

The Star,

And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOLUME III.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1875.

NUMBER XXXV.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Let no one be longer oppressed with the notion that his malady is incurable till the purifying Pills have had a fair trial. A few doses will remove the more urgent symptoms, and therefore completely control the disordered actions, rouse the torpid liver, relieve the obstructed kidneys, cleanse the pure blood, and confer on every function healthful vigour.

Impurities of the Blood.

These wonderful Pills are valued at the humblest hearths as well as in the house of comfort and wealth. They work a thorough purification throughout the whole system without disordering the natural action of any organ, and eradicate those germs of complaint which consign tens of thousands to an early grave.

Indigestion, Bilious Complaint and Sick Headache.

No organ in the human body is so liable to disorder as the liver, and none is more apt, when neglected, to become seriously diseased. Remember when nausea, flatulency, or acidity on the stomach warns us that digestion is not proceeding properly, the Holloway's Pills regulate every function, give strength to every organ, speedily remove all causes of indigestion, bile, and sick headache, and effect a permanent cure.

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In cases of debility, languor and nervousness, generated by excess of any kind, whether mental or physical, the effects of these Pills is in the highest degree bracing, renovating, and restorative. They draw from the system the morbid causes of disease, re-establish the digestion, regulate the secretions, strengthen the nervous system, raise the patient's spirits, and bring back the frame to its pristine health and vigour.

Turn of Life and Dropsical Swellings.

The turn of life is the most distressing period in woman's existence: it destroys thousands. The whole of the gross humors collect together, and like a tide sweep away health and life itself, if not timely and powerfully checked. The most certain antidote for all these dangers is Holloway's Pills. Armed with them the fiery ordeal is passed through, and the sufferer is once more restored to the possession of unimpeded health. It is but little known that at the so-called "turn of life," man also, when verging on fifty or fifty-five, discovers that his health is considerably deranged and knows not the cause—a critical period in his life. All perils to both sexes are at once removed by recourse to these Pills.

The Kidneys—their Derangements and Cure.

If these Pills be used according to the printed directions, and the Ointment rubbed over the region of the kidneys for at least half an hour at bed-time, as salt is forced into meat, it will penetrate the kidneys and correct any derangement. Should the affliction be stone or gravel, it is particularly recommended that the Ointment in such cases, be used night and morning, as by its judicious application the most astounding cures may be performed.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:—

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| Ague | Rheumatism |
| Asthma | Retention of Urine |
| Bilious Complaints | Serofula, or King |
| Blotches on the Skin | Evil |
| Bowel Complaints | Sore Throat |
| Debility | Stone and Gravel |
| Dropsy | Secondary Symptoms |
| Female Irregularities | Tic-Doloureux |
| Fever of all kinds | Ulcers |
| Gout | Veneral Affections |
| Headache | Worms of all kinds |
| Indigestion | Weakness from |
| Liver Complaints | whatever causes |
| Lumbago | &c. &c. |
| Piles | |

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 53, Oxford-st., London: also by every respectable Vendor of Medicine through the civilized world in Boxes and Pots, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 35s. each. The 2s. 3d. contains three, the 4s. 6d. size six, the 11s. size sixteen, the 22s. size thirty-three, and the 35s. size fifty-two times the quantity of a 1s. 11d. Box or Pot. The smallest Box of Pills contains four dozen: and the smallest Pot of Ointment one ounce.

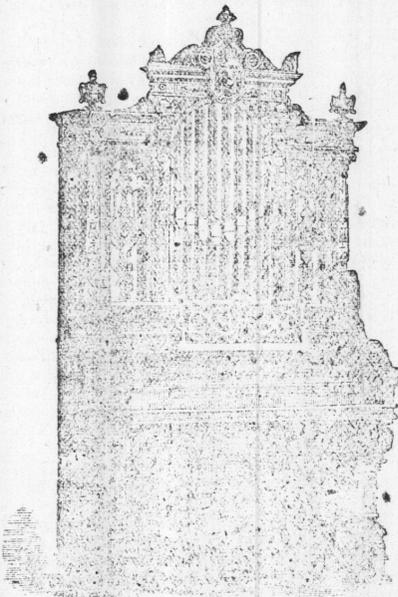
Full printed directions are affixed to each Box and Pot, and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian or Chinese.

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Equal to that of the Best Pipe Organs of the same Capacity.

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St. Johns, Jan. 1, 1874.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

To the Editor of the H. G. Star.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,— Will you please inform readers that I have a positive

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs, and that by its use in my practice I have cured hundreds of cases, and will give \$1,000.00 for a case it will not benefit. Indeed, so strong is my faith, I will send a Sample Free, to any sufferer addressing me.

Please show this letter to any one you may know who is suffering from these diseases, and oblige.

Faithfully Yours,
DR. T. F. BURT,
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July 16

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a study for years, and he will warrant cure by the use of his remedy. Do not fail to send to him for trial bottle; it costs nothing, and he

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no matter of how long standing your case may be, or how many other remedies may have failed.

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July 16.
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POETRY.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,'
And shall to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land
Man carries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows
Away the Summer flies;
The flowers resign their sunny robes
And all their beauty dies.

Nipp'd by the year the forest fades
And shaking to the wind
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah, never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable gates of death,
What han't can e'er unfold?
Who from the cement of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost, can e'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages dark
De-rolling down to night
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

"S" man departs the living scene
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morn ne'er shall break
The numbers of the tomb.

"Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?

"Gone to the resting place of men
The ever-asking home."
Where ages past have gone before
Where future ages come."

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: then from His throne
In majesty He rose
And from the heaven that open'd wide
His voice in mercy flows:

"When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay
The soul, immortal, wings its flight
To never-setting day."

"Prepared of old for wicked men
The bread of torment lies:
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies."

NEWS ITEMS.

AN INTERESTING FOX CHASE.

A few mornings ago the old Sexton Silas Price, of Hudson, 80 years old discovered a fox across the river opposite his residence very busy hunting mice for his morning repast. The old cent man had been a mighty Nimrod in his day, and had probably killed more Foxes than any other man in this region. As he stood watching Sir Reynard his bent form began to straighten up, the fire of youth lit up his eyes grown dim with age and the sluggish blood began to course quickly through the veins. He roped his staff, seized his trusty weapon, and with the elasticity of youth

hastened to the barn, harnessed his horse and rode over to the house of Mr Armory Bruce another veteran hunter of 70 summers who has one of the finest Fox Hounds in all the States. After informing Mr Bruce that a fine old fox was down in the meadow, he hitched up his horse and with dog and guns they started for the chase. Cautiously approaching the vicinity of old Reynard they unleashed the dog. Old Major raised his web-terian head towards heaven, snuffed the morning air and wagging his tail in token of sweet satisfaction bounded away in the direction of the Fox. His unerring nose soon scented him out and his quick, earnest mutual barking proclaimed that the game had started, and now the chase began in earnest. The dog was within seventy rods of the Fox before he became aware of his danger then bounding away he makes for the woods, rapidly followed by old Major who was gaining on him at every leap. The veteran hunters were eagerly watching the sport and anxiously waiting for a shot at the fox which left the woods, made across the open field towards the distant hills beyond; but old Major was now only a few rods behind him discoursing the sweetest music hunters ever heard, the quick, eager, thrilling notes of the dog ran harmoniously together into one continuous bark. At this exciting moment the old sexton nudged Uncle Armory and with perfect hapiness depicted upon his now youthful looking brow whispered and said: "I say for't what music how heaven'y." Old Reynard now became fully aware of his danger. Suddenly tacking he sped his way for dear life back to the woods he had so recently left diabolically towards Uncle Armory who carefully raised his trusty weapon to his face, running his unerring eye along the barrels across the sight in the direct line of Old Reynard's fore shoulder, fired and killed him instantly making a heart shot. Old Major was only three leaps behind him and before the report of the gun had died away seized the fox and shook him heartily in token of victory. The old sexton coming up at this moment exclaimed "I say for't, what a beauty; a good shot Uncle Armory I could not have bettered it."

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

LONDON, Dec. 15.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I am desired by my aunt, Lady Franklin (whose exceedingly weak state of health forbids her addressing you with her own hand) to bring under your notice the fact that she has renewed the reward (of \$2000) offered for the recovery of the records of her husband's expedition. It was first made public about three years ago in England, and almost simultaneously in America where its promulgation is at least as necessary as at home and my aunt ventures a hope that you will secure for the subject the most widely circulation it can receive by giving orders that the reward be made known in the pages of the New York Herald.

In this hope we shall place before you the leading facts as to the object in view and the still existing probabilities of success.

It is naturally concluded that on the abandonment of the *Essex* and *Terror* a few miles only from the mainland, the journals, the ships logs, and scientific observations would not be left to certain destruction with the ships but would be landed for deposit at the spot whence the survivors started on their journey to Fish River. Safe concealment only with a view to the future recovery of valuable data, would be the object and not the depositing information in conspicuous positions as was done in respect of the proceedings of the retreating parties. It is evident therefore that this locality should be searched when the snow is off the ground.

The same condition is necessary for examination of the known line of retreat toward the Fish River. Sir Leopold Mox Jlinock made this certain to us but the track was gone over upon the snow, which only partially, though sufficiently, revealed the fatal traces of their passage.

It is well known by means of the whalers who have visited Repulse Bay, that the Esquimaux have been attracted to the west coast of King William Island by the debris of every description which would follow the breaking up of the vessels, as well as those cast down and abandoned by the retreating party. It is also known that various expedients were adopted in their extremity for conveying news of themselves; for instance Mr. Hall brought home a tin matchbox which had been carefully sewn up in canvas and contained a piece of paper—so said the Esquimaux who gave up the box. It is obvious that personal communication with these people would almost inevitably be the means of these fragments of later information.

The way of reaching the area to be searched—now clearly limited and de-

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1875

fined—may be by ship down Peel Sound or by Regent Inlet and through Bellot Strait, which would place the searchers at once within reach of their work and in the waterway of the North-west passage into the Pacific, which, I need not tell you, has never been accomplished.

The other route would be by land starting, as Mr. Hall did, from Repulse Bay. The choice will depend probably upon the habits and experience of him who undertakes it.

It is a quest worthy of your Mr. Stanley and if he were not engaged in other work my aunt would endeavour to stimulate his enthusiasm in its behalf.

In consideration of the difficulty of providing for the equipment of such an undertaking my aunt has added to the reward of £2,000 on receiving possession of the documents in question, the offer of some compensation for the adjudication of this, as well as the reward itself to be made by three persons approved by both parties, of whom two shall be officers of the navy who have had experience in Arctic service, and who must therefore be competent for the duty kindly undertaken by them.

It is right I should add that the payment of the sums to be claimed is made binding upon my aunt's executors in the contingency of her death during the progress of the work.

You will excuse, my aunt hopes, the lengthy explanation with which I have troubled you. It offered rather as a guarantee for the reasonableness and hopefulness of the object, which may therefore commend itself to your advocacy as well as your sympathy of which indeed my aunt has no doubt.

She begs her kind regards to you, and I am, dear sir, yours very truly,
SOPHIA CRACROFT.

EXAMPLED HEROISM.

The North Sydney Herald's description of the attempt to rescue the crew of the G. J. Troop, off that harbor, in which Captain Downey, of this city lost his life presents a graphic picture of acts of the greatest bravery and self denial. The conduct of Capt Thomas Hackett, as here described, will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed his unselfish and devoted effort to save life, regardless of his own or who read the account of his gallantry here appended.

The second boat's crew, mentioned above were some time after the first in getting a start taking the same course; they did not arrive outside the wreck until the first boat was pretty well on the home stretch. She too was manned by a dauntless crew determined to accomplish their mission. Twice they bore down on the wreck, but each time by the force of the wind which now began to show perceptible increase combined with the running tide, were carried to leeward of the wreck. Each time they skillfully managed their boat through the mass of breakers and bore her out to windward. Dauntless still they bore down a third time, but alas! for the last. When nearing the wreck on this third attempt a boiling whirl as if thrown up by some demon of the deep suddenly arose right under the boat and turned her keel up quicker than thought precipitating all hands into the foaming waters and underneath the boat. All hands rose again to the surface and seized on the keel of their boat and succeeded in righting her again getting within her. But what availed their nautical skill now, with a boat full of water and oars gone, they were now at the mercy of a raging sea and too far off to receive a line from the crew on board the vessel. It was at this critical juncture that the intrepid daring of one of her brave men suddenly burst forth in all the sublimity of nobleness. We refer to Capt Thomas Hackett. When all had got into the boat again he inquired, "Is my brother Charles here?" Being answered by his brother, he next exclaimed, "Now boys swim for the light! It is our only chance for life!" and himself taking the lead he leaped clear over the side into that seething, raging mass of waters followed by his brother Charles Hackett and Dan Campbell. God help them! What are the tiny human arms of even the strongest man to struggle against this merciless irresistible flood of cold waters—the visible emblem of that invisible Jordan that divides the Present from the Eternal Future. Thomas now, the leader made wonderful progress under the circumstances toward the light, and at length came within reach of the line thrown by those on board the brig, but in place of clinging to it for his own deliverance he turned and swam back to his followers and passed it to each of them, then seizing another line thrown out he directed them to separate and take a line each leaving himself unprovided for. By these lines they were dragged a yard, by this time so badly exhausted as to be helpless. This noble leader continued the unequal combat with the raging breakers and succeeded in getting pretty near to the lee quarter where the boom was projecting over the side with the sheet reaching down into the water. This he tied to seize, but his hands were too numb to remain their hold. Failing in this he seized the rope with his teeth thus holding still for a moment to gain his exhausted breath; he threw up his arms and the boom and sheet ambled on top of it, crept along and gained the vessel's deck in safety. Anything more indomitable in overwhelming danger—any thing exhibiting greater powers of endurance under the combined actions of flood and cold, we have never heard of, much less witnessed. As an exhibition of noble self-denial it stands unsurpassed in human annals. But to return to the boat—of the other three, Messrs. Cann, Downey and Keenan, it does not appear that they left the boat with the others, as two of them, Cann and Keenan, were seen by those on board the vessel to be still in the boat as she drifted away through the surf towards the Head, and Capt. Downey was seen floating on the surface making no effort. This was about 4 o'clock p.m. The upsetting of the boat was witnessed by the people.

Wednesday morning dawned on a blinding storm of snow and wind, which continued through the day. Early in the day the doubts of the previous night received a partial though melancholy solution in the bodies of Mr William Cann and Capt J. D. Downey having been found inside the harbor just below the South Bar. Captain J. D. Downey was aged 35 years, a native of New Brunswick and son of a Presbyterian minister; he leaves three orphan children, whose mother is also dead. He was well known to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

It will be the duty of the Government of Canada to reward the brave survivors of the band who offered succour to the distressed and also to look after the families of the deceased.

KANSAS BRIGANDS.

On the 8th ult., an Express train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was stopped and robbed by five masked robbers at a small station called Muncie, in Kansas a few miles west of Kansas city. About half past three in the afternoon Mr John Purtee who owns the village store saw five men on horseback coming up the track from the direction of Kansas city, each carrying a rifle or carbine. Hitting their horses they entered the store, masked, silenced Mr Purtee by threats of shooting, emptied his till and demanded all the fire arms in the place. They compelled the section men at work there to block the road and ordered Mr Purtee to flag the train. While waiting for its arrival they captured a young farmer who was riding a rather good mare, and ordered him to dismount. The mare they kept, and taking the sorriest horse of their own proceeded to shoot it, firing some eight or ten shots into it before it fell down. A wagon containing women and children was also captured, altogether twenty persons being guarded by five bold and desperate men.

The train came up a little before four o'clock and was brought to a stop by the flag. One of the brigands boarded the engine and compelled the engineer to uncouple the engine and express car from the passenger coaches, and run up the line to where it was blocked. Two of the ruffians then captured the express messenger, and by threatening him with instant death persuaded him to unlock the treasure chest, from which they took \$25,000 in greenbacks, \$4000 in gold dust, and some valuable papers. While this some lively firing took place at the conductor, Mr Prinkenhoff, who was making his way back to flag a freight train followed in the rear of the express. He was brought to uninjured, but upon learning that his errand was one of mercy the brigands allowed him to proceed. When their work was finished they made off. One of the perpetrators of this daring outrage, was captured the day after ward in Kansas City, and the money and jewelry found on him identified.

INDIAN SUN DANCE.

At the time and place appointed the whole tribe comes together and makes preparations for the construction of a round inclosure of high poles, interlaced with branches and covered with buffalo skins. In the centre of the arena stands a tall pole which has been selected by a young Indian maid and cut down with great ceremony. It is adorned with flag of white and red cloth, and at the top, during the first day of sites, are fixed rudely carved representations of a man and a buffalo. Old warriors and young bucks mounted on ponies, gallop round the pole at full speed firing with arrows, pistols, and rifles at the two figures till they are brought to the ground.

The young warriors of the tribe undergo various self inflicted tortures for the purpose of proving their powers of endurance—such as piercing the skin and sticking into the wounds pieces of wood to which stout cords running from the centre pole are attached. The whole weight of the body is suspended on the cords, producing the most excruciating pain, but with every manifestation of daylight. Others are fastened to ponies in the same manner and dragged around the arena. All these young warriors are naked, with the exception of a cloth about the loins and their bodies are smeared with red, green, yellow, and blue paint.

All this time the old warriors, who have been through the same trial in their youth try to encourage the young backs by beating drums and singing war-sons. The medicine man stands ready with drugs and herbs to revive those that succumb to the torture. The squaws adorned with green wreaths, and carrying boughs in their hands encourage them with approving cries, and throw them presents in token of admiration. The ceremony ends at sundown, and the night is spent in a grand carouse. Very often the Indians go on the war path the morning after the sun dance. This was the case at the time this ceremony was witnessed by our correspondent.

On the Japanese coast there has been captured a whale, in the stomach of which was found a hide bag, containing 10,000 yen in gold and silver coin. It is proposed to give medals to seamen of ten years service for exemplary conduct and these honourable marks of distinction are to be worn while the men are still serving.

The Bishop of Carlisle advocates the use of the lash on wife beaters.

The cost of the Russian army for 1874 is 24 millions sterling and that of the navy 3 millions.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

On Friday Mr D. Bruce, Manager of the Dundee Seal and Whale Fishing Company received a letter from Sir Leopold M'Clintock intimating that the Admiralty did not intend to purchase the steamer Esquimaux for the Arctic Expedition. It will be remembered that the Admiral when in Dundee recently made minute inspections of the Arctic now being built by the Messrs Stephen; the Erik the property of Messrs Anthony Gibbs & Sons, London, and the Esquimaux. Recently the Messrs Stephen were informed that the Arctic would not be taken; and as the Messrs Gibbs stated that they had no intention of selling their ship, it may now be regarded as certain that none of the Dundee steamers will be selected for the service. We hear that it has been definitely arranged that Capt Markham will have the second command of the expedition.

Captain Nares, the 'Athenæum' says is expected to arrive in this country about the 23rd.

It is now definitely settled that the route followed by the expedition under his command shall be that by Smith's Sound. The Admiralty have addressed themselves to the Councils of the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Society, and asked those bodies to furnish suggestions regarding the scientific questions that should be kept in view during the expedition.

A request (says the Globe) has been made by the Foreign Office that the Danish Government will permit their agents at Disco, Proven, and Upponivik to collect hunter's dogs and dog-drivers for the Arctic expedition.

It is announced that the vessel chosen to be the consort of the steam whaler Bloodhound in the forthcoming Arctic expedition is Her Majesty's ship Alert. She is a five-gun steam sloop of 752 tons (old measurement) and 100 ton horse power nominal. Active preparations for the equipment of the ships will soon commence; but the start will not be made until the latter end of June of the present year, as it is considered merely waste of labour and time to push across the north water until the ice has had time to melt and drift out from Smith's Sound.

It is now finally decided that the Bloodhound and the Alert will be the only two ships employed in the Arctic expedition. A telegram has been despatched to Commander Markham at present with the Channel squadron at Vigo, ordering him to return as soon as possible and assume his duties in connection with the expedition.

The decision recently made public, that none but members of the Royal Navy would be permitted to take part in the Arctic Expedition, has been somewhat relaxed, and it is not improbable that men of experience in whaling will be engaged as ice quartermasters.

The brother of Lieut. Bellot the Arctic explorer, who fell a victim to his devotion at the age of twenty seven has obtained permission from the French Government to volunteer for the approaching English expedition to the Arctic regions. M. Bellot is a second lieutenant in the French Navy, and hopes are expressed that the British Admiralty will accept his services.—[English paper.]

ATTEMPTED SEIZURE OF A BRITISH GUNBOAT BY SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

The following particulars regarding the massacre of the Lapwing's crew and the attack on her Majesty's schooner Sandfly have been published in the Sydney Evening News of October 22:—The Lapwing was a cutter of about 40 tons, and sailed from New Caledonia about 11 months since, with a crew of four white men and several natives, on a beche-de-mer fishing voyage in the New Hebrides group. The cutter having fulfilled her mission, preparations were being made for the return to Noumea, but she was short of provisions. The mate left the cutter with a native boat's crew, to endeavor to get provisions from the natives of Santa Cruz, and while the boat was close in the inhabitants of the place made a combined attack upon her, and either clubbed or tomahawked all excepting one Tanna native, who escaped in the boat and got clear of the island. An attack was then made upon the cutter, and the master and the rest of the crew were killed, and the cutter seized and destroyed. The Tanna man was picked up by her Majesty's schooner Sandfly, cruising in the vicinity and conveyed to Sandwich Island (New Hebrides) from whence the W. S. Fox sailed.

The Lapwing was owned in New Caledonia. It transpired that her Majesty's schooner Sandfly, Lieutenant Howell, when at Santa Cruz, was nearly taken by the natives of the Island. It is reported that she was at anchor in a calm and the crew were all below at dinner, one man only being on the look-out but the ship's gun was loaded and all the sides fully charged in case of an emergency. Several hundreds of canoes it

is stated, surrounded the Sandfly with the evident intention of attacking her, when the Sandfly opened fire upon the natives with the swivel guns and small rifles. The fire was hotly returned, the canoes sending volleys of arrows from all quarters, and still surrounding the schooner, and getting at closer quarters. A breeze, however, sprung up, enabling the Sandfly to get away from the place.



LONDON, Jan. 15.

Gladstone, on withdrawing from the leadership of the Liberal Party, writes to Earl Granville, as follows:—The time has arrived when I ought to revert to my letter of March last. After reviewing a number of considerations I see no public advantage in my continuing to act as leader of the Liberal Party. After forty-two years of laborious public life I think myself entitled to retire with the present opportunity. This retirement is dictated by personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of my life. My conduct in Parliament will continue to be governed by the same principles as heretofore; and arrangements for the treatment of business to advance the convenience of the Liberal Party, will have my cordial support.

Lord Granville replied:—I have communicated, in detail, the reasons for which I profoundly regret and deplore your decision. My late colleagues agree in this regret, that the failure of the endeavors to dissuade you from your purpose, and doubtless, the Liberal Party also concur with us. In the observations we addressed to you, we were prompted by considerations of public advantage—and not merely by a sense of your services and of our admiration and attachment.

The steamer 'Alice Cardiff,' for Constantinople, has been lost; twenty drowned.

New York, 15.—The President sent a message to Congress yesterday, and approved of the restoration of the duties on tea and coffee; and that the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to redeem legal tender notes at a premium of 7 1/2 per cent.

Gold 112 1/2.

The examination of Moulton continued yesterday and to-day. He quoted from several letters written by Beecher, in support of some of his former statements; but otherwise his testimony was of the same tenor as charges.

London, 16.—The leading Liberals, Argyie, Cardwell, Wolverton, and Bright met at Lord Granville's to consult on Gladstone's retirement. Forster is a favorite for Leader. All agreed that Gladstone ought not to retire from Parliament.

The Germans have 8 war-vessels in the north of Spain. It is hoped at Berlin that Spain will accede to German demands. The Carlists deny the outrage on the 'Gustave.'

Gladstone has written an article on the Pope's speeches, sketches of the history of the Pope's reign; and the increased subserviency of Roman Catholic clergy, and concludes by saying that the mass of the British nation now repudiates the pretensions of the Papacy more eagerly and resolutely than former generations.

The Times says that in the gloom surrounding there is one thing perceptible—all men are arming; Germany is arming en masse; surrounding nations, including the best part of the world, cannot do otherwise; momentary dreams of peace are fled. Germany recognises the stern necessity of holding by arms what was won by arms; believes that Germany cannot raise a third army—her hopes are in the navy.

The merchants of Madrid presented a magnificent crown to Alphonso.

London, 19. Serious alarm is felt for the health of the Pope who is suffering from the effects of a chill.

The Turks and the Montenegrins are going to war.

Renewal of trouble at Monte Video; crisis imminent.

New York, 19. Another extensive silver mine has been discovered in California.

Interest in Beecher's trial is unabated.

The acting Sheriff of Viicksburg has been ejected from office at the point of the bayonet by Federal troops.

Gold 112.

London, 20. Prince Leopold's health shows no improvement, and less hemorrhage is speedily arrested death will ensue.

Canon Kingsley is reported to be dying.

The Bishop of Paderborn of Prussia, was imprisoned yesterday in the fortress of Wossli.

New York, 20. Cuban insurgents have been defeated at Paso Castano.

THE STEAMER 'HERCULES' IS ADVERTISED TO CALL HERE TO-DAY WITH FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS.

On Tuesday last the Prospectus of a new satirical paper, to be called the "Judge," was put in circulation here.

The steamer "Hercules" arrived here, on Saturday last with freight and passengers, and was detained by boisterous weather till Monday, when she left for St. John's.

By late cablegrams we observe that political affairs in Europe have assumed a threatening aspect. The assumption of the Spanish Crown by Alphonso, and the refusal of Germany to recognize him until certain demands made by the latter power are acceded to, give reasons for apprehension that a collision may take place between the two nations, involving a struggle in which the chief powers of Europe would probably be forced to participate. The action of the Shah of Persia in ignoring the claims of Baron Reuter, and granting railway concessions to Russia, has caused the British Government to take a firm stand in support of the Baron, and Lord Derby has instructed the British Minister at Persia to back up Reuter's protest. The London "Times" editorially says:—

"In the gloom surrounding there is one thing perceptible—all men are arming. Germany is arming en masse, and surrounding nations, including the best part of the world, cannot do otherwise. Momentary dreams of peace are fled. Germany recognises the stern necessity of holding by arms what was won by arms. It is believed that Germany cannot raise a third army. Her hopes are, therefore, in the navy."

MEM AND THINGS.

A. J. W. wants the Colonial Secretaryship, but Noddy does not feel disposed to surrender the lucrative office. What does Ambo say about the matter? We await patiently the decision of the oracle.

The local 'Junius' of the "North Star" appears to be getting rather egotistical. He attributes Mr. Carter's success at the late election to the powerful influence of his prolific pen, and in consideration of his services in behalf of the Government demands an appointment to the office of Queen's Printer, threatening in case of refusal, to cry "peccavi," and join the Opposition. This is "too thin," Robert; the Opposition will have nothing to do with you. You are a well-known temporizer, and therefore dare not be trusted by any party.

AND so 'Northern Sam' has no chance of commanding a steamer at the approaching seal fishery. It seems that he has been weighed and found wanting; but in what respect we are unable to say. "How wretched is the man that hangs on princes' favours." The zeal-creating rays of hope visible previous to the election have vanished, and poor Samuel will be forced to confine his ambitious schemes to the circumscribed limits of a schooner. Political promises are of little account!

RUMOUR says the editor of the "Telegraph" has offered his services to the powers that be as envoy to the Court of Persia, for the purpose of trying to bring about a solution of the Reuter-Shah difficulty. He urges his efficiency by stating that he is well acquainted with "foreign" as well as home politics, having but recently returned from a special mission to Canada, via Portland.

RAFFLING appears to be the rage just now. It would seem that the admirable delivery of "McGinnis' Raffle," by the comedian of the T. A. & B. Society's Literary Club, at their late entertainment, has given quite an impetus to the ever-existing desire to turn over "an honest dollar or two," in this, to say the least of it, honorable (?) way. During the past week raffles of china-ware, "nobs" nutmegs, and nie-backs, have taken place in various parts of the town, at some of which the hilarity of the patrons kept pace with the strains of the "fiddle" and the rattling of the dice-box.

THE following poetical item may be of interest to some of the local biggists.

"He ran so long and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt and then to pay,
He lost his brains and hid away."

WE congratulate our friend 'Mat' on the success of his fat-outting invention, and hope it will be the means of making his pocket 'fat,' notwithstanding Mack's efforts to claim the honor of being the originator of the idea.

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FANNY wants to know whether "Critic's" review of V. O. T's conduct has been published. We answer in the negative. If V. O. T. is in the habit of making a nocturnal appearance before the residence of his lady love, for the purpose of indulging in the following declaration, we see no reason why the public should be made aware of it:—

"Her name to mention might cause contention,
And its my intention for to have no strife;
And as to woo her, since I'm so poor,
I'm really sure she won't be my wife."

WITH a view to guard against the evils likely to result from the apparent neglect or inability of the Gas Company to keep the lamps in Water Street burning, we would advise the lieges to memorialize the Government in regard to the matter. By all means let us have light, even if it be necessary to resort to tallow candles.

THE "Standard's" correspondent "Observer" has a remarkable felix. Besides being a first-rate ratter SHE is by nature a meteorologist &c., and "Observer" reads her like a book. When the wind is about to prevail from the north and northwest she stands with her tail to the fire and mews three times. To indicate a change she washes her face, and when a prevalence of south and southeast wind is at hand she stands upon her head till she gets something to eat from "Observer's" own hand. The fortunate possessor of this wonderful cat will soon be in a position to impart to the staff at Hearts Content a great discovery in electricity—obtained by him in the coal hole a few nights since, while experimenting with his feline friend.

A late number of the Halifax Chronicle says—

"A man named Shea was picked up badly frozen, near the Four Mile House, last evening, and afterwards conveyed to the Hospital."

We do things better than that in Newfoundland. A man named Shea who had been out in the cold four years was picked up twelve months ago by a number of men whom he had badly abused, but instead of being conveyed to the hospital they planted him in the Colonial Secretary's chair, which he still occupies. More than that—they pay him £600 a year for sitting there.

Newfoundland is a first-class place for men named Shea. We pay them well for sitting down amongst us.—[St. John's Chronicle.]

The steamer Hercules left this port on Saturday morning last for Greenspond, having the sehr Clara Jane in tow, and arrived at her destination at eight p.m. of that day. She left Greenspond yesterday morning with another sehr in tow, and arrived here about two p.m., making the return trip in about twelve hours.

Capt Bradford reports a large body of ice coming from the Northward, stretching about half way across Bonavista Bay. There were several icebergs also in sight, with some old seals, Harps and Hoods, in the neighborhood.

The Hercules is in all respects an excellent boat, and would be a good vessel for winter service between St. John's, and Conception Bay.—[Ibid.]

We regret to hear of the death by accident of a young labouring man named Brennock, belonging to Witless Bay. It appears that he and two other young men were returning on a slide from a funeral, on Thursday last, when the wind being very high, with fierce snow-drift raging, Brennock's hat was blown off and instantly disappeared. He then left his companions and went off the road in the direction in which he expected to find his hat, but he was in a moment lost to their sight, and forever. An active search made for the body has, we understand, been thus far unavailing. Doubtless the poor creature lies buried deep in the snow.—[Ibid., 19th.]

The Athenaeum Lecture season was opened at the Court House last evening with a very instructive and interesting Lecture on "the Sea" by R. J. Pinsent Esq. The learned Lecturer discoursed as many of the varieties of his vast subject as lecture space would fairly admit and several of his passages were eloquent in description. A large audience attended.—[Ibid.]

A very severe and long continued visitation of winter has been the weather feature of the past fortnight; we have had a most copious fall of snow succeeded by drifts, and accompanied by high wind and much frost. The country roads continue impassible in many places and the "spell of weather," has been pronounced as severe as any experienced in twenty years. The rigor of the season so far is in marked contrast with the mildness of last winter.—

BIRTH.
At Bonavista, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Robert Brown, Accountant, of a daughter.

DIED.
On Sunday last, Mr. William Spencer aged 65 years.

NOTICES.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW FOUNDLAND.

A Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company, at the rate of Ten per cent per annum, for the half-year ending 31st December, 1874, will be payable at the Banking House in Duckworth-street, on and after TUESDAY, the 7th inst., during the usual hours of business.
(By order of the Board.)
R. BROWN, Manager.
St. John's, Jan. 9.

TO BE LET.

All that Eligible Water-side PREMISES Lately occupied by H. W. Trapnell, comprising of

Shop

Commodious Store, LUMBER-YARD AND

Wharf

—ALSO—

2 HOUSES

Situate in Trapnell's Lane.

For further particulars Apply at the office of

W. J. S. DONNELLY, August 23.

JAMES MELLIS

TAILOR & CLOTHIER, 208, Water Street, St. John's

RESPECTFULLY to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of

CLOTHING

For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, put in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.

J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given.

LeMessurier & Knight

COMMISSION AGENTS, Particular attention given to the Sale and purchase of

Dry & Pickled

Fish,

FLOUR PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

—AND—

DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited John's, June 10, 1874.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

UNION BANK OF NEW-FOUNDLAND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of

EIGHT PER CENT

of the Capital Stock of this Institution for the half-year ending 30th, November 1874, has been this day declared, and will be payable at the Bank, on and after Monday next, the 7th instant.
(By order of the Board.)
J. W. SMITH, Manager

JOHN CODY Private Boarding House

214 WATER STREET 214.

HARBOR GRACE.

Opposite the Business Premises of Hon W. J. S. Donnelly.

NOTICE

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL W. H. THOMPSON PROPRIETOR.

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

Drugs, Medicines, DRY PAINTS, OILS, &c. &c.

And nearly every article in his line that is recommended:

Keating's Worm Tablets

" Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Odor to Oxley's Essence of Ginger

Lampough's Pyretic Saline

Powell's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum [stamped]

British oil, Balsam of Life

Chlorodyne, Mexican Mustard

Liniment, Steer's Opodeldoc

Radway's Ready Relief

Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

" Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allan's Hair Restorer

Rositer's do

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Sherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers,

Sauces, Soothing Syrup

Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber sponge

Teething Rings, Sponge

Tooth Clothes, nail, Shoe

stove brushes

Widow Welch's Pills

Cockle do

Colloids do

Norton's do

Hunt's do

Morrison's do

Radways do

Ayer's do

Parsons do

Jaynes do

Wilson's do

Uncle John's vegetable do

Holloway's Ointment

Adams' Indian Salve

Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster, Corn do

Mather's Feeding bottles

London's Marking Ink

Corn flour, Fresh Hops

Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf

Nelson's Celatine and Isinglass

Bonnet blue,

Best German Glycerine

Lime Juice, Honey

Best Ground Coffee

Nixy's black lead

Roth & Co's, Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

" Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge

Lear's India Rubber Varnish

Copal Varnish, Kerosene Oil

Chimnies, wicks, Burners, &c.

Cod liver Oil

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Extract of Logwood in 1/2 boxes

Cudbear, worm tea, Toilet soaps

Best Perfumeries, Pomades

and hair oils

Pain Killer

Henry's calcined Magnesia

Enema Instruments,

Gold beater's Skins

Fumigating Pastiles

Sedlitz powders

Furniture polish, plate do

Flavouring Essences, Spices, &

Robinson's patent barley

" Groats

Breast relievers, Bronze

Breast Glasses Extract Lemon

Nipples and tubes for Feeding

bottles

Grey's Anodyne Liniment

Wilson's Soothing Syrup

" persian Salve

" Sarsaparillian Elixir

" Cramp & pain killer

Dow's sturgeon Oil Liniment

All the above proprietary articles

bear the Government stamp, without

which none are genuine.

Outport orders will receive careful and

prompt attention.

July 16.

W. H. THOMPSON, HARBOR GRACE.

General Agent for Newfoundland

and

St. John's

Harbor Grace

St. John's

POETRY.

THE ORPHAN.

Alone, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes,
They say my father's brow, is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face,
But now it is some stranger's eye,
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
But only one familiar tone;
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave
In search of one I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whisper'd by the evening wind:
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they looked on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother! does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love, to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to beja sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide,
I will not weep, but I will pray:
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanness flower, heaven's might-
est star,
Are equal to their Maker's love.
And I can say "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white thorn bows the
gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods
The em' racing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark,
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips,
Whit in the frozen fountain—hark!
His piercing beak the bitter dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak
The summer vine in beauty clung
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute
springs
Pour out their river's gradual tide
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd
And winds were soft and woods were
green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still 'twild music is abroad
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd
And gather'd winds in hour-e accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill fairs and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and its greets me long.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright
Go when the day declineth,
Go in the hush of night.
Go with pure mind and feeling
Fling earthly thoughts away
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee
Pray too for those who hate thee
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim
And ink with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

O'er 'tis e'er denied thee
In soitude to pray
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
Even when the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach His throne of glory
Who is mercy, truth and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whenever thou pinest in sadness
Before His footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness
His grace who gives thee all.

A dog was seen walking the streets of
New Bedford the other day with a light-
ed cigar in his mouth.

Pious flirts are said to succeed best. A
heavenly smile will tell on a man he he
ever so irreligious.

Unmuzzled bulldogs are recommended
for lunch houses so that all who enter
there can get a bite.

A colored gen'l'm'n on a Georgia jury
was in favor of sending the prisoner to
be a lempotentary.

INTERESTING TALES.

WED AND WON

(Concluded.)

There must be other horses in the
stables. I do not wish to be deprived
of my ride.

There is only Thunderbolt. But no
lady ever rides him.
Then I will be the first to do so.
But— began the groom, in a low
voice.

She interrupted him by an imper-
ious gesture.
Saddle Thunderbolt this instant if
you please. I will ride him.

That was enough. The groom came
back after a brief absence leading a
powerful black charger, which was im-
patiently gnawing its bit.

An instant later Maria Lynn dashed
down the road like mad.
Ralph Braddon chanced to be out
for a walk at that very time. He had
penetrated through numerous thickets
that bordered the lake, and finally em-
erged into the high road a long dis-
tance from the hotel.

Of a sudden the thunderous thud of
hoof-beats fell upon his ear. He
looked far down the road, and saw a
solitary spot of black, from which a
pale set face shone star-like—a spot
that shot towards him like a flash of
lightning.

Braddon saw it was a runaway. He
was no coward. Standing like a rock
in the middle of the road he waited for
the flying steed and its rider to reach
him.

Fortunately the road was sandy at
that point, and Thunderbolt's feet bur-
ied themselves at every bound. But
he kept on his mad career no more
mindful of the reins than as though it
had been a single thread.

Braddon's nerves were of steel. He
caught at the flying bride. His face
whitened a little as the murderous
hoofs beat at his breast. He was drag-
ged several yards in the sand, and then
Thunderbolt came to a stand still,
trembling and snorting, but conquer-
ed.

Maria slipped from the saddle.
You are very brave, Mr. Braddon,
she said, tottering towards him. I
cannot thank you.

He turned and looked at her.
And you are very, fool hardy, Miss
Lynn he returned, half-angrily. You
should never have ridden that fiery
beast.

I beg your pardon. I risked nobody's
life but my own.
And mine.

The haughtiness died out of her face
and she extended her hand.
True, she said, in a humble tone.
Thunderbolt was frightened by the re-
port of a gun. When I decided to ride
him, I did not think of involving any-
body else in my folly.

He took her hand in his looked at it
an instant then uttered an exclamation.
You are hurt, Miss Lynn.

I believe so—a little. It was the
rein that did it. I was trying to curb
Thunderbolt.

The dainty glove was half filled with
blood. Braddon tore it off, caressed
the lacerated fingers pityingly a mo-
ment, then wound his handkerchief
about them.

I am very sorry, he faltered with
white lips,
So am I. Please help me into the
saddle again and I will return to the
hotel.

He did so. She held out her band-
aged hand for the rein.
You cannot have it, he said, firmly.
I shall not trust Thunderbolt or you.
Her lip curled in haughty scorn.

As you please, Mr Braddon, But I
am not used to being treated like a
child.

Then she sat still and voiceless as
any statue, while Braddon turned her
horse's head and, walking by his side
prepared to lead him homeward. When
they reached the terrace step he lifted
her down and said, quickly, I shall
send a surgeon to look at your hand.

Don't trouble yourself I pray. I
have friends enough without becoming
indebted to you any more than I am
now.

Then she glided away leaving him
dumounded almost.
The girl was a puzzle. Why did
her face haunt him so persistently like
the memory of a half-forgotten dream?
Had he never seen her before?

Then his thoughts went far back into
the past when he was a lad of eigh-
teen and had known a girl in pinafores
who had a face that might have de-
veloped into such marvellous loveli-
ness.

Pshaw! he muttered, at last. It
can't be her, she is dead—long since!
I am a fool for connecting the two.

He did not see Maria again for two
days. Then she made her appearance
in the parour of the hotel, shining
amongst the other beauties like a dia-
mond dropped among globules of
worthless glass.

Some subtle magnetism drew him to
her side. He could not resist it. Vain
heartless coquette or not, in a single
hour she had woven a spell such as he
could not shake off with all his strength
of will.

Maria's moods were exceedingly vari-
able. For a few days she encouraged
him. Then of a sudden, without any
apparent cause, she wrapped herself in
a mantle of icy reserve, and layished
all her smiles upon Lawrence.

Braddon grew savage under such
treatment. It brought his real pur-
pose to the surface at once. His
nature was not one that can brook trif-
fling.

He met Maria in one of the passages
one morning. It was a rare thing now
for him to have an opportunity to speak
a word privately. He meant to take
advantage of this one, chance had
thrown in his way.

He stopped her.
Miss Lynn I wish to speak a word
with you.

A sudden wave of colour swept over
her face, leaving her very pale.
I have no time to listen, she said
coldly.

You shall listen. I will know your
intentions. Are you a heartless flirt,
or do you intend to marry George Law-
rence?

I cannot tell you; Mr. Lawrence has
never asked me to marry him.

The answer struck Braddon dumb.
He leaned against the wall and stared
at her; and while he stood and stared,
Maria slipped past him thus making
good her escape.

Finally an end came. He caught
the flutter of her light drapery in the
garden, one day, and knowing she was
there alone, ran down to meet her. She
was sitting in an arbour to which there
was but one entrance. When Brad-
don's handsome figure filled this and
his shadow fell at her feet she looked
up with darkening eyes and parted
lips.

Now you shall hear me, he cried im-
pulsively. I love you to madness and
you know it. It is cruel to trifle with
me.

Maria rose slowly and confronted
him.
Stop! she cried sternly. Before you
say another word answer me one ques-
tion. Are you not already a married
man?

His face flushed purple.
I was married he stammered, at last.
But my wife is dead. I am free to be-
stow my affections where I will.

Are you sure? her red lip curl-
ing.
I thought I was. Let me tell you
all about it, since, you seem to know
something already.

Go on she said in her most icy man-
ner.
When a boy of eighteen I married a
child of sixteen. You can guess the
kind of match it must have been. There
was property at the bottom of it. Our
parents arranged the whole shameful
affair, and we were puppets in their
hands. There was not a particle of
love on either side—

Yes, yes.
I have not seen my child-bride since
the wedding day. I went away to col-
lege and since then have been a rover.
But I was told that she died of fever,
three years ago.

It was a lie, said Maria sternly.
Your wife still lives!
Braddon staggered backward as if he
had been struck.

Good God! he groaned—I never
suspected that! Oh, what a wretch I
would have made of myself!

I have not told you all, Maria went
on, in a cold hard voice. My name is
not Lynn. I am the child-bride you so
basely deserted!

You!
Yes. I knew you were coming to
this place. I came here on purpose to
meet you. I have done so—I have
won your love—and now—now I cast it
off as something utterly worthless! I
have made you suffer as you did me,
years ago; for you were mistaken in
thinking that I did not care for you
then. But now I hate and loathe
you!

He slunk groaning away. The mea-
sure of her revenge was complete and
so he felt as she went gliding over the
lawn to the hotel.

Louisa Weston met her two hours
later.
Mr Braddon has gone, said Lou-
isa abruptly.

Maria caught her breath sharply.
Gone! she cried.

Yes. They say he intends to leave
for the Continent. There must be
some for this sudden resolution.

Then she shot Maria a swift glance,
but the composed face she saw told her
nothing.

Some hours were on. Then George
Lawrence came to her with a counte-
nance as white as that of the dead.

There has been an accident, he said,
briefly. The train in which Braddon
took a place ran off the line. He lies
at a farm house about twenty miles be-

low badly wounded. He has telegraph-
ed for you.

Maria uttered a moan. But on her
way to the station to which Lawrence
drove her, she sat white and mute, and
the one thought that filled her heart
was this—'If Ralph Braddon dies, I
am his murderer.'

A second train was about to start
to the scene of the disaster. It seemed
an age of agony until Maria stood by
Braddon's bedside in the house to which
he had been carried.

God forgive me, she moaned, bend-
ing over him with her whole heart in
her face. Live Ralph, live for my
sake, I cannot give you up. I love
you better than I thought.

Braddon kissed her hand and smiled
a smile of in fable peace.
He did live. How could it be other-
wise, since love and happiness both
awaited him this side of the grave.

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

Estelle Vane was a beauty and an
heiress, and—the truth must be told—
something of a flirt. The latter quality
not being an excellent thing in a woman
for it never fails to bring trouble in its
train, and Estelle's case was no excep-
tion to the rule.

Estelle was an orphan. A mild, old
lady, Mrs Mold, her aunt lived with her
at Vane Abbey as the tasteless, modern
red structure had been presumptuously
named. Mrs Mold possessed decided
talents for directing domestic affairs—
and it was well she did, for the house-
hold would have feared but badly had
the management of depended on its mis-
tress. Estelle was gay, and free and
careless as a bird in springtime and she
showed more temper than was quite
proper at times. She was sometimes
more than pretty, and yet you would
not call her beautiful; she was sun-
ny-haired and sunny-faced; there was a
charm about her which defied analy-
sis.

Being a beauty and an heiress Es-
telle was of course not without suitors.
Indeed, there was quite a swarm of
them, like bees around a honey comb
Mrs Mold, said; but Osmond Ormsby
more elegantly observed, like butterflies
around a rose. People said that
Walter Miles and Osmond Ormsby were
equally favoured by the young lady,
but people were wrong. Estelle had
been engaged to Walter Miles for nearly
a year. Through her caprice the en-
gagement had been made known to
no one save Mrs Mold.

Walter Miles loved her devotedly. He
was neither handsome nor very brilliant
but he was sincere and true hearted.
He was, generally, sensible and clear-
sighted, but love had blinded him and
he had fallen into the mistake of be-
lieving Estelle all but faultless.

Osmond Ormsby (fourth son of Sir
Edward Ormsby, be it understood) was
a fop and a fortune hunter. He was
distantly related to Estelle through her
late father. Osmond had come to
Devonshire with thoughts bent on con-
quest. The fourth son of Sir Edward
Ormsby was not an exceedingly great
person in London but in the country
world things are entirely different you
know. Acting on this belief he took
the earliest opportunity of honouring
Devonshire with his presence. But
he was somewhat disappointed to dis-
cover that the first-quality heiresses—
for Osmond wanted youth, beauty and
refinement as well as wealth—did not
seem inclined to scramble for him not-
withstanding the oft-repeated procla-
mation that he was a son of Sir Edward
Ormsby, so he consoled himself for the
indifference of the Exeter belles by
visiting Vane Abbey, and endeavouring
to captivate Estelle.

Estelle's little music parlour was the
prettiest room in the house.
She was seated at the piano playing
a noisy show piece. The door opened
and Walter Miles entered. His face
was not as cheerful as usual.

I thought I'd find you here, Estelle.
I want to speak to you.

She wheeled round on the piano-stool
and looked up at him with the sauciest
of smiles.

I don't understand French he an-
swered grimly. You had better keep
that sort of stuff for Ormsby.

Some people possess sufficient tact to
hide their ignorance; others are too
frank. She was evidently prepared for
a battle.

There are many defects worse than
a want of tact—flirting for instance.

Estelle played a few notes with one
hand and said, Indeed.

Flirting is certainly the most un-wom-
anly thing a woman can do.

I quite agree with you. But par-
don me for not seeing the appropriateness
of the remark.

How can you say that Estelle? he
hotly demanded. Don't your consci-
ence reproach you for flirting with—

I never flirt with anybody, she in-
terrupted, looking as dignified as she
could.

Last night at the Maytons' party
you danced at least a dozen times with

that puppy Ormsby. Pretty conduct
for an engaged woman.

Mr. Ormsby is a distant relative and
also a guest here; as such, he is not
without claims. Although you appear
to have forgotten them as well as your
pretensions to the name of gentleman.

Feeling that she had made a telling
thrust Estelle paused, and toyed with
her bracelet in a cool, provoking man-
ner.

Ormsby is not your accepted lover,
and you should not treat him as such.

How dare you insult me, Walter
Miles? Estelle's eyes flashed and her
cheeks reddened. Remember sir that
our engagement is not irrevocable.

Her last sentence cooled his anger,
for a moment; but he burst forth
again.

Your behaviour was disgraceful—out-
rageous! I forbid—

Your are rather premature in your
assumption of authority sir. There;
take back your ring. She drew Wal-
ter's engagement ring from her finger
and handed it to him. Good evening
Mr Miles you need not tell me what
you forbid.

And with the most graceful curtesy
in the world Estelle pointed to the door.
Sarcely crediting the evidence of his
senses Walter Miles left the room.

When he was gone Estelle covered
her face with her hands and indulged
in a burst of tears. Inconsistency! thy
name is woman, is certainly an im-
provement on Shakspears celebrated
line.

If Estelle's wishes and sighs could
have accomplished it, Osmond Ormsby
would have been sent back to London
that very night.

A week passed. Estelle read Wal-
ter's name among the list of passen-
gers on the Dolphin bound for America.

A month went by—slowly and wear-
ily for her. Osmond Ormsby came to the
conclusion that he was not appreciated
so he started for town, hoping that Es-
telle would learn his worth by his
loss.

One morning Mrs Mold opened the
damp newspaper at the breakfast table,
as was her habit.

Ah! she said; news of the Dolphin
at last!

Then she stopped short, cast a dis-
turbed glance at her niece, and rose to
leave the room.

Please let me see the paper aunt, Es-
telle said endeavouring to hide her
eagerness.

Kind hearted Mrs. Mold was at her
wits end.

No, no, my dear, she responded walk-
ing towards the grate, with a confused
idea of burning the journal; but before
she could accomplish her purpose, Es-
telle seized it, and read—the printed
words seemed to blind her—that the
Dolphin had gone down with all on
board.

Mrs Mold ran for smelling salts,
but Estelle sat very pale and still.
Every feeling deserted her—the sense
of her great loss alone remained. Now
she knew how much she had loved the
man who lay beneath the waves. For
a long time she made no movement.
Mrs. Mold grew frightened. At last
came a gush of hot tears; then Estelle
prayed for resignation and said they will
be done.

Eternity grew nearer by a year. The
darkness of grief passed away; life be-
came pleasant to Estelle but its joy and
buoyancy were alone.

Osmond Ormsby had again come to
Vane Abbey. He was determined
either to win Estelle this time, or to
sacrifice himself to a rich old widow who
was ready to take him whenever he
should offer himself.

Estelle's birthday was near. Mrs.
Mold, urged on by Ormsby had deter-
mined to celebrate the season by a grand
fete. There were to be 'tableaux' first
afterwards dancing and supper.

[Concluded in our next.]

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