

The Old Clock.

O! the old, old clock, of the household stock. Was the brightest thing and neatest; Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold.

SELECT STORY.

How I was Trapped.

I KNEW but little of man's wickedness to man, when I was sixteen years old. Born and reared in the country, miles from even a village, and having only society of boys of good habits, having Christian parents like myself, I never heard a real oath until I was fourteen, and the world of crime was a book of which I had never cut the leaves.

lost. I went out, and after a few minutes, I found the window; and for a long time stood and admired the guns, pistols, revolvers, game-bags, etc. A block up the street was a jewelry store, displaying a window full of silver ware, and here I had another treat. One block down another street a brass band commenced to play, as I stood looking at the silver, and of course I ran down there.

never even seen a book of the kind before, and from being interested in the wood-outs, I at length began reading the wonderful adventures of the robber hero. I read page after page utterly forgetting where I was. I heard men come in and go out of the front room, heard the barkeeper moving about, but no sound took my attention from the narrative until the man opened the door and came in.

As soon as the street door was opened, a wrangle commenced, and Jimmy ran down, leaving the light on the bed. My numbness disappeared in an instant, and I leaped out of bed and donned my pants in a second.

sent to the State Prison. My fears led me to place the worst phase upon the matter, and it was sometime before I could sufficiently collect my thoughts and control myself to make any intelligent statement of the occurrence. The policeman held me firmly while I stammered out a few broken sentences.

Pleasures of Hope.

Giving sixpence to an organ-grinder, when you are hard at head-work, in the illusive hope of purchasing his silence; and find him repeating his call regularly at precisely the same hour, and playing with marked emphasis close before your doorstep.

MARK TWAIN, in speaking of cantinism, grows serious for once, and solemnly declares that for his own part "he would go hungry for two days rather than eat an old personal friend."

AN unfortunate Kentucky editor thus addresses his delinquent subscribers: "Friends we are penniless, Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present compressed treasury. To-day if salt was two cents a barrel, we could not buy enough to pickle a jay-bird."

SAMBO, what is dar dat nebbber was, nebbber can be, and nebbber will be? I dunno, Cassar; I gibs it up. Why, chile, a mouse's nest in a cats' ear.

I like to hear a child cry jocosely said an old bachelor. Why? Because there is some hopes of its being sent away.

YOUNG ladies now distinguish their two kinds of handkerchiefs as a 'blower' and a 'shower.'

THE STAR.

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