Ross Charlton's face waving into the soft oval cheeks and soft sewing, good-naturedly, and uncovered sending the black in quick thrills to hi a delicate white china breakfast service finger tips delighting without bewilder "Bonnie Gilminnie, she ga'ed up the set on a little round table in the bay ing, he could not he'p contrasting these glon," said Ross, watching her. Then window of the dining-room, where the two women; the one in her young fresh aloud, as she stood the other side of the norning sunbeams came shimmering beauty, so keen y alive to all pure and through the vine leaves, dancing gayly healthful influences, the other like some

She stood still, eyeing him shyly, coffee by the teaspoonful- I heard the did not appear at dinner that afternoon.

Yes. but the wind cannot scold and ing wind.

You needn't rise or make any apolo- cry and stamp its feet, she said. looking you best when you play Moses in the Mrs. Trafford had entered the room bulrushes, and I do hate squire Charl- in time to hear Miss Meredith's last

mountain range, over whose undu- up into the bright, eager face beat above laughing. Well, there was a pretty remark seemed to justify. on so, were shut out in the rain last ever hearing you mention it before. had climbed on the latice to the roof, I have royal commands for you from and I had to get a stick and drive them cried out with pain-the unguarded

Ah! I am glad to know the truth. I false.

Mrs. Trafford left the room a moment after. Miss Meredith finished her breakfast silently, and went up stairs. Mother, said Grace, going to the kitchen.table where her mother stood, looking flushed and vexed, I am not Miss Meredith. What was it that kept me awake last night.

Her Mother's face cleared away. Child, she said, remember what you solemnly promised when I took you from school to have your home here with mc. You must, according to your promise. assist Mr. Charlton and myself in our dreadful task. There is a secret,-a mystery, to which the world must be blind and deaf and dumb. You have never tried to discover it. I pray you never will. I will tell you this: it is nothing that can ever harm you or any one else. Years to come may prove to you that it is no unholy works. If Miss Meredith is disposed to lay awake of nights, she had better go away.

Grace turned away, satisfied. Miss Meredith, listening in the entry, did

Chapter II.

It was the usual scene in front of a summer botel.

The cool, wide piazza with its settees, its lounges and rustick chairs and above, the open windows whose awnings flapped in and out to the ocean breeze, windows trusted to them, and pranced off at a spanking pace, sniffing the delicions sea air as a lady smells perfume.

Ross Charlton's span of iron-grays pawed the hard gravel impatiently with Dollars Fifty Cents) per annum, payable their delieate fore-feet, as he stood half-yearly. smoothing their sides caressingly, wait | Advertisements inserted on the most ing for Grace and Miss Meredith to fin. liberal terms, viz :- Per square of sevenof the C-House, where an old school sertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents. friend of Miss Trafford was stopping for The STAR will not be issued or coning, as he offered to driv her there for Advertisements received at the ofinvitation as cordially as it was given, she quickly decided to invite Miss

As Miss Meredith seated herself in que rattling its bead-trimmed lace like

Is it possible, she asked herself, that a young hail-storm, a man came saun man! Well, it is his affair, thank good- with his horses, saw only a somewhat elaborately-dressed man, neither young of the apple orchard, where he had idled Miss Meredith singing German waltzes in the man's disagreeable eyes, answered by a quick flush overspreading Miss Meredith's face from brow to clin. But she did not note the quick instantaneous signal he made by raising the little fin-

The flush died quickly out of Miss Meredith's face, leaving it hard and cold as marble.

Let me be patient; let me be hopeful, she said to herself. Fate is fast place ing me beyond his rower.

She was silent on their homeward crimson hearted flower of the tropics, her beauty rapture-her influence des-

Miss Meredeth pleading a headache Towards evening, she came down to the dusky parlor dressed in gray silk and a complaining bitterly of the chilly even-

I ought to have stayed South; these east winds are killing me, she said, testily, banging down an open window. pile of bills he was counting, with more He rose to lean on his elbow, looking How ridiculous! she exclaimed. surprise in his face than such a casual

> Then you have lived south? he said, gazing at her still, I don't remember

> How angry her eyes grew away in her dim corner under his persistent gaze. She bit her tongue between her sharp white teeth till she could have tongue that for once had played her so

I was visiting in Mamphis when the war broke out, and subsequently lived a few months in New Orleans, she said, shortly. Life there was not so delight ful that I care to recall it.

Mr. Charlton did not pursue a sub ject co evidently distasteful, but counted his notes over again, and in a few kept cose to the race, which preven minutes later left the room. Up-stairs the Machine from missing stitches. in the library, Grace Trafford sat reading by the light of a shaded lamp. He Each Machine is furnishe stood at the door watching her a mo-

Little girl, he said softly, toying with a curl on her shoulder, I want some industrious little woman like you a moment-there is no hurry; but if you go down to the parlor again to-night take a needle and seme fine silk with you. In sorting some notes I accidently tore a fifty dollar greenback nearly in two. You will find it under my parian paperweight on the mantel.

Two hours later Grace did go down singing as she went. She was pleased and happy always to have Ross Charl. ton come to her in such needs. She turned up the gas and searched under every vase and ornament for the torn bill. It was nowhere to be found.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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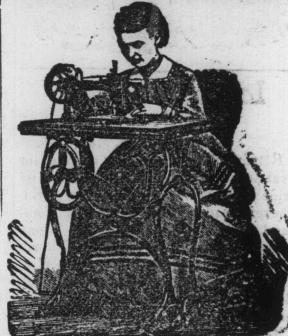
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