

THE STAR.

Give Him a Lift.

Oh, the blessings the world might have,
If the stewards the germs would save;
Every gift, every good attain,
And the faltering steps sustain.
Just by a lift!

Yonder lad with the beaming eye,
Pressing on with a stifled sigh,
Seeking the good from the ill to sift,
Checked and chilled by the stormy drift,
Give him a lift!

That young girl who is peering round!
Softly treading the dangerous ground,
Looking ahead for the beacon-light,
Which is almost beyond her sight,
Give her a lift!

See that wreck on the sea of life,
Nearly swamped by the waves of strife!
Stay not to count every spot you see,
Nor to say what he ought to be:
Give him a lift!

There is one who has done his best,
And he toils with no hope of rest!
Ye who can ride all your life at ease,
And can do as your fancies please,
Give him a lift!

A few steps may suffice, at most;
Just an effort—that is not lost!
Saying the wasting of years through care,
So the fruits of their toil they'll share:
Give them a lift!

Not to pamper a wild desire—
Just the aid that they each require;
Some in the shade, and others in sun,
And the stewards must see it done:
Give them a lift!

Oh! the blessing—the heavenly dower!
Oh, the glorious gift of power!
Which shall the true in the truth retain,
And the wandering steps restrain—
Giving a lift!

SELECT STORY.

A Sister's Love.

[CONCLUDED.]

Ethel, bless you, darling, for these words. If I could regard you less because your first affections were misplaced, I would prove unworthy of the precious gem. Oh, that Amy were with us to share my happiness!

Hush, Earnest, Amy is an angel now. 'Tis wrong to wish her back on earth. Perhaps from some bright world afar she smiles upon us now.

Long did Earnest linger in the little parlor at the side of his idol, but rising to go when the lateness of the hour warned him, he pressed the white hand which Ethel extended to his lips, and was gone. Not for worlds would he have dared to kiss her lips. So pure, she seemed to him little less than an angel.

Earnest Raymond and his beautiful bride were among the first arrivals at a delightful mountain house near the Hudson. Young ladies had frowned on the beauty of Ethel, fearing a new belle who would eclipse their loveliness, while gay young men lamented her husband was in the land of the living, thinking what a delightful task it would be to lay seige to such a beautiful woman's heart.

The first evening of her arrival, Ethel stood on the porch of her hotel, when in the parlor near she heard a gentleman say—

So, George, she is the girl you made such a fuss about in that little out-of-the-way village, about five years ago.

Yes, Hal, Mrs. Raymond is the beautiful Ethel I loved, and never ceased to love. You may well start with surprise. Because she did her duty, I gave her up. I have frolicked about for five years, without dreaming she could marry anyone; and when I grew more tired of my gay life I determined to go back and wed her. How vain, how contemptible I have been. Did you see how she met me? Her face covered with dimples and smiles, while I hung my head, unable to speak. And now she is married. Her husband is worthy of her. I cannot stay where she is. I shall leave for New-York to-night, and then join my Mother in Europe. Ethel's brother married again two years after she refused to leave him. I saw the account of it in a paper. Had I gone to her then, she might now be mine. Hal, take a lesson from me. If you love a girl, don't let pride come between you and happiness.

Both gentlemen arose. Ethel had heard every word, but as her husband then approached, she placed her hand lovingly in his, and thought—

Had I married him instead of you, Oh, I shudder to think what I might be now.

In the morning Hal Weston informed

George Hambleton's many friends that a despatch, received the night before, had called him to New York.

On the seat where George Hambleton had told his friend of his great disappointment, Mrs. Raymond saw a little book, on the fly-leaf of which was written Ethel's name, and the following couplet:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'I might have been.'"

ENTERPRISE;

OR THE TWO VAGABONDS.

I'll punch your head, you little imp, if you don't give me that ball you've got there. What business has a chap of your size got with such a hard one, any way? I'm goin' to have it; so fork over. And look here; don't put on any more airs round these parts; because, if you do, I'll dump you into the pond.

I'll act just as I please; and you'll have to work harder for my ball than you've yet done before you get it. If you think you can lick me, all that's got to be done is to try it on. I'm ready any time you are. S'pose you come down behind the barn now, and try it on. I'm coming! If you don't get about as badly beaten as ever any living chap did, I don't know my name.

Shut up your gas. Get to work and prove that your bite is as bad as your bark.

The above conversation took place one afternoon, just as the pupils were congregating upon the playground attached to Dr. Marchmont's school. The cause of the assemblage was a match game of base ball between the two highest classes. The boys who so boldly gave, and accepted, the challenge to fight, were anything but well matched. The challenger was a great, clumsy, red-faced boy, with a shock of curly hair, and a snub nose. His name was appropriately that of Sam Blow. He would brag at, and bully, the smaller boys, cringe before the big ones, and curry favor of the teachers.

On the contrary, the boy who so pluckily resisted his attempt at brow-beating was a short, well-made, black-haired, active little fellow, known as Con Fredericks. Where he came from, no one could tell, though many tried to find out. He had but two days before been brought into the school-room by Dr. Marchmont, and introduced to the boys as Constant Fredericks. Since that time he had scarcely spoken to any one; but to-day he had unbent a little, and, taking a ball from his pocket, asked Bill Crowley, the "butt" of the school, to have a catch. He had astonished every one, not only by his own good playing, but by the great improvement he wrought in Bill's throwing and catching. The secret of his last success is embraced in the one word, encouragement.

Among the crowd who gathered around the two players, was Sam Blow. Dull as he was, he saw that unless he took some measures to put down this "young upstart," as he termed him, the little codgers, under his leadership, might rebel, and topple him down from his pedestal of cruelty. Not daring to misuse him while the larger boys were around, he waited until their game was "called," and then attempted to rob him; with what result we have seen above.

When he saw how undaunted Con was, Sam began to feel uneasy; thoughts of private boxing-lessons, and training, flashed through his brain, and he would have retreated, if possible. He tried to shirk coming to the scratch, but in vain; he had asserted claims of superiority, and now he must make them good, or be branded as a coward throughout the school.

As the contestants started for that scene of many a hard fought battle, behind the barn, the boys, seeing that this was going to be no mere war of words, called to their companions, a fight! a fight! Con Fredericks is going to lick Blow! and like announcements of the impending contest, many of which were anything but complimentary, owing to the peculiar adaptability for ridicule of Sam Blow's name.

All the boys, excepting the base ball players, followed the juvenile fighters to the place appointed for the battle to come off. It was hard work for those who remained to go on with the game. Many muffs were made by crack players, whose thoughts were all centered on the exciting drama being acted just out of their sight. Even these young anchorites gave in when a small boy appeared around the corner of the barn, waving his hat, and shouting, come here and

see the fun! Fredericks has knocked Blow into the middle of next week! Time was called, and, with a loud huzza, the released club rushed off, pell mell, to view the sanguinary combat.

What a sight met their eyes! Outstretched upon the ground, and bellowing like a mad bull, lay the redoubtable Sam Blow; while Con was busily engaged in thrashing a rash boy who had hazarded the remark that he could lick that ere little peacock in ten minutes. Poor fellow! he bitterly repented when, after his sixth knock-down, blinded by dirt and blood, he struck out from his right shoulder at the stone fence, thinking that it was Con's face, and had to be borne off the field, bawling, in inharmonious howls, a broken hand; while his victorious competitor was carried off upon the shoulders of the admiring school-boys, who sent up cheer after cheer in admiration of his "pluck."

Before the day was over, Con had been elected catcher of the "picked nine" of the school, nominated as a member of all the secret societies, and, in fact, received all the honors which his school-mates could bestow upon him.

Unlike many greater personages, he did not mount to the pinnacle of fame only to plunge headlong down into the abyss of ruin, but retained his suddenly acquired glory, and, from that time until he left, was the Bayard of Dr. Marchmont's establishment. Many a weakling was saved from oppression by his generous interference; but the most marked example of the influence he extended upon the boys, was Bill Crowley. From being the most despised creature in the school, he rose to be one of the most esteemed, and it was all owing to the fact that Con took a fancy to him, espoused his cause, defended and helped him, and, at last, made him his only friend.

In spite of his great popularity with the boys, Con was also liked by the teachers for his attention, obedience, and desire to learn. By dint of hard study, and their assistance, he rose, before the year was over, into the highest class, accompanied by Bill, who no longer slunk into the class-room and spent the time in stupid silence, but, on the contrary, moved and studied with animation. The two boys had become boon companions, rarely being apart from each other; and it was a pleasing sight to see them, as they lay lazily stretched out on the grass underneath the trees, in summer, or as they skated across the glassy surface of the mill-pond, in winter.

They were complete contrast in appearance, Con being short, finely developed, with a dark, handsome face, and Bill tall, fair-haired, slender, with a slight inclination to stoop, and a look of almost girlish beauty on his refined countenance. They were peculiar companions, sometimes for hours wandering around the grounds, or through the woods, with scarcely the interchange of a word. In tastes they agreed very well, although Bill was fonder of books than Con, while Con enjoyed a good game of ball in a greater degree than Bill. Their dispositions were totally dissimilar; Con was generally quiet and reserved from haughtiness, Bill from a naturally retiring temperament. In this companionship the year glided away, bringing fresh laurels for Con and Bill. One morning, however, about two months before vacation, Dr. Marchmont called Con into his study. It was with a very grave face that he closed the door and motioned him to a seat.

My boy, began the doctor, I'm very sorry to be the bearer of bad news. You have acted like a gentleman, and striven, in every way, to lighten your teacher's labor; therefore it gives me pain to communicate disagreeable intelligence to one who deserves a better fate.

What is it, sir?
You have lost all your property.

What?
Read this letter, and you will understand, in a clearer manner, what I mean. Con took the open letter which the doctor handed him, and began to read. He finished it in a slow, deliberate manner, and one would not have been aware that anything unusual was occurring, had it not been for the settled look of despair that covered his features as he became acquainted with its contents. After he had finished, he crumpled the letter in his hand, and, bending forward, hid his face in his hands, while his frame shook and quivered with bent-up emotion.

The doctor watched him with a pitying gaze, but said nothing until the storm of grief had spent its fury. The struggle lasted for about five minutes, and then Con raised his face, which had blanched to a deadly pallor, and, in a trembling voice, said—

"Couldn't help it, sir; the news was so duced sudden. I—I—O Lord! it's

too much. I can't stand it. And down went the head again, while the fight for mastery of his feelings was repeated.

Constant, my son, said the doctor, you should not feel so badly. You are young, and the world offers you many opportunities for retrieving your losses. Try and bear your affliction with a christian spirit. It is very hard—

Hard? I should say so. Worse than you imagine, doctor. I tell you what, it comes together because it knocks all my hopes of getting an education to the winds, and sends me out into the world as poor as I was four years ago.

If there had only been enough left to carry me through college, I should have grinned and borne it; but I couldn't stand such a misfortune as this without feeling pretty badly cut up.

I know it, my boy; but you can remain—

No, I won't! I say good-by to-morrow. You don't catch me fooling around here when I ought to be at work.

But—

I'm going, I say. I'll pay up the two hundred dollars due for my schooling, board, etc., as soon as I can.

Don't think anything—

Yes, I will. That shall be an object in my life. I'll get square on your books, and then old Maxwell's. I'll pay the old scamp a heavy interest of vengeance.

You cannot, my boy. He is beyond your reach. Overcome by a sense of guilt, he shot himself yesterday morning, so a telegram said, and the papers this morning had an account of his death in their columns.

Hey?
Mr. Maxwell has committed suicide.

Very well, I can't pay him back. He would have had to suffer at my hands had he lived.

You must not cherish such revengeful feelings—

But I will. Now I'll fix my duds; and look here doctor, don't let the school know why I left, will you?

No, Constant.

Thanks.

The door slammed, and Con started for his room to pack up his things, while the worthy doctor sat in his study, plunged in melancholy reflection, sorrowing from the bottom of his kindly heart, for the unfortunate boy whose hopes had been so rudely blasted.

Chapter II.

Con's baggage was soon packed, and he started out to find Bill. He came across the object of his search, perched upon the limb of an old cherry tree deeply absorbed in an exciting specimen of dime literature.

Say, Bill, come down, will you? I've got something important on hand.

Yes, in a minute.

Oh, hurry up!

I will.

And he did, for before Con had got well settled, with his hands in his pockets, for a stay of twenty minutes or half an hour, Bill came sliding down on his devoted head.

Lucky your noddle's hard, or it would have cracked, he observed, as he touched "terra firma."

Better hard than soft. But come along; I've got a lot to tell you.

Without another word the two boys started on a brisk walk, Con leading the way, towards a forest about half a mile distant. They soon reached it. Penetrating a short distance into its depths, they threw themselves upon the grass at the foot of a huge oak.

Now sail in, said Bill.

Better get stilled, because it is a long story, replied Con.

I am.

Very well, then; to begin with, I'll just tell you I'm going to leave to-morrow.

What—why—thunder! You don't mean it?

I do, and I shall have to tell you a long story in order to give you my reason for so doing. Now listen: I first saw light in New York city; my father was a gambler, and my mother, a mighty handsome woman, used to be a decoy to draw men into his saloon. They didn't treat me well, for they sometimes drank more wine than was good for them, and then they used to whip me unmercifully. Well, you see, my father didn't play fair, but used to cheat in different ways, and to cheat unsuspecting men out of their money. One day, however, he got hold of a fellow smarter than the rest, who watched him sharply; at last he caught him, and told him he was a swindler. This didn't suit my father, who was awful quick-tempered, so he slapped the man in the face. The chap was drunk, and almost crazy; because he had lost every cent he had in the world, so he drew out a pistol, and shot my father dead on the spot.

A terrible scene ensued, which ended in the arrest of all concerned, including my mother and self; and, after our trial, I was sent to the Reform School, not before I learned, however, that my mother had committed suicide.

I did not stay at the school long, however, but escaped from it, and started out in life for myself as a pedlar of candy. I succeeded pretty well, and finally met with an incident which entirely altered my fortunes. This is the way it came about:—

I was then plying my trade on one of the Mississippi steamboats. At a stopping-place about a hundred miles from St. Louis, one day, as we were on our downward trip, an old cattle drover—you could tell his trade by his looks and actions—with a little girl, got on. The little girl no more than spied me before she set the old gent to buying candy for her, and cigars and tobacco for himself. Before she got through he had spent three dollars, and, of course, after that my attention was attracted towards them a good deal. Pretty soon she climbed upon a seat, and leaned way over the railing to look at the water. I saw the danger, and started to tell the old man, but I was too late, for, before I could get near enough to him, the boat struck a snag, and over she went. I thought for a second, and then, with the hope that he would pay me well for my trouble, followed after her. She was a little tramp, and kept still, so that in a few minutes we were both safe and sound on deck—though pretty thoroughly ducked.

The old man took the little girl down to one of the state-rooms, and pretty soon I was sent for, and they questioned me about my life. I told them some of it, taking care to leave out the worst part, and nothing else would satisfy the little girl, who was the old man's grandchild, but that I should come and live with them in St. Louis, where they were going to stay until she got her education. I, of course, accepted the old gentleman's offer, and went to live with him.

Three years passed, and then Mr. Sutton—that was the old drover's name—died, and little Louie—her name was Louise Howson—went to live with the guardian appointed by her dead parents, who had allowed her to live with her grandfather during his life. As Louie had been left a large fortune by her parents, Mr. Sutton would me all his wealth, which was considerable, and placed me under the charge of a man whom he deemed trustworthy. My guardian at once packed me off here, and, except occasional short notes containing remittances, I have heard nothing from him until this morning, when Dr. Marchmont called me into his study, and told me that he had lost all his own and my fortune by an unlucky speculation, and then killed himself.

The duce!

Yes; so you see, I'll have to clear. But I could not go without having a good long talk with you—the only friend I've ever had.

I—I—I hardly—it's so sudden, almost knocked me off my pins.

Get on them again.

Wait a minute. You say you mean to go. Tomorrow?

I do.

I'm going too.

No, you're not.

I am.

I say no.

Can't help it; I'm going with you, too.

I won't have you.

You will!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

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