

Soul Longings.

Come to the fountain, haste— Of the pure waters taste, Great is the power;

On thee my hopes are staid, Lifted where sorrows fade, To realms above;

Supported may we stand, Led with a father's hand, While here we stay;

May every heart and voice In grateful strains rejoice That we are free;

In each calm twilight hour, Within a sainted bower, Shall we unfold;

Then on to spheres of light Will be our blissful flight To soar to thee;

All is Vanity.

There never was an earthly dream, Of beauty and delight, That mingled not too soon with clouds,

There never was a glad, bright eye, But it was dimmed by tears, Caused by such grief as ever dulls

There never was a noble heart, A mind of worth and power, That had not in this changing world,

There never was, there cannot be, On earth a spacious spring, Whose water to the fevered lip

SELECT STORY.

Katie Petherick's Luck.

AN HALLOW-EVE STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Chapter III.

OME, come! said Mrs. Petherick, who now approached the group, you'll frighten Katie.

I am not tired, aunt; I'll sing for you with pleasure, returned Katie,

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 instrument, an old Scotch lady came forward, and kissing her on the cheek,

and thanking her for her music, asked her to sing a Scotch song. Katie complied, and sang 'Lizzie Lindsay,'

It was only an old Scotch ballad, she replied. Oh, I know nothing about music, said he;—I hardly know one air from another:

but that little song told a story; and he softly repeated— "For I know not the land that ye live in,

You are not as inquisitive as Lizzie Lindsay, he added. Don't you want to know who I am?

I think you are Mr. Clayton—are you? asked Katie, gazing gravely into the depths of the tea-cup.

Yes, I am Mr. Clayton, Miss Petherick. I came in while you were singing, and, recognizing my late travelling companion, I enquired who you were.

Katie spent a very pleasant evening; and as she was putting away her simple finery before going to bed, she fished up 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 of a strange, indefinable feeling

that 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 little creature, you've jumped away from every one I've put you to burn with!

Quite right, too, if she didn't like them, said Bob. Katie, I'm going to burn you with Mr. Clayton.

The dark, grave face changed for a moment, and a strange sad look came into those wonderful eyes;

Well, since you indirectly admit that it is worthy of consideration, persisted Ethel, tell me, do you really believe in good or ill luck?

To some extent I do, he replied; but you will excuse my entering into any discussion upon the subject;

Whew! said Frank, in an under-tone, something queer in the wind—a secret sorrow, I'll lay a wager.

Katie, I declare you're incorrigible! exclaimed Bob. There you've jumped away from Mr. Clayton,

It is only what I might have expected, quietly replied the individual addressed, who had again joined the group round the hall fire.

Presently the whole merry party sallied forth blindfolded to pull cabbage-stalks, and thus discover of what description his or her future wife or husband was to be.

Eureka! exclaimed Frank. I'm to marry an old maid with a lot of money! and he exhibited a yellow, withered stalk with a quantity of earth round the roots.

Does the earth mean money? asked Katie. If so, then I'm to marry a very nice husband.

That's me! said Bob, utterly regardless of grammar; for I'm to get a wife with fluffy hair—and that's you, Katie.

Show yours, Mr. Clayton, said Ethel; and a general outburst of laughter greeted the exhibition of a diminutive cabbage-stalk, from the top of which waved a few dried leaves.

Never mind, Clayton, said Frank, with mock gravity; you'll marry a nice wee wife, and her dowry will be all in coppers.

Many were the other harmless and time-honoured charms tried by the young people, who, when separating for the night, agreed that they would each sleep upon what they considered to be the most valuable of their possessions—

Mr. Clayton, who was one of the guests staying at the house, not being exempted from the rule.

I slept, said Frank, next morning at breakfast, on the cheque the Governor gave me yesterday, and dreamt that I had passed at the bar, and that a grateful and appreciative Legislature afterwards made me Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Oh, I know nothing about music, said he;—I hardly know one air from another:

is melted; so Hallow Eve has not brought her much good luck.

Mr. Clayton, I should so much like to know what you put under your pillow to dream on—will you tell me? asked Elinor.

Well, Miss Elinor, intrinsically my watch was the most valuable article I had in my possession, he replied; but I did not put it under my pillow,

Dear, dear! said Elinor: my curiosity is quite excited. Do tell me what it is?

It is not always prudent to satisfy the curiosity of young ladies, replied her tormentor mischievously.

What did you dream, Miss Petherick? he inquired, glancing across the table at Katie.

Oh yes, Katie, what did you dream? and what did you put under your pillow? were chorused on all sides.

Poor, foolish little Katie! Yes, she had put something under her pillow, and she had had a dream too.

After luncheon they all set off for a brisk walk through the park; and somehow or other Katie found herself walking by Mr. Clayton's side,

Do you see that river, Miss Petherick? he asked, pointing to it. I dreamt last night that I saw you lying under the water there with a little brown purse clasped in your hand—

Mr. Clayton, said Katie, trembling with excitement, I slept on your purse last night, and I dreamt that I was running after you, and trying to overtake you to return it.

Her companion gazed at her in mute amazement as she recounted the finding of the purse, the good luck which it had brought, and her mother's reproofs and her own strange feelings with regard to it.

There is no need to give Katie's answer; for presently Jasper Clayton had her tightly in his strong arms, and before the recollections of a very merry Christmas had passed away, he was the husband of a wee wife, with her dowry all in coppers.

The Bewitching Widow.

UST before dark one evening, Tom Courtena came into the little office where Frank Worthington kept his dusty law books, and helped himself to a chair and a cigar,

Well, Frank, said he, we got through the last case to-day, and I'm ready to be off home to-morrow.

No need to remind me of it, old fellow, laughed Frank. I've endured the horrors of a boarding-house too long not to jump at the chance of country living awhile.

You can be ready by morning? Oh, yes. I won't take long to pack my kit. I haven't any Saratoga trunk to fill with flounces and furbelows.

All right then. We shall have a cousin of my mother's to go down with us. The deuce we shall! Tom, if it's a girl I won't go, by George!

You will go! I will never forgive you if you don't. Is the cousin of the feminine persuasion? Yes, but she is not a girl. She is a

sedate widow lady, who goes down to make an annual visit to us every Christmas.

Oh, that alters the case. One of those motherly, middle-aged ladies who make a fellow look respectable, as if he was travelling with his mother.

Mrs. Cameron; a good old respectable name, repeated Frank. Has she any money, Tom?

Well, yes, a fair little fortune. And you may stand a chance in her will? Possibly.

Yes. Well, my boy, you are all right to be attentive to your mother's elderly relative. No doubt Mrs. Cameron will be an addition to our journey.

Decidedly, said Tom, feeling it about time for him to get out of that office, where he could indulge in a laugh, and rising as he spoke. Meet us at the depot at seven in the morning.

I will. Sharp at seven, remember. Yes. And time and railroad cars wait for no man or woman, either. Depend on me, Tom, and just look after that elderly cousin.

Good-night, then. Good-night, old fellow. And as Tom went out, Frank arose and began to put his office in order, and make some preparations for his Christmas journey.

He meant to be very early next morning, but overslept himself, and reached the depot only five minutes before train time. He went hastily into the ladies' room, supposing Tom would be there with Mrs. Cameron.

Oh, here you are! Be quick, now! hailed Tom. I thought you were about to give me the slip, after all.

No danger; I slept late, that's all. They went in the car, and the ponderous wheels rolled off, and they opened the door Frank got a glimpse of the pretty girl with a white plume, seated inside.

Did your cousin come? he asked of Tom. Yes; I'll introduce you. Tom marched straight down the narrow aisle to that very girl's seat, and as she rose with a bewitching smile, he introduced—

Mrs. Cameron, this is my friend, Mr. Worthington. My cousin, Kate Cameron, Frank.

Poor Frank! you might have knocked him down with a knitting needle. But he was gentleman enough to stammer some response to the beautiful lady's courteous greeting, and try to recover from his confusion as best he might.

Half an hour later, he and Tom stood together on the car platform, and then his wrath had vent.

You will, I had to deceive you so that you wouldn't act like a fool, and disappoint me of your visit. But Kate will neither eat you up nor fall in love with you, so you needn't be scared.

Hold on, there! She hasn't given you a chance yet. Kate is quite a belle in city society, and awful particular in her company.

She might think so. I'm going to the smoking car, Frank. Come along? No; I don't care about smoking now. All right. Just look after Kate till I come back, that's a good fellow.

Now, Frank had not the least intention of looking after Kate, but when he approached her seat she looked up with such a frank, pleasant smile, and moved 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, after that first pleasant reception, Mrs. Kate betook herself to her book again, and never even looked at him.

She's a widow, he thought. She's not a day over one-and-twenty, if she's that. I wonder if she is Tom's sweetheart.

And strange to say, this reflection made Frank feel like grinding his teeth

at the unconscious Tom, who sat calmly smoking his cigar in the smoking car.

The journey passed off without any special incident, and without Mrs. Kate troubling Frank in the least for attention.

At the station they found Black Boy awaiting them, with the big sleigh, and a few minutes' breezy sleigh ride brought them safely to the door of Tom's home.

If Frank had found Kate Cameron 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.

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 merry-making.

Late in the evening a silent figure sat by the library fire, having stole away from the revellers below stairs to indulge in a moments quiet reverie.

Why, Tom, old fellow, what is the matter? Have you got a fit of the blues? Why, dear, dear, it is worse than I thought! laughed Kate. Have you been quarrelling with Minnie Brown?

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.

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 cousin, and I—O Kate, I love you better than 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 tell you what, then. But I will tell you, that when the next New Year's came, Frank and the bewitching widow were visiting at Tom's again; but she was a widow no longer, and they called her Mrs. Worthington.

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Table with 2 columns: S. M. and numbers 5, 12, 19, 26.

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