THE STAR.

wed and won

(Concluded.)

ENTERESTING WALES.

Alone, alone !-- no other face Wears kindred smile, or kindred line; And yet they say my mother's eyes, They say my father's brow, is mine; And either had rejoiced to see The other's 'ikeness in my face, But now it is some stranger's eye, That finds some long forgotton trace.

THE ORPHAN.

OETRY.

I heard them name my father's death His home and tomb alike the wave; And I was early taught to weep Beside my youthful mother's grave. I wish 1 could recall one look-But only one familiar tone; If I had aught of memory. I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave In search of ove 1 cannot find, Till I could fancy soothing words Are whisper'd by the ev'ning wind : I gaze upon the watching stars, So clear, so beautiful above, Till I could dream they looked on me With something of an answering love.

My mother ! does thy gentle eye Look from those distant stars on me? Or does the wind at ev'ning bear A message to thy child from thee? Dost thy pine for me, as I pine Again a parent's love to share? I often kneel beside thy grave, And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell !- 'tis eventide, I will not weep, but I wil pray : God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou Alone canst be the orphan's stay! est star,

Are equal to their Maker's love. And I can say "Thy will be done." With eyes that fix their hopes above.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill, And through the white thorn b ows the gale, With solemn feet 1 tread the hill, That overbrows the lonely vale. O'er the bare upland, and away Through the long reach of desert woods The embracing sunneams chastely play, ed. And gladden these deep solitudes. Maria slipped from the saddle. Your are very brave. Mr. Braddon. On the gray maple's crusted bark, she said, tottering towards him. Its tender shoots the hoar frost nips, Whi st in the frozen fountain-hark !- cannot thank you. His piercing beak the bittern dips. He turned and looked at her. And you are very, fool hardy, Miss Where, twisted round the barren oak Lynn he returned, half-angrily. You The summer vine in beauty clung should never have ridden that fiery And summer winds the stillness broke,beast. The crystal icicle is hung. 1 beg your pardon. I risked nobody's Where, from their frozen urns, mute life but my own, And mine. springs Pour out their river's gradual tide The haughtiness died out of her face Shrilly the skater's iron rings, and she extended her hand. And voices fill the woodland side. True, she said, in a humble tone. Thunderbolt was frightened by the re-Alas ! how changed from the fair scene port of a gun When I decided to ride When birds sang out their mellow lay him, I did not thick of involving any-And winds were soft and woods were body else in my folly. He took her hand in his looked at it And the song ceased not with the day! an instant then uttered an exclama-But'still, wi'd music is abroad tion. Pale, desert woods, within your crowd You are hurt, Miss Lynn. And gather'd winds, in hoarse accord, I believe so-a little. It was the Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud. rein that did it. I was trying to curb Thunderbolt. Chillfairs and wintry winds, my ear The dainty glove was half filled with Has grown familiar with your song; I hear it in the opening yearthe lacerated fingers pityingly a mo-I listen, and its greets me long. ment, then wound his handkerchief PRAYER. about them. I am very sorry, he faltered with Go when the morning shineth, white lips, Go when the moon is bright So am I, Please help me into the Go when the day declineth, saddle again and I will return to the Go in the hush of night. Go with pure mind and feeling hotel. He did so. She held out her ban-Fling earthly thoughts away And in thy chamber kneeling, daged hand for the rain. Do thou in secret pray. You cannot have it, he said, firmly. I shall not trust Thunderbolt or you. Remember all who love thee Her lip curled in haughty scorn. Pray too for those who hote thee As you please, Mr Braddon, But I If any such there be. am not used to keing treated like a Then for thyself in meekness child. A blessing humbly claim And ink with each petition Thy great Redeemer's name. O'er if 'tis e'er denied thee In so itude to pray Should holy thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way; send a surgeon to look at your hand. Don't trouble yourself I pray. I He Even then the silent breathing Of thy spirit raised above Will reach this throne of glory Who is mercy, truth and love. Oh, not a joy or blessing Then she glided away leaving him With this can we compare dumfounded almost. The power that He hath given us The girl was a puzzle. Why did To pour our souls in prayer! her face haunt him so persistently like Whene er thou pinest in sadness the memory of a halfforgotton dream? Before His footstoo fall. Had he never seen her before? And remember, in thy gladness Then his thoughts went far back in. His grace who gives thee all.

he'p lenipotentiary.'

Some subtle magnetism drew him to low badly wounded. He has telegraph. that puppy Ormsby. Pretty conduct her side, He could not resist it. Vain ed for you for an engaged woman.

heartless coquette or not, in a single Maria uttered a moan. But on her Mr. Ormsby is a distant relative and hour she had woven a spell such as he way to the station to which Lawrence also a guest here; as such, he is not could not shake off with all his strength drove her, she sat white and mute, and without claims. Although you appear of will. the one thought that filled her heart to have forgotten them as well as your Maria's moods were exceedingly var- was this-'If Ralph Braddon dies, I pretentions to the name of gentleman.

There must be other horses in the lable. For a few days she encouraged am his murderess.' stables. I do not wish to be deprived him. Then of a sudden, without any A second train was about to start thrust Estelle paused, and toyed with apparent cause, she wrapped herself in to the scene of the disaster. It seemed her bracelet in a cool, provoking manof my ride. There is only Thunderbolt, But no a mantle of icy reserve, and lavished an age of agony until Maria stood by ner.

all her smiles upon Lawrence. lady ever rides him. Braddon grew savage under such he had been carried. Then I will be the first to do so.

oice. fling. ous gesture.

Saddle Thunderbolt this instant if He met Maria in one of the passages you better than I thought. you please. I will ride him. one merning. It was a rare thing now That was enough. The groom came for him to have an opportunity to speak

back after a brief absence leading a a word privately. He meant to take powerful black charger, which was im- advantage of this one, chapce had patiently gnawing its bit. thrown in his way.

An instant later Maria Lynn dashed He stopped her. down the road like mad. Miss Lynn I wish to speak a word

Ralph Braddon chanced to be out with you.

for a walk at that very time. He had A sudden wave of colour swept over penetrated through numberless thickets her face, leaving her very pale. that bordered the lake, and finally em

erged into the high road a long dis- coldly. tance from the hotel.

of hoof beats fell upon his ear. He or do you intend to marry George Law train, and Estelle's case was no excep senses Walter Miles left the room, looked far down the road, and saw a rence,

pale set face shone star-like- a spot vever asked me to marry him,

lightning. Bradden saw it was a runnaway. He at her; and while he stood and stared, named. Mrs Mold possessed decided line.

him.

had been a single thread. caughn at the flying bride. His face lips.

hoofs beat at his breast. He was drag- petuously. I love you to madness and Being a beauty and an heiress Esged several yards in the sand, and then you know it. It is cruel to trifle with telle was of course not without suitors. damp newspaper at the breakfast table, Thunderbolt came to a stand still, me. trembling and snorting, but conquer-

awaited him this side of the grave.

He did live. How could it be other.

a smile of in ffable peace.

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

Estella Vane was a beauty and an Mr Miles you need not tell me what I have no time to listen, she said heiress, and-the truth must be told- you forbid. something of a flirt. The latter quality And with the most graceful curtesy

You shall listen. I will know your not being an excellent thing in a woman in the world Estelle pointed to the door. Of a sudden the thunderous thub of intentions. Are you a heartless flirt, for it never fails to bring trouble in its Scarcely crediting the evidence of his

Braddon's bedside in the house to which Ormsby is not your accepted lover,

When he was gone Estelle covered tion to the rule. solitary spot of black, from which a I cannot tell you; Mr, Lawrence has Estelle was an orphan. A mild, old her face with her hands and indulged lady, Mrs Mold, her aunt lived with her in a burst of tears. Inconsistency ! thy that shot towards him like a flash of The answer struck Braddon dumb. at Vane Abbey as the tasteless, modern name is woman, is certainly an im-He leaned against the wall and stared red structure had been presumptuously provement on Shakspears celebrated

was no coward. Standing like a rock Maria slip ed past him thus making talents for directing domestic affairs— If Estelle's wishes and sighs could in the middle of the road he waited for good her escape. If and it was well she did, for the house have accomplished it, Osmond Ormsby Earth's meaness flower, heaven's might the flying steed and its rider to reach Finally an end came. He caught hold would have feared but badly had would have been sent back to London

the flutter of her light drapery in the the management of depended on its mis. that very night. Fortunately the road was, sandy at garden, one day, and knowing she was tress. Estelle was gay, and free and A week passed, Estelle read Walthat point, and Thunderbolt's feet bure there alone, ran down to meet her. She careless as a bird in springtime and she ter's name among the list of passens ied themselves at every bound, But was sitting in an arbour to which there showed more temper than was quite gers on the Dolphin bound for America he kept on his mad career no more was but one entrance. When Brad- proper at times. She was sometimes A month went by-slowly and wearmindful of the reins than as though it don's handsome figure filled this and more than pretty, and yet you would ily for her. Osmond Ormsby came to the his shadow fell at her feet she looked not call her beautiful; she was sunny. conclusion that he was not apprecioted Braddon's nerves were of steel He up with darkening eyes and parted haired and sunny-faced; there was a so he started for town, hoping that Escharm about her which defied analy, tella would learn his worth by his whitened a little as the murderous Now you shall hear me, he cried im sis. lloss.

Oue morning Mrs Mold opened the

wise, since love and happiness both rageous! I forbid---Your are rather premature in your assumption of authority sir. There; take back your ring, She drew Walter's engagement ring from her finger and handed it to him. Good evening

Your behaviour was disgraceful-out-

and you should not treat his as such. But-- began the groom, in a low treatment. It brought his real pur-oice. But -- began the groom, in a low treatment. It brought his real pur-pose to the surface at once. His ing over him with her whole heart in Miles? Estelle's eyes flashed and her

Feeling that she had made a telling

Her last sentence cooled his anger,

Braddon kissed her hand and smiled for a moment; but he burst forth again.

She interrupted him by an imper- nature was not one that can brook tri- her face. Live Ralph, live for my cheeks reddened. Remember sir that sake, I cannot give you up. I love our engagement is not irrevocable.

dog wss seen waiking the streets of who had a face that might have de. some for this sudden resolution. New Bedford the other day with a light veloped into such marvellous loveli-I quite agree with you. But par, teen lines, (bourgeois type) for first in-Then she shot Maria a shift glance, don me for not seeing the appropriate- sertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents. ed cigar in his mouth. but the composed face she saw told her ness of the remark, ness. The SIAR will not be issued or cond Pshaw ! he muttered, at last. It nothing tinued to any subscriber for a less term Pious flirts are said to succeed best. A How can you say that Estelle ? he than six months. heavenly smile will tell on a man be he can't be her, She is dead-long since ! Some hours wore on. Then George hotly demanded. Dosn't your consci-Advertisements received at the of ever so irreligious, I am a fool for connecting the two. Lawrence came to her with a counten- ence reproach you for flirting withtice of this 1 aper without written in-He did not see Maria again, for two Unmuzzled bulldogs are recommended structions limiting the number of in-I never flirt with anybody, she ins ance white as that of the dead. for lunch houses so that all who enter days. Then she made her appearance There has been an accident, he said, terrupted, looking as dignified as she sertions (Auctions, sales, and Notices, in the par.our of the hotel, shining there can get a bite. which determine themselves excepted] A colored gen'im'n on a Georgia jury amongst the other beauties like a dias briefly. The train in which Braddon could. will be repeated until ordered inwriting mond dropped among globules of took a place ran off the line. He lies Last night at the Maytons' party be withdrawn and charged according: as in favor of sending the prisoner to at a farm house about twenty miles bey you danced at least a dozeu times with ly. worthless glass.

Stop! she cried sternly. Before you more elegantly observed, like butterflies say another word answer me one ques awound a wose. People said that

tion. Are you not already a married Walter Miles and Osmond Ormsby were

His face flushed purple.

But my wife is dead. I am free to be a year. Through her caprice the en

tow my affections where I will. Are you sure? her red lip curlr no one save Mrs Mold.

something already,

ner. When a boy of eighteen I married a lieving Estelle alu ost faultless. child of sixteen. You can gue s the Osmond Ormsby (fourth son of Sir

was property at the bottom of it. Our a fop and a fortune hunter. He was Every feeling deserted her- the sense parents arrauged the whole shameful distantly related to Estelle through her of her great loss alone remained. Now affair, and we were puppets in their late father. Osmond had come to she knew how much she had loved the hands. There was not a particle of Devonshire with thoughts bent on con- man who say beneath the waves. For love on either side-

Yes, yes. I have not seen my child-bride since person in London but in the country came a gush of hot tears; then Estelle

the wedding day. I went away to col- world things are entirely different you prayed for resignation and said thy will ege and since then have been a rover. know. Acting on this helief he took be done. blood. Braddon tore it off, caressed But I was told that she died of fever, the earliest opportunity of honouring three years ago. It was a lie, said Maria sternly, he was somewhat disappointed to dis- darkness of grief passed away; life bes

Your wife still lives ! Bradden staggered backward as if he for Osmond wanted youth, beauty, and buoyancy were alone. had been struck.

ad been struck. Good God! he groaned-I never seem inclined to scramble for him not- Vane Abbey. He was determined suspected that ! Oh, what a wretch I withstanding the oft-repeated proclas either to win Estelle this time, or to would have made of myself! mation that he was a son of Sir Edward sacrifice himself to a rich old widow who I have not told you all, Maria went Ormsby, so he consoled himself for the was ready to take him whenever he on, in a cold hard voice. My name is indifference of the Exeter belles by should offer himself.

not Lynn. I am the child-bride you so visiting Vane Abbey, and endeavouring Estelle's birthday was near. Mrs. basely deserted ! to captivate Estelle. You!

Yes. I knew you were coming to prettiest room in the house. this place. I came here on purpose to She was seated at the piano playing afterwards dancing and supper. meet you, I have done so-I have a noisy show piece. The door opened

Then she sat still and voiceless as won your love-and now-now I cast it and Walter Miles entered. His face any statue, while Braddon turned her off as something utterly worthless! I was not as cheerful as usual, horse's head and, walking by his side have made you suffer as you did me, I thought I'd find you here, Estelle. prepared to lead him homeward. When years ago; for you were mistaken in I want to speak to you.

they reached the terrace step he lifted thinking that I did not care for you She wheeled round on the piano-stool her down and saik, quickly, I shall then. But now I hate and loathe and looked up at him with the sauciest CONCEPTION BAY WEEKLY REof smiles.

He slunk groaning away. The mea- I don't understand French he an have friends enough without becoming sure of her revenge was complete and swered grimly. You had better keep tor, WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, every Thursindebted to you any more than I am so he felt as she went gliding over the that sort of stuff for Ormsby.

lawn to the hotel. Louisa Weston met her two hours hide their ignorance; others are too Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfound,

later. Mr Braddon has gone, said Lou abruptly.

Maria caught her breath sharply. Gone ! she cried.

Yes. They say he intends to leave half-yearly. to the past when he was a lad of eigh-Flirting is certainly the most un-wo-Advertisements inserted on the most teen and had known a girl in pinafores for the Continent. There must be manly thing a woman cap do. liberal terms, viz. :- Per square of seven-

Indeed, there was quite a sworm of as was her habit, Maria rose slowly and confronted them, like bees around a honey comb Ah ! she said; news of the Dolphin

Mrs Mold, said; but Osmond Ormsby at last! Then she stopped short, cast a dis-

turbed glance at her niece, and rose to leave the room. Please let me see the paper aunt, Es. equally favoured by the young lady.

but people were wrong Estelle had telle said endeavouring to hide her I was married he stammered, at last. been engaged to Walter Miles for nearly eagerness, Kind hearted Mrs. Mold was at her

gagement had been made known to wits end.

No, no, my dear, she responded walk-Water Miles loved her devotedly. He ing towards the grate, with a confused I thought I was. Let me tell you was neither handsome nor very brilliant idea of burning the journal; but before all about it, since yon seem to know but he was sincere and true hearted. she could accomplish her purpose, Es. He was, generally, sensible and clear telle seized it, and read-the printed Go on she said in her most icy man. sighted, but love had blinded him and words seemed to blind her-that the Dolphin had gone down with all on he had fallen into the mistake of be board.

Mrs Mold ran for smelling salts, kind of match it must have been. There Edward Ormsby, be it understood) was but E-telle sat very pale and still. quest. The fourth son of Sir Edward a long time she made no movement. Ormsby was not an exceedingly great Mrs. Mold grew frightened. At last

> Devonshire with his presence. But Eternity grew nearcr by a year The cover that the first-quality heiresses- come pleasant to Estelle but its joy and

Mold, urged on by Ormsby had deter-Estelle's little music parlour was the mined to celebrate the season by a grand fete. There were to be 'tableaux' first

[Concluded in our next.] A

THE STAR

AND

PORTER.

Is printed and published by the Propei. day morning, at his Office, (opposite the Some people possess sufficient tact to premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.,)

> Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satistaction

Price of Subscription-\$2.50c., (Two Dollars Fifty Cents) per annum, payable

frank. She was evidently prepared for land.

a battle. There are many defects worse than a want of tact-flirting for instance,

Escelle played a few notes with one hand and said, Indeed.