

Moll Chatterclack.

Moll Chatterclack was smart in words
As any woman's righter.
And with the weapon of the tongue
She was an awful fighter,
She blazed at this, she sparled at that,
And kept up such a clatter,
The very chimney on the roof
Was frightened at the matter.

With tret and scold, and snarl and jaw,
She made the dishes rattle,
And clean destroyed the human folks,
And almost killed the cattle,
The dog and cat, and rats and mice,
Became as deaf as adders;
The chickens stayed upon the roost,
And got as thin as shadders.

But not content with things at home,
The mischief making critter
Stirred up the people here and there,
And kept them in a twitter,
Her mean and everlastin' tongue
Was always kept a waggin',
And yet you'd think she was a saint,
If saints were made by braggin'.

She kept her neighbours by the ears
With gossipin' and lyin',
And kept the men a makin' oaths,
And the women all a cryin',
You'd thought the end o' time had come
With all the fuss and racket,
For when she found an honest name,
She tried her best to black it.

If ever mortal was possessed,
She sartin had her leigons,
And took her orders from the king
Of all the lower regions,
She pizen'd every home and heart,
And spill'd all joy and gladness,
And made a howlin' wilderness
Chock full o' grief and sadness.

SELECT STORY.

SNOWED UP.

Chapter III.

(CONTINUED.)

"O, Doctor! Betsy is hale and hearty and brisk as ever, thankie! But the schoolmistress we have boarding with us seems pretty sick, and Betsy thinks is bordering on to brain fever."

"I hope it will not result so seriously as that, Mr. Brooks, said Everett, plunging on through the drifts which the two men encountered better on foot than they could have possibly done in a sleigh; and after a long walk they arrived at the farmhouse."

The greetings with little Mrs. Brooks over, Doctor Everett was shown to the chamber of his patient, where lay the sick girl, moaning in the fever delirium, and looking brilliantly beautiful. The young physician started in surprise, for he had not anticipated any other than the usually accredited type of country school-mistress—an elderly, sharp-featured spinster; and he involuntarily stepped to the bedside, smoothed the rich golden hair that floated over the pillow, laid his cool hand upon her burning forehead, and said, in a deep, kind tone: "My poor child!"

His voice for a moment arrested the wandering reason of the sufferer; doubtless it touched a chord of memory, for she looked up into his face with almost a look of recognition in her bright blue eyes; then putting her hands suddenly to her forehead, cried out sharply: "I know you, Leonard Everett! But they will not let you stay! They hate me if you look at me, or speak. Go away! Go! They are watching me with their cold eyes!"

"Good heavens, what does this mean?" murmured the young doctor. Her eyes, her hair, her voice! Mrs. Brooks—surning abruptly to her—this young lady's name?"

Edna Moore. She has been our school-mistress a year'n a half. You must have known her before you left the country, Doctor? answered Mrs. Brooks with surprise on her kind face.

Edna Moore—I knew it! Her eyes and golden hair! Yes, Mrs. Brooks; I met this poor child once, long ago, he answered. Then, bending down he softly said: I am glad you know me, Edna. Do Mrs. Hunter and Florence know you are ill?

The question roused her into strongest excitement for a moment, which then gave way to an air of intense fear, Don't tell them for the world! she cried looking around with frightened gaze. They are cold and cruel. I will not call her aunt—that icy woman; and Florence is too proud to call me cousin. Don't tell them I am here; they will come and insult me with their haughty tongues, and take you away from me. Don't call them! And she clung to his hands with a strong, feverish grasp.

Land! Miss Edna never told me a word about these folks that treated her so! You don't suppose it's true, Doctor? She's wandering, said good Mrs. Brooks. And yet maybe it's so, for she seemed alone in the world; lost her mother when she was young; and she said once a kind uncle educated her, but died just after she had left school; and then

she'd stop, and I never liked to ask her too much.

The poor girl has evidently struggled with many trials, replied the Doctor, evading a more direct reply. Then, setting his teeth hard together while he mixed a soothing draught for the sufferer, he mentally exclaimed: Proud Mrs. Hunter, beautiful, haughty Florence, I begin to sift this matter. Your story and this poor girl's scarcely agree. If truth be at the bottom, I will not leave Dentford till it be ascertained.

What need to prolong the recital of Leonard Everett's lingering there at Dentford, the most of which time was passed beside his beautiful patient? Enough that, when the fever spell was broken, another spell was woven about both physician and convalescent—the sweet, charmed bond of love; and the gentle orphan, who had been thrust out from her worldly, envious relatives, was received into a tender home, wherein she was henceforth to be shielded always—the noble heart of the master of Ridgewood. Doctor Everett did not make the visit to Mrs. Hunter and Florence, impatiently awaiting him in their city home; but sent a letter instead, announcing that the duties of his profession detained him at Dentford. But when he did take the trip thither, his lovely young wife was his "companion du voyage;" and their rooms were at the "Winthrop," instead of their aunt's elegant mansion. To portray the anger and mortification of Florence and her mother is not in the power of this pen; let it only add that the happy bridegroom has yet never found cause to regret that January storm by which he was "snowed up" at Dentford, the storm which won him his bride.

Asking for Forgiveness.

A slender-stemmed wild columbine, drooping over the precipitous ledge of some woodland rock, were to take unto itself the attributes of humanity you might fancy it transformed into such a woman as Bernice Wayne, as she stood by an open window, this sweet October evening, not looking at the shifting cloud panorama in the open sky, not marking the silver pinnacles that girted the horizon—mountain plantains smitten with golden arrows from the sun, and melting away into a glimmering mist. No glory of tinted vapor, or rainbow hues, could hold her glance or heart this evening. The faint breath of asters, purple and pink, white and yellow, came in with the freshening air. Far off, the hills, now darkening, at mid-day glowed like a bouquet.

But I tell you I will go! And the little feet came down with decided emphasis on the velvet carpet, the soft sweep of a train in their wake.

O Bernice, don't go! Maurice will be so angry!

It matters not about Maurice. I have made the appointment, and I shall keep it; and "apropos," there is Mr. Salire at the door.

Matters not what Maurice says? He your betrothed husband? O Bernice Wayne! But it is not too late even now for some excuse.

I haven't any excuse to offer. She shook the curls falling around her face disdainfully—curls about which was that marvelous tint which is neither chestnut or red, but has something of the shadow of the first, something of the splendor of the last. We are going toward the hills, Grace; the faintest, tenderest purple is crowning them now, and before half an hour the moon will be up. I'm off! And with the impulse of a true Southern beauty, with its passion lighting her dark eyes, she flashed a brilliant, saucy smile and ran down to old Tom, who was holding her horse.

They had a drive of some three miles through the sunset along the beautiful road, with glimpses of the sound visible here and there, pretty bits of Woodland cultivated fields and all the accessories of an agreeable landscape. They both laughed and talked a great deal of nonsense, as we in this century are given to doing, till they turned up the drive to Birchcliffe, with the picturesque old house standing stately among the trees and the sound in full view, when they gained the summit of the ascent.

Grace Bruce sat by the open library window, this sweet October evening, the time of the year she had always loved best, when the sky was bluest, and the many tints of the leaves were fairly rivalled by the gorgeous brilliancy of the clouds, painted anew each evening by that great artist, the setting sun.

Why will Bernice be so naughty—why pain my brother Maurice so needlessly? she said to herself, as she thoughtfully awaited her brother's return from town.

Maurice Bruce and Bernice Wayne were engaged. You would scarce have thought it possible, to look at them—she was so young, so girlish, so childishly impetuous and impatient, and such a sad flirt, while Maurice Bruce was a noble man, with a pure strong soul beaming from his eyes.

Bernice thought that she loved him—perhaps she did. He was refined, educated and romantic, and his fanciful little air-castles, his sweet, dreamy sentimentalism, charmed and amused her, while his gallant, devoted lovemaking was done so prettily, that she felt flattered and fascinated; and then he was so wealthy, and he belonged to one of the best families, and was one of the best matches of the city. And so Bernice concluded that she loved him and became duly engaged.

Miss Wayne, at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Bruce's sister, Grace, had joined them in the early October at their country residence, where Maurice lived a sort Bachelor's life. She found her quarters quite tolerable after gay weeks at Saratoga.

The beautiful evening on which our story opens found her riding with Mr. Salire—a gentleman whom Mr. Bruce had requested Bernice to discourage. And this was what troubled our fair Grace as she sat by the window.

Why don't Bernice come? It's time for Maurice to return from town, and he will be so angry to find her away in company with Mr. Salire again. I do wish she would come!

Crossing the drawing-room, which was richly and expensively furnished, she sat down to the piano, and let her fingers stray over the ivory keys, bringing out little snatches of melody, rippling variations, or brilliant preludes as only practiced fingers can produce them in idle moments. Suddenly she swept the ivory keys with a few rich chords, and began to sing, her silver treble ringing out like joy-bells, feathering into the merest echoes of sweet sounds, till the gamut seemed like nothing so much as a Jacob's ladder over which angels ascended and descended, till, slow of chording, she sank the strain into a German song in the minor keys, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely touching as she sang it with tender expression and pathos.

I should think it was a lark if I knew it was not you, dear sister, said Maurice, who had been listening some minutes, unperceived.

She ceased in the midst of a trill, such as the brown thrush extemporizes all the summer long, as if he could never order it to his mind.

Where is Bernice? I want to drive you both to Seaside Park, directly after supper, Aunt Maud is hastening preparations, that we may start immediately. Where is Bernice?

She will be in soon.

If she is in the garden, I will go and call her.

She is not in the garden—she is out. Where?

Riding. Who with?

Mr. Salire came for her this afternoon and they have gone to the hills.

Mr. Bruce set his teeth firmly together; his face clouded with anger.

Bernice defies me, he muttered.

I would not take it in that way Maurice, Grace said, coolly. We all know what a sweet, wilful child Bernice is; this defiance is evanescent; she has no wise elder brother to keep her in check, she's added, with a pretty lifting of her eyebrows.

My wishes should have guided her in this matter. I have so mentioned them that they should have retained some hold on her memory. I shall give up all right to interfere ever with her now.

Well, Grace returned, being assured that to argue any more would be but to settle Maurice all the more firmly in his resolution. But her heart misgave her as she watched the hard lines gather on his face.

Grace, send me some coffee at eight into the library; I have many papers to sort, and shall be up writing far into the small hours.

Grace understood the hint conveyed—that she was not to disturb him in the library by her presence that night.

Maurice, you will come into the drawing-room at ten—before we retire?

I shall see no one to-night—unless Ashton comes for some proof I have ready.

Grace felt a little frightened at her brother's stern hard manner. She went up to him, and laid her white jewelled hand on his shoulder.

What is the matter with you, Grace? You wear our mother's look in your eyes to-night.

Maurice, she loves you—Bernice does love you above every earthly thing. She holds n y happiness with to light a clasp, Grace.

Grace turned away, greatly disturbed in mind.

Maurice is too deeply pained and angry for Bernice to win him over by her bewitchery to-night, she thought. Yet how often have I seen her disarm just anger by that half-saucy, half-tender, way she has.

She came through the little gate, sad, weary and despondent, moving through the dusky flowers like a spirit of night. She entered the drawing-room. Grace met her at the door.

O Bernice, I am so glad you have returned!

It was naughty in me to go, she replied, with unusual meekness, and, going directly up to Grace, kissed her in silence.

Then she sat down and looked tenderly upon her and whispered to her. Have I been so very naughty? Do you think Maurice will ever forgive me? And she raised her beautiful, indolent eyes, now filled with tears.

Grace shook her head and tried to smile.

I don't know; you must go to him. She shivered as with cold.

How cold you are! Sit by the drawing-room fire until Liddy makes one in your room. It is so chilly out?

No; but I am terribly cold.

Don't feel so anxious, Bernice; I think Maurice will forget all about it.

This sweet prophecy of forgiveness, fell so tranquilly on the sweet autumn air, that she began to hope.

Bernice Wayne had awakened to the truth that she had proved herself false to the man she had promised to marry, whose attentions had of late been thrust aside as tame and passionless, because their quiet intensity of affection was so unlike the happy mingling of pathos and sensational romance which Mr. Salire had been talking to her during those lovely autumn evenings. But she was a girl of real principle under all her impulses and false teachings. She saw what she had done, and what she must do—go and ask his forgiveness.

Grace disappeared in search of Liddy. Bernice entered the bright, warm drawing room with strong misgivings; would Maurice be there—would he be angry, would he ever forgive her? No, the room was empty. She felt relieved, but more and more unhappy. Surely he must have returned from town. Where could he be? She softly peeped into the adjoining room. No, he was not there. She felt as though she must find him. She walked out into the hall and along its extended length. A light shone under the crack of the library door; she felt sure that he must be within. She gathered her riding hat in one hand, and with the other took hold of the massive knob. Just then Aunt Maud passed along the passage.

Can't you manage that heavy door, my dear? she said, kindly.

Bernice nodded, her cheeks burning painfully; she dropped her lashes over her blue eyes, in which tears were gathering. At last she mustered courage and turned the knob; the door yielded smoothly to her effort.

Once within the room, her heart beat violently. She could not bear to allow this opportunity to pass; fate seemed to offer it to her; if she neglected it, there might never in all their lives be a moment in which she could make her explanation. She had thought she could speak, but now that the time had come, it was terribly hard.

The fire burned brightly within the grate before which Mr. Bruce sat. No part of his face could be seen—nothing but the back part of his head and his broad shoulders. Evidently he had not heard her entrance. At his elbow stood a stand on which was piled a few books. Bernice could not see if he held a book in his hands—she thought his eyes were fixed on the flames. As she moved her neck for a clearer view, something dropped from her hair and trailed against her cheek—it was a piece of a scarlet vine. She tore it from her curls and stamped upon it; the carpet was soft and thick as velvet turf, and gave back no sound.

Why don't Maurice turn his head and see that I am here? said Bernice, as she stood there almost by his side, and a little angry sparkle showed itself in her blue eyes—her full, red lips quivered, and hot, angry tears rolled down her cheek.

What should she do? He would not move—he would not turn his head one inch! A half hesitating step was taken toward the figure sitting so immovable in the chair—then Bernice burst into tears. A succession of little stifled sobs was heard—the slight, graceful figure trembled, the beautiful face was quite hidden within the little hand. As the sobs died out, perfect silence reigned. With one swift movement the beautiful head reared itself—the figure in the chair had not changed its position—there was a look of calm repose in the poise of Mr. Bruce's head.

The tears were indignantly dried—blue eyes flashed. Maurice did not care for her—he would not speak—he was cruel, hard and cruel! she would not love him any more.

She hurt her ungloved hand against a bunch of autumn berries at her belt—the sharp culminating points had pierced her soft palms. She heeded not the pain, but let the bright mass slip idly from her fingers. Maurice was certainly unkind, she said to herself, with a little wavering—again she glanced

ed toward the chair—this time half wistfully. Pride and anger vanished together.

Maurice! said the sweet voice. How low and sad that voice was? This one word seemed rippling off into music, it was so full of tenderness. Not a sound responded. Bernice bit her lip sharply to restrain a hot spring of tears—almost a bitter expression, crossed her face but it was chased away. She went and laid her hand on the arm of the chair.

He could not bear that she should humiliate herself; he loved her, even her own lips must not speak blame of his idol. Whatever she had done amiss she had suffered therefrom; he saw it from the tremor that shook her frame as she attempted to utter this confession. And he wanted none; he wanted nothing but the assurance of her love. She went and laid her hand on the arm of the chair.

There was no tremor in the tones now—they were low, clear and sweet; the lovely face was calm, though flushed.

Mr. Bruce put out his arm, drew her to his knee, and laid her head upon his breast.

Bernice's tears flowed plentifully, hiding her face against his shoulder, she said,—

Maurice, you are very good to me. When I heard you at the door, I knew it was my own Bernice coming for forgiveness.

He gathered her up in his arms, and went to find his sister Grace. The smile that came around those parted lips and the look of ineffable happiness that filled those dove-like eyes, was something more beautiful than sunshine.

It was too late for the drive to Seaside Park, Grace said, unconcernedly, and Bernice never knew how near she had come to losing her lover.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

People who are always wishing for something new should try neuralgia.

The man most likely to make his mark in the world. One who cannot write his own name.

There is more flattery in an egg than in anything else. Nothing is so given to adulation.

A poetic Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as a flame because it's a tender sentiment.

Ah! yawned a bachelor, this world is but a gloomy prison. To those in solitary confinement, added a witty young lady.

It is hinted that a woman in Connecticut, whose speech was lately restored after twelve years' silence, is making up for lost time.

A pocket boot-jack has been invented in New York. You put your foot in your pocket, give a spring into the air, and off comes your boot.

A sheriff in Florida, who was called upon to resign, wrote back: Your communication is received, stating that my resignation will meet the approval of the Governor. It does not meet mine.

A Utica paper says, a cow on Corn Hill kicked the pump over yesterday, and broke her leg. The cow must die, but the milkman hopes to be able to continue in business. He thinks he can repair the pump.

An Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern, and there was but one bed for them. On retiring, the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. Then, said Pat, you may take the under side.

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