

Over and Done.

She stood alone where the torrent made
In its hundred leaps a last cascade.
The sunbeams danced on the feathery
foam.
And the mist of the torrent had reared
a dome,
That was spangled and starred with the
morn's red rays.
Above and around as she knelt in the
place;
And the rugged rocks and the solemn
firs
Were standing apart like worshippers;
And up like a peal of an organ old,
The magnificent roar of the cataract
rolled.

Never before had it seemed like this;
She bent her looks in the dark abyss;
Never before had it seemed so sweet,
She leaned her ear those murmurs to
meet;
And down through the dust of the dia-
mond spray
A shadowy hand seemed pointing away;
And wild-water voices were whispering
"Come!"
We speak but to the; to the world we
are dumb.
Here is rest sorrow, a home, hushed
apart,
For the weary of soul and the broken of
heart."

She paused, drew back, glanced strange-
ly around;
Then slowly the coils of her hair unbound
And feebly smiled as she kissed the ring
Her false love had given—a trifling thing
But once the symbol that seemed to hold
The realm of her love in its zone of gold.
The sad smile faded, each rustic leaf
Caused her to start; and her childish
grief
Was such as to make her, with anguish
shrink
From a parrot that dropped on a stone
to drink.

On the further shore, through the trees,
she could look
On many a dear, familiar nook,
Where Love had mocked her at night
and morn,
And the Alpine cottage where she was
born!
The clattering sound of the mill-wheel
came
As it had of old, but hardly the same;
And the bleating of flocks, and the
lowing of herds,
And the chirp tweets of the early birds;
But dreamily dim, and bent, like a dream,
With the deep, melodious roar of the
stream.

Again she bent to that roar intense
That pleased the fancy and lulled the
sense.
And the sting of her sorrow, and sin and
shame,
As vague as the mists of eth' torrent be-
came
And she listened again to the voices
sweet
That bubbled and babbled about her
feet
Till round and round in their music roar
She floated away, and her sorrow was
o'er,
But the miller's lad screamed to the mil-
ler apace,
To shift the girdle and draw the race;
And, when the great wheel at last stood
still,
A dank corpse hung in the teeth of the
mill

SELECT STORY.

MARKED FOR LIFE.

A angry sea, an awful sky, a world of
foaming, hungry, roaring water.

Nothing to be seen on every side but
huge black breakers rising mountains
high, and seeming to touch with their
foam-crowned summits the heavy clouds
rolling overhead, and wind in eddies,
pitching the clouds and waves at will.

I never knew such a knight before,
muttered the captain of the "Warrior"
as the ship rolled and tossed, and strug-
gled for victory with the waves, now
rising high on the white-crested sea,
now sinking into the yawning trough
below.

Screams of half-frantic women and
cries of frightened children rose from
the cabin, and mingled with the tumult
and roaring of the sea.

Now and again a mass of water
struck against the vessel's bows with a
clap like that of thunder, and, rising
over her bulwarks, deluged her deck,
and appeared as if to overwhelm her al-
together.

A fearful storm, captain, said one of
the passengers, with an anxious expres-
sion on his dark face. Surely the ship
can never live in such a sea.

The captain's answer was a grim
smile, and a forlorn shake of the head
as he turned to shout his commands to
a portion of the officers and crew, who
stood at their posts on deck.

The passenger moved gloomily away,
and a shade as black as the clouds
passed over his face.

Curses on the ship, the sky, and sea!
he hissed between his thin lips, as he
shook the water from his hat and coat.
Scarcely had the words been uttered
when a wild cry rose from every mouth,
and filled the air—

We are lost! we are lost!
A loud crashing of timber the next
sound, and then the booming of the
pumps at work.

Let down the boats! rose the cap-
tain's voice loud and shrill.

Faces blanched with horror and de-
spair, turned agonizing looks on one an-
other.

The terror-stricken passengers press-
ed eagerly to the ship's side, where the
sailors were hastily cutting the boat
ropes.

The scene was an awful one.

Women ran wildly to fro, wringing
their hands and uttering piercing cries.

Men, with corpse-like faces, stood
speechless with fear.

Some sank on their knees on the
dripping deck, and raised their trem-
bling hands to the black vault heaven.

The boats were filling fast, and quick-
ly pushing away from the doomed ves-
sel.

Great heaven! must I die with these
poor devils? Must my life end yet?
murmured the same lips that had a mo-
ment before cursed the few planks that
were between death and eternity.

He who spoke was a strong-limbed,
broad-shouldered man, scarcely above
the middle height, with a dark, morose
face, penetrating black eyes, sallow
complexion, and heavy black moustache.

He was wrapped in thick cloak, that
hid his form, and his face was shielded
by a broad brimmed hat.

His teeth were set tightly together,
his eyes rested on the foaming sea.

May Heaven have mercy on you Sir
Guy, that you do not perish to-night
with those curses staining your lips,
said a voice at his side.

Sir Guy started, and looked from under
his hat at his fellow passenger who had
addressed him.

His eyes rested on the tall figure of a
young man, a cloak thrown over his
shoulders to protect his person, but
with head bared to the boisterous storm.

A fair face could be seen in the red
light of the glaring lanterns.

A fair face, with gentle brown eyes,
and a mouth expressively sweet, almost
womanish in its beauty, a pure white
brow, with light, wavy hair pushed back
from it.

Sir Guy had turned to answer in an-
ger, but as he looked, the fierce expres-
sion of his face changed, and he laid his
hand on the young man's arm.

I cannot die yet, he said, in a hoarse
whisper. The end of this journey is
all I have lived for, and now must I
die? Boy, do you see this box?—he
held out his hand as he spoke, with a
small tin box tightly clenched between
his fingers.—In it is that without which
I should be beggar, but with it there is
not a man so rich as I; and now—and
a look of deep agony spread over his
features—now I must die and leave it.

His words ended in a loud groan as he
leaned over the vessel's side.

The last of the boats was pushing off.
Room for another cried the sailors, as
they saw the two men standing on the
sinking ship.

Room for one more
Sir Guy and the young man looked
in each other's faces.

Who is to take the only place?
You had better go, Sir Guy, said the
young man, remembering the curses
that had made him shudder. You have
much to live for.

I—I have—he paused, as a sweet
name rose to his lips, in a sigh from his
inmost heart, and checked the word no-
thing he had been about to utter.

Sir Guy did not notice the flushed
cheek suddenly pale, the bright eyes
grew dim as the sweet lips gently whis-
pered—

Alice.

He looked with thankful eyes on the
young man's face, and clasped his hand
in both his own.

No, I am not fit to die, you said
rightly, and you—you can by this act
alone claim your seat in Heaven.

Once more Sir Guy grasped the hand
that rested in his own, bent, and kissed
the face before him as tenderly as if it
had been a woman's; then catching at
the rope, swung himself down into the
boat below.

The sailor push off!
The young man stands on the sink-
ing ship alone.

He stands there watching the boat as
it slowly makes its way through the wa-
ter; his lips repeat the well-loved name
Alice again and again.

Suddenly Sir Guy rose from his
seat and stretched out his arms, and the
sea, the waves are playing with a small
black object a few yards before him—
it is the tin box.

The young man on the vessel watch-
ed anxiously.

Sir Guy sprang forward, and with a
fearful oath, leaped from the boat into
angry waters.

Beating the water with his hands and
feet, Sir Guy vainly struggled with the
waves.

The tin box, as if mocking him, toss-
ed and danced and rolled on before him,
now almost within his grasp, now high
above his head.

Sir Guy struggled long, but his
strength failed him, and he uttered one
long, loud cry for help.

The young man on the sinking ship
saw the sight, saw the sailors shake their
heads, and heard them say.

We have already risked our lives
once to save you, we cannot come near
the vessel again.

Here was a chance to save his own
life.

There was a vacant seat in the boat
and only a few yards of sea to swim.

If he made haste he would be in the
boat before the sailors had time to keep
him off.

He hesitated, and looked at the
drowning man, whose eyes, filled with
agony, turned towards him.

Throwing away his cloak he leaped
from the vessel, and two men instead of
one, struggle with the billows for life.

He catches Sir Guy's hand, and suc-
ceeds in swimming with him to the
boat.

The sailors at first refuse to take him
on board, but at last they yielded, and
Sir Guy is once again safe.

The young man but his hand on the
boat's side.

Is there not room for me? he asked
in a tone of deep despair, as the fair
form of Alice seems to rise before him
out of the white foam.

The sailors gaze in pity on the beau-
tiful face raised to them in agony.

They look at each other and question
much if they shall take him in, and
risk the landing of the boat.

But their own lives were precious;
and, with common consent, though pity
filled their hearts, they lifted their oars
and struck the hands that were holding
to the boat side.

He held on still, in spite of the pain
the blows had given.

The boat turned on one side.
Sir Guy with a fearful oath, sprang
forward.

We cannot all die for this man's sake
he said; and, raising his hand, which
held a small tin box, he dealt a heavy
blow on the pure, white brow.

The hands left their hold, and Sir
Guy's eyes rested on his deliverer's face
for one moment.

A sweet smile plays over the parted
lips.

The fair hair floats like tangled sea-
weed on the raging sea, a broad, deep
red gash stretches across the noble fore-
head, and crimson drops fall into the
sea.

The tin box is again dancing on the
waves—the force of the blow had torn
it from Sir Guy's hand.

The little boat is pushed away, a
huge wave bears the crew forward, and
the sight their eyes have seen is lost
for ever.

I cannot marry you, Edward Latimer,
Do take this as your answer, and
spare me the pain of saying it again.

The words came from trembling lips,
and Alice Lovel's blue eyes dimmed
with tears as she raised them to the
young man's face.

Alice, he said, gently letting his long
loving eyes rest upon the face he
loved so passionately, do you mean you
do not love me?

No, Edward,
Then darling, why this cruel sen-
tence.

Do you not know my reason, Edward?
I thought I had explained. When papa
was ruined Lord Rivington lent him
money. Then afterwards, when papa
heard Lord Rivington was beggared by
the loss of his uncle's will, he made me
promise to marry him, so that all the
property that I had unexpectedly had
came into should recompense Lord
Rivington for his kindness.

But, Alice, interrupted Edward,
could you not pay Lord Rivington dou-
ble, and yet consent to be my wife? I
have money enough to make us com-
fortable.

I promised papa, Edward, that I
would marry Lord Rivington, and my
promise is sacred.

Then nothing I can say will alter
your decision, Alice.

Nothing.

The two who spoke were together
under a sunny sky.

Fields of wavy corn, and soft green
slopes stretched far into the distance;
an old oak raised its branches overhead
and gentle breezes blew softly through
the trees.

Alice was resting on a low stile, while
Edward Latimer stood gazing earnest-
ly into her face.

His face wore that look of almost
physical pain which betokens how the
iron has indeed entered the sufferer's
soul.

Alice could not bear to look at him.

Alice, Alice, he cried, catching her
hand in his, is it for this—this cold
refusal of my love—that I have been
allowed to live through all perils and
dangers?

Is it for this I prayed to return to you
once more.

Years ago, when I left you, I called
you my own. I thought you loved me
Alice; I thought you would be true.

You never promised me, I know; still
I thought your heart was mine. Alice,
for the last time, will you be my wife.

I did not know you loved me so,
Edward, and I have stifled my love for
you that I might better obey my father's
wishes; now I have given my promise
to Lord Rivington, and you, Edward,
you must leave me.

Alice's voice quivered as she spoke.

Once more, Alice, he said, putting
his arm around her once more, dear-
est, will you give me one word of hope.

No, Edward, not one.

He bent over her, pressed his lips to
hers in one passionate kiss, and was
gone.

A few weeks, and the bells sent their
merry peals ringing over the fields and
broad green slopes, and Alice Lovel was
Lord Rivington's bride.

She carried bright jewels in her hair,
but an aching, longing heart in her
bosom.

Never would Lord Rivington utter
a gentle word, or cast one loving look
towards her, but Edward's face seemed
to come between them, and his brown
eyes gazed at her in love and sor-
row, and Alice would turn away sor-
rowfully from her husband without an
answering smile.

Day by day the breach between hus-
band and wife grew wider: the shade
on Lord Rivington's face deepened, and
sorrow brought deep lines about Alice's
fair mouth.

Month by month the shadow over
their two lives grew darker, and a heavy
cloud seemed to darken the sky over
their dwelling, until it broke and let
its full weight of sorrow, anger, and
hatred down upon their hearts.

It was one evening; the pale moon
was rising over the tall hilltops as Lord
Rivington lit his cigar, and paced slowly
the gravel path before the house.

He was musing, and a deep, passio-
nate longing for his wife's love was
raging in his breast.

I thought I could make her love me
he sorrowfully said to himself; but I
have tried in vain. She turns from me
with a shudder if I draw her to me.

Lord Rivington finished his cigar in
silence.

Suddenly the crimson colour rushed
to his face.

Good God! he muttered. Can it be
another man has the keeping of her
heart.

The thought filled his soul with rag-
ing jealousy, and, burning with anger,
he entered the house, and went to his
wife's room.

Alice was seated in a low chair near
the window.

A loose white dress enveloped her
graceful form.

The moonbeams were the only light
and they rested lovingly on Alice's fair
face.

Very beautiful she looked as her hus-
band stood before her, with one hand
laid heavily on her shoulder.

Alice, he said, you have deceived
me.

Alice shrank from him, but answered
not a word.

You have deceived me, he repeated,
in a loud, angry tone. You never
loved me, and your heart is another's.

Pushing her from him roughly, he
turned angrily away.

Husband, Husband! cried Alice,
sinking on to her knees, listen to me.
I did love another but I gave him up
for your sake. It is all over; indeed
it is all over.

A bitter smile was on his face, and
a strange light shone in his black eyes
as he raised his wife from the
ground, and looking in her face, said,
with a sneer—

All over, is it? that remains to be
proved.

Days passed, and Lord Rivington
said no more, but nursed the fierce hat-
red and longing for revenge till it burnt
like a fire in his breast.

Lord Rivington watched his wife
closely, and scarcely took his black eyes
from her face.

I will be revenged he said, in his
heart. That base scoundrel who steals
my wife's love shall die.

Walking on the terrace beneath the
cold pale moon, silently he made his
plans.

Telling Alice he had some very im-
portant business that would take him
from home, and keep him away some
days, he mounted his horse early one
morning with a grim smile satisfaction
on his face, and a dark shade on his
brow.

I thought so he said to himself, as he
saw the colour deepen on his wife's face
as he slowly rode from the door. You
will have gay times when you think I
am out of the way; we shall see my lad
if all your love for your former lover is
over.

Lord Rivington reached the inn not
far from his own house, and there took
a room, and sent his horse to the stable.

Are there many staying in the inn?
he asked the landlord.

Not many sir, was the answer.

A single gentleman?
Yes, sir.

What is he like—and what is his
business?

He is tall and fair, sir, with a long
brown beard. I can't say I know what
his business is; he goes out as soon as
he has had his breakfast, and does not
come in till night.

Did he ever ask you who lived about
here?

Yes, sir; he has made a great many
inquiries.

Thank you; that will do, said Lord
Rivington inwardly making up his mind
this was the man he sought.

He paced the small room up and
down with an angry scowl on his face.

The following day was dreary, and
the rain slowly pattered against the
window where Lord Rivington sta-
tioned himself.

Lord Rivington never moved from
the window, and he kept his eyes sted-
fastly fixed on the yard below.

For a long time he sat silent then
suddenly a brilliant colour overspread
his dark face and he leant from the
window in time to see a horseman ride
from the stable yard.

A hissing sound came from between
his closed teeth.

Curses on you both! he muttered,
beneath his breath.

Half an hour he allowed to pass;
then he violently rang the bell ordered
his horse, and dashed along the road
towards his home with a face as black
as midnight.

He tied his horse to one of the old
oaks' drooping branches and entered
the house silently as a thief.

A feeling of faintness came over him
as he drew near Alice's room and bent
his ear to the door.

Sound of voices!
Alice's gentle tones answered by the
voice of a man.

Lord Rivington's heart beat loudly
and fast.

He was not deceived in his suspicions
then—Alice was false.

He sprang forward pushed open the
door, and stood, a stern angry, jealous
husband, before Alice, almost shrinking
to the ground.

Lord Rivington, flushed and excited
turned the key in the lock, and strode
up to where Edward Latimer was stand-
ing, calm and pale.

Edward was about to speak, but
Lord Rivington silenced him and turn-
ing to his wife he said,

Alice, I have long known your love
had gone from me. I have long sus-
pected some such villany as this was being
acted. Now, I consider, it is time to in-
terfere. You, madame, shall see the
game is fairly played.

Lord Rivington drew the dice box
towards him.

He who throws the highest, Mr Latimer
shall put a bullet through the
other's heart. Here are the pistols.

For God's sake! shrieked poor Alice
hear first what we have to say! We are
innocent of any villany against you
Oh! listen, and hear!

Lord Rivington put his hand on her
shoulder and forced her into a chair.

Silence! he said in a loud voice.
Then turning to Edward, and pointing
to the dice—Will you commence?

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