

The River Time.

Oh, wonderful stream is the River of Time!
And it flows through the realm of tears;
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
As it bends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
And the summers like buds between;
And the ears and the sheaves, how they come and go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magic isle up the River of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical climate,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junos with the roses are staying;

And the name of that isle is the "Long Ago."
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a harp unswept and lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There hands which are waved when that fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we've heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remember for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of life till night;
And when evening comes with a beautiful smile,
And four eyes are closed in slumber awhile,
May that greenwood of soul be in sight!

SELECT STORY.

Twice Saved.

THE night was of inky blackness—starless and moonless. The heavens seemed one vast funeral pall. For hours it had been rough and stormy, but nothing serious was apprehended. Now the storm arose in angry might; the wind burst forth in alternate gusts of wailing and of fury; there was a deep, heavy roll of the lashing waves; the thunder crashed, and the lightning glared redly. The roar of one element could scarcely be distinguished from the howl of the other; there was nothing to intercept the gale, and yet the steamer "Pacific" ploughed the waves most nobly. Captain, officers, and crew, had unwavering faith in her seaworthiness, and they doubted not that she would ride bravely through the storm.

But suddenly there was a lurch—a plunge—and man, woman and child looked at each other, with straining eyes.

Get out the boats! came in clear, ringing tones.

Every instant the ill-fated steamer was nearing a ledge of rocks, and there seemed no hope of succor. The wind blew a hurricane, and it rained heavily. In this supreme moment the crashing of the hull, and the roaring of the waters, created a fearful panic. Women and children were so stricken with terror that they rushed wildly about. Men seemed to have lost all presence of mind. The scene beggared description. In the midst of the tempest, the poor, shivering creatures clung to the rocks and to the steamer. The hungry waves swept away scores at a time. Shrieks and groans rent the air; parents and children, husbands and wives, perished together. When help arrived, hundreds and hundreds were sleeping in the embrace of death.

Among the many there were a few noble souls who forgot not their manhood in this hour of peril. One slender, boyish-looking fellow, who had been distinguished for his fun-loving propensities, now proved himself a hero. With unnatural strength did he take terrified women and place them in the rigging; with unselfish ardor did he help to fill boats, without a thought of his own safety.

As he was looking about him, he espied a silent figure sitting quite alone. There was an unspeakable air of desolation in the sight. Guy Fielding hurried forward in time to receive the falling figure of the benumbed girl. By her dark, spirited face, and the clenching of her little hands, he knew that she had resisted the approach of her subtle foe with all the energy of determined womanhood.

He raised her in his arms, and sprang into a boat. Wrapping her in his cloak, he tried by every means in his

power to restore her to consciousness. After a time, his efforts were rewarded. Where am I? came in low, firm tones. In good hands, and under excellent treatment, the young man answered, saucily.

Guy's tones were fresh and ringing, and, above all, intensely human. After her lonely hour of danger, it was extremely restful and soothing to feel buoyant young life about her. True, the coming back to life brought exquisite physical pain, but then she was young and gay, and life was sweet on almost any terms. Guy liked the way in which she held up her head and took in the situation of affairs; liked the determined look that crept into her large black eyes, and, above all, liked the brave spirit stamped so plainly on the face beside him.

You are very, very good to take care of me so. Pretty soon I shall be able to take care of myself. Have I caused you much trouble?

I have received nothing but pleasure in serving you.

The fisherman's humble boat was soon ready to receive them, and Guy secured special attention for Jessie. The buxom, red-cheeked lassie who agreed to serve her understood her work thoroughly, and in a few days she was up, and ready for her journey home.

A week must necessarily intervene before preparations for departure could be perfected, and the young girl proved that she was fully equal to an emergency. She was an energetic, sprightly young thing and very fond of adventure. She at once set about enjoying herself during her stay. She found very efficient help in Guy fielding.

Three months before, she had left her village home in company with an uncle and aunt who resided abroad. In preparing to return, she had made her friends promise that she should be placed in charge of the captain, and allowed to get all the flavour out of the voyage that she could. So, quite unannounced, she embarked, and was rejoicing in her freedom when this catastrophe occurred. Happily, her parents supposed her safe in England, and therefore felt no anxiety.

As Jessie regained her strength, she began to show unmistakable signs of activity. With womanly instinct she perceived that the children were out of lothes, and that there was no money to purchase more. With delicate tact did she send into town for suitable goods, and then, with wonderful diligence, did she ply her needle until each little girl was made happy. Her own clothing was gone, and she had to replenish her wardrobe somewhat before she was presentable. She showed great skill and aptitude about her work, and not for a moment did she get discouraged. Her ringing laugh was fairly contagious. Her apt suggestions softened and polished the roughness about them until it was comparatively neat and comfortable.

Guy could now give vent to his pent up feelings, and he blessed the fate that had placed Jessie Maynard in his care. He thought considerably more about her than he cared to acknowledge.

One morning, as she was finishing a very becoming toilet for little Minnie's doll, a thought suddenly occurred to her.

Do you know, Mr. Fielding, said she archly, that you are taking charge of a middle-aged maiden lady.

Oh that the pleasure might be mine forever! cried Guy, fervently.

Yes, Jessie continued, to-day is my twentieth birthday, and oh dear! I do want to see papa and mamma this morning.

I knew that you were homesick all along. I believe some women will never confess to a weakness.

I've yet to experience one.

All honor to the brave and the fair! said Guy buying low.

The next day, a Yankee pedler called. Jessie was in ecstasies. In her enthusiasm, she allowed him to impose upon her to his heart's content, and began to feel that he had done her a great favor in calling.

I tell you, Miss, said he, you couldn't have done as well in New York city, as you've done to-day with me.

You had better get there yourself, said Guy, significantly.

The pedler took the hint and left.

You still claim that you have no weaknesses, I suppose, Miss Jessie.

Of course I do.

Well I've discovered one.

What is it?

An overweening love for canvas and bright colored worsteds!

Jessie looked injured.

It's a very becoming and judicious sort of a weakness, and exhibits to great advantage the fair little hands that have done such good service in this humble home. I wish—

Here Guy remembered that their acquaintance had only been of a week's duration, and checked himself.

That night they went skating. Jessie looked like a young gypsy in her scarlet suit, with her raven hair floating about her. She skated herself tired, and leaned rather heavily on Guy's arm.

'Tis sweet to care for the helpless and the weak, mused Guy, wickedly.

Weak, indeed! and, like a flash, she was out of sight.

Guy's skates had to be restrapped, and he had a hard time to find her; when he did, she was completely dispirited and tired out. He gallantly offered his arm; with great dignity she refused it. He walked nonchalantly by her side.

What vocation do you intend pursuing? asked Guy, gravely.

One that will have a beneficial effect on my tongue, she answered, quietly.

Most noble resolve!

The next day, as Jessie was feeding the chickens, Guy said, teasingly,—

Is this a part of your career?

It may be one of the duties pertaining to it, she virtuously answered. I shall never despise useful labor if it is only honorable.

Such Quixotic ideas, united with high moral courage, is elevating in the extreme. How can I show my appreciation of your worth?

By relieving me of my present duty, she merrily answered, dancing off.

Guy grimaced, and dutifully obeyed. He was excessively fond of amusement, and Jessie's piquancy fully supplied his demand. They were thrown much together, and neither seemed to find it distasteful. Rev. Mr. Colton watched proceedings with anxious eyes. He, too, was detained by the catastrophe, and was striving, with all his energies, to make an impression upon Jessie. If the truth must be told, she did not discourage him. She was coquettish by nature, and was accustomed to have plenty of admirers about her. He had saved her from the clutches of a half famished dog, and she owed him some attention for that, she argued, conscientiously. Then Guy Fielding was getting almost too provoking.

Chapter II.

THE day that Jessie arrived home was very beautiful. Her parents welcomed their idolized child most warmly. As she had hoped, her coming was a perfect surprise. Her gallant protector was treated with the greatest hospitality, and numberless thanks were showered upon him. Her father, who was a sailor, realized fully the danger through which they had passed. With great warmth did he urge the young man to remain with them awhile. A look from Jessie's smiling eyes induced him to accept the invitation, and a right merry time they had of it.

Now that she was at home, she sought in every way possible to show her gratitude. Guy discovered that a complete revolution had taken place in her manner. During his stay, she was as lovable as one could wish. His home was not far distant, and, after his return, he very naturally fell into the habit of riding over to see her.

The balmy odors of springtime, and the bright glad sunshine, made beautiful the little village of Glenville. Jessie was a universal favorite with old and young. It was not very surprising that she was chosen May Queen. She looked extremely pretty in her simple white dress, with her coronet of May flowers, and never did Sovereign bend her royal head to more loving subjects. Guy, too, was there, the leader of all mischief, and the life of the party. Mr. Colton, whose parish was near by, was also present. With greedy, hungry glances did he drink in her dark, spirited beauty. She dispensed her attentions equally between her two suitors. Although she was joyous and merry as a bird, not a word escaped her lips that could wound the feelings of either. With all her gayety, our Jessie was a perfect lady. All that sunny day was she the centre of an admiring throng.

There was a variety of amusements furnished; the singing by those happy young voices were charming. You should have listened to the silvery laughter, and the joyous talk over the tables. The arrangement of everything was perfect, and would have delighted an artist. The piny odors were more grateful than the choicest perfumes from southern climes, and just to live seemed a precious and glorious legacy.

When Queen Jessie re-ascended her throne, she found that one of her subjects desired speech with her. Guy Fielding bowed low before her, and said, in musical voice,—

Most gracious queen and honored lady. In behalf of your loyal and devoted subjects, I would tender this tribute of affection and regard. We hope that you honor us by wearing our gift, and that Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon you.

Her friends pressed to her side, and Guy gratified them by placing the chain of gold about her neck, and displaying to her delighted gaze a tiny jewelled watch. Jessie's sparkling eyes told her pleasure more eloquently, even, than the grateful words which sprang to her lips.

We wanted you to know how glad we were to have you back from that dreadful wreck, cried Isa Allen, kissing her friend.

I never should have escaped but for him, looking at Guy with a tender light in her eyes.

After a time he seated himself beside her, saying,—

I've some news, Jessie; I've been chosen to command the ship "Ocean Queen." I sail in just a month from to-day. I want you to congratulate me.

But the girl was strangely silent, and Guy could not make her talk.

When Isa burst upon them, she was all ready to talk about the ball to be given in her honour that night, and Guy hoped favorable things for himself. She looked brilliantly beautiful, despite the pleasures and fatigue of the day. Guy had accompanied her, and stood beside her as she received her guests. Many an envious glance was cast at him, which he greatly enjoyed. Before the dancing commenced, a group clustered about them, and sprightly conversation ensued.

They do say, cried Lawrence Wilson that the Rev. Mr. Colton, of Johnsonia is violently smitten with our Jessie. If we may judge by appearances, I think she reciprocates his affections. I saw her blush scarlet when he bent over her and presented a knot of violets this afternoon.

I think him a gentleman, answered Jessie, with a scathing glance. His manners are gentle, and altogether pleasing to me.

So I judged. You sent him away brimful of comfort. I say, Jessie, you'll make a capital minister's wife.

It would be a good idea for you to copy his smooth and polished style. No decent girl will ever fancy yours.

I dare say—you will influence them all against me. You shouldn't be so hard on a poor fellow.

It's a great pity that your mother thought you too adorable by nature to be trained. I only wish I had been her adviser when you were small. And Jessie looked unutterable things.

It is gratifying to know that malicious people rarely have their wishes gratified.

At this instant the band struck up, and Guy and Jessie took their places. The evening was full of enjoyment to both. Who could think that a dread horror was just before them?

While the company was partaking of refreshments, Isa Allen, who had been rearranging her torn dress, burst in, crying,—

Fire! Fire! The hall is on fire!

There was wild consternation, and groans and shrieks of terror. The hall was on the second floor, and had but one outlet. Already the flames had made considerable headway. Impulsively Guy folded his arm about Jessie and hastened toward the stairway. He was started when she said, in her decided voice,—

I shall not go until you have saved these poor girls. I am not afraid, while they are likely to perish from fright. Save them I say!

Instinctively Guy obeyed her. The rushing, surging crowd jostled him hither and thither, but at last he placed his charges in a place of safety, and returned to the burning building. Jessie had soothed her friends until they were able to act with reason, much to Guy's relief. Just before he came up she had said to Isa,—

As soon as you touch the ground hasten to my home and give this to Mr. Colton. He is stopping there to-night.

Jessie pointed to Isa and another girl friend, and again Guy obeyed her. He could but gaze in wonder at the calm, white face, and straight, lithe figure so commanding in its aspect, and he found that he had not half understood the heroic girl.

Now the bells were all ringing, and ladders were being placed at the windows, and things began to look more hopeful. It so chanced that Guy and Jessie were left all alone. She had firmly refused to leave, despite his commands and entreaties. Now, as he looked round, he thought that they were utterly out off—fire here, there, everywhere.

O Jessie! he groaned. Why did you not let me save you while I could? Now it is too late.

Because I wanted to stay with you, she answered, simply.

I could willingly have died for you, he said, but oh! to see you perish before my eyes is terrible—terrible! I've loved you, Jessie, since the night I brought you back to life. Tell me if you care for me.

He looked into her face, and was quite satisfied.

Oh, it was agony to lose her now! Was there no hope? Yes, there was—there was! A shout below, and a cry of "The northern window!" and Guy saw that there was an outlet that in the excitement and hurry had been quite overlooked. Taking Jessie in his arms, he commenced the descent. Five minutes later there was an awful crash, and the blackened walls fell into a shapeless mass of ruins.

Jessie's little note had been instru-

mental in saving their lives. She had written:—

"You bade me ask any favor I wished. By placing a ladder beneath the northern window of Dickson Hall, you may be the means of saving two lives."

"Jessie."

Mr. Colton understood. Though she had told him that very day, that she could never be his, he could do that for her that his rival was utterly powerless to do. The thought nerved him to superhuman energy. Five minutes longer, and it had been too late.

There must have been a depth of character in the man that the young girl had not fathomed, for when she and her chosen lover stood before him, he spoke the words that made them one in a firm, even tone. And none gave them a more fervent Godspeed than he.

Guy and his wife sailed that morning for a foreign port. When the last steamer arrived it brought happy tidings from the absent ones, and Jessie wrote in glowing terms of her life on the "Ocean Wave."

THE GURREL.

They loved each other, but they had not confessed the fact; so, when Robert Day flirted with pretty Alice Dean, Mary Bell resented his conduct.

He called on her next day, and the battle began.

I hate you, Robert! said Mary, valiantly.

Bob, nonchalant and assured, made answer undoubtedly.

No, you don't.

You flirted with that girl.

What girl?

Alice Dean.

She's very pretty.

I saw you kiss her hand.

Venus never owned his equal.

And you're a brute.

She did not say so.

Silence. Two people in a darkened room, one anger-flushed, the other smiling. Outside, old Sol in full possession of his orchestra—birds, bees, and faintest zephyrs—chirping, buzzing, sighing, in concert.

Mollie!

Well, sir?

I am going to marry very soon, indeed!

Is that all you have to say?

Every word.

You want to know the bride's name.

I don't.

You do.

Well, who is it then?

Won't tell. She's the worst-tempered woman in town.

Ah!

I know what you mean by that—you think I deserve my doom.

Sagacious!

Not at all—he who runs may read.

Silence again. A pretty, pouting woman looking shyly at a stalwart six-footer who smiles provokingly.

Robert, do you think she is very pretty?

Assuredly.

She—she is a fright. I hate her!

Tut-tut!

She has red hair!

Auburn.

She has freckles.

Beauty spots.

She—squints.

Merely an eccentricity of vision.

Robert—do you—do you love her?

To distraction! Words cannot express his vehemence.

Silence once more. A pale startled girl—an earnest-faced man. Without, birds bees and zephyr still in concert.

Bob!

Mary?

Why don't you go?

Where?

To her of course.

What her?

Your promised bride of course—Alice Dean.

Ah! Shall I?

Why, certainly. You said—

Well?

A sob and stifled whisper,—

You loved her!

Silence. If the birds and bees could have peeped into that room! A sweet face cradled on a manly bosom—a low voice whispering,—

Darling, meant you.

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