

Earth's Angels.

I never saw an angel, Except the ones in books; I don't believe a mortal Knows how an angel looks.

But I believe earth's angels Walk here in mortal guise, Though we discern but faintly Through heavy lidded eyes.

I can remember angels Who seemed like common folks, Who wore old-fashioned bonnets, And faded winter cloaks.

With curving arms wide open To take the weary in, With patient love to listen To childish want or sin.

I think of fireside angels Upon whose faded hair There shone no crown of glory, And yet the crown was there;

Ah, me! the childish angel Who beckons as I write! Perchance I should not know him In mystic robe of white.

There are dear mother angels— We each perchance know one— Whose robes of better glory Are daily being spun.

SELECT STORY.

IN THE TOILS OR THE THWARTED SCHEME.

[CONCLUDED.]

Poor child! he muttered. This is terrible news to her. Presently Laura opened her eyes, and stared around the room in a vacant manner.

O father, you were jesting when you said that Howard is accused of the murder of Mr. Marstow, weren't you?

No, my child, I am sorry to say, was the sad reply. Howard is now lying in jail, awaiting a trial.

But he is not guilty, almost shrieked the girl, as she sprang wildly to her feet. No, no! Good, noble-hearted, as he is, he would never commit a murder.

I think not myself; but they say the evidence of his guilt is quite strong. In the first place, a knife, bearing his name on the back of the blade, was found beside the body of the murdered man;

Father, I must go to the prison where Howard is confined, and see him. Very well; you can do so, and I will accompany you.

The girl donned her hat and shawl, Mr. Prescott, his overcoat and hat, and the two set out for the station.

'Twas night. Laura Prescott sat alone in her room, thinking of the interview she had had, some twelve hours previous, with her lover, in his cell. He had told her that he was an innocent man, and she had believed him.

So wrapped in her own thoughts was she, that she did not hear the man who so cautiously opened the window and entered the room; nor was she aware of his presence till he had placed his hand over her mouth.

the maiden, that she did not hear the man who so cautiously opened the window and entered the room; nor was she aware of his presence till he had placed his hand over her mouth. Then she began to struggle violently but in vain. The intruder held her with a hand of iron, and, to quiet her, applied a small vial to her nostrils.

Chapter VII.

When Laura Prescott recovered from her lethargy, caused by the chloroform that her abductor had given her, she found herself in a little dark room, in the topmost story of a frame house overlooking the lake.

"Oh, who could have brought me here, and for what purpose?" she murmured.

Then, after the first flow of tears, she rose to her feet and made a minute examination of her prison, to see if there was any way by which she could escape.

Oh, what have I done that I should be confined thus? moaned the captive, as she threw herself upon the little couch by the window, and burst into another violent fit of weeping.

Soon after she fell asleep. When she awoke, the sun was shining in through her window, and, rising to her feet, she performed her morning ablutions and then sat down on her couch.

Well, my pretty one, how are you this beautiful morning? he asked.

Oh, sir! exclaimed the poor girl, clasping her hands together, was it you who brought me to this place?

Marry you? exclaimed Laura, springing to her feet with face aglow.

Never will I do such a thing. Chapman laughed.

You speak without thinking, he said, after you have been here a few weeks, you will change your mind.

No, I will not, was the girl's determined answer.

Yes, you will; you cannot help it, when we get to know each other better.

Who are you? asked Laura, suddenly. Do you not know? Can your eyes not penetrate my disguise? But no; I see they cannot.

As he spoke, the man dashed a wig and his heavy beard and mustache to the floor.

Laura started back with a little scream. Clarence Marstow! she ejaculated, scarcely believing the evidence of her eyes.

Yes, replied that individual; for it was, indeed, the young man alive and well.

But I thought you were dead? Did you? Well, I'll wager that there is more than one person in this city who believes the same.

And Howard Rolston is in prison accused of murdering you! said the girl, speaking partly to herself.

Yes, replied Marstow, (we will call him by his own name,) who overheard her.

You will release him now, will you not? said Laura. I will, on one consideration.

Name it. That you become my wife. Oh, no, no! almost shrieked the girl. I cannot comply with that request: ask me any other.

I have no other to ask. But you know I can never grant it, as I am the promised wife of Howard Rolston.

Marstow's eyes glittered. I swore that you would never wed him, and I intend keeping my oath, he said, fiercely.

Oh, man, man have you no mercy? said Laura in despair.

No, none to him, unless you promise to be my wife; then I will shew him mercy; refuse, and, ere long, he will swing from the gallows for my murder.

But how can he be hung for your murder, you being alive?

Easy enough. Am I not dead, when in disguise? Was not the body of my half-brother—a man who is the exact image of me—found on the river bank?

Was he not dressed in my clothes, when found? Did I not engrave Howard Rolston's name on the back of the knife, and place it by the side of the murdered man, and, to further implicate him in the murder, did I not enter his room at night and stain his clothes with blood?

And are not two of my confederates ready to swear that they saw him murder me?

And you murdered this man—your half-brother—to throw the guilt on Howard? said Laura.

Yes, said Marstow, with a fiendish smile, though it was hardly murder. He forced me to fight a duel, and, curse him! got his deserts.

Laura was silent a moment. Her white hands were clasped tightly together; her face convulsed with agony.

Come, said Marstow, at length, impatiently, I have explained all to you now, and await your answer to my proposition.

I can, at my option, save Rolston's life or take it. If you will consent to be my bride, I will appear in court as Clarence Marstow, and say that I was not killed, as supposed; that I was attacked by ruffians, who sought my money, and thus set Rolston free.

On the other hand, if you refuse, I will do my disguise again, and be, to all other eyes but yours, Cyril Chapman, the man who is bound to have that murderer, Rolston, swung for his crime.

Again the poor captive was silent. It was a terrible alternative thus offered. A refusal to comply with the villain's request would be her lover's death-warrant, while to yield would be the acceptance of a fate worse than death.

Give me until to-morrow to decide, she said, at length.

Very well, said Marstow, with a self-satisfied smile, I will do so. But do not, in the mean time, think of escape, for an attempt will be useless.

To-morrow, early, I will come for your answer, and let me hope that it will be in the affirmative, for I should so dislike to see Mr. Rolston dangling at the end of a rope.

So good-day, pretty one. I leave you to your own reflections.

And, with a bow, the villain turned and left the room, locking the door after him, and putting the key in his pocket.

Chapter VIII.

After the departure of Clarence Marstow, Laura Prescott sat down on her couch and pondered over what he had said. While thus buried in thought she happened to put her hand into her pocket for her handkerchief, when her fingers encountered some little bits of wood.

Taking them out, she found they were matches! The sight of them suggested to her mind a plan to escape from her prison. It was to set fire to and burn down the door, or, at least, burn a hole in it large enough for her to make her exit.

I'll do it, she murmured, for I must get away from this place to save Howard's life, as well as myself from a fearful fate.

Acting upon her resolution, she sprang to her feet, pulled the bed to pieces, and, dragging the straw mattress to the door, emptied out the contents. Then, striking a match, she applied the flaming end to the little pile.

Instantly a bright flame sprang up, which, as it increased in size, seized upon the door and began slowly to consume it. A cloud of hot, suffocating smoke filled the room, and Laura was obliged to knock the glass panes from the window to let it escape.

The door now was a sheet of flame, and the side walls and ceiling would have caught, had not the girl, who did not wish to have the whole house burn, kept constantly wetting them with water from the hydrant, which fortunately was in the room.

The fire had now eaten up nearly all the door, and Laura was extinguishing it when hurrying footsteps were heard, and Clarence Marstow appeared on the scene.

His eyes took in everything at a glance, and, with a hoarse cry, he caught up a bucket of water that stood outside in the hall, and dashed it on the smouldering fire, thus entirely quenching it.

What are you trying to do—set the house on fire? he demanded, advancing to the side of the prisoner and seizing her roughly by the arm.

No, sir, she answered, undauntedly. I am burning my way to freedom.

Which you probably would have done, had I not arrived in time to prevent you. But come, he added, you must go into another room.

I will not, sir. Loose your hold of me. Come, my pretty one, no struggling. And seizing her in his arms, the villain carried her from the room.

Laura fought and resisted with all her strength; but, finding this to be of no avail, she raised her voice, and shouted loudly for help.

Curse you! exclaimed Marstow, fiercely, clapping his hand over her mouth. Stop your—

He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment a figure bounded forward and dealt him a blow with a cane that felled him to the floor.

Uttering a glad cry, Laura sprang into her father's arms; for he it was who had arrived so opportunely.

Found, my darling! said the old man, tenderly caressing his daughter.

A brief explanation followed between the two; and, when Prescott learned of the villany of Clarence Marstow, he summoned an officer to arrest him.

But the young man was not destined to die at the gallows. No sooner did he catch sight of the policeman than a revolver leaped from his bosom to his temple.

The trigger was pulled; a loud report rung out in the room, and his spirit flew to Him who gave it.

There is little to add. Howard Rolston was, of course, liberated, when Laura Prescott gave in her evidence; and, a month after his release, there was a wedding at the house of John Prescott, Esq., and—well, the reader can guess the names of the pair who were wedded.

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

When Hannibal Hamlin was installed as Collector at Boston, he found, as collectors had found in all times before him, an avalanche of applications for office in the Custom-house.

The hardest thing for Han. Hamlin to do is to say "No" to a friend,—a genial, fun-loving, big-hearted man, he is never so well contented as when able to make all happy and contented about him,—and when he found scores of applications for every place he had to give, he was excessively fretted.

One day, John Pullman, a quiet, unobtrusive young man, with bang-up recommendation, and who had done his share of work at primary political meetings, ventured to call upon the Collector to know if his application for an office could not be favorably considered.

He was a good accountant, a ready penman, clear headed in business, and numerous responsible men had vouched for his honor and integrity.

The only place possibly vacant, said the Collector, is not a first-class office. If you thought that worth your acceptance, I might give it to you.

Pullman thankfully nodded, and signified that he would accept.

But, said Hamlin, with a comical leer, I don't like to making frequent changes. If you take this place, do you think you will stick?

If the duty is within the scope of my ability,—yes, sir.

Hamlin wrote the oft-repeated note to the store-keeper, and the youth took it, and went his way.

Now John Pullman had expected a clerkship worth at least twelve hundred dollars per annum, and he was not a little taken aback when he discovered that he had been only appointed a "Light Weight Mover," upon a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

In short, his position was among those unkept sons of toil who trundle barrows, and are repleated "laborers."

But John Pullman, was not to be so easily crushed out. He scratched his head, and meditated. He saw the point at once.

Has, this place been tendered to any body before me? he asked.

Yes, answered the Colonel. A dozen, at least, have looked at it, and let it drop within two weeks.

Very well, said Pullman, shutting his mouth hard, we'll see! I told the Collector I'd stick, and I will. He won't get rid of me in that way.

Then you'll go to work? Yes.

The Colonel liked the young man's grit, and was inclined to favor him; yet John Pullman pulled off his coat of broadcloth and went to work.

He took a barrow, and made a turn around the store-room. During the remainder of that day he made himself generally useful, and on the following morning he was at his post in due season.

At the expiration of about a month, as Jack Pullman stood at the window of the office of the Delivery Clerk, he saw the Collector coming across the street from the Custom-house.

Good-morning, Mr. Hamlin! Hamlin stopped, and he beheld a young man in his shirt sleeves, with a barrow, and on the barrow a bale of goods; and the young man was nodding and smiling in a friendly, cheerful way.

Han. Hamlin never forgets a face, nor is he apt to forget a name which he has once heard. He recognized the youth, and smiled back.

Pullman, is that you? Yes, sir, said the light weight mover dropping the barrow, and taking the collector's extended hand. You didn't expect to find me here?

Well—no—I hardly thought you would stick. But I have, sir; and I hope, if I stick long enough, I may take root and grow.

Hamlin laughed heartily, and a few moments later he was in close confab with the Store-keeper.

That was on Wednesday. On the following Monday morning John Pullman received a note from the Collector informing him that he had been appointed to a responsible and important clerkship.

A LITTLE boot-black picked up a five-cent nickel on the sidewalk in front of an office, and was crowing over his prize, when a burly carman demanded it, saying that he had just dropped it.

"Your five-cent piece hadn't no hole in it!" said the boy defiantly. "Yes, it had," said the rogue of a claimant. "Well, this one ha'n't!" said the boy, as he walked off in triumph, leaving his opponent to be jeered by the crowd.

KATY, said a lady to her "help," the other morning, "was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?" "Only just a spark, ma'am," was the reply. The lady looked suspiciously at Katy, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing, and humming, "Katy darling."

A SOUTH SHORE Long Islander, on his first visit to New York with his sweetheart, seeing the bunches of bananas in Fulton Market, exclaimed, "Look there, Sue! I'll be mowed if them an't the biggest beans I ever seen!"

A MERCHANT of this city being asked how he spent his time, replied, "At night I store my mind, and during the day I mind my store."

A PUPIL in one of the public schools recently revised an old saying found in his grammar, as follows: "It is better to give than to receive—a good liking."

It is a curious fact that although rain keeps thousands of people away from church on Sundays, it seldom keeps a lady from a ball or party, or a man from his business, on week-days.

BAD habits will never hurt any one who does not seek for them. No one was ever yet stung by hornets who did not go where they were.

WHEN is a murderer like a gun? When he is let off. Those reports are too common now a days.

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