

Who are the Poor?

Who are the poor? Not always those
Who have the least to show,
Nor are they always found among
The darkest haunts of woe;
For one may wear the richest dress
And roll in wealth's glare,
And still in Heaven's perfect sight,
Be poor, aye, very poor.

The brightest skies may ever shine
Above the mansion proud,
And he who dwells within its walls
With want may ne'er be bowed;
The sweetest music ever heard
May feed his listening ear,
And mirth and pleasure fill the cup
Of all the gladsome year.

Yet poor, indeed, must be the man
Who owns such joys as these,
If e'er his heart is coldly closed
To others' miseries;
And vain is all his store of gold
If selfishly he lives,
And always reaping harvest now,
No charity e'er gives.

Real poverty is in his heart,
'Tis want of love for man,
'Tis failure to perform a good,
To bless whome'er you can;
'Tis lack of love and lack of faith
In God and His decree,
That the greatest virtue one can own
Is loving charity.

So let us, then, do all we can
To help each other on,
And show that wealth of mind and
heart
Which lives when gold is gone;
And let us keep this truth in view
Where'er our steps may lead:
If man may be a millionaire,
And yet be poor indeed.

SELECT STORY.

Pearls and Blackberries.

No! said Dr. Darling, slowly—No! I can't believe the evidence of my own senses! and as he enunciated the words with expressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse-looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M. D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair, and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.

She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose, pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing wax over a sheet of blotting paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.

Yes; but I tell you, sir, I don't want to propose, said Harry, staring at the intertwined D. J. D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?

Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor.

Not fifty thousand dollars? said the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty, indeed.

I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars of itself, sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—

I believe the boy is crazy, ejaculated Dr. Darling. Well, well, as the scotch proverb has it, a wilful man mannae hae his way, and I shall interfere no farther. By the way, Harry—

Yes, sir?

You are going to the city this afternoon?

That's my present intention, sir.

Stop at Depierre's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago, but a man can't think of everything.

Certainly, Doctor; and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—and old-fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.

Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man! said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

Oh, I never lose anything! asserted Harry in an off-hand sort of way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of light across the kitchen floor; the morning glories and Maderia vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling's orphan niece, was busy, doing up blackberries. Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her talico dress concealed by the housewife's apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling

depths of the preserving-kettle, like a parody on one of the witches in Macbeth, while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the delightful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

Ursula?

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping the skimmer into the preserving-kettle.

How you startled me, Harry!

Harry advanced into the kitchen with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove heat.

You are always at work, Ursula.

I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living, Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows; I am not an heiress like Miss Bradbury.

Confound Miss Bradbury! exclaimed our hero. I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time.

She is a sweet young lady, Harry, said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.

I dare say; but what a lot of blackberries you have here to be sure, Ursula.

Forty quarts, said Ursula, demurely. Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter.

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.

Blackberries are beautiful fruit, Ursula.

Very; and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the boiling caldron. Especially when you are doing them up, added the young M. D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.

Harry, don't! The berries will burn. Let 'em burn, then: who cares?

But what do you want? she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she fain would have assumed.

To see your eyes, Ursula.

She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face; then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest? he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and sizzling of the boiling blackberries.

No.

I read yes!

O Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury.

And I am so determined not to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and a lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know?

Ursula—

Harry, they are burning!—I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands!

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

It's all your imagination, Ursula!

No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling—

But, Ursula—

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the "tacet." Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

You'll be on the piazza to-night, when they have all gone to the concert? he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

Yes, yes, anything—everything; only go!

And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and persevering do not assimilate.

Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it's done by this time? and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

I—I'm very sorry, began Harry; but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—

Yes, dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost anything. So the brooch is gone, eh?

Yes, sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured, Harry added, with a glance toward that lady, that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity.

Oh, it is of no consequence at all! said Mrs. Darling, with a countenance that said plainly, it is of the very greatest consequence! Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house.

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another one and presented it to Mrs. Darling, with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed, and pinned it into the folds of the thread-lace barb she wore at her throat.

But it's so strange what can have become of the other! said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Mrs. Bradbury to tea.

Well, have pound cake and preserved blackberries, said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.

And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will, added her husband, who didn't.

Get out the best china and the chased silver tea-service, Ursula, said Mrs. Darling.

And wear your pink French calico, child; it's the most becoming dress you have, said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunnett.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Mrs. Bradbury came—a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth society manner that made Ursula feel herself very countrified and common indeed.

Delicious preserves these! said Mrs. Bradbury.

They are of Ursula's making, said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.

I remember the day when they were brewed or baked, or whatever it is you call it, said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

He's swallowed the spoons! cried Mrs. Bradbury.

Oh, oh! he's got the apoplexy! screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.

Uncle! dearest uncle! piped up poor Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apopleptic family, said he. But upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing! And he held out his wife's pearl brooch, boiled up in the blackberries.

There was a momentary silence about the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

My good gracious! said Mrs. Darling; how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I—don't see—

But I do! said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. Yes; I see a good many things that I didn't see before.

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

Doctor—he began, valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

There's no need of any explanation, my boy, he said. I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!

And Dr. Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

Little Ursula! he added, would have thought of it. Well, you shall have my blessing!

The pearls were all discoloured, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knick-knacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table.

And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve-dish for a boiled brooch!

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.

Maud's Flirtation.

So the son of my old friend—the man I love and respect more than all the world beside—is to be the victim of a pretty woman's caprice. Maud, I tell you to be careful; you are playing a dangerous game.

The angry blood dyed the cheek of the beautiful girl, as she swept haughtily from her uncle's side, saying—

It is time to dress for dinner now; I will come and hear the rest of your sermon to-morrow.

He took one long step, and, gently laying his hand on her arm, led her to the sofa, and, drawing her down to a seat beside him, said—

No, Maud, I want you to hear the rest of my sermon to-day. Do you know why I am, at forty years of age, an old bachelor, with a lonely home and an aching heart?

Maud's anger all melted away at the sight of his distress, and left her sad as herself, as she said—

No, Uncle George, why is it?

Well, Maud, I will tell you. Even you, my dear niece, much as I love you, cannot fill all my heart.

It was fifteen years ago that I first met Ida Hobart. She was a fashionable belle and beauty, who drove all men wild by her spells. To me she soon became the very salt of my life. We met very often. I was young and trustful then, and her beauty and quiet, stately manner completely fascinated me. When she left her beautiful white hand rest in mine, and when she turned from others, and let her bright blue eyes dwell thoughtfully on my face, I thought that the love I lavished upon her was appreciated and returned.

Day after day passed, and I felt so secure in her affections, while looking into her beautiful face, and hearing her winning tones grow softer for my ear, that it was long before I spoke my love. I never shall forget how coldly she answered me.

Why, Mr. Clayton, I supposed you knew that I was engaged. Mr. Ashley has been away ever since I knew you, but I thought every one knew of the engagement.

I arose, as haughty and self-possessed as herself, and said—

Forgive me, Miss Hobart, if I have annoyed you.

Oh, you have not annoyed me at all; but I am sorry you have made such a mistake. I thought that you, like myself, were only flirting.

The death of my mother awoke me from the delirious agony of my thoughts and when my brother followed her in one short year, leaving you to my care, I endeavoured to forget the happiness I had dreamed of and lost. Never can I trust any one as I trusted the heartless woman who blighted my life.

Now, Maud, I think that Frank loves you, and wishes to make you his wife; he has spoken of it to me; but if you cannot return his love, let him see it now before it is too late; don't lead him on until you are his only hope of happiness, or I shall despise you.

Maud sat in deep thought for a few moments, and then said—

Uncle George, tell him that I love him, and am not flirting. And, Uncle George, don't despise me, will you?

Her uncle gently pressed a tender kiss upon her forehead, and thanked her for her decision.

A LITTLE HERO.

The New York "Sun" reporter, learning that James Connors, alias Rat, a news-boy, had saved several lives at the ferry boat disaster, obtained the following particulars:

Rat is fourteen years old. When approached he tried to avoid any questions, but finally said—

I am a news-boy. Sometimes I black boots. I live at 19 Pearl Street. At one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, I was sitting on the Stone pier at the Battery with my brother. We were fishing. At half past one I heard a noise like a boat letting off steam, and after that came a rumbling sound, like a big gun going off; I turned to look around, and my brother was in the water. I laughed at him because he fell overboard. I then jumped down for him, but he got ashore alone. The next thing I saw was a big cloud of steam, and men, women, and children floating in the river. I jumped down off the pier, took off my cap, jacket, and shoes, and jumped in after two little babies. I grabbed one by the arm, and the other by the skirt, and passed them on to the float. I didn't see any more babies, and so I dived down after the ladies, trying to hold them up while Mr. Connors, my uncle, and Mr. Quigley took them in the boats. I tell you we had lively times, and you could hardly tell what to do first.

It is estimated that young Connors must have saved at least ten persons, and aided in saving many more. He rendered valuable services in diving like a water rat among the struggling women, and buoying up the scalded victims on his little back, while others took them into their boats.

A LAWYER'S KNOWLEDGE.

All good lawyers know the value in

the practice of their profession of general knowledge or information to be obtained by practical intercourse with the world and studies outside the law library. In a book just published by the daughter of an English advocate, Mr. John Adolphus, the following is told, which will illustrate the value of the kind of knowledge referred to. The writer says:

A very extraordinary criminal case was entirely decided by the knowledge my father had picked up on nautical affairs in his early voyages to and from the West Indies. Lascars were on their trial for the murder of the captain of the ship; the evidence of the mate seemed quite conclusive. In the course of it he said, however, that at the time of the murder there was great confusion, as the ship was in much peril, and requiring all the attention of the sailors to prevent her sinking on a rock. My father who defended the prisoners, asked so many questions as to the exact number of the crew, and where each man was, and what he was engaged in during this perilous time, that at last the judge whispered, I suppose Mr. Adolphus, those questions are to the purpose? I own I do not see it, thinking, doubtless, the time of the court was being wasted. After a few more questions as to the duty each man was performing, the witness had accounted for every man on board, the captain being below and the two prisoners murdering him. My father fixed his eyes steadily on the witness, and said, in a searching and loud voice, Then who was at the helm? The wretched mate dropped down in a fit, and soon after confessed that he was himself the murderer. In his evidence he had given to each man his position, and forgotten the most material, or rather, left none to fill it.

FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Many years ago, there lived on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old Quaker gentleman, who possessed an old, faithful servant. This servant was a horse and his name was Charley. Now Charley had trotted before the family-chaise for many a long year, to the village post-office, to the Sabbath-day meeting, and upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley was ever ready to be hitched up. Not one trick had he shown nor had he once proved unfaithful, and grandfather always rode him upon such errands of business as he might have about the farm.

The river divided the farm, and it was at times necessary to visit the lot on the other side; there was a bridge a mile and a half from the house, but there was a good ford just down by the bank, which was always used when the water was not too high.

One day, in the spring-time, grandfather had to go over the river, but the freshet had come, the banks were overflowed, and the ice in great cakes and fields was coming down with a rush, so he mounted old Charley, and set off by the way of the bridge. Arriving safely on the other side, he spent some time in the business which had brought him over, and it was nearly sundown when he got ready to go home. He looked up towards the bridge, said it was a long three miles around, and that he believed he would try the ford. Old Charley can swim, he said, as he rode down to the bank of the stream, and it is but a short way over.

Charley looked reluctant, but after considerable urging he entered the stream. In a moment he was striking out bravely for the opposite shore, but in another moment a great cake of ice came pounding along, overwhelming both man and horse. They both rose, but grandfather had lost his seat, and as he was swept along by the powerful current, he caught the sweeping branches of a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe from immediate danger.

The riderless horse pursued his journey toward the house, and soon reached the shore. Here, appearing to miss his familiar friend, he looked around, and as it seems, discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree; immediately and without hesitation, he turned around and swam boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch he stopped and permitted my grandfather to get on his back, and then, although quite exhausted, he started at once for home.

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUIRE, 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 seven lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

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