

**The Widow's Opportunity.**

As we have opportunity, let us do good: A lesson to heed, it is true; But when a poor widow hasn't even a mite, What can she be expected to do?

My husband was one of the very best men— I cherish his memory still; But he brought nothing here, took nothing away, And left nothing—not even a will!

And so, when the baskets are handed around, Or the lists for each generous name, I must sit like a statue, and look as demure, Nor once think poor John was to blame.

I might find "my mission" in some other field: I think I could give good advice; But that's the one vice all endeavour to shun, Though it cometh unsought without price.

Now good Mrs Brown, in her spacious brown stone, If she care not to give of her gold, Can open her doors to her troops of dear friends, And "her virtues can never be told."

And kind Mrs Gay, with her splendid rent rolls, Can comfort poor people, at least; And can, when she chooses, afford to invite The young minister in to a feast.

And then Mrs Gossip, with no money or lands, Has time, and can use it right well, In gleaming choice tidbits of news here and there, To share with each one who "won't tell."

And Miss Busybody knows precisely the day When each widower will marry again, Although it's been known for forty odd years How she hates "these detestable men."

She can tell when each widow will lighten her crape, Though the ribbon be sombre or bright: "She is setting her cap for a husband again, Just as sure as day follows night."

She selects all their partners, although it's too true, That her mind and theirs don't agree; For a chit of nineteen caught old Simon Grey, The man she had chosen for me.

But I never shall marry, my heart's in the grave Where I laid poor, dear John long ago; And I never shall meet one so good, or so kind, Though some have more money, I know.

And with money one can accomplish so much: Dear me! there comes rich Doctor Lane! Poor man! left with six little motherless babes, He must marry again, that is plain!

He asked me to wed him. I could not say Nay, Though I thought of poor John with a sigh: My one opportunity to do good had come; Was it right I should let it pass by?

**SELECT STORY.**

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

[CONTINUED.]

Oh, well, this is something different, I assure you. It is perfectly respectable.

What is it? interrupted Harry, impatiently. I want to know at once what it is.

Why, a couple of friends of mine have opened a fashionable drinking-saloon, and they are in want of a bar-tender, and, as you are rather prepossessing in your appearance, I think you would just suit them. The pay will be liberal. Will you go?

I cannot—I cannot! Harry replied, quickly.

Come, come, my friend, don't be so soft-hearted. See how the world frowns upon you, in spite of your honesty. If you will accept the proposition, you can live like a gentleman, said the tempter, persuasively.

Harry shook his head firmly. No, no, Mr. West, he replied, I thank you for your kindness, but I cannot become a rumseller.

Some one else will take a place if you don't, West replied, and why not you as well as any one? There is no other opening before you; nothing but starvation or beggary if you adhere to your rigid notions of honesty. But come with me, and see how quickly fortune will turn in your favor, and leave you nothing to wish for.

Harry hesitated for one moment, but the next he replied, in a decided tone.— Urge me no more, for I would rather die of starvation than accede to your proposals!

He turned abruptly, as he concluded, and walked away. As he crossed the street, a handsome carriage, which was occupied by two lady's and a little boy, was driven by. Harry at once recognized the younger lady as the one whom he had rescued from drowning a few weeks before.

O Kate! There is the gentleman who saved your life! cried the boy, as they passed.

Harry glanced into her face for one moment, and forgot all his sorrows. What a sweet face it was! And what a lovely smile rose to her lips, as her eyes rested upon the form of her preserver! His eyes followed them until they were out of sight, and then he turned to a man who stood near.

Can you tell me the name of that lady? he asked, impulsively.

That is Miss Raymond—the daughter of Judge Raymond, was the answer. They're mighty rich—have an elegant mansion down by the river.

With a deep sigh, Harry walked away.

**Chapter IV—A New Friend.**

The next morning was dismal and rainy, and Harry, who had applied at the Street station for lodgings on the previous evening, went forth into the street with a heavy heart. Hope had nearly deserted him, and he hardly knew or cared what was to become of him. Many, perhaps, might think it strange that, after so many disappointments as he had met with, he did not make known his situation to his parents and solicit their aid. But he had taken this course voluntarily, and he was too proud to retract.

Every day had brought with it fresh hopes as well as disappointments. But now there seemed little to hope for. The day dragged wearily along, and poor Harry was faint and sick from hunger. Oh how tempting the display of pies and cakes looked on the apple-woman's stand close by Catherine's Market! If he only had money enough to buy one of these pies—he was so hungry! He stood looking at them wistfully—so wistfully that an old gentleman who was standing on the market-house steps was attracted by the expression of his face. With a sigh, Harry at last turned away; as he did so, the old gentleman approached.

You seem to be in trouble, sir, he said.

Harry looked full into the benevolent face before him, for a moment, and then, hardly stopping to think, vehemently told his whole story. The gentleman listened to it attentively.

I think I understand your case, sir, he kindly said, when Harry ceased speaking. I was poor once myself, and, although I am not rich now, I have enough and a little to spare to those who are needy. So come with me, young man, and let us hope there is yet something bright in store for you.

Harry glanced in grateful surprise at the speaker.

Thank you, sir, for your kindness, he replied. I will willingly go with you, for in truth I know not where else to go. And perhaps, he added, a faint hope struggling up in his heart, perhaps you can help me to some place—I care not what—so that I may eat the honest fruits of my own labor.

That is what I have been thinking about, replied the old man, kindly. I have been myself in the employment of Mr. Webster, as clerk; but I am getting old, and, as I told Mr. Webster yesterday, hardly capable of filling the situation. And now, if you could take my place—just for a little while, until you could do better, you know—why, it would be better than nothing, wouldn't it? he concluded, earnestly.

Indeed it would, replied Harry. But, my kind friend, I could not think of taking the place away from you.

Oh, don't feel anxious about me. I sha'n't stay long, anyway. As my daughter says, I've got enough to carry me comfortably through the remainder of my life without working so hard, and I might as well give up now, and spend my few declining years in ease. And if you'd like the place, why, sir, you're just as welcome as can be. To be sure it is not such a place as you ought to have, but, as I said before, it's better than no place at all.

And so it is, replied Harry, deeply affected by the old man's kindness. But do you think Mr. Webster would employ me? I have no recommendations.

Why, sir, as to that, I think I could prevail upon him to try you. And I am sure I am not deceived when I take you for an honest man, who would do his duty anywhere.

By this time, they had reached the residence of the old gentleman, which was an unpretending building on Broome Street. Harry followed his new found friend into a comfortably furnished apartment, which was at the time unoccupied.

Now, my young friend, dismiss your gloomy thoughts, and after we have had some dinner, I will go and see what I can do for you.

Thank you a thousand times! replied Harry, feelingly. You are the first one who has spoken a kind, encouraging

word to me since my stay in New York.

Well, sir, David Moore isn't the one to stand by and see a young man go to ruin for the want of an encouraging word. Although I don't say it to boast, many a poor, discouraged stranger have I helped to a situation in this city. It's a pity so many young men come here; but they will do it, in spite of the examples before them; and I do believe, sir, that fully one half the poor lads who walk these streets seeking employment, are as honest and true hearted men as ever lived, become thieves and villains all for the want of an encouraging word and a little aid in the right direction.

At this time dinner was announced, and Harry was ushered by his genial host into the dining-room. As soon as they had dined, Mr. Moore left Harry and went to see his employer. Keep up good courage, he said, as he went out. Mr. Webster is a kind-hearted man, although he may be a little stern, and I feel quite sure that he will be willing to help you in some way.

Again hope took possession of Harry's heart. But he had been disappointed too many times to place much dependence upon the aid of a man whom he had never seen. Still he had so much faith in the kind old gentleman's assertions, that he could hardly help believing that he would be successful. And so, between alternate hopes and fears, he passed the time until his kind friend returned.

I believe everything will be all right, my friend, Mr. Moore said, cheerily, as soon as he had returned. All that remains now is for you to go yourself in the morning and see Mr. Webster. He promised to give you the place if he liked your appearance, and I should say it would be strange indeed he did not, for if ever a man with a face like yours was a villain, then old David Moore is deceived for once in his life, and fails to read human character correctly.

Then, said Harry, eagerly, he is willing to release you and try me—you think there is no doubt.

No, sir, I think there is no doubt, for what Mr. Webster says you may depend upon.

At last, then, his hopes were to be realized. No more anxious days of waiting, nor weary nights of fruitless planning for the future.

Ah, what a blessed thing is hope! Buoyed up by her pinions, Harry retired that night with a light heart. He arose early on the following morning, and, on descending the stairs was pained to learn that Mr. Moore was so much indisposed as to be unable to leave his room. Harry hurried to his bedside and expressed his regret at finding his friend so ill.

Oh, it is nothing, said Mr. Moore, cheerfully. I am liable to such attacks. The grim messenger will call for me, sooner or later, and I hope I do not speak boastfully when I say I am prepared to meet him, no matter how soon the summons comes. It behooves us all to have our lamps trimmed and burning, for we know not what hour the bridegroom cometh, he concluded, solemnly. But do you be cheery, my lad, he added. I shall be about again in a few days, I believe. I am sorry I cannot go with you to Mr. Webster's office this morning, but in all probability you will do just as well to go alone. Just tell him, will you, that I am down again, and I think the exchange will be a good thing for him. Come, you mustn't waste your time in sympathizing with a poor, old worn-out man like me, but off with you, and may God speed you, sir.

And Harry, as soon as he had breakfasted, took his way along the streets to the office of Mr. Webster. Mr. Moore's directions had been explicit, and he experienced no difficulty in finding the place.

Mr. Webster was a portly, benevolent-looking man about five and forty years of age. He had a piercing black eye, which gave his otherwise good-natured looking face an expression of sternness and shrewdness. He asked Harry a great many questions all of which he answered frankly enough, excepting such as related to the cause of his friendless situation. He could not tell a falsehood, neither did he feel like confessing the truth, with those stern, searching eyes bent so full upon him. He could see that Mr. Webster was hardly pleased with his evasive replies, but he was afraid if he acknowledged the truth it would cause that gentleman to look upon him with still more distrust. At length Mr. Webster asked abruptly if he was acquainted with a man by the name of West.

Yes, answered Harry, in some embarrassment, wondering what his inquirer was coming at. I have seen such a person.

You boarded at the same place with him awhile, did you not? again asked Mr. Webster.

Yes, sir; but I hardly see what that has to do with the business I came here about, replied Harry, more perplexed than ever.

It has a great deal to do with it, young man, replied Mr. Webster sternly. So much, that on that account I must decline taking you into my employ. Relying wholly upon Mr. Moore's judge-

ment, I should have employed you without hesitation had I not learned opportunely who had been your associates since you have been a resident of New York.

But, sir, you are mistaken he was not an associate, began Harry, in desperation. He could not bear to think of failure here, and for no fault of his own. But, as though the Fates had conspired against him, Mr. Webster was summoned away on urgent business, and, bowing haughtily to Harry he bade him good-morning.

Once more Harry Winchester went forth, discouraged and disappointed. And now hope died in his bosom.

**Chapter V.—Judge's House.**

What a beautiful day it is, mamma, said Kate Raymond, a lovely brunette of eighteen, looking out of her father's drawing-room window. I believe I will take a stroll down to the river. It is altogether too lovely out of doors to remain in the house all day.

Very well, Kate, answered her mother, Mrs. Raymond. But do not remain out too long. Mr. Fisher is to dine with us. Come back soon.

Certainly, mamma, replied Kate, carelessly; and in a few moments she was strolling leisurely down the garden walk to the street. How happy I am! she thought, as she wandered lightly on, stopping now and then to pluck some wild flowers. I wonder if life will always be as sweet?

Yes, life was sweet to her; how could it be otherwise? Her parents, who were wealthy, were kind and indulgent, and her every want was supplied. She was surrounded by everything to make life desirable, and well might she feel contented with her lot.

And yet, she murmured, with a shudder, had it not been for that brave young man, I might have been cold in death. How calm the river is to-day she added, as she approached the bank. I should like—

Her sentence was never finished, for at that moment a splash in the river attracted her attention, and, on looking in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, she beheld the figure of a man struggling in the water for a moment, and then sink. Her first impulse was to scream, and she obeyed it with so much zeal as to bring to the spot a couple of stalwart youths who had been at work in an adjoining field. In a moment one of them plunged into the stream and, just as the drowning man arose to the surface for the last time, he grasped him, and bore him to the shore in safety. It needed but one look to convince Kate Raymond that the insensible being before her was none other than the one who had so gallantly saved her own life, in that very spot, so short a time ago.

Take him to my father's house at once, she said, hurriedly. We must do what we can to save him. I fear he is already dead.

But he was not dead, and after he had been carried to Judge Raymond's and placed in bed and tenderly cared for, his consciousness returned. His surprise at finding himself in a luxuriously furnished apartment, and most assiduously waited upon, may well be imagined.

How came I here? was his first question. Then, as his forlorn situation rushed to his memory, he exclaimed, impatiently, why did you not let me die? It would have been merciful, compared to what you have done!

And has life, then, so much of sorrow that you desire to die? asked Kate, entering at that moment, and taking her place by the physician who had labored so faithfully to accomplish his restoration.

A look of surprise crossed Harry's features as his eyes fell upon the form of the young girl.

Miss Raymond! he exclaimed. And am I in your father's house?

You are, she replied; and you are to remain here until you are quite cured of your insane notion of committing suicide.

Miss Raymond, Harry began, with a distressed look, if you knew all I have had to contend with, you would have more charity.

I know, she interrupted; at least, I judge that you must feel very, very much disheartened. But papa and I are both your friends. How can I forget that to you I owe my life?

The physician, who had retired at Kate's entrance, now returned, accompanied by Judge Raymond.

Ah! I am glad to see you looking so well, said the judge, pleasantly, approaching the bedside. We had hard work to bring you to consciousness, my friend, and I almost despaired of success. But I hope to see you as well as ever in a day or two.

I am extremely sorry to have been the cause of so much annoyance to you, said Harry.

My friend, anything I can do for you will not be too much, replied the judge, gravely. Remember the great service you have rendered me, and be not too proud to accept a favor in return. Kate, he said, addressing his daughter, Mr. Fisher has been alone in the library for an hour. I think you had better go down.

Kate immediately withdrew and sought the library, where, as her father had said, Mr. Fisher sat alone. As the reader may have guessed, this gentleman was endeavoring to win the young girl's love.

I hope you will excuse us for leaving you so long alone, Kate said, apologetically, as she entered the room.

Certainly, Miss Raymond. May I hope that the young man is out of danger? said Mr. Fisher.

I am happy to say that he is, was the reply. Doctor Parker says that if he is properly cared for, he will be able to be out in a day or two.

Dinner, which had been delayed until Harry was fully restored, was announced at this time, and Mr. Fisher accompanied Kate to the dining room. But the young merchant did not enjoy his dinner quite so well as he had anticipated. The anxiety of the whole family about Harry Winchester took away all disposition for mirthful conversation, and but little was said. Besides, it vexed him to see how much interest Kate felt in this young stranger.

A mere stripling! he said to himself. Too young to make any difference between Kate and myself. Pshaw! what am I thinking about? Kate is not so romantic as to make a fool of herself, and, even if she should, her father never would consent. Still, I think I will speak to her on the first opportunity; for although it may be true that patient waiters are no losers, yet I think it isn't best to risk too much by waiting.

He felt relieved when dinner was over, and he found himself once more alone with Kate. Judge Raymond excused himself on the plea of pressing business, and Mrs. Raymond desired to ascertain for herself if Harry was quite comfortable.

It seems to me you are very much interested in this young fellow who was so foolish as to attempt to drown himself, said Mr. Fisher, as soon as Mrs. Raymond had left the room.

Indeed we are, Kate replied, warmly. Perhaps you do not know he once saved my life?

Ah! then of course you feel grateful to him, as you certainly should. But he is evidently very much beneath you in social position. Of course he cannot expect to meet you as an equal, and it is best to let such persons know their place at once, and let them keep it. The less notice you take of him the better.

Kate drew herself up haughtily. By what right do you presume to talk to me like that? I am mistress of my own actions, and I shall submit to dictation from no one.

Mr. Fisher colored painfully. He saw that he had gone a little too far, and had offended Miss Raymond when he had hoped to create a far different impression.

Pardon me, Miss Raymond, for my seeming interference, he said, blandly. If I ventured to advise you in regard to your conduct, it was because I wished to prevent you from experiencing any annoyance in the future from the recipient of your favors. I have had more dealings with such people than you have, and I know it is their nature to aspire to the greatest honors which are bestowed upon the wealthy and aristocratic.

Kate looked upon him almost contemptuously while he was delivering this little speech.

Mr. Winchester is a gentleman, she replied, when he had ended, and my father wishes him treated courteously while he is under this roof, at least. And I, myself, have too high an opinion of him to treat him otherwise, even were I not under such deep obligation to him.

She turned away as she concluded, and stood looking out into the gathering twilight. Mr. Fisher felt somewhat embarrassed; he had injured his cause rather than helped it, and he was angry with himself for speaking to Kate upon the subject at all. But he hoped she would forget it ere he saw her again, and then he would make sure of her while she was yet free. He had not a doubt but that she would accept him—at least, he had not until now—and he believed her resentment was only momentary, and would entirely vanish when he had taken his departure, and she came to reflect upon his disinterested kindness. He did not care to converse longer upon the subject, and, as Kate did not seem desirous to broach a new one, he arose to leave.

I shall not forget that you have promised to accompany me to the opera to-morrow night, he said, politely as he went out. I trust Mr. Winchester will soon be quite recovered. Good-afternoon, Miss Raymond.

[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.

A  
V  
S.  
3  
10  
17  
24  
Just  
Fresh  
Spic  
Straw  
Syn  
Bram  
A  
C  
W. R.  
Sept. 17  
J. F.  
ENC  
H  
Pictur  
Glass  
TF  
(In great  
221 W  
One doo  
and ma  
St. John  
H  
BOOK  
E. W  
Import  
NE  
Constant  
School a  
Prayer a  
nomi  
Music, C  
French  
Concert  
Albums  
Tissue a  
A large  
M  
Lately app  
PRINT  
Also, Age  
turing  
A large se  
CLOC  
M  
JEWELER  
May 14.  
BLA  
Execute  
and DE  
of this