

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, July 26, 1872.

Number 21.

JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON.....	5th,	2.54 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER....	13th,	4.17 P. M.
FULL MOON.....	20th,	10.23 A. M.
LAST QUARTER....	27th,	3.48 P. M.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,

Dealer and Importer of

**ENGLISH & AMERICAN
HARDWARE,**

Picture Moulding, Glass
Looking Glass, Pictures
Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.
N.B.--FRAMES, any size
and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

HARBOR GRACE

Book & Stationery Depot,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of
School and Account Books
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-
nominations
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards
French Writing Paper, Violins
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes
Tissue and Drawing Paper
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufactur-
ing Jeweler.

A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style.
May 14.

"The Bostonian lady you saw at Wallack's
May 25th, is now at Newport."

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and
DESPATCH at the Office of this
Paper.

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!

TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain
BY THE USE OF
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY,
would respectfully offer their services
to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.
They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy,
No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared
to perform all Dental Operations in the most
Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were
among the first to introduce the Anaesthetic
(Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted
many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing Pain,
with perfect satisfaction. They are still pre-
pared to repeat the same process, which is per-
fectly safe even to Children.

They are also prepared to insert the best
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set
in the latest and most approved style,
using none but the best, such as
received the highest Prem-
iums at the world's Fair
in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the most
lasting manner. Especial attention given to
regulating children's Teeth.
St. John's, July 9.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

FOR SIX DAYS!

Commencing on 9th Sept. next,

WILL BE HELD

IN ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,

AN EXHIBITION

OF

PICTURES and ILLUMINATIONS

FLOWERS and FRUITS

Ornaments and Curiosities

Ancient and Modern Works of Art

Preserved Animals and Birds

Old Books and Manuscripts

Ladies' Work

Shells, Fossils, &c., &c.;

ALSO OF

A choice and valuable collection from the
Museum of A. Murray, Esq., F.G.S., of the
Canadian Geological Survey, illustrative gener-
ally of the Geology of North America, and par-
ticularly of Newfoundland and its mineral
resources.

Mr. Murray will kindly furnish a Geological
map of Canada, and a partial map of New-
foundland, with illustrations; and on the first
day will give explanations.

Ladies are respectfully and earnestly invited
to prepare fancy and other work for sale; and
artisans and others to compete for honorary
prizes.

The greatest care will be taken of all arti-
cles kindly lent for exhibition.

A Brass band will perform daily, and
Ladies will preside occasionally at the Piano.
EDWARD BOTWOOD,
Projector.

St. Mary's Parsonage, }
June 29, 1872. }

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Tichborne Case.

An affidavit has been published by the
committee of the Southampton Defence Fund,
of Dr. William Massey Wheeler, of 18 Luxor
Street, Camberwall, to the effect that he met
a man named Arthur Orton in 1859 at Castle-
maine. He was about 5 feet 11 inches in
height, of a dark complexion, pitted with
smallpox, and having the appearance of a
weather-beaten drunken sailor. A man named
Tom Castro was with him, and both were
thin men. In 1865 Dr. Wheeler stated that
he again saw Arthur Orton at Wagga-Wagga,
when the latter was suffering from congestion
of the brain, owing to a fall from his horse.
In 1869, he further asserts that he saw and
talked over old times with Arthur Orton at
Brisbane. Orton then looked as if he was
consumptive, and said he had had hard times.
Dr. Wheeler afterwards saw him frequently,
but he never heard anything about the Tich-
borne case. Orton is described as having
been tattooed on both arms and on the
breast, and he was then going under the as-
sumed name of Morgan, saying that he was a
ticket-of-leave man. Respecting Castro, Dr.
Wheeler says that he looked like a man of
gentle birth, was not tattooed, had small
hands and feet, and never used foul language
like Orton. Dr. Wheeler concludes by say-
ing that when he read in the papers that the
Attorney General had asked the claimant if
he were Arthur Orton, he knew such could
not be the case; and, after making the above
statement, he adds that he identified the
claimant, at Harley Road, Brompton, as the
Thomas Castro he had seen in company with
Orton at Castlemaine and Wagga.—*Glasgow
Weekly Mail.*

A Mechanical Cat.

Leonard, of the *Cleveland Leader*, has in-
vented a sheet iron cat, with cylindrical at-
tachment and steel claws and teeth. It works
like clockwork. A bellows inside swells up
the tail at will to a belligerent size, and by a
tremolo attachment, causes, at the same time
the patent cat to emit all noises of which the
living bird is capable. When you want fun,
you wind up your cat and place him on the
roof. Every cat within half a mile hears him,
birds on his armor and sallies forth. Frequent-
ly fifty or one hundred attack him at once.
No sooner does the patent cat feel the weight
of an assailant than his teeth and claws work
with lightning rapidity. Adversaries within
six feet of him are torn to shreds. Fresh bat-
talions come on to meet a similar fate, and in
an hour several bushels of hair, toe nails and
fiddle strings alone remain.

An Unfortunate Shaver.

A worthy citizen undertook to trim his beard
a short time since, and by a slip of the scis-
sors, spoiled the cut. He trimmed a little more
and still more, but it looked lopsided, so he
went to the barber's and got shaved for the
first time in 12 years. He was very busy, and
business detained him in his office until a late
hour of the night, and when he went home he
found that his family had retired. This was
not an unusual occurrence, so he silently en-
tered by means of a latch-key, sought his own
room and undressed without lighting a can-
dle. He got partly into bed, when his wife
astonished him by uttering a loud and pro-
longed scream. He was very much alarmed,
and feared she had lost her reason. He im-
plored her to tell him what was the matter.
At the sound of his voice she screamed—"Oh
Edward, come quick, and save me!" "I am
here, dear," said he; but she only screamed
the louder at the words. He sprang out of
bed, and had just struck a light, when his
brother-in-law, a muscular six-footer, rushed
into the room, and with a poker aimed a blow
at his head. In a minute a pale-face man, with
a long white robe, staggered under the blow,
which had doubled the size of his organ of
comparison. "Great heavens!" exclaimed
the husband, "are you all crazy?" "Bless my
heart!" shouted the muscular brother-in-law.
"Why, it's Ned himself. What on earth
tempted you to get yourself up in that style?"
"What style?" asked the much-abused hus-
band, as he rubbed the growing lumps on his
forehead. "Why, when did you shave?" It
was all clear to him then. His wife had put
up her hand in the dark, and meeting the

shaved face of a man, took her husband for
an intruder. She recognised his voice at first,
but the second time he spoke her terror was
too great and she fainted. His wife recovered
from her faint only to faint again at the re-
cognition of her husband's shaven face and
the poker mark on his forehead. Matters
were finally straightened up at home, but in
the street his friends passed him without
speaking, and at the bank he was not only re-
fused payment of a draft, but threatened with
arrest for signing his own name in endorsing
it. Of course a little explanation brought the
various affairs all right, but it took so much
time to explain, and for the concussion on his
forehead to get well, that the aforesaid citizen
vows he will never shave again, as he con-
siders it a habit dangerous to peace, and even
to life.

The Deepest Well in the World.

At about twenty miles from Berlin is situat-
ed the village of Sprenberg, noted for the
deepest well that has ever been sunk. Owing
to the presence of gypsum in the locality,
which is at a moderate distance from the capi-
tal, it occurred to the Government authorities
in charge of the mines to obtain a supply of
rock salt. With this end in view the sinking
of a shaft or well 16 feet in diameter was com-
menced some five years ago, and at a depth of
280 feet the well was reached. The boring
was continued to a further depth of 960 feet,
the diameter of this bore being reduced to
about 13 in. The operations were subsequent-
ly prosecuted by the aid of steam until a depth
of 4194 feet was attained. At this point the
boring was discontinued, the borer or bit be-
ing still in the salt deposit, which thus ex-
hibits the enormous thickness of 3907 feet.
The boring would have been continued in or-
der to discover what description of deposit lay
under the salt, but for the mechanical difficul-
ties connected with the further prosecution of
the operations. During the progress of this
interesting work, repeated and careful obser-
vations were made of the temperature at var-
ious depths. The results confirm very closely
those which have been already arrived at un-
der similar circumstances.

Discovery of an Unknown Tribe of Indians.

The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* of the 22d ult.,
says—At Para, 19 Indians of an unknown
tribe arrived from the Tocantins in the steam-
er, under the care of the bishop. The tribe
calls itself Apeiacas, and, until recently, it
dwelt on the unexplored highlands between
the Serra do Tarcoora and the Xingu, until at-
tacked by the Auteucas, a tribe using sticks in
war, which the Apeiacas stigmatised as a dis-
graceful mode of fighting. Being well drub-
bed, the Apeiacas abandoned their territories
and came east to the Tocantins. They are
light-coloured, not copper-coloured, have oval
faces, regular features, almond-shaped eyes
and are good looking. They are tattooed with
two parallel purple lines on each cheek, which
decorations are granted only to adults who
prove their strength by bringing down the
game with an arrow. The supreme chief is
a jolly young man named Mompira, married to
two wives. These Indians appear gentle, in-
telligent, and easy to domesticate. Their
language is free from gutturals, and differs en-
tirely from those of their known neighbors.
In it, the sun is titi, the moon nuno, stars tir-
im, heavens! gabove, wind aptenu, water parru,
fire campot, thunder imeret, lightning jarnia
mitu, summer iramu, clay grewa, woods itau,
looking-glass oremen, gun karey,

Woman pouring Molten Lead into Her Husband's Ear.

A woman named Rose M'Gauley has been
lodged in Longford jail, charged on the sworn
informations of her husband, with having
attempted his life by pouring molten lead into
his ear while asleep in his bed. The burning
sensation awoke him, and he found her over
him in the bed in the act. He also got lead
on the bed clothes and in a grisset before the
fire. She then beat him till he was nearly
dead.

They seem to be converting people very
thoroughly at Waterbury, Conn. *The Ameri-
can* says—"Of the five lady converts baptised
by the Rev. Mr. Bailey on Sunday, three were
gentlemen.

the mild light that flood-
ed its brilliancy. Some time
my meditation was inter-
voiced, which proceeded
beneath my window, and
upper back drawing-room.
hearing the voices, and I
that, as it would require
on, I might as well hear
dingly I leaned forward,
and the voice of Mr. Follett,
these words,—
why is this? You teach
en cast me from you.
lessly for the girl to reply,
was rewarded by,—
love you; the only rea-
your company to such an
of our long acquaintance,
my part, not to injure

ned Follett, do you love
e; I think I have a right
ed loudly against my side,
at intervened ere the an-
to me; at last it came,—
right, but I will answer;
ap from my heart, which
d distinct to me, that I
have been heard below.
had determined to leave
And yet, what sorrow those
with a sort of desperation,
to catch the next word.
claimed the fop, that the
t blockhead, Howard.
oined Leonora, you have
thus; leave me, if you

but first give me a part-
I looked out of the wind-
d the distance; it was not
perhaps less. Anxiously
ly.
reservedly answered, I
thus addressed; I thought
tleman.
eaven, Leonora, I will not
If you will not consent, I
nt!
e words, the blood tingled
; and throwing my body
I caught the sill in an in-
self, and drooped.

ne balcony, he was about
arms, while she retreated,
rown out imploringly. Ad-
the coward by the neck,
with crashing force against
ehing Leonora in my arms,
y breast, while her beam-
raised to mine in silent
glorious eyes spoke the
erto-concealed.
e remained thus, and then en-
gether. The parlor was
eating myself at her side,
and said—
n love me?
motion to withdraw her
those heavenly eyes to my
—
and have since I first saw
tholias.

ak; my happiness was too
out I drew that beautiful
oy shoulder, and imprinted
those ripe lips.
said,—
ll me why you have acted
me?
a little while, Eddy? and
irected to mine.
ED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR

CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-
WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Published by the Proprietors,
PARSONS and WILLIAM R.
Office, (opposite the pre-
Green) Water Street, Har-
foundland.

Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per
half-yearly.

Entered on the most liberal
square of seventeen lines,
n, \$1; each continuation,

printing executed in a man-
to give the utmost satisfac-

AGENTS.

Mr. J. Footle.
W. Horwood.
R. Simpson.
C. Rendell.
B. Miller.
H. J. Watts.

Feeding by Machinery.

An ingenious machinist has invented a machine for the systematic fattening of fowls. Mr. Martin, for so this bird stuffer is called, has reduced the feeding of fowls for the market to system, the main principles of which are regularity, and economy of diet. The birds are arranged upon octagonal stands revolving upon upright axis. Each side of the stand contains five perches, and each perch roosts five birds, so that 200 fowls are accommodated in an apparatus. The birds are fastened upon their perches by thongs of raw hide passed around their feet. The feeding apparatus proper is unique. It consists of a machine containing semi-liquid food, in a suitable reservoir; from this machine proceeds a flexible tube, with a nozzle. This nozzle is duly inserted in the gullet of the bird to be fed, and on the operator pressing down a treadle a piston forces the proper quantity of food into the fowl's crop. A graduated dial regulates the quantity given, according to the age, size, and stage of fattening of each bird. So rapidly is the operation performed that the whole 200 birds on one stand can be crammed within the space of one hour. After the perusal of these details, our readers will probably feel that they cannot be too thankful that they are men and woman and not fowls. Still, some such process might be employed with advantage in the case of gluttons. In this case it could hardly be called foul play.

Remarkable History of a Princess's Gown.

A great many people do not know how to put fine clothes on. There was a robe made by one of the best Paris tailors last week for a princess, who suddenly had to take to mourning, and it was left in the hands of the omnipotent artist who had fancied it. The simple fact that it had been made for a princess, whose waist is only sixty centimetres in circumference, and whose figure is faultless, rendered the possession of the abandoned toilet a matter of rivalry in the circles of the elite. Every beauty declared it would certainly fit her, and went to see it, but the tailor, after a glance at the struggling competitors, declared it would never hook, or never be long, or wide, or short enough, much preferring to keep the rejected robe than to see his clients ill-dressed. There the lovely thing hung. It was a striped Pompadour corded silk, having the following design:—A blue lavender satin stripe and a wide one, on which soft tinted flowers were twined together by bluish lavender bows. It was a perfect miniature in point of workmanship; made with a cambré train, and trimmed with lavender satin, over which fell plisses of organdi bordered with narrow lace. It had an open bodice trimmed in the same way, with a lavender satin vest underneath, and the sleeves, a la Louis XV., were sufficiently open to disclose waves of snowy plisses and lace on a no less white arm. Of course it was tempting, besides being "a splendid occasion." At length, a gentleman who deals in hides came up from the provinces with his mother, for the purchase of a "corbeille de mariage," intended to be presented to the future bride, who, though a daughter to a dealer in patent blacking, is a millionaire in a multiplied form, plusieurs fois millionnaire, as the Parisians say. The fame of the Pompadour robe reached the future bridegroom, and he drove to see it, with his mother, who had a list of Mdle. Marguerite's measures. The length of the arms, skirt, breadth, and everything coincided admirably; Mdle. Marguerite's waist was even one centimetre smaller, but the future mother-in-law was determined the bride should not have it. "No, my son, it suits me," was the reply when they re-entered the carriage, and in the evening it was put on by the old lady, who split it, and stretched it and floundered about in it, looking very awful at the dinner party she went to, and as if she had not been undressed since her seventeenth birthday.—Swiss Times.

Sea Serpents.

Sea serpents, which have hitherto been satisfied with appearing occasionally, are now taking to come in swarms. M. Cobbin, of Durban, according to his own account, given to the Natal colonists, saw three of these disagreeable creatures during his late voyage from London to that colony in the Silvery Wave. From his description of the last of the three seen by him, on the 30th of December last, in lat. about 35 S. and long. 33.30 E., at 6.20 p.m., he must devoutly hope he may never see another. The monster passed across the bows of the ship, and compelled an alteration of the course. He was at least one thousand yards long, and propelled himself with an enormous fan-shaped tail, at the same time arching his back like a land snake or a caterpillar. In shape and proportion he much resembled the cobra, being marked by the same knotty and swollen protuberances at the back of the head on the neck. His neck was his thickest part. His head was that of a bull, his eyes large and glowing, his ears had circular tips, and were level with his eyes, and his head was adorned with a horny crest, which he erected or depressed at pleasure. He swam with great rapidity, and lashed the sea into a foam like breakers dashing over jagged rocks. His overlapping scales opened and shut with every arch of his sinuous back, which was coloured like a rainbow.—Bristol Mercury, June 22.

Mr. Bennett's Announcement of His Marriage.

(From The New York Herald, June 1, 1840.) "To the Readers of the Herald—Declaration of Love—Caught at Last—Going to be Married—New movement in civilization—I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, the times are getting so good, the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer, so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen during my interesting pilgrimage through human life. I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfil that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married, according to the most holy rites of the most holy Christian Church, to one of the most remarkable, accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no Stonington shares of Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance another half a million; in soul, mind, and beauty millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily the patronage of the public to the Herald is nearly \$25,000 per annum, almost equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation; the religious associations of female excellence; the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desire by day. In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter, and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal change in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of this highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings and those results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the Herald. Meanwhile I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe and America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all.—JAMES GORDON BENNETT." In the postscript to this announcement Mr. Bennett gives notice that he shall have no time to waste upon the editors who attacked him "until after marriage and the honeymoon." On the 8th of June, 1840, the marriage was announced at the head of the editorial columns of the Herald as follows:—"Married, on Saturday afternoon, the 6th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Powers, at St. Peter's Catholic Church, in Barclay Street, James Gordon Bennett, proprietor and editor of the New York Herald, to Henrietta Agnes Cream. What may be the effect of this event on the great newspaper contest now raging in New York, time alone will show."

Lively Description of a Storm at Sea.

The Buenos Ayres Standard has the following lively description of the scene on board the mail steamer Boyne, during a recent storm, while the vessel was on a passage homeward. The Boyne had scarcely cleared the Outer Roads, and our friend, Petty, fairly laid his course, when the countenances of many merchants, brokers, and baraqueros, and their respective families, became sicklied o'er with the pale cast of squeamishness. The demand for dinner consequently was not extreme. On arriving at Monte Video every one tried to look his and her best, but Bill was in the ascendant, and remained so till the vessel approached Rio. The storm caught the Boyne when nearly off the mouth of Rio harbour. Capt. Reeks saw it coming long before the fun began, and ordered the passengers to go below, had the hatches battened down, and everything made snug. The hurricane came on so suddenly that those below were at their "Pater noster" before they had time to call for the steward and basins. The first heavy lurch to leeward awoke the babies, and then the row began in earnest. Many passengers were sent spinning out of their berths, across tables into ladies' arms, &c. Roars of fright arose from manly and womanly throats. "My God," "mille diebus," "mein Gott" and "Dios mio," mingled with the shrill squalling of two year olds, rose like a yell from Limbo. When the ship's head was put to the sea, she rose to every wave like a duck, and each time she dipped her nose into it, the "prayers for the dying" recited by some stern Germans and religious North Americans, were responded to by "Ainsi soit il" in every language under the sun, an English broker, pencil in hand, timing the amens of the British contingent, while a few distinguished foreigners, lying deady sick on sofas, implored the kneeling multitude to throw them overboard "vor de lofe of God," and end their misery. For hours the terrific scene continued, till at last finding

they were not at the bottom yet, a German plucked up courage to ask "where are we?" "Off the coast of Africa," answered Mr. Larrazabal, the only man on board not sick. A cry of anguish answered him, and most of the penitents expressed a conviction that they were all justly punished for leaving dear, but dirty Buenos Ayres. While all this din was going on below every thing on deck was in apple pie order as if the ship were at anchor in Southampton water; Captain Reeks and officers at their posts, cool as cucumbers, hatches fastened, cabins closed, engines keeping ships head to the sea, and no more. As soon as the storm abated Captain Reeks turned his vessel, and ran into Rio.

NOTICE.—The Steamer Lizzie leaves THIS EVENING, at Six O'Clock, for St. John's.

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, JULY 26, 1872.

THE FISHERY.

The past two days there has been a little better sign of fish at Harbor Grace Island, but the improvement is very slight; and taken altogether, the prospects of the fishery in this Bay are miserably poor, and we fear it is now almost too late even to expect anything like an average catch.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

It is with no little feeling of pride that we note the numerous improvements and additions made to the town. As to additions: a new gasometer, under the skilful mechanical treatment of Mr. Strathie, will be in operation towards the middle of August. This extra will indeed greatly assist the extension of gas to more distant localities; the capacity of the one to be so shortly in operation, being nearly twice the size of the one in use. On LeMarchant Street the hydrant, which has very often been a source of danger, has been removed to a short distance from its former stand; the street, at the same time, being laid out tidily, and gravelled so as to endure wear and tear. Several of the other streets are undergoing repairs, and it is pleasing to observe the work proceed so rapidly. On Victoria Street, the rock which was so often cause of fear and accident, has, after considerable difficulty, been removed. The Custom House is getting up speedily, and we augur the praise of the community on the splendid appearance it will present on its completion. The Water Company and Road Board seem to vie with each other. We must say both are diligent, persevering, and thoroughly up to the mark.

CRICKET.

We understand the return cricket match between the Carbonear and Harbor Grace Eleven, will be played at Carbonear on Wednesday next. We hope the Harbor Grace Eleven, will recover their lost laurels; and we expect to see them supported on the ground by a goodly number of their townsmen. The good folks of Carbonear always strongly support their team by their presence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—Knowing that the Star is the people's organ, I beg to remark through your columns that I regret very much to observe in the Standard of Wednesday last a letter purporting to amon Government as to the Osprey and her duties. The Osprey, I consider, the very vessel suitable for the purpose required of her; and as her rig is that of "fore-and-aft," with foretop sails, she will, in the event of rough weather, be found to make better way than many a supposed fast swimmer, that may proceed truly well before wind and sea only. As for postal matters, I think that as it is easy for any one to pay three cents postage grumblers ought to shut up; besides the management of postal communications will secure immediate and certain delivery. I must, however, state that posters sent the same ought to have been more liberally scattered, as many outport people remained 'til the last moment unaware of the regulation.

Yours, &c., FAIR PLAY.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—I observe in Standard of Wednesday a letter signed "Justice," the writer of which apparently knows little about justice. In your report, the defective condition of the chimney was said to have originated the fire at the residence of Capt. James Keefe. I defy any justice to prove it otherwise, and without

stating particulars, all necessary defects can positively be exhibited or explained to the said Justice who is not one of the Peace.

Yours, &c., NOT A J. P.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Our Harbor Grace cricket players have been very unfortunate this season. They have played a number of matches, each time being obliged to suffer the humiliation of defeat. Whether this is owing to want of constant practice, or deficiency of muscle, I know not; but this much I do know—our "professionals" are losing ground very rapidly, and unless some of the old bowlers and batters come to the rescue, the noble game of cricket will ere long become a dead letter in Harbor Grace. A few years since we could boast of a team so proficient as not to hesitate in throwing down the gauntlet to the "professionals" of the metropolis, and who had, on more than one occasion, borne away the palm of victory. Now, alas! they cannot compete with Carbonear with any chance of success. "How are the mighty fallen!" It is true many of the old players are absent; but some who had assisted in winning victories in days gone by are still among us. They, however, appear indifferent as to the proficiency of their successors, and seem to care not whether they win or lose. Arouse yourselves, ye champions of the willow! and sustain the reputation which you once fought so hard to gain. The metropolis challenges you. Go forth and meet your opponents, and let the signal, Harbor Grace "expects every man to do his duty," cheer you on to victory.

Yours, &c., ONE OF THE OLD ELEVEN.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

I see by your paper of Tuesday last that our friend "Auld Reekie" does not care to have much to say about "Mustard." He seems to think it a very small and seedy name. No doubt it is; but at the same time it is very effective, especially in the case of a mustard plaster, &c. I do not see that "Mustard" has anything to do with washing, as "Auld Reekie" says; but then I presume it is merely a suggestion of his, as he does not seem to be very well posted in the art of washing, when he observes that it is a wonderful invention. I should think from the idea of "Auld Reekie" washing his face only twice a week, he must have very little knowledge of the comfort of a good wash. Instead of "Auld Reekie" recommending "Mustard" to go to the barber to get a good and cheap wash, I think it would be well for him to make a contract with the "man of razors" to wash him for a stipulated sum per annum, as I have no doubt the latter would be willing to accept him at a reasonable charge, apart from shaving, which, I dare say, would be pretty considerable, especially in case of a fashionable shave, such as the Dundreary style. Hoping that the barber and "Auld Reekie" will come to terms, I still remain

Yours, &c., MUSTARD.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Newspaper Editing.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

"Auld Reekie" one time tore up six newspapers at once—these were papers with which a young lady snored her hair in—so that was his first editing in the paper business. The Star is a lovely specimen of genuine science, and no doubt will shortly erase from the face of Rotterdam all the ink now absorbed in the colony by boys who are fond of treadle and eight-day clocks, with "Mustard" as a condiment. It would be well if the Star would show such things as planets how to twinkle or shine properly—a thing they have not done these few years. He obtains these statements from philosophers who never left Sweden but once, and that was to visit Harbor Grace in quest of Stockholm Tar. "Auld Reekie" thought mustard a suitable subject for his first leader, but when it appeared no one liked it, and as mustard is poisonous unless made afresh every day, he left it alone, and it is a pity he should ever have tried it. Newspaper Editing is a fine theme for the d—; he can tell anyone more about his component parts than the editor "or any other man."

VARIETIES.

A FEW days since, an individual called at the Book and Stationery Depot in this town, and asked for an "unwrote letter and an antelope." After a little interrogation, it was discovered he wanted a sheet of letter-paper and an envelope.

A quiet old gentleman of New York thinks that it would be a good thing if Boston would invite all the street musicians of New York to take part in the coming jubilee, and keep them afterwards.

A cat near Iowa city has successfully "brought up" a family of young foxes.

The last New York strike is that of the coffin makers.



Latest D

The claims for damages Boston, Sallie, Jeff have been dismissed by demurrer of Great B other vessels is over-run Florida was concluded is believed awards \$2,000 defendants. The Board the Alabama to-day. The excessive heat of weeks in England, with thunder-storm which The potato disease

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Latest Despatches.

GENEVA, July 22.
The claims for damages caused by the vessels *Boston*, *Sallie*, *Jeff Davis*, *Joy*, and *Music*, have been dismissed by the Arbitrators. The demurrer of Great Britain concerning the other vessels is over-ruled. The case of the *Florida* was concluded to-day, the decision it is believed awards \$2,000,000 damages for the defendants. The Board took up the case of the *Alabama* to-day.

The excessive heat of the past three or four weeks in England, was succeeded by a heavy thunder-storm which greatly cooled the air. The potato disease has made its appearance.

LONDON, 23.
The conditions of the hop crop is favourable, with the prospects of a large yield.

It is understood that before Parliament adjourns the government will send in a communication relative to the proceedings before the Geneva Tribunal.

It is ascertained that Mayne, the English correspondent was not murdered, but his death was accidental.

The Liverpool railway Porters are on a strike and the business is disorganized.

In the House of Commons this afternoon, there was a discussion on the subject of arrivals of French communists into England. Sir Robert Peel after alluding to the fact that Germany expelled Jesuits, asked the Premier whether the government intends to enforce the section of the Roman Catholic Religion Act, of 1829, providing for the banishment from England of all members of the Society of Jesuits. Mr. Gladstone said the subject was important, and must be taken into serious consideration by the government. He added that although the law in question was nearly half a century old, no steps had yet been taken for its enforcement.

NEW YORK, 23.
Stokes' lawyers are about to apply to Judge Safford to liberate him on bail.

President Grant left Long Branch last evening for Washington to attend to official business.

The steamer *New England* on her trip from St. John to Boston, yesterday, was wrecked on the Wolyes, 15 miles off Eastport. She ran ashore in a dense fog, and will prove a total loss. She is valued at \$140,000. No insurance. Passengers and luggage saved. Gold 114 1/2.

M. O. A. de Tonneins.

Paris is threatened with a very singular duel for the 26th December, the challenger being M. O. A. de Tonneins, in private life a solicitor, in his public capacity ex-King of Araucania, and now a pretender to the throne of that country. The career of M. de Tonneins has been a very remarkable one and among a people less prone to look at the factious side of questions than the French, M. de Tonneins might pass for a rather remarkable man. Born in 1820, he practised for a while as solicitor at Periguex, and then emigrated to South America, where he soon obtained so great an influence over the different peoples of Araucania that they united together and elected him their King in 1861. The new monarch, who called himself Orelie-Antoine I., gave his subjects a constitution like that which France then enjoyed, proclaimed the use of the Code Napoleon, and, with a view to establishing close relations between his kingdom and his mother country, appealed to the French nation for a public subscription, which was to pay the expenses of emigrants. The subscription was not a success, but on the 23rd of September, 1861, the Paris "Temps" published an article which advocated with some energy the cause of the solicitor-king, and reproved the French for their incorrigible flippancy in railing at a man who was after all patriotically endeavouring to extend the influence of France. How Araucania might eventually have fared under its French king there is no saying, for the Chilian government, taking alarm at Orelie-Antoine's doings, declared war against him; and on the 4th of January, 1862, just after King Orelie had returned to the plain of Los Perales, after making a tour through his kingdom to organize the national defence, he was kidnapped by a troop of Chilian cavalry and imprisoned at Nacimiento. Araucania having been an independent State since 1773, and there being some irregularity in the Chilian war declaration, it was contended by Viscount de Cazotte, the French Consul at Santiago, that King Orelie's arrest was contrary to international law, and the diplomatic controversy on this point was still pending when the king escaped from prison by filing through the bars of his cell and plunging

valiantly into a river, notwithstanding the bullets which the sentinels fired at him. This gave the high court of Santiago, a pretext for declaring the lawyer-potentate to be a madman, and on being recaptured Orelie was confined in a lunatic asylum, where he remained until, by M. de Cazotte's intercession, he was allowed to embark for Europe at his own expense. Soon after his return to France, King Orelie, having got into pecuniary difficulties, was prosecuted by a tradesman from whom he had obtained goods by calling himself Prince de Tonneins; but the Correctional Court of Paris decided in 1864, that the ex-king of Araucania, having been duly elected by his subjects, was fairly entitled to style himself a prince if he chose. Since then Prince de Tonneins has founded a weekly newspaper, "La Nouronne d'Acier," the latest number of which contains a challenge from the royal editor to the gentleman who appears to be the reigning king of Araucania. This monarch is also a Frenchman, his name is Panchut, and he was once the friend and bosom companion of Orelie I. Instead of sharing his sovereign's reverses, however, he ungenerously took advantage of his misfortunes to have himself elected King in his place; and by the challenge above-mentioned, in which Panchut I. is styled "rebel subject" and "usurper," Orelie suggests a duel with lances, "the national weapon of Araucania," to come off at the Bois de Vincennes on Christmas Day next. There is no doubt that if King Panchut would kindly cross the Atlantic to meet his former friend, he would be setting a valuable precedent for the settlement of dynastic squabbles hereafter; on the other hand, if the crown of Araucania be worth fighting for, it is perhaps expecting too much of him that he should risk it on the jerk of a lasso. —*Pall Mall Budget*, June 28.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.

July 23—Luicita, Cavera, Porto Rico, molasses and sugar—Punton & Munn.
24—Pitho, Bannor, Port Caul, coal—Punton & Munn.
25—Trusty, Kehoe, St. Vincent, molasses and sugar—Punton & Munn.
Queen of the West, Huschan, Figuria, alt—Ridley & Sons.
26—Princess Helena, Swingston, Liverpool, salt—Punton & Munn.

CLEARED.

July 24—Two Brothers, Pike, Sydney, ballast—Punton & Munn.

FOR SALE!

A First-Class Double
WAGON,
(CARNELL'S MAKE.)

For particulars apply at the Office of this Paper.
July 12. ttf

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of

Coloured French Kid
GLOVES,

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9. ttf

NOTICE.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a FIRST-CLASS

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,

Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON,
Harbor Grace, May 14, 1872. ttf

NOTICES.

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 recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
Keating's Worm Tablets
" Cough Lozenges
Rowland's Odonto
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lampough's Pyretic Saline
Powell's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil
Balsam of Life
Chlorodyne
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Opodilloc
Radway's Ready Relief
Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
" Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rossiter's "
Ayer's Hair Vigor
" Sarsaparilla
" Cherry Pectoral
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup
Kaye's Coaguline
India Rubber Sponge
Teething Rings
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Welch's Pills
Cockle's "
Holloway's "
Norton's "
Hunt's "
Morrison's "
Radway's "
Ayer's "
Parsons' "
Jaynes' "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve
Russia Salve

134 Water Street, Harbor Grace Medical Hall, W. H. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

Morehead's Plaster
Corn Plasters
Mather's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink
Corn Flour, Fresh Hops
Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue
Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey
Best Ground Coffee
Nixey's Black Lead
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
Brown's Bronchael Troches
Woodill's Worm Lozenges
" Baking Powder
McLean's Vermifuge
Lear's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies
Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1/4 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea
Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calcined Magnesia
Enema Instruments
Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastiles
Seidlitz Powders
Furniture Polish
Plate Polish
Flavouring Essences
Spices, &c., &c.
Robinson's Patent Barley
" Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.
Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
May 14. ttf

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,

[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT.]

COMMISSION AGENTS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

DRY & PICKLED FISH,

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.
St. John's, May 7. ttf

SAIL-MAKING.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to acquaint their friends and the Public that they have taken the Rooms formerly occupied by the late Mr. James Meech, where they hope to obtain a share of patronage.

Fellows' Compound Syrup

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

ORDERS SOLICITED.
MORRIS & PARSONS.
May 14. ttf

all necessary defects can be explained to the satisfaction of the Peace.

NOT A J. P.

HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

The cricket players have not yet started this season. They are waiting for the humidity of defeat.

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Yours, &c., THE OLD ELEVEN.

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HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

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HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

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THE STAR.

The Drowned Man.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

The night was dark and gloomy,
As we at anchor rode,
And the sombre sky was burdened
In dark and dismal mode.

No sound, but the sound of the water,
Disturbed the stillness of night,
And the lamp that burnt in the cabin
Shone with a glimmering light.

The pilot was tired and sleepy,
His eyes were dark and dim;
And many a manly wrinkle
Hard work had left on him.

But while the deck he slowly paced,
He was passed by one of the crew;
'Tis true he saw the man was drunk,
But his form he hardly knew.

But before another minute
He passed again with a dash,
And then from o'er the bulwarks
Was heard a dreadful splash.

Then a cry for help was heard,
A shriek from his very heart,
Which told in terms of anguish
He was loath from life to part.

Another cry—and yet two more,
As if he combated with fate,
And 'fore the boat could be got off
Alas! it was too late.

The tide was running swiftly,
And death seemed staring grim,
And mocking at his efforts
As still he tried to swim.

A cold sweat came upon his brow,
And he uttered his last heart cry;
But still no helping hand appeared,
And he was doomed to die.

And now, when he was sober,
And his drunken fit was o'er,
He sank again another time,
But he sank to rise no more.

SEARCHING FOR A WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Wait? Yes; I could do anything now. I felt new life within me, new thoughts new purposes crowded my mind, and I determined to win a name that Leonora should be proud of. That night, my dreams were of heaven; and the bright genius that shone in them all was the lovely face of my promised bride.

The following day, I was sitting in one of the private parlors with Leonora, when the door opened, and my father entered.

For a moment I was nonplussed, and must have changed color like a chameleon. After greeting him, I led Leonora forward, and said—

My father, please to welcome this lady as your future daughter.

The corners of his mouth twitched nervously; for a moment he regarded me with a quizzical expression upon his genial features, then he pressed his hands to his sides, and burst into a spasm of uproarious laughter.

Indignation took possession of me, and I demanded an explanation.

My father endeavored to speak, but failed, while I stood confronting him, with my hands thrust deep into my pockets, and my teeth firm set. At last it became intolerable, and I excitedly shouted for him to speak.

He gave two or three gasps, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his mouth was wide open—ejaculated in broken accents—

You young rascal!—ha! ha! ha! You've done it—ha, he, oh!—I knew you would—ha! ha! oh!

Done what? What do you mean?
Why, fell in—ha! ha!—love with—ha! ha!—just the one I wanted you to!

I turned toward Leonora; she was standing with hands clasped and downcast eye. My father's words brought back to my mind the fact that Hastings was the name of the golden-haired beauty. Turning, I exclaimed—

And is this a daughter of your friend?
Of—ha, ha!—course it—ha, ha!—is—oh, dear!

And was it not you I saw at Wallack's?
Certainly—ha, ha!—you blockhead—ha, ha!—And the tears of laughter rolled down my father's cheeks in streams.

At last he became quiet, and offered the following explanation:—

A few days before you left home for Chicago, Mr. Hastings wrote me that Leonora was in New York. I then matured my plan. The morning after you left, I also started

for New York, and was with Leonora, at the house of a mutual friend. I saw you in the St. Nicholas, and saw what a fool you made of yourself in the street. I did not tell Leonora who you were; but joked her severely in regard to Wallack's, and ascertained that her mind dwelt considerably upon the stranger. During that time I wrote letters to you, and sent them to Boston to be mailed. As it is, circumstances have carried out my ideas equally as well as the plan which I had in mind.

Once again I turned toward my betrothed; the warm blood had reached her temples, and she appeared somewhat embarrassed. Advancing, I took her hand, and gazed into the clear depths of those fathomless orbs.

She raised her face to mine, and murmured—
Are you about to discard me because of my name?

No, he is going to put 'personals' in the 'Herald' and let his father answer them, interrupted my father, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

In answer to Leonora's question, I opened my arms. She hesitated a moment, and then flew into them, and since that day they have been her resting-place, and may God spare her to me many years more, is my constant prayer.

Up in a Balloon.

Ah! she was a stunner! continued Jenkyns. You should have heard that girl whistle and sing!—you should hear her laugh! She was a delightful companion. We rode together, and danced together, sang together. I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity to propose to her. So, one day, when we went out together fishing on the lake, I flapped down upon my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

Don't be a fool! she said. Now drop it, do, and put me a fresh worm on.

Oh! Fanny! I exclaimed, don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—

I tell you what it is, now, she replied angrily, if you don't stop it I'll pitch you out of the boat!

Gentlemen, said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, I did drop it, and I give you my word and honour, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then, seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us and burst into a fit of laughter, which fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. Jenkyns, said I to myself, revenge! revenge! I disguised my feelings: I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. We pulled to the bank. I went to the house and changed my garments. When I appeared at the dinner table I perceived that everyone had been informed of my ducking. Universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. Jenkyns, said I, revenge! The opportunity soon offered, There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father to let her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans. I bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the balloon should have risen. I learned from him the management of the balloon though I knew that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came and the weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

Am I to lose my air expedition? she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. Someone understands the management of this thing, surely! Nobody? Tom! she called out to me, you understand it, don't you?

Perfectly, I answered.
Come along, then, she cried. Be quick! before papa comes back.

The company in general tried to dissuade her from the project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the houses, and she laughed and said:

How jolly! We are higher than the highest trees! and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her.

We were so high that people below looked like mere specks. She hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

I understand the going up part, I answered. To come down is not so easy—and I whistled.

What do you mean? she cried.
Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard, I replied, suiting the action to the word.

Don't be foolish, Tom, she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling unconsciously.

Foolish! I said. Oh! dear, no. But, whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to force the pace—and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it cripples! and over went another sand-bag.

Why, you are mad, surely! shrieked she in terror, and she tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

Only with love! my dear, answered I smiling pleasantly—only with love for you. Oh! Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.

I gave you an answer the other day, she replied—one which I should have thought you would have remembered, she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

I remember it perfectly I answered; but I intend to have a different reply from that. You see those five sand-bags? I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag. So, lady fair, as the cabman would say, reconsider your decision and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.

I won't! she said, I never will! And let me tell you, you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.

You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? I rejoined.

She laughed again—for she was a plucky girl.

However, I went on, it's no use arguing about it; will you promise to give me your hand?

Never! she answered. I'll go to Ursa Major first—though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?

She looked so pretty I was almost inclined to let her off. I was only trying to frighten her, of course. I knew how high we could safely go well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country. But resolution was one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through; so I threw over another sand-bag and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

Come! Mr. Jenkyns, she said suddenly—come Tom—let us descend now and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about this. I continued the execution of the Dead March.

But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.

I laughed, seized another bag, and looking steadily at her, said:

Will you promise now to give me your hand?

I have answered you already, was the reply.

Over went the sand and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

I thought you were a gentleman! said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath. I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken. Why, a chimney sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way! Do you know you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?

I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, and begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and, standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger—or Boadicea, if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

I command you to commence the descent! The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few moments silence, I took up another sand-bag, and said:

We are getting rather high. If you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us we are trespassing. Will you promise me your hand?

She sat in sulky silence on the bottom of

the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees and bursting into tears she said:

Oh! forgive me what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.

Not a wife? said I, firm in my resolve to have the desired answer.

I can't! I can't! she moaned.

Over went the fourth bag. I began to think she had beaten me, after all, for I did not like to go much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments to give her time for reflection, and then said:

Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven; if you don't take care ours will be solemnized there. I took up the fifth bag. Come, I said, my wife in life or my companion in death—which is it to be? and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She hid her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms as if it had been a baby. Come Fanny, give me your promise. I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing; and I confess she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car and saying: Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to your lowest groom in the stables—endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Pankinwanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall command. I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up and said, with a queerish expression on her face:

You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.

With all your heart? I asked quickly. With all my heart, she answered, with the same strange smile.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

Gentlemen, said Jenkyns, after a moment's hesitation, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hands as if he was going to take an oath, gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master, when I had helped Fanny to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which, she assured me, had been given with all her heart.

You villain! said Sir George, advancing towards me with a horse-whip in his hand—you villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!

Sir George, said I, villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and, as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble. And, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two and threw the pieces on the ground. And now I shall have the honour of wishing you good morning. Miss, I forgive you. And I retired.

Now, I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct!

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