

Echoes.

Echoes on my heart are falling, Soft and tender, sweet and low; Happy hours of bliss recalling In the days of long ago.

At the twilight's dreamy hour, Voices that were long since still Come to cheer with soothing power When my eyes with tear-drops fill.

Echoes on my heart are falling, Soft and tender, low and sweet; And I hear loved voices calling, Hear the tread of angel feet.

Angel-whispers seem repeating Fond words breathed in days long past. Weep not, Sorrows are but fleeting; Parting will not always last.

Where the crystal streams are flowing In the mansions of the blest; Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest—

We shall meet, no more to sever; Meet where partings never come, Farewells are not breathed forever: Earth is not our bidding home.

Then the echoes, softly dying, Faded on the evening air, And my soul poured forth its sighing In a chant akin to prayer.

SELECT STORY.

The Judge's Daughter; OR, A STRUGGLE WITH DESTINY.

[CONTINUED.]

Sorry! he cried, bitterly. You know that you encouraged me until this penniless adventurer appeared, since that time you have gradually been transferring your smiles and sweet tones to him, and, doubtless your heart also, he said, tauntingly.

Mr. Fisher, you forget yourself, said Kate, haughtily, rising and walking to the door.

Stay, stay, he cried, entreatingly. You cannot mean what you say. O Kate, I have cherished this hope so long that it is cruel to dash it thus—I have loved you so madly, so entirely, I cannot bear to think of losing you at last. I will wait patiently; but oh, give me one word of hope—

It is impossible, said Kate, mildly. You certainly would not wed a woman unless you possessed her heart?

But your father, Miss Raymond? Consider what his wishes are on the subject, urged Mr. Fisher.

He will not compel me to marry against my will, she replied.

And you refuse decidedly to become my wife? he demanded.

I do, was the firm reply. Perhaps you are already engaged to Mr. Winchester, he remarked, with a sneer.

Kate flushed and paled alternately with anger.

Mr. Fisher, you are insulting. But I will so far overlook your conduct, as to inform you that I am not engaged to Mr. Winchester; and I never should have married you, even had I never seen him. I have cared for you as a friend, nothing more.

And thus are my hopes dispelled! he exclaimed, and a look of mingled vexation and disappointment crossed his face. Miss Raymond, he added, turning and confronting her, you will do well to reconsider your answer. Your position in society as my wife would be fully equal to what it is now. My fortune is ample, and your every wish shall be gratified.

I shall never change my decision. You have my answer, and it is final.

Very well, Miss Raymond. If you choose to throw away the love which I offer you, I must submit. But you may find, when too late, that you have committed an act of folly. And Mr. Fisher, as he concluded, abruptly left the house.

The days glided by, one after another, until nearly two weeks had passed. One morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. Raymond suddenly inquired if Mr. Fisher was out of town.

No, I saw him on Broadway, yesterday, replied the judge.

What is the reason he does not call then, I wonder? Mrs. Raymond queried, looking inquiringly at Kate, who preserved an indifferent silence.

I am sure I cannot tell, replied the judge looking up in surprise. Has he not been here of late?

I think, it is fully two weeks since he has called. Before that, he was here twice, and even three times, a week, replied Mrs. Raymond.

I supposed he was to take Kate to the opera, last night. Did you not go, my daughter? said the judge, turning to her.

No, papa, I did not, she replied, nervously.

She knew a scene was inevitable, and she dreaded it; not for any fear she felt, but she had been a dutiful daughter, and

she knew what a disappointment her refusal of Mr. Fisher would cause her father.

Why not? he demanded. Because Mr. Fisher did not ask me to go, papa.

And what reasons have you given Mr. Fisher to remain away from my house? The best of reasons, papa, cried Kate, rising from the table, her equanimity restored. The best of reasons; I have refused to marry him.

My daughter, he began, deliberately, have you considered well the subject? I had thought you would consult me before giving a decided answer, he concluded reproachfully.

O papa! You could not decide for me. I know my own heart best. I did not love him, and your surely would not compel me to marry a man whom I did not love, she said, tearfully.

No, no, Kate. Yet I have indulged the hope that your answer to Mr. Fisher might be favorable, for I knew long ago that he wished to marry you. I esteem him highly. A union between you and him has been in my thoughts for years. It is possible that Kate may change her mind, suggested Mrs. Raymond.

Nay, mamma, do not entertain such hopes, replied Kate crossing the room and caressing her mother fondly. I like Mr. Fisher very well as a friend, but I do not want him for a husband.

Well, we cannot help it that our best laid plans gang aft agley, said Mrs. Raymond, rising. But I am disappointed I confess; more so than you think. However, I suppose it is too late now to reverse your decision, and we may as well drop the subject. Good-morning, Kate. And the judge left the apartment, and was soon on his way to his office.

The next day, when judge Raymond returned to dinner, he brought Harry Winchester with him. While they were at table, he said, addressing his daughter,—

Kate, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot accompany you to the opera to-night, as I promised, and you must stay at home.

O papa! Can't you go, really? And Kate looked very much disappointed.

No, my dear, it is impossible. But perhaps Harry will accompany you, he added, turning to Mr. Winchester, that is, if he has no other engagements.

I shall be very happy, murmured Harry. And the judge, blind as a mole to the true state of affairs, never once thought he was encouraging anything like love between the young couple.

Mrs. Raymond, however, was more far-seeing than her husband, and, as soon as dinner was over, she took occasion to speak to him admonishingly upon the subject.

Nonsense, Lucia! was his reply. Kate would never so far forget herself as to bestow her affections upon one so far beneath her. She has too much of the Raymond pride for that.

I hope you are right. But Kate is very impressible and somewhat romantic, and Harry is certainly a very agreeable young gentleman. She seems to think a great deal of him.

Girlish nonsense. Her sentiment towards Harry is only gratitude, he assured, Lucia, and do not magnify a mole hill into a mountain.

A very happy evening the young couple passed, and as they entered the carriage to return home, Harry suddenly inquired why Mr. Fisher did not escort her to the opera as usual.

Why, answered Kate blushing, Mr. Fisher is not going to wait upon me any more at all.

Have you then rejected him? inquired Harry, eagerly.

Yes, I have, replied Kate, looking down somewhat embarrassed. It was not pleasant to her to speak of her dismissal of Mr. Fisher.

Oh, how happy I am that you are yet free! cried Harry, fervently. Forgive me Miss Raymond, but I must tell you how well and how fondly I love you. I do not ask you to marry me now, only give me one word of hope; tell me that I am not deceived in thinking that you love me in return, and I will toil hard—I will win a position which even the proud daughter of Judge Raymond need not blush to occupy. Tell me, dear Kate, have I presumed too much, or may I hope some day to call you my own dear wife?

Kate was silent from very happiness. Kate—Miss Raymond—have I offended you? he asked, anxiously.

No, Harry, she answered, softly, I am not offended; but I did not suppose you cared for me like that, and—

And I have been mistaken, he cried, hastily. What I have flattered myself was love was merely friendship and condescension. I might have known you could not love a poor clerk who is struggling to make his way in the world!

O Harry! How you mistake me! murmured Kate, ready to burst into tears.

That was enough, and we leave the reader to imagine the rest of the scene. Suffice it to say that, when the carriage rolled up to Judge Raymond's door, it was arranged that Harry should, on the

following morning, ask his consent to their engagement.

Loving, trusting Kate! She did not for a moment think her father would refuse his consent. She did not stop to consider that while Harry's poverty was no barrier in her eyes to their marriage, it would make all the difference to her father. Therefore, when she was summoned to the library the next evening, she was not prepared for the greeting with which her father met her.

What is this I hear, Kate? he commenced, sternly, almost angrily. But yesterday morning I learned you refused Mr. Fisher, a refined, wealthy and high-born gentleman, in every way fitted to make you a good husband; and to-day Mr. Winchester comes to me, asking my consent to an engagement between you, and tells me that he had your full consent to do so. Did you for a moment think I should grant it?

Why not, father? asked Kate, timidly.

Why not? he echoed, because I am too much interested in my daughter's future welfare to do so. Kate I certainly did not imagine you would be so unwise as to make the choice you have, or I should never have permitted you to associate with Harry Winchester so freely.

But, papa, urged Kate, what possible objection can you have to Harry? He is poor, it is true, but he is honorable and intelligent, and fully as much of a gentleman as Mr. Fisher, and I love Harry far better than I ever could love him.

Oh, yes, I dare say, responded her father, impatiently. You have got your head full of love-sick notions, and you do not know what is best for yourself. In all probability, if you had never met Mr. Winchester you would have been willing enough to marry Mr. Fisher. But do not flatter yourself that I shall ever give my consent to a union between you and a poor, obscure clerk whose antecedents we know nothing about.

But, papa, Mr. Shirley says they are very respectable people. And we know Harry is honest and persevering, and is not that enough?

No, it is not enough. I do not want my only daughter to wed so far beneath her. Mr. Fisher told me to-day of your refusal, and intimated that your conduct towards him changed from the time you became acquainted with Harry. I plainly gave him to understand that I never should give my consent to so ill-assorted a union, and he is quite willing to overlook everything, and is anxious to be married at once!

Anxious to be married at once! cried Kate, angrily. I trust you did not give him any encouragement, father.

I certainly did, he answered, coolly, and he is going to call to-morrow evening to see you.

But I will not see him! No, indeed, I will not! she cried, still more angry than ever. I do not love him, and I will never marry a man whom I do not love.

Nor can you marry the man whom you profess to love, replied the judge, coldly. Kate, I am grieved at this open disobedience to my wishes, he added, in a milder tone.

But, papa, I must obey the promptings of my own heart, answered Kate, tearfully, melted at once by her father's kind tone. I cannot be forced into a hateful union.

You know me too well, my daughter, to cherish the hope that I shall relent in favor of Harry Winchester, said the judge, sternly.

I, too, am a Raymond, father, and have a will of my own, answered Kate, proudly, and though I must submit to your commands for the present, remember there is a time coming when I shall be my own mistress, and at liberty to bestow my hand upon the man who now possesses my whole heart.

Remember, too, rash girl, that no portion of my property will ever accompany your hand thus bestowed.

Very well, papa. If you choose to disinherit me because I am a true daughter of a Raymond, I have no objection. As long as I am a minor, I shall obey you except in one thing, and that is to marry one whom I do not love. And I shall tell Harry what has passed between us, and tell him, too, that I shall remain true to him!

If that is all you have to say, you may leave me now, said her father, as she ended so defiantly. And she quitted the room, and sought her own apartment, there to give vent to her grief and indignation.

Fondly as she loved her father, she could not help thinking he was unkind. She had often heard him speak in the highest terms of praise of Harry, and she believed his poverty was all the objection her father had against him. But her spirit was as resolute as her father's own, and she determined never to yield so long as Harry remained true. And she did not doubt him. He would be true to her in spite of her father's anger, and his threat of disinheritance.

In a short time a servant came to the door, and informed her that Harry was in the parlor, and wished to see her. She descended at once.

O Harry! she exclaimed,

Your father has told you, then? he said, advancing to meet her.

Yes, he has told me that he shall never consent to our engagement. Harry, I did not dream that he would refuse.

But he has refused, dear Kate, and, what is more, he has forbidden my coming to see you after to-night. He very graciously permitted me to call this evening, but hereafter I am a forbidden guest.

Forbidden you to call again? exclaimed Kate, indignantly. Yes, I see; he thinks that I shall forget, in a month or two, and consent to marry Mr. Fisher; but I never will, and I told him so.

Doubtless Kate looked very bewitching in her angry mood, for Harry took her in his arms, and caressed her burning cheeks.

Nay, dear Kate, do not be so angry. Doubtless your father thinks he is promoting your future happiness by his refusal. I am poor; you are rich. No wonder he thinks I am a fortune-hunter.

Did he say that? she asked, quickly. My father was not so ungentlemanly; he did not so far forget himself as to use such language as that?

Hardly, yet it amounted to the same thing. He alluded to my poverty, and my aspiring to the hand of his daughter. But, Kate, you will be true to me until I can claim you.

O Harry! do you need to ask? You know I will. I shall be at liberty in three years, and I told papa I would marry you then, whether he consented or not, and he was very angry, and said if I did he should disinherit me. Would it make any difference to you? she asked, earnestly.

Not any, my darling. It is you I want, not your money. But perhaps your father may give his free consent before that time, and save you the pain of disobeying him.

Why, Harry, how coolly you take his refusal, she said, in surprise. I expected you would be quite—quite—

Heart-broken, he suggested, with a smile.

Yes, almost, she whispered, shyly, and indignant.

My dearest, it is just what I expected, he replied. I am neither surprised nor indignant. It is true you are far above me in station, and are unused to poverty. It would be a very different life you would lead as my wife from the life you have always led, and your father thinks you would tire of it.

I never should, she replied, impetuously. But you are not disheartened at his refusal.

No, indeed, my darling! I am going to wait and work. And although your father has forbidden my coming to see you, he has not forbidden my answering my letters, and I shall take that way of talking to you often, dear Kate.

The evening passed swiftly away—the last they were to pass together. But through bitter the parting, hope whispered of a bright and happy future.

The next evening Mr. Fisher called, but Kate was obstinate, and would not see him. She had given him her answer, and she meant it to be final, and her message to him was short and pointed.

So she refuses to see me, does she? he muttered, as the servant delivered her message. Very well, my proud lady! Cling to your plebeian lover if you will; but if you do not turn from him in scorn and hatred before a month passes, then there will be no efficacy in my plans. And, deeply indignant, the would-be lover left the house.

Nearly a month passed by, and Kate and Harry had not met. The judge gave him no more invitations to dinner. Mr. Fisher was a frequent and honored guest, though all the judge's persuasion could not induce Kate to treat him otherwise than in a coolly courteous manner. But the young gentleman seemed to be quite content with that, and apparently never noticed the indifference with which she listened to his eloquent conversation. He came just as often, and stayed just as long, and was just as devoted, as ever. But it did not affect Kate in the least, unless it served to turn her more decidedly against him than before.

Her father had said but little to her about Harry; and she knew that he indulged in strong hopes of her finally accepting Mr. Fisher. But Mrs. Raymond knew Kate's disposition too well to hope that she would ever resign Harry willingly. Thus the matter stood when an event transpired which placed matters in altogether a different aspect, so far, at least, as Harry was concerned, and which plunged him deeper than he had ever been before into the dreadful "slough of despond" and which turned Judge Raymond's mild but firm opposition into almost un governable wrath and indignation.

Chapter IX.—The Robbery.

It was a fine, bracing morning in February, and Harry Winchester had gone down, to the pier, to oversee the landing of a consignment of merchandise for his employers. His duties were concluded, and he was just threading his way through the bales and boxes to return, when some one brushed hastily past him and disappeared in the crowd. In a moment there was a cry of "Police!"

and Mr. Fisher came near, and, pointing to Harry, said,—

That is the one; the other has disappeared.

Harry was instantly surrounded by an excited crowd, and a policeman quietly took him by the arm, and, with the usual formalities, proceeded with him to the station house.

My good sir, will you please to explain? began Harry, astonished beyond measure at such proceeding. There is a mistake—

No mistake at all, sir, growled the policeman. And we will soon explain to your satisfaction.

They soon arrived at the station, and a couple of officers at once commenced searching Harry.

You see you can't do these things quite so boldly and not get nabbed, said one of them, maliciously.

What do you mean? said Harry, indignantly. I demand the reason of such an outrageous act.

Outrageous! good! ha! ha! laughed the officers. It wasn't outrageous for you to pick this gentleman's pocket, was it? pointing to Mr. Fisher, who had also gone to the station, and stood near by.

I pick his pocket? he cried, crimsoning with anger and indignation. Do you take me for a thief?

We do not take you for anything else, replied the officer, triumphantly holding up a well-filled pocket book, which he had just taken from Harry's pocket, and which displayed, when opened, a large quantity of bank-notes, and checks, in favor of George Fisher. We are rather too smart for you, young man, went on the officer, with a chuckle. You're green at the business yet, but if you continue to improve, you'll soon graduate into a first class thief.

At this taunt, Harry's anger rose to the highest pitch, and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from giving the insulting official a smart blow; but he knew rashness would injure rather than help his case, and, with a violent effort, he controlled his anger.

I swear to you I do not know how that pocket-book came into my possession, he cried, amazed at the result of their search. I never saw it before in my life.

Nevertheless it is found upon your person, and how are you going to account for its being there? said Mr. Fisher, with a sneer.

I know not; but I can assert that I am innocent. It is some foul plot to injure me, cried Harry, vehemently.

Until you can prove your innocence you will be deemed guilty, returned Mr. Fisher, contemptuously, as he turned and walked away.

Poor Harry! He was forced to occupy a prisoner's cell, and on a serious charge, with no hope, that he could see, of an acquittal. And Judge Raymond—and Kate—they would know of it, and oh! would they—could they—believe it? Mr. Fisher was a valued friend of the family. Would not his version of the affair turn them all against him—even his own dearly beloved and trusting Kate?

Why is it that fate is ever against me? he mused, gloomily, as he paced back and forth in his narrow cell. I had but just begun to climb my way upwards, and lo! I am at the very bottom of the ladder again. And I believe I am pushed there by an envious and jealous hand. But who can have aught against me to induce them to commit so villainous an act? And how am I to prove my innocence? I must see my faithful and true-hearted friend, William Shirley. He will assist me if any one will, and will surely see that justice is done me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A lawyer hung out his shingle in Gowanus, L. I., for two years, and then left, as he had only one case in all that time, and that was inflammatory rheumatism, and it nearly killed him.

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