THE STAR.

Soul Longings.

Come to the fountain, haste-Of the pure waters taste, Great is the power; Help us o'er sea and land To firmly, truly stand, Led by an angel band Through each tried hour.

On thee my hopes are staid, Lifted where sorrows fade, To realms above; Make every soul to see The God who loveth thee, While ever faithful be All wisdom, love,

Supported may we stand, Led with a father's hand, While here we stay; Let heaven's redeeming light Protect us from the night By thoughts serene and bright To lasting day.

May every heart and voice In greatful strains rejoice That we are free; Upward and onward fly To bliss beyond the sky, Where we shall no more die, But dwell with thee.

In each calm twilight hour, Within a sainted bower, Shall we unfold; True as the morning's sun, These hearts and hands are one, A welcome life begun For crowns untold.

Then on to spheres of light Will be our blissful flight To soar to thee; Where all aspire to live, And freely, love, to give, The truth's that we receive With liberty.

All is Vanity.

There never was an earthly dream, Of beauty and delight, That mingled not too soon with clouds As sun's rays with the night; That faded not from that fond heart. Where once it loved to stay, And left that heart more desolate For having felt its sway,

softly repeated-

"For I know not the land that ye live in, Nor know I the lad I'm goin' wi'." Lindsay, he added. Don't you want to Elinor. know who I am? I think you are Mr. Clayton-are you?

asked Katie, gazing gravely into the depths of the tea-cup. But how did you know my name?

Yes, I am Mr. Clayton, Miss Petherick: I came in while you were singcompanion, I enquired who you were. Katie spent a very pleasant evening ; and as she was putting away her simple finery before going to ked, she fished up it is? from the drawer of her dressing case the little brown leathern purse, Sitting still, and holding it in her hand, a wistful, far-off look came into the pretty childish face-a look the result he inquired, glancing across the table of a strange, indefinable feeling that at Katie.

her luck had come to her, and that it was in some way connected with the little purse and its strange contents. * *

In all merry England there was not a merrier party than that assembled in Halford House on that All-Hallows Eve The drawing room was cleared of all superfluous furniture, to make room for a carpet-dance, a bright fire blazed in the yawning fireplace in the spacious hall, and round it was already clustered a group of youngsters engaged in the time-honoured Hallow-eve custom of burning nuts. There now, Katie, you capricious lit-

tle creature, you've jumped away from every one I've put you to burn with ! cried Frank. Quite right, too, if she didn't like

them, said Bob. Katie, I'm going to burn you with Mr. Clayton. I've a fine grounds. long nut for him; so here goes; and. suiting the action to the words, Bob placed the nuts side by side on the bar, and intently watched the result.

It is useless. Bob, unless both parties believe in the charm, remarked one of the guests.

self-possessed man seemed utterly con-

fused by the girl's simple question; but,

rapidly regaining his self-possession, he

replied, thoughtfully, that is a subject

Well, since you indirectly admit that

it is worthy of consideration, persisted

Ethel, tell me, do you really believe in

courteously, Mr. Clayton walked to the

Whew ! said Frank, in an under-tone,

something queer in the wind -a secret

Katie, I declare you're incorrigible

exclaimed Bob. There you've jumped

away from Mr Clayton, who looks the

very picture of constancy; isn't it too

It is only what I might have expect-

ed, quietly replied the individual ad

dressed, who had again joined the group

Presently the whole merry party sal-

lied forth blindfolded to pull cabbage-

stalks, and thus discover of what des.

cription his or her future wife or hus-

band was to be. Gleefully they return-

ed with their trophies, which were com-

mented upon amidst peals of laughter.

marry an old maid with a lot of money .

and he exhibited a yellow, withered

stalk with a quantity of earth round the

Katie. If so, then I'm to marry a very

Eureka! exclaimed Frank. I'm to

which requires consideration.

inquired Ethel.

good or ill luck?

other end of the hall,

sorrow, I'll lay a wager.

bad, Mr. Clayton?

round the hall fire.

roots.

And I am sure Mr Clayton does not

brought her much good luck. Mr. Clayton, I should so much like Christmas.

to know what you put under your pillow Well, Miss Elinor, intrinsically my was travelling with his mother.

watch was the most valuable article I had in my possession, he replied : but I and repeated, soberly,did not put it under my pillow, for I understood the charm to mean the thing pear like a mother to both of us.

you valued most for its own sake, and there is that which I value more than able name, repeated Frank, Has she ing, and, recognizing my late travelling my watch, but which unfortunately I any money, Tom? had not with me last night.

> Dear, dear ! said Eliuor : my curiosity is quite excited, Do tell me what will?

It is not always prudent to satisfy the curiosity of young ladies, replied her tormentor mischieviously. What did you dream, Miss Petherick?

Decidedly, said Tom, feeling it about time for him to get out of that office, Oh yes, Katie, what did you dream ? where he could indulge in a laugh, and rising as he spoke. Meets us at the and what did you put under your pillow? were choroused on all sides. depot at seven in the morning. Poor, foolish little Katie! Yes, she

I will. had put something under her pillow, Sharp at seven, remember. and she had had a dream too But Yes. And time and railroad cars how to tell it with so many eyes upon wait for no man or woman, either. her Katie could not equivocate, and she Depend on me, Tom, and just look after blushed and stammered so painfully that that elderly cousin.

her aunt had to come to her rescue, and Good_night, then, with intutive, lady-like tact, gave all to Good-night, old fellow. understand that she did not wish the And as Tom went out, Frank aros conversation to be continued, and soon and began to put his office in order, and make some preparations for his Christ. put Katie comparatively at her ease. After luncheon they all set off for a mas joarney.

brisk walk through the park; and some-He meant to be very early next morn. how or other Katie found herself walk- ing, but overslept himself, and reached ing by Mr. Cayton's side, and separat- the depot only five minutes before train ed from the rest. Suddenly he stopped time. He went hastily into the ladies'

where a turn in the pathway gave a full room, supposing Tom would be there view of the river which ran through the with Mrs. Cameron. There was, however, but one occupant, a bright-faced Do you see that river, Miss Petherick ? lady, in a stylish black-and-white trav. in a moments quiet revery. Presently he asked, pointing to it. I dreamt last elling suit, with a long white plume night that I saw you lying under the drooping over a coquettish black hat. water there with a little brown purse She turned a pair of saucy brown eyes clasped in your hand-just such another upon him as he entered, glanced around sed the figure in the chair.

purse as I lost some few weeks ago, and and beat a hasty retreat. about which I have a strange supersti- Whew ! what a pretty girl ! Glad I matter ? Have you got a fit of the blues ? tion; it contained a couple of copper don't have her to dangle after, and wait

Well, yes, a fair little fortune.

be an addition to our journey.

Possibly.

but that little song told a story; and he is melted; so Hallow Eve has not sedate widow lady, who goes down to at the unconscious Tom, who sat calmmake an annual visit to us every ly smoking his cigar in the smoking car. The journey passed off without any

special incident, and without Mrs. Kate Oh, that alters the case. One of You are not as inquisitive as Lizzie to dream on-will you tell me? asked those motherly, middle-aged ladies who troubling Frank in the least for attenmake a fellow look respectable, as if he tion.

At the station they found Black Boy Tom repressed an inclination to laugh awaiting them, with the big sleigh, and a few minutes' breezy sleigh ride brought Yes, no doubt Mrs. Cameron will ap- them safely to the door of Tom's home. If Frank had found Kate Cameron Mrs. Cameron ; a good old respeci- pretty in her hat and travelling wraps, when she took them off and showed the slight form, with its graceful curves and arches, he thought her bewitching. Of course, he didn't care anything about And you may stand a chance in her her; but, some way, it was a great relief to find a certain pretty little Minnie Brown, who was one of the holiday par-Yes. Well, my boy, you are all right ty, unmistakably occupying the position to be attentive to your mother's elderly as Tom's sweetheart, and putting Kate relative. No doubt Mrs. Cameron will

out of the question. Before they had been there three days Frank began to have an uncomfortable sensation under the left side of his vest whenever Kate was near; and, Sunday morning, when she came down dressed in a bewildering suit of blue velvet, ready for church, he quite gave up

and owned to himself that he loved every inch of her, from the heels of her tiny boots to the tips of her little blue gloves.

Mrs. Kate was sharp enough very speedily to see how the land lay, but she never gave one sign that she cared a straw for him, and Frank tormented himself daily with hopes and fears, after the usual fashion of lovers.

The holiday visit was to close with a grand party on New Year's night, and all the young people in the neighborhood were invited to assist in the merrymaking.

Late in the evening a silent figure sat by the library fire, having stole away from the revellers below stairs to indulge the door was softly opened, and the faint ight glittered on Kate Camerou's blue robes, as she came forward and addres-

Why, Tom. old fellow, what is the

Why, dear, dear, it is worse than I

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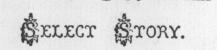
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Joh

There never was a glad, bright eye, But it was dimmed by tears, Caused by such grief as ever dulls The sunshine of our years. We look upon the sweetest flower, 'Tis withered soon, and gone; We gaze upon a star to find But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart. A mind of worth and power, That had not in this changing world, Pain, misery for its dower; The laurel on the brow has hid From many a careless eye, The secret of the soul within Its blight and agony.

There never was, there cannot be, On earth a spacious spring, Whose water to the fevered lip Unfailing we may bring; All changeth on this troubled shore. Or passeth from the sight: Oh! for the world where joy and peace Reigns as eternal light.



Katie Petherick's Luck

AN HALLOW-EVE STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Chapter III.

Who now approached the group, you'll frighten Katie. Do you think you are not too tired to sing a song, dear, before the gentlemen come in to tea? I am told you sing nicely.

I am not tired, aunt; 1'll sing for you with pleasure, returned Katie, and, nice husband. seating herself at the piano, she sang the last and grandest Italian 'bravura.' Another song was eagerly requested, and she gave one of the wonderfully sweet. pathetic melodies of 'The Fatherland: and then, as she was leaving the ine strument, an old Scotch lady came forward, and, kissing her on the cheek waved a few dried leaves. and thanking her for her music, asked her to sing a Scotch song, Katie complied, and sang 'Lizzie Lindsay,' i being the only Scotch song she could remember. She had just concluded coppers. ! when a voice beside her said, Miss Petherick, allow me to offer you some tea. y You must be tired after your exertions. Poor little Katie! The piano, the ·drawing-room, the guests, all vanished the most valuable of their possessionsaway, and she was once more in the railway carriage with the tall, dark, moustached man in the opposite corner. Katie never could satisfactorily tell how

coins, and was given to me one Hallow on, though, thought he. Where the believe in luck-do you, Mr. Clayton? Eve wken I was a boy. The giver was dickens is Tom?

able.

an old nurse, who had the reputation of He hunted through the crowd, and The dark, grave face changed for a being a wise woman; for you must know just as the train was about starting moment, and a strange sad look came that I am Irish, and that luck is more found Tom on the platform. into those wonderous eyes; the strong

firmly believed in in Ireland than it is Oh, here you are ! Be quick. now here. She told me that as long as I hailed Tom. I thought you were about kept it safely, I should always be for- to give me the slip, after all. tunate; and, curious to say, since its No danger; I slept late, that's all.

loss I have felt strangely uncomfort-They went in the car, and the ponderous wheels rolled off, and they open-Mr. Clayton, said Katie, trembling ed the door Frank got a glimpse of the

with excitement, I slept on your purse pretty girl with a white plume, seated last night, and I dreamt that I was run- inside. ning after you, and trying to overtake Did your cousin come? he asked of

To some extent I do, he replied; but you to return it. Is that anything like Tom. you will excuse my entering into any it? she asked, drawing the shabby little Yes; I'll introduce you. discussion upon the subject; and, bowing article from her pocket.

Tom marched straight down the nar. Her companion gazed at her in mute row aisle to that very girl's seat, and as amazement as she recounted the finding she rose with a bewiching smile, he inof the purse, the good luck which it had troduced,-

brought, and her mother's reproofs and Mrs. Cameron, this is my friend, Mr. her own strange feelings with regard to Worthington. My cousin, Kate Camit. The deep, sad eyes burned with a eron, Frank,

newer and softer light, and as she con-Poor Frank ! you might have knock. cluded Jasper Clayton took one ef her ed him down with a knitting needle. little hands in his, and. pressing into it But he was gentleman enough to stamthe little old worn purse, sail, Katie, mer some response to the beautifal will you take the purse, and with it my lady's courteous greeting, and try to rehappiness, into your keeping, and from cover from his confusion as best he

Don't expect me to pay attention to

No; I don't care about smoking now.

All right. Just look after Kate till

henceforward let our good or ill fortunes might. be one? Half an hour later, he and Tom stood

There is no need to give Katie's antogether on the car platform, and then swer; for presently Jasper Clayton had his wrath had veni. her tightly in his strong arms, and be-Tom Courtena, I'll never forgive

fore the recollections of a very merry you. Christmas had passed away, he was the You will. I had to deceive you so

husband of 'a wee wife, with her dowry that you wouldn't act like a fool, all in coppers,' so precluding Mrs. Pe- and disappoint me of your visit. But therick from ever again alluding slight-Kate will neither eat you up nor fall in ingly to "Katie Petherick's Luck," love with you, so you needn't be scared.

That's me! said Bob, utterly regard- UST before dark one evening, Tom in city society, and awful particular in widow were visiting at Tom's again; Courtena came into the little of. her company. Sad dogs, like you and but she was a widow no longer, and less of grammar; for I'm to get a wife lice where Frank Worthington kept his I, wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance. they called her Mrs. Worthington.

with fluffy hair-and that's you, Katie. dusty law books, and helped himself to Humph! I don't know that she could Show yours, Mr. Clayton, said Ethel; a chair and a cigar, with a quiet make- do better! growled Frank, instantly, and a general outburst of laughter yourself-at-home sort of coolness which with man's usual contrariness taking greeted the exhibition of a deminutive showed him no stranger to the pre- the opposite track. She might think so. I'm going to

the smoking car, Frank. Come along? Well, Frank, said he, we got through Never mind, Clayton, said Frank. the last case to-day, and I'm ready to with mock gravity; you'll marry a nice be off home to-morrow. You promised

[come back, that's a good fellow. No need to remind me of it, old fel-Now, Frank had not the least intention of looking after Kate, but when he approached her seat she loosed up with such a frank, pleasant smile. and moved

sleep upon what they considered to be You can be ready by morning? Oh, yes. It won't take long to pack Mr. Clayton, who was one of the guests my kit. I haven't any Saratoga trunk staying at the house, not being exempted to fill with flounces and furbelows.

from the rule. All right then. We shall have a after that first pleasant reception, Mrs. I slept, said Frank, next morning at cousin of my mother's to go down with Kate betook herself to her book again, she ever got to the ottoman, or how it AGENTS. ever happened that in a few minutes she breakfast, on the cheque the Governor us. and never even looked at him. By way The deuce we shall I Tom, if it's a found herself comfortably chatting with gave me yesterday, and dreamt that I had passed at the bar, and that a grate girl I won't go, by George! I got her ' ci-devant' travelling companion. her. and the prettier she grew, BRIGUS..... " W. Horwood. How nicely you sing, Miss Petherick ! ful and appreciative Legislature after- enough of travelling with girls last sum-She's a widow, he thought. She's BAY ROBERTS " R. Simpson. said he. And that last was such a pret- wards made me Chencellor of the Ex- mer. You will go ! I will never forgive not a day over one-and-twenty, if she's HEART'S CONTENT...... " C. Rendell. that. I wonder if she is Tom's sweet- TRINITY HARBOR " B. Miller chequer. Now for your dream, Ethel. ty little song. It was only an old Scotch ballad, she I was too sleepy. said Ethel, and you if you don't, NEW HARBOR..... " J. Miller heart, CATALINA..... " J. Edgecombe. slept too soundly to dream; but Bob in- Is the cousin of the feminine persuareplied. And strange to say, this reflection BONAVISTA "A. Vincent, Oh, I know nothing about music, said duced poor Gracey to put her new doll sion ?

thought! laughed Kate. Have you been quarrelling with Minnie Brown? Tell me all about it? And with cousinly freedom she laid her hand on his head.

The little hand was quickly imprisoned and carried to the lips of the silent figure, and then Katie stooped and looked into the face, not of her cousin Tom, but Frank Worthington. She gave vent to a low exclamation, and would have fled instantly, but Frank took good care to hold fast to his little white prisoner and detain her.

It isn't Tom ; but don't go, he pleaded. Stay with me, Mrs. Cameron-dear Kate! Tom don't love you half so well as I do!

How do you know? whispered Kate, shyly.

Because Tom only loves you as a couin, and I-O Kate, I love you better han my life.

But you have known me such a little while,

Yes; and might never have known you at all, if Tom, the blessed old boy, hadn't deceived me, and made me believe it was an old lady who was to come down with us.

I know-Tom told me all about it, laughed Kate.

Did he? But you will forgive me, Katy darling, because I love you so, and learn to love me a little, won't you? pleaded Frank, boldly throwing one arm around her, and drawing her down by his side.

I'm afraid I have learned that a ready, whispered she, frankly.

And then-but neither you nor I. dear reader, have any business listening to love secrets in the fire-lighted library, so I won't fell you what, then. But I Hold on, there! She hasn't given will tell you, that when the next New you a chance yet. Kate is quite a belle Year's came, Frank and the bewitching

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Dec. 18.

cabbage-stalk, from the top of which mises.

wee wife, and her dowry will be all in to go with me, remember.

Many were the other harmless and low, laughed Frank. I've endured time-honoured charms tried by the the horrors of a boarding-house too long young people, who, when separating for not to jump at the chance of country the night, agreed that they would each living awhile. her shawl from the opposite seat to make

room for him with such a cordial air that he could not resist the temptation to sit down and enjoy her society. Not much of it did he get, however, for,

Does the earth mean money ? asked The Bewitching Widow.