

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOLUME III.

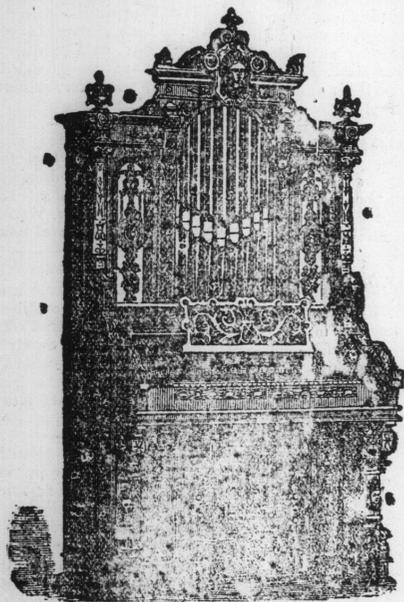
HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, JANUARY 21, 1875.

NUMBER XXXIV

### NOTICE.

#### SIMMONS & CLOUGH ORGAN CO'S IMPROVED CABINET ORGANS

PRE-EMPTION FOR PURITY OF TONE.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

#### GRAND COMBINATION ORGANS

FITTED WITH THE NEWLY INVENTED

#### SCRIBNER'S PATENT QUALIFYING TUBES

An invention having a most important bearing on the future reputation of Read Instruments, by means of which the quantity or volume of tone is very largely increased, and the quality of tone rendered

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

Our celebrated "Vox Celeste," "Louis Patent," "Vox Humana," "Wilcox Patent," "Octave Coupler," the charming "Cello" or "Clarinet," Stops,

#### AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS!

Can be obtained only in these Organs.

Thirty-five different styles for the Parlor and the Church. The Best Material and Workmanship Quality and Volume of Tone unequalled.

PRICE.....\$50 to \$500

Factory & Warehouse, Cor 6th Congress Street Detroit Michigan.

[Established, 1850.]

Address Simmons & Clough Organ Co., Detroit, Michigan. Price list furnished, and orders received at makers' prices, on application to

F. W. BOWDEN, "Public Ledger" Office, Agent for Newfoundland.

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,  
69 William St., New York.

July 16

#### SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

BEG respectfully to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON.

May 14.

#### FITS CURED FREE.

Any person suffering from the above disease is requested to address Dr. PRICE and a trial bottle of medicine will be forwarded by Express,

#### FREE!

Dr. PRICE is a regular physician and has made the treatment of  
**FITS AND EPILEPSY**  
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  
**WILL CURE YOU,**  
no matter how long standing your case may be, or how many other remedies may have failed.

Circulars and testimonials sent with  
**FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.**

Address  
Dr. CHAS. T. PRICE,  
64 William Street, New York

July 16.

#### MRS. MAHAR,

can accommodate a limited number of

#### BOARDERS

at her Residence, adjoining the shop occupied by Mr N. OHMAN, Aug. 13.

### STORY.

#### THE PRIMROSE

I saw it in my evening walk  
A little lonely flower—  
Under a hollow bank it grew  
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarl'd root, to roof the cave,  
With Gothic fret-work sprung,  
Where jewell'd fern, and arum leaves,  
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,  
From an old tree's fallen shell  
A little rill, that clapt about  
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,  
She seem'd to sit and look  
On her own maiden loveliness  
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew  
Beside my pensive maid,  
She dwelt alone, a cloister'd nun,  
In solitude and shade.

No sunbeam on that fairy pool  
Darted its dazzling light—  
Only, methought, some clear, cold star,  
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—  
No eye, methought, but mine  
Or the young lambs that came to drink  
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness for me  
In such belief—cold eyes  
That slight dear nature's loveliness,  
Profain her mysteries.

Long time I look'd, and lingered there  
Absorbed in still delight,  
My spirits drank deep quietness  
In with that quiet sight.

#### CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown;  
Contented thoughts my rest;  
My heart is happy in itself;  
My bliss is in my breast,

Enough, I reckon wealth;  
A mean, the surest lot;  
That lies too high for base contempt,  
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few  
All easy to fulfill:  
I make the limits of my power  
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one  
Which is of Heavenly reign:  
Effects attain'd, or not desired,  
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin;  
Well-doing is my wealth:  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While Grace affordeth health,

I wrestle not with rage  
While fury's flame doth burn;  
It is in vain to stop the stream  
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,  
And ebbing wrath doth end  
I turn a late enraged foe  
Into a quiet friend;

And taught with often proof,  
A temper'd calm I find  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms  
Can cast my comforts down:  
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown;

And when, in froward mood  
She moved an angry foe,  
Small gain I found to let her come  
Less loss to let her go.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

##### A BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A suspension bridge at Bristol, England has been since its erection the scene of no less than ten suicides the latest being that of a young girl, whose intention being divined by the toll-keeper ran from him and threw herself from the bridge. As she ran she looked back at him several times and smiled, thus showing that she was insane. It is a singular fact that in England such elevated places as monuments and bridges frequently develop any latent suicidal mania which may exist in the minds of persons visiting them.

No Chinaman has ever yet become a book agent.

#### EXTRAORDINARY AND REVOLTING ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday night last an accident occurred on the road to Hall-Corners, which is most remarkable when regarded in several ways. On that day Mr. Andrew Gage, tavern-keeper at the Corners, drove a light waggon and team into town. One of the team was a small black mare and when Mr. Gage with Mr. Hoey and Mr. Eustace set out for home in the evening she appeared all right. While driving along the road below the mountain near Mr. Jardine's place she was noticed to stumble, but nothing else being observed, the party drove rapidly on to Albionville where they stopped for a short entertainment. They drove on, and Mr. Eustace, when near McGill's blacksmith shop told Gage that he was driving too fast, and took the lines. While near Swazie's Corners Eustace noticed that the mare was going a little lame (it was very dark and the horses could not well be seen) and he remarked it, but she seemed to get over it. The party stopped at the Corners, and after more entertainment drove on and reached home, having travelled the fourteen miles in about two hours. The horses were unhitched and taken to the stable; as the mare entered the door, some one standing by heard the squish of blood or some liquid near her feet. A light was brought, and to the sickening horror of every one present, it was seen that her left hind foot was broken off. The men were struck dumb with horror and could scarce believe their senses. It was then remembered that all the way home the mare had not only kept up the pace, but had to be held back, as she was bent on pushing ahead, and that when she went into the stable she made no movement to indicate her fearful condition. She was thrown down and the hoof examined. It was found that she had in some way broken the bone between the fetlock and the hoof close off, and that the continued trotting (what agonies that poor dumb brute must have suffered!) had by means of the sharp edges of the broken bone cut through the flesh and skin until when she reached home she was standing on the stump of the leg, with the hoof flopping after her at every step, being attached only by a piece of the hide not yet severed. The poor mare, though suffering terribly gave no symptoms of it, but as she was useless, she was speedily put out of pain by being killed. The accident has created great excitement as it is of such an unheard-of nature. Examination next day showed marks of blood along the hard frozen road for more than three miles back, which showed that the accident that broke the leg must have occurred much further back still, as the flesh and skin had to be cut through before the blood could escape, and large quantities of it must have been lost.

The whole case is one too revolting to dwell upon, and is one of the class we are glad to dismiss. The question is how could the horse have jogged so rapidly onwards and pulled so hard upon the lines while she was in such agony? Mr. Gage was offered a large sum of money for the mare when he was in town.—*Hamilton Times*, Dec. 12.

#### ACCIDENT ON MOUNT SAINT BERNARD.

The London Times of the 28th November contains the following account of the recent terrible catastrophe on Mount St Bernard, a brief announcement of which has already reached us by telegraph:— On Monday morning it was rumoured in Stion that a frightful accident had happened at a few kilometres from the great St. Bernard. The rumour, unfortunately proved to be well founded. On the 19th inst., at the break of day a caravan composed of twelve Italian workmen returning to their country, left the Bourg St Pierre and the tavern of Proz where they had passed the night and, despite the foul weather and difficult state of the roads, attempted to cross the mountain pass or to reach the refuge, as circumstances might allow. The sky was dark and there was a violent snow drift. On reaching the spot known as the Mantagne St Pierre half way between the starting point and the place of refuge they were joined by two monks,—proceeded by the convent servant and a large sized dog, who, according to the rule of the monastery came to meet the travellers. At this moment the drift of snow became intense. Suddenly a frozen waterspout, called 'veurs' in the language of the mountaineers, whirled through the air, and, whisking up the fresh fallen snow, enveloped the travellers. The first column composed of five Italian workmen two monks, the servant and the dog, disappeared under a shroud of snow several metres thick without any avalanche having fallen from the mountain, the seven others who were following were stricken down by the same cause a short distance from the first. A dead silence followed, suddenly

denly the seven last victims buried in the snow succeeded in emerging from beneath the white surface. They were saved and they returned to their starting place, after having made every endeavour to rescue their comrades from the grave in which they are probably, at this moment of writing, still alive. One of the men succeeded by the force of instinct and the energy of despair, in breaking through the ice piled above him. It was the monk Contat, from Sembracher. He dragged his bleeding limbs about a mile and a half from the grave where he had been buried for several hours and reached the first hut, called the 'hospital' and situated close to the Velan. It is there the young monk was found the next morning nearly insensible, after having been twenty-seven hours alone, without food or assistance of any kind, by his brother monks of the convent, who had come to look after the victims of the catastrophe. How did they become aware of the catastrophe? The dog Truco had succeeded in scratching through the snow and found his way back to the convent. At the sight of this noble animal with his bruised and bleeding body, the monks no longer had any doubt as to the fate of their two brothers, and started at once to seek for them. A flask of spirits applied to the mouth of the survivor of this scene—which is here narrated from his own description—restored him to life for a short space, for a few minutes later he was a corpse. His colleague and six other companions, buried beneath the 'veurs' have not yet been found. This is the most terrible accident which has happened on Mount St Bernard since the year 1816.

#### THE PREAKNESS CALAMITY.

On Thursday afternoon last every road that led from the surrounding mountains to the valley where the Preakness Reformed Church stands was crowded with people on their way to the funeral of the Dotterweich children, who were drowned on the previous Sunday. The little brick church and the grounds around it were crowded long before the funeral cortege with the five coffins, arrived. The procession entered the church at 1.30, the group of ministers coming first, followed by twenty boys, schoolmates of the Dotterweich children who bore the coffins. Behind these were the parents and survivors of the family. A solemn silence fell on the audience, broken only by the convulsive sobs of the bereaved mother. The father was conducted to a seat in the front pew to the right hand aisle. The pall bearers took seats that had been reserved for them on the other side of the church. Rev Mr. Boynton offered the invocation, after which the choir sang 'Bright Forever' and Rev. Mr. Janson of Pompton read from Matthew xix, 14: 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' The Rev. Dr. Spear followed in prayer. The choir then sang 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and the pastor delivered a short sermon from 2d Cor. i, 3. At its conclusion after music by the choir, Rev Mr. Wahrenberger of Paterson made a short impressive prayer while the lids were being removed from the coffins the choir sang 'Where the weary cease.' The cover was lifted from the coffin containing the body of the eldest girl, and when the features of the beautiful girl were exposed to view the mother broke into loud lamentations.

The caskets were of black walnut with silver mountings, and bore plain silver plates with the following inscriptions:— 'Caroline Dotterweich, aged 16 years, two days; Augusta aged fourteen years eight months and nine days; Maggie aged thirteen years and six days; Phillip aged nine years, ten months and three days; Barbara, aged six years, five months and nine days. Rev Mr King pronounced the benediction which closed the services in the church. For two hours a continuous stream of people passed in one aisle and looked at the children, the family sobbing all the time. When the girls passed who had worked in the mill with the eldest they stooped and kissed her and passed on with tears streaming from their eyes. This was more than the father could bear, and his sobs broke out afresh. After the children of the Sabbath School had filed past the parents were led forward. When the father reached the first coffin he threw up his hands crying 'Oh my God, my God! God by!' He fell on his knees. He was assisted to each in succession, kissing each as did the mother and other members of the family. The coffins were placed in one large grave and the first clods thrown on them as the sun was setting. Fully one thousand people stood around the grave, and listened to the service.

The German consul at San Sebastine writes that the captain and a portion of the crew of the German barque 'Gustave' have been imprisoned.

THE BURNED SHIP.

LONDON, Dec. 28. A telegram from Madeira reports that the British ship Cospatrick, which has been burned at sea, was found from London for Auckland, New Zealand. She sailed from London September 14, and was spoken the 21st October in latitude 11 south longitude 34 west. She took fire during the voyage, and was totally destroyed Thursday the 19th of November. The disaster occurred when the vessel was in latitude 37 south and longitude 82 east, off the Cape of Good Hope.

The British ship Sceptre picked up one of the boats of the Cospatrick. It contained three survivors of the wreck. These were the second mate named McDonald and two sailors. They had been ten days drifting about in the boat. During a greater portion of this time they sustained their lives by drinking human blood and eating human flesh taken from the bodies of others, their companions, who died in the boat. The remainder of the crew of the Cospatrick four cabin passengers and 424 steerage passengers who had emigrated under the government regulations for Australasia, are supposed to have been lost.

The government emigrants were, for the most part, agricultural labourers, who left England in consequence of the operation of the recent law strikes. Many of them were married and were accompanied by their families.

LONDON, 29. A telegram received by the vessel's owners confirms the reported burning of the emigrant ship Cospatrick.

The Superintendent of the Brazilian Telegraph Cable at Madeira also telegraphs that only three persons are at present known to survive—namely, the second mate and two seamen. They were picked up by the British ship Sceptre after having been ten days in an open boat, subsisting part of the time upon the flesh and blood of others who died while in the boat.

Yesterday afternoon a Herald reporter went on board the ship Forthshire now lying at Brooklyn, which vessel belonged to the same owners as the ill-fated ship Cospatrick, burned at sea while on her voyage from London to New Zealand—to gain information respecting the unfortunate vessel.

The following is the statement of the captain of the Forthshire:

The Cospatrick has been employed for many years past in carrying British troops to India. She has run of late years in Shaw Savill's New Zealand passenger line. The agents of these vessels when they come home by way of New York are A. Kell, Tufts & Co. The last voyage the Cospatrick took previous to her fatal trip was when carrying a cargo of tin from Demerara. She was frigate built, in the fashion of the teak ships built by the old East India Company. In spite of her build, the Cospatrick was a fast sailer. I should estimate her value at £60,000. She sailed regularly to India for fourteen years. The following would be an approximate estimate of her officers and crew—Captain, three mates, four quartermasters, carpenter, boat, swain, steward and about twenty eight crew. She would carry about 425 adult passengers her capacity in this respect being almost identical with that of my ship.

The name of her captain is Alexander Elm lie. He is about thirty eight years of age, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland and is a married man, having one or two children. He took command of the Cospatrick about 1868, when his brother left her to take out a steam corvette to the Sultan of Zanzibar purchased by Smith Fleming & Co., of London. The captain of the Cospatrick was a remarkably careful navigator almost over careful if such a quality be possible.

I would not be at all surprised to learn if the disaster had been brought about by the emigrants smoking between decks. Our English emigrant laws do not give the masters of vessels sufficient power to punish men caught smoking when they are constantly in the habit of doing so. They will leave off smoking in your presence and recommence when your back is turned. We occasionally have men hauled up for this, and I have often told them that they deserve flogging for risking the lives of so many people. These emigrant ships are divided into three partitions, the single men forward, the married and children, and the single girls under the charge of a matron in the aft part of the ship. We masters of emigrant ships ought to have more power than we have to punish offenders against the emigrant laws. The doctor is the man who is in charge and calls upon the captain to carry his orders into effect.

With reference to our boats we have six, and I dare say the Cospatrick has the same—viz, two cutters, one long boat, two lifeboats, and one gig, capable of carrying 230 people. I think all emigrant ships ought to be provided with rafts put on board before the ship leaves port. Our boats average twenty five feet in length.—New York Herald.

Further details of the Cospatrick disaster state that when the vessel was first discovered to be on fire, eighty persons, mostly women, rushed into one of the boats, which was capsized and all were drowned. Soon after all the masts fell killing many. An explosion subsequently occurred in the stern of the vessel, completing the destruction. The total loss of life is estimated at 474.

Stanley the American explorer in Africa, left Zanzibar on the 15th November for Baguimojo, on the main and, whence he will make up his caravan for departure on his great errand of discovery.

A DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

From a gentleman of this city who has just returned from Cattaraugus county, we learn the following facts, which have been suppressed by the newspapers of that vicinity.—

A respectable business man residing in Cortland county, was engaged to be married to a young lady who resided at Olean, Cattaraugus county. The wedding was fixed and the guests were assembled at the house of the young lady's parents. The groom was delayed while en route to Olean, but he telegraphed to the family to retain the guests until his arrival, about three hours later than the appointed time. This was the basis for the disgraceful scenes that followed.—It appears that a number of the young men of Olean were envious of the Cortland man and did not like the idea of a stranger carrying his intended bride away from them. Upon hearing of the delay upon the railroad they went to the depot at the hour for the arrival of the train, met the expected groom, took him to a saloon and induced him to drink drugged liquor, and when he had become sufficiently intoxicated to suit their purposes he was taken to the house of his affianced and presented to the bride and her parents and the guests. This disgraceful trick worked just as the authors intended it should. The bride's parents ordered him from their house and the wedding festivities were broken up. Not content with what they had done the conspirators employed five or six negroes to prepare a coat of tar and feathers and give the groom a ride upon a rail. The victim was taken back to the saloon more liquor was poured into him, and while the orgies were going on the negroes appeared, hustled the inebriated Cortland man out of doors applied tar and feathers to his hair, face and long whiskers, and then rode him upon a rail. When the scoundrels had finished this finish game they left him to himself. The facts were subsequently made known to the young lady and her parents, and the arrangements for the wedding were arranged and the couple was made happy as soon as the Cortland man had recovered from the effects of the dastardly outrage that had been committed upon him.—[Utica Herald.]

CASUALTIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

An English correspondent writes that winter in the North of England and Scotland has been very severe. Three snow storms had come previous to Dec 9; two had gone but the last remained. Snow had not then fallen in London, although it fell and remained one night at Windsor. Some persons perished in the heavy snow drifts of the North. The losses at sea and on the coast were terrible. A timber laden vessel from Quebec making the Tyne was lost with all her crew of fifteen.

Referring to the loss of the cutter in the Royal navy service which was run down by a steamer on the Clyde and fifteen of the men drowned, our correspondent says, few of the bodies have been recovered. Although an official enquiry has been instituted into the cause of the calamity, yet nothing more satisfactory is likely to be elicited than that the steamer's officers, when they observed a collision possible sounded the steam whistle, backed the engines and thus endeavoured to save the cutter; and that the coxswain of the latter thought that the men could cut across before the steamer would be up, save the miscalculation, endeavoured to back everything; and was too late. We have already referred to the tragedy when twenty three miners were killed by the explosion of gas in a coal pit at Bartholomew in Yorkshire, near Sheffield. It appears that the pit was deemed safe, and some of the men are supposed to have been using naked lights, when an old working had been struck into, and the explosion had been almost simultaneous with the opening. As would be naturally expected the catastrophe caused great excitement in the neighborhood; and the wife of one of the men thus lost is said to have become insane. As a number of the miners were married the women and children dependent on them are numerous; but in these cases now the owners generally make some provision for families deprived of their bread winner in those underground accidents, that might be prevented by an additional shaft, and an artificially driven atmospherical current.

The agent sent out by the Nebraska State Aid Society, has returned from the grass-hopper district having carefully visited seven counties. His report shows that 2,300 people need daily rations and clothing till they can raise something to subsist upon in the spring. There have been no cases of persons starving. The people are not inactive. They have been and are still ploughing and getting ready for spring planting. But very few persons are leaving the district.

The Canadian inland revenue act, went into force on the 1st inst.

CHARLEY ROSS.

New York, Dec. 14. This morning Supt. Walling received a despatch from Port Hamilton stating that two men named Wm Moseley and Joseph Douglass were shot and killed there last night, while attempting to commit a burglary. Douglass before dying declared that Masher knew all about Charley Ross, stolen from Philadelphia. A detective was at once despatched from the central office to identify the burglars. Masher is supposed to have been the man who wore goggles and induced the boy into the buggy at the time of his abduction.

The burglary was attempted on the residence of ex-Judge Van Brunt, on the Coney Island road at Bay Ridge, Long Island. The Judge saw them endeavouring to force an entrance and fired two shots both of which took effect one killing Masher instantly and the other so wounding Douglass that he died in an hour afterwards. Douglass stated positively that it was Masher who abducted Charley Ross.

The details of the attempted robbery and the shooting of the robbers at Bay Ridge are as follows:—The house of Judge Van Brunt is situated on the water front and is unoccupied. The robbers sat 2 1/2 this morning, on entering it, aimed the inmates of the residence of Holms Van Brunt, who with his son his gardener and a German turned out with firearms to watch for the burglars when they left the house. The robbers on leaving fired at Van Brunt and the gardener but without effect, and then ran to where young Van Brunt and the German were stationed. The whole party then called on the robbers to surrender but they did not reply and fire was opened on them one falling dead and the other being so badly wounded that he died in an hour. Several neighbors were attracted by the firing, including Richard Herkey who held a conversation with the wounded robber before he died.

The robber said his name was Joseph Douglass, and that the name of the dead robber was Wm Moseley. They were both of New York. The dying robber then voluntarily said that he and Moseley were the men who abducted Charley Ross; that he didn't know where Charley Ross is now; that Moseley had him concealed somewhere but he had not told Douglass where.

Douglass said Moseley was married and had six children, but whether Charley Ross was with them or not he did not know. He (Douglass) wanted a minister sent for, and begged God to forgive him. He was quite sensible when he made the above statement, and several persons heard him make it. He died just as a doctor arrived from New Utrecht.

The constables of the place took charge of the bodies, and the coroner will hold an inquest. They were undoubtedly five paces, and their boat was found on the shore half a mile distant.

It is stated at police headquarters in this city that the dead burglar's name was Masher and the Superintendent has sent Detective Sillick to identify the burglars. The detectives have been for some time believing from the descriptions and other information, that they had stolen the child.

Both men are well-known thieves and the Superintendent believes Masher is an escaped convict from Freehold New Jersey, where he was sent to jail for burglary, but managed to break out.

A short time ago these men were seen in Broadway, near the Metropolitan Hotel, and captain Irving with six men watched Broadway during a whole night, but the burglar, no doubt got wind of what was going on, and made themselves scarce.

The Superintendent was in communication with the officers of several other cities in relation to these men, and from time to time officers were sent to identify men who were arrested, but none happened to be the right ones.

Philadelphia detectives have in operation that Masher resided prior to the abduction on Monroe St. near Indiana Street in this city, and at that time owned a horse and carriage.

The team was stabled in a small street in the extreme lower end of the city, but since the stable had been demolished, the first intimation that Masher was connected with the Ross case came from New York.

Officer Cap. Heins has gone to New York. The officers also say that Mrs. Masher was watched over three weeks in New York, in hope she would communicate with her husband, but she was missed on day and has not been seen or heard since.

A protest has been entered against the return of Mr. Wallace for South Norfolk, Ont.

A Kingston despatch says that already there are a sufficient number of affidavits in the hands of Mr. Caruther's committee to unseat Mr. John, on petition for bribery by agents.

A young woman died at Brockville, Ont., recently from the effects of an attempt to produce abortion. The doctor in the case has been arrested.

Duchessme Poncelet who signed a letter to a French Archbishop offering to kill Prince Bismarck, asserts the alleged conspiracy was only a joke and says he signed the letter to the Archbishop while intoxicated.

Ex Governor Warmouth of Louisiana was tried for the murder of Byerley and discharged on the decision of "not proven."

By an explosion in a coal mine near Evanston, Warmouth territory, recently eight persons were killed.

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JESSE POMEROY FOUND GUILTY.

At six minutes past 10 o'clock last night the jury, in the case of Jesse Pomeroiy on trial for the murder of the boy Horace H. Millan in April last, having been out four hours and twenty one minutes, stated that they had arrived at a decision, which was that the prisoner at the bar, Jesse Harding Pomeroiy, was guilty of murder in the first degree. There was a hush in the court room as the words were spoken and it was some moments after the Court had thanked the jury for their attention and the wisdom they had displayed, that the stillness was broken.

The court then announced that the jury had submitted a paper to the Court asking that the sentence of death be commuted to imprisonment for life, on account of the youth of the convicted person. The document was signed by each one of the jurors.

The bearing of the prisoner was remarkable. Throughout the whole trial the proceedings were looked upon by him with marked indifference and he stood up and listened to the verdict of the jury with scarce a look that could be interpreted as that of surprise or anguish. His mother, who had been present from the hour of giving her testimony was considerably overcome and gave expression to her grief in tears. The crowd awaiting the verdict was quite large, and the general impression seemed to be that the verdict was eminently a just one.

The jury which has sat upon this case is considered one of the finest ever empanelled for the trial of a capital case in the Commonwealth.

THREE MEN KILLED BY NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Says a New York letter: A dreadful catastrophe occurred to three men Wednesday noon, on the farm of Thos. Stewart in Martie township. It seems that a man named P. Y. Cramer and his sons, James and John, residing between the York furnace and McCull's ferry near the mouth of Reed's Run, went into the woods to cut wood going in their cows' above the railroad. As they did not return home when dinner time arrived, search was at once instituted and the horrifying fact became known that two of them, the father and son James, had been blown to atoms, shreds of flesh and bits of bone being picked up for squares away from the scene of disaster. John, the other son was found dead in a shed near by, where it is supposed he had crawled to die.

How the accident occurred will never be positively known, but it has been ascertained that the railroad hands left a ninety six pound can of nitro glycerine standing near by, which is supposed to have been frozen, and in that state it is said the explosive powers are more severe than ever. In chopping the tree a chip thrown against the case would be sufficient to cause the glycerine to explode, and it is probable that this is the way the affair occurred. The force of the explosion was so great that a hole was rent in the earth sufficiently large for a four-horse team to stand in without being seen.

The Superintendent was in communication with the officers of several other cities in relation to these men, and from time to time officers were sent to identify men who were arrested, but none happened to be the right ones.

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The team was stabled in a small street in the extreme lower end of the city, but since the stable had been demolished, the first intimation that Masher was connected with the Ross case came from New York.

Officer Cap. Heins has gone to New York. The officers also say that Mrs. Masher was watched over three weeks in New York, in hope she would communicate with her husband, but she was missed on day and has not been seen or heard since.

A protest has been entered against the return of Mr. Wallace for South Norfolk, Ont.

A Kingston despatch says that already there are a sufficient number of affidavits in the hands of Mr. Caruther's committee to unseat Mr. John, on petition for bribery by agents.

A young woman died at Brockville, Ont., recently from the effects of an attempt to produce abortion. The doctor in the case has been arrested.

Duchessme Poncelet who signed a letter to a French Archbishop offering to kill Prince Bismarck, asserts the alleged conspiracy was only a joke and says he signed the letter to the Archbishop while intoxicated.

Ex Governor Warmouth of Louisiana was tried for the murder of Byerley and discharged on the decision of "not proven."

By an explosion in a coal mine near Evanston, Warmouth territory, recently eight persons were killed.

The Canadian inland revenue act, went into force on the 1st inst.

NOTICE.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Harbor Grace STAII having been removed to No. 116 Water Street, opposite the premises of C. W. Ross & Co., the proprietor begs to inform his patrons that the paper will be published regularly, from this date, every Thursday morning.

To Correspondents.—We are in receipt of "Critics" communication; but that part of it alluding to the snubbing of V. O. T. by a young lady; and also his "antics" at the Masonic Ball, we consider rather too personal. If our correspondent will modify his remarks a little, we shall have no objection to publish his communication.

THE STAR

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1875.

The English mails may be expected at St. John's, to-day.

The Steam tug "Cabot" arrived here from St. John's, via Bay Roberts, Tuesday morning, and left about noon to return.

The Allan Mail Steamer "Caspian," Capt. Trocks, arrived at St. John's, from Halifax, on Thursday last, with passengers and mails, and left about 4 o'clock, p.m., for Queenstown and Liverpool.

The annual course of Lectures, Readings, &c., of the Catholic Institute St. John's, was opened at the Orphan Asylum, on Wednesday, 13th inst., with a lecture by Rev. Wm. Forristal, on the subject of "Pa. al Infallibility."

DIEN AND THINGS.

A NEW building is in course of erection here, under the architectural superintendence of Bibulus. The design is certainly unique. Surely we are on the eve of the much-wished-for time when swords shall be turned into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks.

We were highly pleased Friday last on receiving a copy of the St. John's "Times"—the first for a long time. We were half inclined to think that our old friend Mac had forgotten us; but we suppose the Harbormaster's ship and other "public" matters of importance engrossed his attention so much as to crowd us out of his memory.

The "Czar" and his Prime Minister continue to enjoy excellent health. We understand they are making arrangements for another great "coup d'etat," which they expect to see successfully carried out during the next session of the Legislature. They are at present engaged in a careful perusal of the lives of Nero and Caligula.

"Lives of great men all remind us, We should make them our lives' sublimes."

FEARS are entertained by the friends of the Government here lest their great political Antipope, the Hon. F. B. T. Carter, will not be present at the opening of the House. We assure them they need not fear for the old "State vehicle," as the reins have been placed in the hands of "Ambo."

Oh, Ambo! "last thou ever weighed a sigh, Or studied the philosophy of tears?"

THE first of a series of Assemblies, under the auspices of the Quadrille Party, came off at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening. The attendance being large and the arrangements complete, the evening's entertainment was heartily enjoyed by all present. The M. C. marshalled the happy host, and Eustache and Terpsichore lent enchantment to the scene.

OUR contemporaries the "Express" and "North Star" appear to be in a great race over the contemplated railroad. The "Express" says, "I'm right"; the "Star" says, "not so, I'm right." The people say, "you are both wrong, and if you were to amalgamate the contents of your Boeotian heads you would be incapable of advancing anything in regard to the question save Utopian ideas varnished with mercenary considerations." We say, leave the settlement of the matter to Mac of the "Times," and give us a rest.

THE Beecher trial at New York affords an inexhaustible supply of gossip for the newspapers, and while the Beecherites feel sure of their favorite's ability to vindicate his cause, the Tilt-tonians—among whom we notice the name of the celebrated Ben Butler—are equally sanguine that Theodore will triumph. Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, in her efforts to bolster the shattered reputation of her brother, seems to have entirely forgotten the injury she endeavored to do to the memory of the late Lord Byron, whose faults, if any, should be allowed to remain enshrouded with him in the tomb. The lesson is certainly a severe one and ought to impress Mrs. Stowe with the inconsistency of "condemning others while we ourselves are guilty."

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St. John's

**BRINGING HOME THE FIFTH WIFE**

We give an illustration of one of the unpleasant incidents that sometimes occur in the domestic circles of Mormondom. A wealthy and rather elderly Mormon brings home a new acquisition in the shape of a young and very pretty wife, who has been 'sealed' to him according to the rites of his Church. The ladies do not appear to be particularly well pleased with the action of their lord and master. The new wife will not have a very smooth time with her four sisters in harmony. But the despotic sway of the Church will compel them to accept her; and in time the present new-comer will have to take her place in the background in favor of some younger and more fascinating charmer.

In 1866 a man living in Worcester Massachusetts had his leg badly crushed, and he has been paralyzed ever since and confined to his bed. Any attempt to move was attended with excruciating pain in the injured limb, which would continue for several days. During all these years the sufferer did not believe his case incurable, and a few weeks ago at his own request the limb was amputated. The bone was found to be badly diseased and decayed. After the operation the patient began slowly to improve, and he is now in a fair way to recover.

Advices from Spain state that Gen. Martinez has espoused the cause of Prince Alphonso.

**SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.**

Bright Charlotte, O'Brien master of Newfoundland, in ballast, bound to Glouce Bay, was driven ashore at Bridgeport in a snow squall on the night of the 24th Dec and became a total wreck. The vessel lies above high water mark. The crew going ashore on the beach when she was driven up.

Schr. Teal, at Providence, 24th Dec, from Turks Island reports on the 20th during a heavy gale, Philip Walsh, of St John's, Newfoundland, seaman, was washed overboard and lost. He leaves a wife and four children.

Schooner Everett Steele, of this port Capt Frye which arrived from the Grand Banks on Monday reports the loss of two of her crew, John Hanley and Stewart Hadley, who left the vessel on the 8th Dec, to visit their trawl, and were drowned in consequence of their dory capsizing it being quite rough at the time. The dory was subsequently picked up. Hanley was a native of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Hadley of Guysboro, N.S. They were both young men and very married. The schr. experienced very rough weather the whole trip, had sails torn and broke fore and main booms. Gloucester (Cape Ann) Advertiser.

St John's, P.R., Nov. 25th. The brig Maggie S, of Halifax N.S. Hartery master, while leaving this port, on Nov. 14, with part cargo of molasses, to complete the same at Areibo, drove ashore at the mouth of this harbor, and, owing to the northerly wind immediately became a total wreck. Everything that could be landed has been brought ashore and will be sold. The cargo was totally lost.

Schr Snow Squall, of Crapaud, Capt Melhies on a voyage from Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, with a cargo of herring, shipped a heavy sea which broke in the rails and ten stanchions, and split the covering boards. The captain lashed himself to the side of the vessel and managed to stop the holes with blankets so that the water did not gain on the pumps, for some time. She pumps however finally gave out, and the schooner with all hand would have been lost had it not been for the timely assistance of the schr. Elmore Silver, which came alongside and took off all hands and landed them safe in Charlottetown. The Snow Squall belonged to Mr James Johnston, of Crapaud, who was on board at the time of the disaster.

The year now closed has been a disastrous one. We find that during the past year there have been 68 lives and 10 vessels lost, against 174 lives and 31 vessels in 1873. Of the ten vessels lost this year the crews of 7 were saved. The heaviest losses has been in the Grand and Western Bank fisheries, 63 lives and 5 vessels having been lost in their prosecution. For the first time in ten years the Georges fishery has been pursued without loss of a vessel, and but 2 lives have been sacrificed. One vessel has been lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence two employed in the Newfoundland herring fishery and one each in the shore winter Menhaden fisheries. The total tonnage of the 13 vessels lost 633,17 tons their value \$49,100; insurance, \$413,550; insurance on outfits, \$3,600. Of the 66 men lost, 18 were known to be married, leaving 18 widows and 37 children. Cape Ann Advertiser.

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW FOUNDLAND.**

A Dividend on the Capital Stock of this 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.

**NOTICES.**

**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. ff.

**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, cut 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.

**McMessin & 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. St. John's December 1.

**JOHN CODY**

Private Boarding House. 214 WATER STREET 214

**HARBOR GRACE.**

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

**Mrs. Hanrahan,**

can accommodate Two or Three permanent

**BOARDERS.**

Residence, No. 28 Water Street, west of the residence of T. H. Ridley, Esq. Aug 6. ff.

**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 Odoi 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 Fluid Magnesia " Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allan's Hair Restorer Rossiter's do

Ayer's Hair Vigor " Sarsaparilla

" Sherry Pectoral Pickles, French Capers,

Sauces, Soothing Syrup Kaye's Creaguline

India Rubber sponge Teething Rings, Sponge

Tooth Clothes, nail, Shoe stove brushes

Widow Welch's Pills Cockle do

Holloway's 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 Morchead's Plaster, Corn do

Mather's Feeding bottles bond's Marking Ink

Corn flour, Fresh Hops Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf

Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglas Bonnet blue,

best German Glycerine Lime Juice, Honey

Best Ground Coffee Nixy's black lead

Roth & Co's, Rat Paste Brown's Brochial Troches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges " Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge Lear's India Rubber Varnish

Gopal Varnish, Kerosene Oil Chimnies, wicks, Burners, &c.

Cod Liver Oil Fellows' Compound Syrup of

Hypophosphites Extract of Log wood 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 Pastilles Seidlitz 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.

Output orders will receive careful and prompt attention. July 16. 1tm.

**NOTICE**

**THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED COUGH MIXTURE**

One Bottle will convince you of its superiority over any cough preparation yet offered to the public. Prepared and sold at

THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace

**THOMPSON'S WORM SPECIFIC**

A safe and certain cure for Worms.

It is pleasant to take and sure to effect a cure. Prepared and sold at

THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace

**THOMPSON'S Rheumatic Liniment**

A few applications will be sufficient to relieve the most severe attack. Prepared and sold at

THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace.

**THOMPSON'S Compound Extract SARSAPARILLA,**

One of the best preparations ever introduced for purifying the blood. Prepared and sold at

THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace.

**Fellow's**

Compound Syrup of

HYPOPHOSPHITES

For sale at Thompson's Medical Hall, Harbor Grace

**Dr. Walker's California**

**Vinegar BITTERS,**

for purifying the blood, sold at Thompson's Medical Hall, Harbor Grace.

**THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

The Reserve Endowment and Reserve Dividend plan is the most popular in existence as shown by the business of last year.

W. H. THOMPSON, HARBOR GRACE,

General Agent for Newfoundland June 4.

**The Subscribers**

Would respectfully call the attention of their numerous customers, to their large and varied assortment of choice Family

**PROVISIONS AND**

**Groceries**

Just received and for sale at the lowest possible Prices

—Consisting in part of—

**Flour, Pork, Sugar, Tea**

Coffee, Oatmeal, Pease, Rice Calavances, Cheese, Hams, Bacon Molasses, Raisins, Sices, (all sorts) Pepper, Ginger, Mustard, Nuts Macaroni, Confectionary Jams Jellies, Preserves, Starch, Blue Bread Soda, W. Soda Tobacco Brooms, Buckets, Leather, Whiting Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Zinc White & other Paints Red & Yellow Ochre

**KEROSENE OIL COPAL VARNISH**

...ALSO...

Just received, and on hand a large stock of

ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN

**Clocks**

Electro and Alata Lute Wre Fish Slices, Forks Knives, Spoons, Ladles, Britania Metal Teapots and Coffee Pots, Gold & Silver Watches, Parlour Fancy Belows, Parlour and Bed-Room Looking Glasses, Japaned & Papier Maché Trays and Waiters, Saddles, Biddles, Martingales, Surs Carriage, Cart Horse and Riding Whips Trout Rods, Fly Hooks, Reels, Lines Floats &c, Gunter Scales, Parallel Rules and Shoe Size Sticks, Spirit Levels Measuring Tapes, Hat, Clothes, and Crumb Brushes, Curtain Bands, Rings, Roller Ends, &c, House, Table and Spring Beds, Egg Beaters, Tooth Picks, Violins, Strungs, Pins & Bridges, Con-certinas, Flutinas Futes, Fancy Pen Cases, Pencil Spectacles & Nose Clips, Opera Glasses

Telescopes, Roger's Superior Pen-knives Key Rings, Pocket and Boat Compasses Inkstands, Gas Meters and Fittings for Parlour, Hall, Kitchen and Shops.

One Dominion of Canada DIRECTORY will be sold cheap

One very nice Foot Bath, Perambulators and Cradles. JILLARD, BROTHERS.

**FISH BEAMS, GUAGING**

Rods, Scales and Weights Circular Spring Balances, to weigh 250 lbs., Fishing Lines

**LINES AND Hooks**

JILLARD, BROTHERS

—:—

A very nice Assortment of

**JEWELRY**

Brooches in Gold, Plated Gilt, Steel, Jet, &c., Ladies and Gents Signet Keeper Rings Gilt and Jet Crosses, Ear-rings Albert and Silk Guards, Silver Thimbles, Breast Pins, Vases, Scent Bottles, Perfumes Sand Balls,

**Wedding Rings.**

JILLARD, BROTHERS.

—:—

Clocks, Watches, Quadrants Compasses, and Jewellery carefully and promptly repaired as

heretofore. JILLARD BROTHERS. June 4. 6m

POETRY.

IF I were young as I was once, Your beautiful eyes would charm me;

From your ripe lips one willing kiss Would fill the soul with rapture;

If I were young as once I was, I'd wear love's golden fetter;

With burning words and tuneful tongue The favour of my passion,

A heart throbs to a heart-throb, A lip-press to a lip-press;

A sweeping surge of passion An embrace quick and strong;

A host of futile vowings Made only to be broken,

A gentle, but a firm trust, Of a being pure and loving,

A parting 'neath the starlight, A heart wrung with great sorrow,

A lapse of years of waiting, And a woman wan and white

In the morning on the greensward, 'Neath the old trusting tree,

THE SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER.

Long the sun hath gone to rest, Dimm'd is now the deepening west;

On the stilly twilight air We would breathe our solemn prayer;

Now the moon hath touch'd the sea, And the waves, all tremblingly,

Blest hour! when mortal man retires To hold communion with his God,

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires To hold communion with his God,

Blest hour! when earthly cares resign The empire o'er his anxious breast;

Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh Well pleased His people's voice to hear

Blest hour—'or then where He resorts Forests of future bliss are given.

Hail! peaceful hour, supremely blest Amid the hours of earthly care;

And when my hours of prayer are past, Oh! may I leave these Sabbath days,

INTERESTING TALES.

HUNTED DOWN.

NOT many years ago one of the most beautiful valleys of the far West was cursed as the resort of a murderous band of robbers,

His band, composed of a set of congenial devils, hesitated at no wickedness their chief led them to;

Murder had driven the Border Scourge from the marts of civilization the same crime kept him in the western wilds;

In a settlement not many miles distant from the retreat of this robber band, dwelt a farmer who, years before had gone to California as a miner;

Sixteen years previously, Tom Abbott had left his eastern home, driven from it by misfortunes that had come upon him in the failure of his business,

Having rendered himself comfortable in his Western home, he determined to have his daughter come and live with him;

Edith Abbott had received a good education, and had been reared in a pleasant home of refinement;

A crowd of settlers, among whom were a few women, had gathered in the front of Tom Abbott's comfortable and commodious cabin;

Why he was there none knew and the right he had to thus presume none could gainsay;

When the maiden and her escort at length arrived, and the fond father was about to rush toward and greet his daughter,

This is your father, Miss Abbott. Permit me to welcome you to your new home.

And without a word he turned on his heel and walked away.

My daughter! And regarding his self-command, Tom Abbott eluded the maiden to his heart.

Neither Edith or Oscar Mowbray had seen the bandit leader; therefore they had looked upon his act as a mere token of welcome, believing him to be one of the settlers;

Oh! may I leave these Sabbath days, To find eternity at last.

away in pursuit, regardless of the cries of the settlers.

The Border Scourge had gone but a few hundred yards and seeing that the young officer was after him, turned, raised his revolver, and fired.

Soon he was upon his feet, but the robber had been supported by a body of his men, was mounted and dashing away;

Tom Abbott welcomed the brave young soldier to his cabin; his men were made comfortable, and soon all was happiness in that Western home.

A month after the scene related above, Captain Oscar Mowbray was seated, late one night, at the mess-table with his brother officers.

"If you love me, Oscar, come to my aid. I am in danger."

Turning as pale as death, the young officer staggered as if about to fall;

Tom Abbott's Beauty, answered the Indian, in good English speaking of Edith by the name she was known in the settlement.

When did she give it to you? When the Great Spirit hid the sun.

Take your troop and go at once. Lose no time. The Indian will act as guide.

The sun had not long been above the horizon when Captain Oscar Mowbray, at the head of his gallant troop, and with their horses reeking with foam

Smoke was rising from the ruins and no sign of the settler or his daughter was visible; only the blackened ruins, still smoking, of the cabin, to mark where once had stood the happy home.

The Border Scourge. He never forgave your attack upon him, Captain, answered the man.

Where are Tom Abbott and his daughter? Poor Tom lies dead yonder, in my cabin. The Border Scourge killed him.

Oh! this hard to bear. But I swear to hunt the Border Scourge down and by my own right hand he shall die!

Many brave men have hunted him down, Captain, but found too big game for them, answered the settlers kindly.

I will not fail, but hunt him down to the bitter end. And then turning to his lieutenant, Oscar continued:—

Thornton, return with the troop to camp, and tell Colonel Watson that I have taken the liberty of absenting myself for a few days.

Lieutenant Thornton knew his superior, and well understood that to urge to the contrary would be useless;

Oscar watched them out of sight; and then turning to the Indian who had brought him the message from Edith and guided him back, he said, "You are a faithful friend. Go and find out where the Border Scourge has taken Edith."

I look for beauty. Come tell you at cabin yonder. Tom Abbott saved my life I save his papoose.

And without another word the Indian disappeared in the forest, while Oscar accompanied the settler to his house, where poor Abbott lay dead.

At midnight the Indian returned; and to Oscar's eager questions, said:—

Oscar seized the bit of paper, and read:—

"I have noticed the Indian chief often while on my march hither, gazing upon

me from the forest; so I write and will drop this when he next sees me, hoping he will find and bear it to you, for I know you have come to save me.

"The Border Scourge has sent me off to a retreat in the mountains, and gives me one month to consider whether I am to become his wife, or be punished with death. Save, oh, save me!—I am watched!"

"This is well chief, Now come into my room with me.

An hour afterwards, two Indian chiefs, in all the glory of their war-paint and heavily armed, left the cabin of the settler and soon disappeared in the gloom of the forest.

In the month that followed after the capture of Edith the Border Scourge discovered that he had a dangerous foe upon his path.

One by one his band was cut off, either from around the camp fire, or upon the tramp; and terror began to seize upon them, for no clue could they gain to their unseen and terrible foe.

Three weeks had passed and in that time seventeen of the band had bitten the dust before the unerring aim of their secret enemy;

But he had determined upon revenge and sought his mountain retreat, intending to wreak vengeance upon his captive, and then, with the spoils he had gained in his years of plundering to flee from the country.

In that lonely cabin sat Edith Abbott, pale and worn from her weeks of suffering; and it was with a look of horror she saw the Border Scourge enter.

Well Beauty, my dear, I shave come to make my promise good. You are to become my bride, or—the bride of Death!

Better the latter a thousand times. One or the other, I may be a horrible bridegroom, but death is a worse one.

Have you no mercy? entreated the maiden. Mercy! What is mercy? I never show mercy.

Neither do I! and a tall form clad as an Indian chief, sprang into the cabin and passed quickly between the robber chief and his belt of arms, which he had laid upon the table when entering.

Who are you? shouted the ruffian, starting back. I am the man that has hunted you down. I am the one that has tracked your band night and day, and one by one cut them off, until the country is nearly freed from the terrible curse.

You, the Border Scourge, I have come for now; and such mercy as you have meted out to others I now mete out to you. Die!

And ere the Border Scourge could spring towards his antagonist the Indian chief raised his weapon and sent two bullets crashing through the outlaw's brain, who fell dead upon his face.

Edith. I have saved you and hunted him down. And all disguised as he was in his war paint and Indian costume, the maiden sprang into the arms of Oscar Mowbray, who continued, "Here is one who has sided me. Come Chief!

And the door opened, and in walked the brave Indian warrior, and warmly did Edith thank him.

Captain Mowbray carried Edith back to the fort with him, and there were married by the chaplain of the regiment Colonel Watson giving the bride away.

A year after, Oscar resigned his commission in the army, rebuilt the old home of Tom Abbott; and there the young couple now live in happiness, while at their fireside-circle the brave Indian chief ever finds a warm welcome.

Papa, why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of Brandy? Why, my child?—Because the papers say they are out of order, and mamma always takes brandy when she is out of order.

A Tennessee editor was so rejoiced at the death of his rival that he announced it under the head of amusements,

WED AND WON.

THE scene of our tale is laid in the Lake district of Cumberland and at one of the fashionable hotels which are always filled in the autumn.

That 'listeners' never hear any good of themselves' is a proverb that Maria Lynn unwittingly illustrated in her own experience.

She had escaped the mania of a group of admirers clustered about the piano, and stolen into one of the deep bay windows for which Lake View House was especially remarkable, where the heavy damask curtains concealed her from view.

A tall, regal woman, superbly formed and beautiful as a poet's idea; with intense black eyes, blue black hair and cheeks stained with sumptuous carmine—a woman to marvel at, to admire, and to love with all your heart and soul when you had once penetrated the impassable barrier of reserve she knew so well how to throw around her.

She sat in the window-embosure leaning forward with a listless, weary expression upon her face. Suddenly footsteps drew near, and voices became audible.

Do you know Miss Lynn? No, was the brief answer, delivered very significantly.

I might have known. You have not been here long enough to make no new acquaintances.

Just two hours Lawrence. That is scarcely long enough even to renew old friendships.

True. I will present you, at the table d'hote dinner. Don't trouble yourself I beg.

There was a slight exclamation. Then the first musical voice that had spoken, said in accents of unfeigned surprise, "What do you mean, Braddon? Don't you wish to make the Miss Lynn's acquaintance?"

No, curly. Her vanity has been fed sufficiently already, I judge. At any rate, her name has been in the mouth of every man with whom I have spoken as yet. She must ride roughshod over the lesser beauties of Lake View House.

She does. She's a woman among ten thousand, Braddon. Humph! I have only seen her at a distance, and am certain not to like her. I always detested bells. Do talk of something else, Lawrence.

And then the two young men sauntered on again. The colour left Maria Lynn's cheek for an instant. Her white teeth closed viciously upon her full under lip.

Turning swiftly she came face to face with Louisa Weston, who had stolen, unheard to her side.

What a pity that women have ears in such a place as this, she said, with a forced sickly smile.

Or that men had tongues, cried Louisa, half angrily. Oh, no!

It was too bad of Mr. Braddon to speak of you like that. I was sure you heard, Lou. But I do not mind it very much.

She did mind though, and in spite of her brave words. A dull ache told her how deep the wound had been when she found time to realize it, and there was cause—abundant cause—why she should take Braddon's careless words to heart. But she kept her own counsel, and hid her troubled face in the solitude of her own chamber.

Two hours later, she came down stairs for her accustomed gallop over the hills. A vivid scarlet burned in her cheeks again, and her eyes were bright and burning.

A groom met her on the front steps of the house. Your horse has fallen lame of one foot, Miss Lynn, he said, with a troubled countenance. Maria bit her lip impatiently.

THE STAR

—AND—

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