

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, September 13, 1872.

Number 35.

SEPTEMBER.

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

NEW MOON..... 2nd, 9.23 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER.... 10th, 11.33 A. M.
FULL MOON..... 17th, 1.34 A. M.
LAST QUARTER.... 24th, 9.51 A. 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. HURCHES, Esq.
N.B.--FRAMES, any size
and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tff.

**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. tff.

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.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

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

PICTURE,
Would respectfully invite the attention of
the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,
Which they have gone to a considerable ex-
pense 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.
ALEX. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
May 14. tff.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Fellows' Compound Syrup
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

How to Cure the Gout.

Some tales are told a passing hour to cheer;
Some to win the favour of a lady's ear;
Some to excite our sympathy or pain;
And some the plaudits of the town to gain.
Mine is none of these; 'tis simply about
The way to cure an old man of the gout.
Some passes through life with pleasant nods
and grins;
And some are punish'd for their faults and
sins.
Our hero had, as long as he was able,
Indulged in all the dainties of the table;
But now, exhausted by his former freaks,
And close laid up with gout for many weeks,
In his arm chair, with flannel round his toes,
With now an awful pain, and now a doze.
When from his dreams he suddenly awoke,
He fill'd with terror, and the room with smoke.
"Halloo! Susan! Jane! why what's amiss?
Murder! Fire!" he cried. Why, simply this:
A boy, employ'd to clean a neighbour's flue,
He walk'd the roof, to take a bird's-eye view,
And coming back, not wishing to offend,
Had miss'd the pot down which he should
descend;
And there he stood, all soot, and smoke, and
smother,
The unwilling cause of all this dirt and pother.
If wisdom fail'd him, it cannot be denied
That wit, to some extent, the want supplied.
"Ha! ha!" the urchin cried, "I wish you
joy!
My master's coming soon for you, old boy!
Drest in a twinkling up the chimney new;
Quick as a railway-engine from the view,
Old gouty started up with quick surprise.
Bewilder'd, terrified, he rubb'd his eyes,
And 'gan to think of offering up his prayers;
"But stop!" said he, "I'll first run down the
stairs."
Here ends the tale—the meaning's soon made
out—
'Twas fright that cured the old man of the
gout.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

I do not think that we ever knew his real
name. Our ignorance of it certainly never
gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy
Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew.
Sometimes these appellatives were derived
from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the
case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some pec-
uliarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill,"
so called from an undue proportion of that
chemical in his daily bread; or from some un-
lucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate,"
a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that
baleful title by his unfortunate mispronoun-
cation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps
this may have been the beginning of a rude
heraldry; but I am constrained to think that
it was because a man's real name in that day
rested solely upon his own unsupported state-
ment. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said
Boston, addressing a timid new comer with in-
finite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!"
He then introduced the unfortunate man,
whose name happened to be really Clifford, as
"Jay-bird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspira-
tion of the moment that clung to him ever
after.
But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom
we never knew by any other than this rela-
tive title; that he had ever existed as a sepa-
rate and distinct individuality we only learn-
ed later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker
Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to pro-
cure a wife. He never got any farther than
Stockton. At that place he was attracted by
a young person who waited upon the table at
the hotel where he took his meals. One morn-
ing he said something to her which caused her
to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquet-
tishly break a plate of toast over his upturned
serious, simple face, and to retreat to the
kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few
moments later, covered with more toast and
victory. That day week they were married by
a Justice of the Peace, and returned to
Poker Flat. I am aware that something more
might be made of this episode, but I prefer
to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar,—in
the gulches and bar-rooms,—where all senti-
ment was modified by a strong sense of hu-
mour.
Of their married felicity but little is known
perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then
living with his partner, one day took occasion
to say something to the bride on his own ac-

count, at which, it is said, she smiled not un-
kindly and chastely replete,—this time as
far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed
her, and where they went to housekeeping
without the aid of a Justice of the Peace.
Tennessee's partner took the loss of his
wife simply and seriously, as was his fash-
ion. But to everybody's surprise, when
Tennessee one day returned from Marysville,
without his partner's wife,—she having smiled
and retreated with somebody else,—Tennes-
see's Partner was the first man to shake his
hand and greet him with affection. The boys
who had gathered in the canon to see the
shooting were naturally indignant. Their in-
dignation might have found vent in sarcasm
but for a certain lack of humorous apprecia-
tion. In fact, he was a grave man, with a
steady application to practical detail which was
unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Ten-
nessee had grown up on the Bar. He was
known to be a gambler; he was suspected to
be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's
Partner was equally compromised; his con-
tinued intimacy with Tennessee after the af-
fair above quoted could only be accounted for
on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime.
At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant.
One day he overtook a stranger on his way to
the Red Dog. The stranger afterward related
that Tennessee bugled the time with inter-
esting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogi-
cally concluded the interview in the following
words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble
you for your knife, your pistols, and your
money. You see your weppings might get
you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's
a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think
your address was San Francisco. I shall endeav-
our to call." It may be stated here that
Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no
business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and
Sandy Bar made common cause against the
highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in
very much the same fashion as his prototype
the grizzly. As the coils closed around him,
he made a desperate dash through the Bar,
emptying his revolver at the crowd before the
Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Canon;
but at its farther extremity he was stopped
by a small man on a gray horse. The men
looked at each other a moment in silence.
Both were fearless, both self-possessed and
independent; and both types of a civilization
that in the seventeenth century would have
been called heroic, but in the nineteenth
simply "reckless." "What have you got
there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two
browsers and an ace," said the stranger, as
quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie
knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee;
and with this gambler's epigram, he threw
away his useless pistol, and rode back with
his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which
usually sprang up with the going down of the
sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain
was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar.
The little canon was stifling with heated re-
sinous odours, and the decaying drift-wood on
the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations.
The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions
still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly
along the banks of the river, striking no an-
swering reflection from its tawny current.
Against the blackness of the pines the win-
dows of the old loft above the express-office
stood out staringly bright; and through cur-
tainless panes the loungers below could see
the forms of those who were even then de-
ciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all
this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the
Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with
remoter, passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as
fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury
who felt themselves to some extent obliged
to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregu-
larities of arrest and indictment. The law
of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not venge-
ful. The excitement and personal feeling of
the chase was over; with Tennessee safe in
their hands they were ready to listen patient-
ly to any defence, which they were already
satisfied was insufficient. There being no
doubt in their own minds, they were willing
to give the prisoner the benefit of any that
might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that
he ought to be hanged, on general principles
they indulged him with more latitude of de-
fence than his reckless hardihood seemed to

THE STAR.

ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stopped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"That's it," said Tennessee's Partner in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner,—knowin' him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential like, as between man and man,—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"That's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for him, and you fetches him; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?" "No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only over-riden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough.

Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the Jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now. For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gittin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a

warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

To Correspondents.—"Traveller" and "Justice" have been received. Owing to want of space we are unable to give the former publicity in to-day's issue. The latter we consider too personal and entirely uncalled for.



HARBOR GRACE, SEPTEMBER 13, 1872.

THE S. S. "Alhambra" left Pictou at noon on Wednesday last, for St. John's, so that English and American advices may be looked for here to-morrow or next day.

As almost every person anticipated, the "Osprey" has come to grief—her deck having been stove by a sea breaking on board. The contract, we believe, provides that in the event of casualty preventing her plying, a steamer "equal" to the "Osprey" shall be substituted. No time should be lost in substituting a steamer to complete the work.

RECENT arrivals from the Labrador report general success in the fall fisheries. We have not seen particulars, but believe an arrival at Harbor Main and another at St. John's give satisfactory accounts.

We have NOT "been requested" to correct a statement in the "Standard" of Wednesday last; yet we do contradict the statement that in reference to the recent fire we used the language "owing to the impassibility of the road." What we said was "owing to the impassibility of the road with the 'Medlock.'" It will be observed that the "Standard," with no doubt intent to mislead, gives it out that we said impassibility, as if the most consummate blockhead did not already know that all roads are impassible. The editor of the "Standard" has tried several trades; but he has been long enough at printing to be able to read correctly—if time can work miracles.

THEATRICAL.

MR. G. E. WILSON'S Theatrical Company continues nightly to draw large and fashionable audiences to the British Hall. This flow of attendance is justly merited—the performances being of a highly amusing and instructive standard. Mr. E. W. Beattie, the "star" of the company, is an adept in dramatic representation, and keeps his audience fascinated. Miss Abbott is deserving of special mention; her personation of the various characters in the different parts is charming and natural, and the ease and grace with which she acquires herself is remarkable. Misses Howard and Hall are also successful in their parts, and altogether the company combines that talent and ability necessary for the production of life-like occurrences. To-night will be produced a play, entitled "The Drunkard, or the Fallen Saved." We trust that the moral lesson derivable from it may be the means of causing many to abandon that vile curse, drunkenness, which is alike ruinous to body and soul.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Stumping it West.

JUNE! What music in the word; but not a circumstance to the fog and rain there was in the month. A fine steamship commanded by a careful old sea salt, rendered us indifferent to wind or weather. One look at the bronzed face of our squat old "skipper" would reassure the most timid. Leaving the capital and with it our most valued possessions, we swept through the narrows and on to Ferryland, where we landed two or three ladies of the Sisters of Mercy. We made Trepassey at night amidst thick fog, so that we saw nothing but the lights on shore. Our skipper knew when we were off Burin, but so shrouded were we in impenetrable fog that there was no knowing our exact whereabouts. But for the timely aid of a fishing boat's crew we would have had trouble. As it was we had a taste of confusion, caused by a lady passenger insisting on taking to boat and hunting for land. Fin-

ally, however, we came safely to anchorage and were not long in visiting on shore. The reminiscences of that night must be among the last records of memory. What we did was nothing compared to what we didn't. We were intimately acquainted with every one we met, tho' we never saw them before nor since. Three of our "cousins" exchanged locks of their hair, representing the Spanish ensign, still carefully preserved—somewhere. One old lady insisted we should read her fortune, which we did—as she said—"truer nor her christening." She was thrice a widow. Oh, shades of Samivel! we hadn't ought to be without your immortal Parient. About four in the morning we scrambled lazily over our ship's side, intent on blanket bay; but it was not to be so. Somehow—none knew how—a well-fed pig broke loose and was kicking up "high life" on deck. The thing was to become proprietor of the part once had so hard to retain. In the midst of our chase the moon shone out presenting the spectacle of three of us all fours. Of course we roused up all our passengers—except "Dinah" who had the gout, and in a short time a quadrille party were busily amusing themselves 'neath twinkling stars. At daylight our accommodating steward served hot coffee; we commended coffee in such cases. Then away to bunk for slumber, however short; but scarcely had we forty winks when bump! bump! bump! and a cry of "port! hard port!" called us all to our stumps. The first thing we knew was a lady in arms. It never occurred to us it might be Dinah until too late to rectify the mistake we made. Oh Dinah we never think of you without tender thoughts of "Samivel." She said it was all done on purpose. Whether she meant the ship striking, or our ardent embrace we could not tell; nor did we exchange another word with her except tho' our Ally Alice. Tho' we touched at a number of ports afterward we remembered nothing about it—so confounded nonplused were we by our adventure with Mrs. Dinah. At length, however, after many escapades we reached Outer Point, our haven of rest. Built on a jib of land, there was not space for much improvement in agricultural pursuits. A good harbor, well sheltered and accessible to the fishing grounds, is the most we can say of the natural advantages of Outer Point. Vegetation is almost unknown; the few gardens seen, were made by carrying earth from the distance. Cabbage and potatoes—so called—resented the nicknames; and as for flowers they were only to be seen in pots in the windows. Pigs, as usual, were numerous; absence of vegetable diet,—we suppose it must have been—that gave a peculiar six sharp tone to their grunt. Ten of them would plough up the hardest soil rendering it fit for oats in less time than would a team of oxen. We planned their extermination so often that at last our mind became affected. The residents are principally English, or their descendants. Fair complexion'd blue eyes, pleasant faced girls, and strong, well built men. The morning after our arrival *Rachael* became our sworn ally; we found her very agreeable and useful. This is the place where anglers would love to dwell. Trout from four to six pounds can be taken any day in the week. All one has to do is to ask for "Bluebeard," and you'll soon know the haunts of these monster salmon peel. *Bluebeard* is an oddity in his way, and won't make friends with every one. All you have to do is to give him a pound of chewing tobacco and you have him. "Ha, golly! tumble along boys; I'll fetch yer"; and he will be as good as his word. The scamp is tricky though. Our second day's sport nearly ended badly. "Bluebeard" led the way, till we began ascending a high long hill skirting the river. When near the summit he quickened his pace telling us to follow close, and this we endeavoured to do, 'till we gained the height and began to descend, but so steep was the declivity that if we got the world for it, we could not reduce an uncomfortable rate of speed downward; we inevitably must have landed in the river had not a fallen tree brought us up—bruised and helpless. Looking round for *Bluebeard*, we could see nothing of him; our fears were he might have been swept away by the river; but our sympathies took another turn when we learned the truth, that he had swept round a sudden angle at the top of the hill and was sheltered in a moment from trouble and from our gaze. We took the change out of him afterward with compound interest. But, we must do as story tellers do—continue in your next. RATTLER.

miners were about to strike for higher wages. The Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration to-day pronounced their decision, making award for losses caused by the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*, and for expenditures incurred by the United States in pursuit of these vessels. The award is said to be a lump sum of fifteen million dollars. This, however, is not positively known. A rumour prevailed in Paris, that the United States were awarded thirty million dollars, but no confidence is placed in it. Spain again intimates through a semi-official journal, that she will not part with Cuba on any terms.

The Egyptian army has not entered Abyssinia as was stated, but is stationed on the frontier.

The Emperor of Austria arrived at Berlin this evening, and was received with the same demonstrations accorded to the Russian Czar. Visits and banquets in various places are the order of the day. Prince Bismarck, accompanied by Gortschakoff, had a long interview with Alexander, yesterday. Moltke and Wrangel have arrived in Berlin.

New York, 7.—Gold 112 1/2.

Toronto, 9.—The English eleven played to-day against twenty two of the London Club. The attendance was immense. In the first innings, the English made 82. Grace scored 21. The London club made 55 in the first innings, and is now in for the second innings. The match will be resumed to-morrow.

London, 9.—It is said that the majority of delegates to the International Congress are dissatisfied with the transfer of the general council to America, and the formation of a new association is quite probable.

The amount of damages awarded to the United States by the Board of Arbitration will exceed 3 million pounds sterling.

An express train on the Valencia railroad was overturned, and demolished in Spain by a land slide. Among the dead are a general and a newly elected senator.

The Spanish Budget shows a deficit of 26 million reals.

London, 10.—The *Advertiser* this morning expresses strong dissatisfaction with the result of the Arbitration, and says the plain English of it is that the British Government has allowed the Americans to bully us out of three or four million pounds, to curry favour with them, and then congratulates us upon paying the amount, in settlement of claims which a few weeks ago it was affirmed that England was neither legally nor morally liable for.

New York, 15.—The Republicans have carried Maine by over 15,000 majority; they have elected every Congress man. The Senate is unanimously republican, and the house nearly so.

The Indians have defeated Major Baker's troops in Yellow Stone valley. Forty soldiers killed and wounded, and eleven Indians. Baker's expedition is broken up and returned. There is said to be twenty thousand hostile Indians in the Yellow Stone valley.

A Toronto despatch says, a large party of Engineers under command of Capt. Anderson, R. E., have left for Pembina, where they expect to meet an American party appointed to determine the 49th Parallel, the boundary between Canada and the United States, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. It is estimated that the work will occupy three or four days.

Gold 113 1/2.

BIRTH.

On Tuesday, 3rd inst., the wife of W. O. Wood, Esq., of a daughter.

DIED.

At 2 p.m., to-day, Robert, infant son of John Paterson, Esq.

FOR SALE!

—BY—

THE SUBSCRIBER,
231 —water street— 231
Flour, Pork, Beef
Butter, Malasses, Sugar
Tea, Coffee, Cheese,
Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

TOBACCO
KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.

CHEAP FOR CASH, RISK OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD,
Sept. 13.

FOR SALE!

THE Right, Title and Interest of the Subscriber in that DESIRABLE PROPERTY, situated on the West Side of Victoria Street, consisting of

Three Dwelling Houses

WITH
LAND ATTACHED.

Immediate application requested, when all particulars will be furnished.

R. MORRIS,
Sept. 11. No 10, Victoria St.

Latest Despatches.

Toronto, Sept. 6.—It is reported that the quarrel between Sir Francis Hincks and Sir John A. McDonald is true. It is very doubtful if Hincks will accept the Vancouver seat which was obtained for him by Sir John A.

In a match made up to-day, between the English eleven and Canadians, six of each, Grace was bowled out on his second ball, making nothing. The match is not yet ended.

London, 6.—Further advances in coal has occurred. Twenty thousand Midland coal

BRIT
WIL
The

The entire p
a Success
ionable Au

For the only time
Drama, replet
Irish Sayin

COLL

Mr. E. W. Be
MYE
Supported

Miss Louisa
Eily O'
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Now in preparat
Irish Drama,



MYLES NA CO
HARDRESS CR
KYRLE DALY
FATHER TOM
DANNY MANN
CORRIGAN
MAGISTRATE
MRS. CREGAN
ANNIE CHUTE
EILY O'CONN

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SALE!

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ionable Audience!!!

For the only time this Season, the Great Irish
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Irish Sayings and Irish Doings,
entitled the

COLLEEN BAWN.

Mr. E. W. Beattie as
MYLES-NA-COPPALEEN.
Supported by an entire company,

Miss Louisa Abbott as
Eily O'Connor,

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Now in preparation, Dion Boucicault's Great
Irish Drama, The

COLLEEN BAWN.

MYLES-NA-COPPALEEN... E. W. Beattie
HARDRESS CREGAN..... G. E. Wilson
KYRLE DALY..... J. B. Howard
FATHER TOM..... A. Carland
DANNY MANN..... T. R. Hogan
CORRIGAN..... C. H. Churchill
MAGISTRATE..... G. Evans
MRS. CREGAN..... Miss Jessie Howard
ANNIE CHUTE..... Miss Emma Hall
EILY O'CONNOR..... Miss Louisa Abbott

Act I.—The Lakes of Killarney by Moon-
light. Tom Cregan. The Irish Leander. Annie
Chute the Colleen Rhuad, or the Golden-Hair-
ed Bride of Garryowen. The desperate alter-
native. Michael Corrigan, Esq., the Middle
man and Half Si. The proposal. Annie dis-
covers the infidelity of her lover. The light on
Muckcross Head. Thrice it goes in and thrice
it goes out. The Signal. The assignation of
the Colleen Bawn. Scene 2.—The Gap of
Dunloe. The Squireen is puzzled to know the
mystery of the Cottage of Muckcross. Miles of
the Ponies. The bolster of his mother's
Feather Bed. The Bride. Miles engaged as
a spy. A lawyer's money good for the evil
eye. Scene 3.—The Cottage of Colleen Bawn.
Eily O'Connor and Father Tom. Shelah. The
family party. The Jug of Punoh. The in-
gredients after Father Tom's Philosophy.
Miles' love for the Colleen Bawn. The Rejected
Suitor but Faithful Heart. The Irish Cot-
tage Fireside. The Cruiskeen Lawn. Double
Irish Jig. Miles and Eily. Hardress disturbs
the Feast. Hurry down. The Colleen in
Danger. The Lover and her Husband. The
Lesson in English. The pronunciation of Eily
at fault. The Honor of Eily protected. The
Marriage Lines. The Oath.

Act II. The Gap. The proposal of Danny
Mann. "Give your glove and I will clean the
Colleen from your path." The token. Scene
2.—Tore Cregan's house. Anne Chute at
fault. Hardress and his Mother. The Re-
solve. The Glove. The Death Warrant.
Scene 3.—The Lakes and the McGillicuddy
rocks. Eily left alone. Eily's song to her
lover. Anne Chute. The bride's face to face.
The Colleen Rhuad and the Colleen Bawn.
Anne discovers more than she expects. The
Irish lady and the Irish peasant girl. Danny
arrives with a warrant. The ruins of the chapel.
The thunder storm. All but an explanation.
Eily's letter of adieu. Scene 4.—Miles' watch
bridge. A puzzle for the Guagers. Miles at
home. Danny seeks a shelter in the cave.
The demand and the murder. Shooting others
at night. Miles makes a discovery.

Act III. Shelah's hut. The dying boy. The
confession. Corrigan in a turf hole. The spy
obtains evidence. Scene 2.—The parlor in
Castle Chute. The two friends. The mistake.
Kyrle Daley behaves like an Irish gentleman.
Scene 3.—Miles cottage. The mysterious in-
habitant. Father Tom puts Miles in a corner.
The Soldiers—Corrigan in his glory. The sen-
tinals surrounding the house. Scene 4.—The
ball room in Castle Chute on the banks of
Shannon. The first mutterings of the Storm.
The two Women in defence of the Criminal.
The attack and the Tumult. Annie Chute's
Irish blood gets up. "There was a time in
Ireland when neither England's King nor his
faction could call at Castle Chute without a
bloody welcome." Resistance. The Arrest.
The investigation. The Dying Man's Confes-
sion. The glove. The Assassin. The Damag-
ing Evidence. The two Witnesses. Miles ac-
cuses the true Murderer. The only witness
of Eily O'Connor's Death. Corrigan gets wet.
Wrong and Right. The meeting of the Brides
of Garryowen.

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ADAMS'
INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.
Aug. 23. tf.

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BOARD
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WAGON,
(CARNELL'S MAKE.)

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

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. tff

NOTICE.

THE
EXHIBITION

WILL BE HELD IN THE
VICTORIA RINK
On 11th September Next.

Contributors are respectfully requested to
deliver at the Rink, on or about 2nd September,
articles for Exhibition, with a list, stating par-
ticular features of interest in any of them,
and especially marking things illustrative of
the talent of the country.

Everything will be registered on delivery,
and then distinguished by the number and
name of the contributor; but, if desired, the
name may be suppressed.

Fancy and other work, (which may be de-
livered at the Rink up to the morning of 7th
September, tho' an earlier day would be pre-
ferred) will be valued by competent ladies,
marked in plain figures, and exhibited for
sale; but visitors will not be asked to make pur-
chases. If quite convenient, purchasers would
oblige by not removing important things until
after the closing day.

Several ladies and gentlemen have gener-
ously promised to devote the first week of
September to the work of arranging the ar-
ticles in their respective departments; and
many others, it is hoped, will kindly volunteer
their help and judgment.

Anything which has any kind of merit or
interest will be gladly and thankfully received
for exhibition, and taken care of, glass cases
being provided for delicate and valuable ar-
ticles. Consuls would greatly oblige by sending
their national flags, and Merchants their
house flags, to the Rink, on 2nd September,
by noon.

Mr. Murray will gladly afford enquirers in-
formation respecting his collection at any
time during the exhibition; and has very
kindly consented to repeat his public explana-
tions on the evenings of 14th and 12th Sep-
tember, at 8 o'clock.

Occasionally, when the Band is silent, pieces
will be played by kind friends on the Organ
or Piano.
The Exhibition will probably be kept open
for a few days longer than the period men-
tioned: before it is closed all School-children,
with their teachers, will be invited to attend
free of charge.

Programme of the opening day to be pub-
lished after the return of His Excellency the
Governor.

Refreshments will be sold in the Rink.
Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 10.30
p.m.

EDWARD BOTWOOD,
St. Mary's Parsonage, St. John's,
August 3, 1872.

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

Powel'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 " "

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Parsons' " "

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Corn Plasters
Mather's Feeding Bottles
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Corn Flour, Fresh Hops
Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isin
glass
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
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Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1/4 lb
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" Groats

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none are genuine.
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May 14. tff

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

DRY & PICKLED FISH,

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—

DRY GOODS.

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

SAIL-MAKING.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to ac-
quaint 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.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
MORRIS & PARSONS.
May 14. tff

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

BLANK FORMS

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

ACROSS THE TRACK.

It is no use, mother, not a bit of use to try. You might as well attempt to catch and chain the wind in its wildest course, as to stay Abner Markley in his; better let him alone.

Don't talk so, husband. I must, indeed I must. His mother would have tried to save my boy, in the same situation, I know. It may be as you say, but I'll try all the same; and if I fail—no, no, I must not fail; I can't bear to use that word. Well, I'll do my duty, and trust to God for the result, answered Ruth Mild, as she wiped away the tears that stole gently down her sweet motherly face.

You don't think of the danger to our own boy. If you bring him here, Ruth, God only knows where it might end. You forget. And Abel Mild glanced with an anxious eye through the open door into the next room, where sat a little maiden, the miniature picture of her mother—fairer and fresher in coloring than.

Oh, Abel! that child, little more than a baby!

In her sixteenth year, and he handsome enough to make a girl forget mother, father and the whole world, for him. Don't do it, mother. It is a hereditary sin, from father to son. Would you see your child the wife of a drunkard?

A shiver, a little cry of terror, and for a moment the sweet face paled. She hesitated, and Abel Mild thought he had triumphed.

No. God will spare me that, I trust—I know. And so I will trust him—aye even though he slay me.

And offer your own lamb to the sacrifice! Abel said, in a tone that told the dark forebodings that possessed his spirit.

Again she faltered, and leant, with her head buried in her hands, as if praying. Again her eyes were looking into Abel's, clear, and showing no doubts in her heart.

He knoweth my heart—its weakness and its strength. He will not try me beyond my power to bear. If you love me, Abel, say no more. Never before in our twenty years of married life, have I murmured against your will. Now I feel that I am doing his, she said, raising her eyes upward.

There was an expression on her face more beautiful than Abel had ever seen, even in those days when he thought there was not as lovely a face in the world—an expression so holy, so trusting, that Abel went up to her, drew her head on his bosom, and kissing her said:

May He you trust bless and reward you, Ruth, my dear, good little wife. Forget what I've said, and go your way, which has ever been the right one.

Thank you, Abel. You have made me happier. And now I will go. He leaves his office at three o'clock, dines at four; if I start now, I will be there just the right time. He will have finished, and be in his room.

Abner Markley, as Abel Mild had said, was handsome enough to win the heart of any woman. He was sitting in his room, as Ruth hoped to find him. And when he jumped up to welcome her, she thought of her husband's words.

What an unexpected pleasure Mrs. Mild! he said, placing her in the comfortable chair from which he had just arisen.

Yes? I'm glad to find you disengaged. I have another pleasure awaiting you. See! Looking over my treasures I found this, and have brought it for you—to give you, if you wish.

She held toward him a little velvet case, which he hastened to take and open.

Ruth Mild anxiously watched his face while he gazed on the miniature he held.

My mother! Is it? Yes, I know it! Oh thank you, dear Mrs. Mild. How very, very beautiful! But I cannot remember her thus. Here her eyes are so laughing, her lips ready to break into smiles. I'm glad to have this to look at; for always, when thinking of her, I can only call up a face, beautiful enough, but oh! sad! so very sad!—her eyes looking as though they had shed oceans of tears. And she once looked like this?

Yes, my boy. She sat for that in her wedding dress, a week before she became your father's wife. I was her bride's-maid. She was the merriest girl in the village when your father won her from us, and carried her off to the city to live.

Mrs. Mild—he turned his eyes from the beautiful picture to hers, and asked—what changed my mother so terribly? Was my father not kind?

She hesitated.

Tell me—all. I remember nothing of fa-

ther. I have been told I was only five years old when he died. Was it his death—

No, no; but—

Speak freely, Mrs. Mild. May I? Well, it was the manner of your father's death which broke her heart; but it had been terribly wounded before, Abner. She was a drunkard's wife.

The good woman's voice had sunk so low, he had to lean forward to catch the words; and then started back with a wounded cry, which caused her to say;

I've hurt you. Forgive me.

Yes, yes. But go on. Tell me all. Say it as you chose, he said, sinking back into his chair, and covering his face with one hand, the other still holding his mother's picture.

She talked on, picturing to him in graphic colors the young bride leaving them, so happy, so trusting; of the first surprise and mortification; the dreadful fears when she was no longer surprised; then the suffering, all alone—she could confide that sorrow to none; of hope entering her heart again when she watched for the little one's coming.

The reformation which brought for a brief time such holy happiness, as over the little one's—the baby boy's—cradle she stood with him, she trusted in again—again to be disappointed. On and on to the violent death she told him, and then Ruth Mild pleaded as only a mother can plead. And when she finished by saying:

Yes, my boy, the last time we met, she held you in her arms, and pressing her pale lips to yours, she said:

Oh, Ruth, if I could take my darling with me, I would gladly, gladly close my eyes to earth! And if I leave him, shall I ever find him again? Will he come?—O God will my boy come up there?

Ruth Mild's voice was trembling, scarcely audible, as she repeated the dying mother's words.

Abner's bosom was convulsed with emotion. He did not try to conceal it, as he sobbed forth:

Yes, yes, mother, with God's help I will come to you.

Ruth Mild had conquered. Abner Markley became one of her household. In every way she endeavoured to hold him firm. Little Alice, with her dove-like eyes, was a source of deep and pure pleasure to the young man. She was so different from every other girl he knew—so gentle, so artless and childlike. Hours that used to be spent in drinking and clubrooms were spent reading to her, telling of the wonders of the old world, over which he had travelled, or in singing with her.

Those were happy evenings to all. Father Mild forgot his fears, as he watched the young folks and listened to the beautiful music they made—Alice at the piano, Abner with his flute, and the old man's second self, young Abel, with his violin. A year passed thus bringing Abner, as he felt nearer to mother. The tongues of many with their dark predictions had ceased, and those who had trusted pronounced Abner Markley saved.

I wish I could excuse myself from this party to-night, Abner said. And little Allie asked:

Must you go? I think so. I did not intend to. I'd made up my mind to send an excuse, but the Judge came into my room this afternoon and insisted. You know he is our chief, and it is a respect due him to accept his invitation; but I will not stay long. There are some pretty wild fellows going—determined to have a 'time,' as they say; but I'll slip from them, and hasten back home to you, my little dove-eyed darling Allie here. Sit up for me; I have something to tell you, and something to beg for, he whispered. And then, as she stood in the door, he said:

There, run in out of the cold. I must be more careful of you. Stop a moment. Kiss me, Allie?

She drew back. He knew that her cheeks were crimsoned, although it was too dark to see.

Mother will not care; kiss me, darling. I will tell her all to-morrow. Thank you. Now run in, he said.

And she darted off to shed a few happy tears, and watch and wait for his coming.

God bless her! I wonder if mother is watching over us to-night? I wish she were alive, to know my darling, Abner said, as the door closed on Allie's retreating form.

It was a brilliant throng that gathered in the saloon of Judge Armstead. Abner Markley was a universal favorite, and all welcomed him warmly.

That party was decidedly the party of the season. The music grand, the supper a perfect success. How the wine sparkled! And

some of the women's eyes brightened, I'm sorry to tell, as they sipped the tempting glass.

Abner Markley forgot for the time the dove-like eyes of Allie, as he looked into the bright, flashing black ones of a girl whose influence he had known before. And when she held to him a glass of champagne, saying:

How can you resist? take it, he replied:

I could resist the wine, but not you. And taking it from her, drained the glass—another and another.

The hours passed on. Allie watched and waited.

Not until he had placed his tempter in her carriage did Abner start for home, and then he had his senses sufficient to know he could not return to Allie as he was.

In the gray light of morning, when little Alice, weary with watching, had fallen asleep with her pale face against the window, there came a slow, heavy tread along the pavement. The door bell aroused her from a frightful dream. She started, confused and terrified, to listen.

Strange voices reached her ear, talking in awed tones. She sped on to the passage to catch the words:

Found dead on the track.

Down the steps, with a wild cry, and beside the bier she fell; her arms clasped about the dead—her dead—she cried:

No, no, not dead! Abner speak to Allie, your Allie. See; I've waited for you as you bade me. Abner! Abner!—Father, has he fainted? turning her face, with an appealing look, toward her father, who, shaking his head sorrowfully, tried to take her away.

Dead! she cried, in a tone that brought the tears to the rough men's eyes, and they turned off as Abel Mild lifted his child away and placed her in her mother's arms.

I do wish we had not had wines last night, said Mrs. Armstead the next morning, while sipping her coffee.

Why not? asked her husband.

Why, did you not notice young Markley used considerable, and felt the effects too? You know he had given it up for a year. You remember I suggested we should dispense with it.

Nonsense! Give up a social custom for the sake of one fellow who is too weak to resist! I shall never do it.

Mother! exclaimed Fred. Armstead, rushing in—Mother, Abner Markley is dead!—found dead across the railroad track. Concussion of the brain, they say.

Concussion of the brain, they say! Can that decision of the physicians bring relief to the conscience of those who placed the wine before him, or of hers who held it to his lips? It could not to mine. There would be a constant, endless whisper of "murdered" in my ear, sinking to the very depth of my heart.

I would sooner be the stricken little Allie, or Abner, cold and dead, than be either of the hospitable hosts who, for the sake of one soul, could not give up a social custom, or the vain girl whose thoughtlessness or indifference, to say the least, won him to death.

SAVED BY A WORD.

Halloo! Here, my friend, what's the matter! The speaker was Mr. Sparton, and his words seemed to possess a magic power over the poor wretch who lay in the gutter at his very feet.

Friend! repeated the man, staggering to his feet, and gazing curiously into Mr. Sparton's face, this is the first time any one has called me friend for many months. I once had friends, but I had money then.

Have you none now?

No, said the man. I paid my last dime for drink, just in there, pointing to a saloon across the street, and they put me out because I had no more.

Where do you live? asked Mr. Sparton. Live! I don't live anywhere.

Well, where do you stay? In any place I can. I have not known a home for many years.

Mr. Sparton, seeing that the man was unable to help himself, and had no means of support, offered to take him home with him. The poor wretch was only too glad to accept the offer, and, with the support of his new friend, managed to walk to that gentleman's residence. He was led into the dining-room, greatly to the surprise of Mrs. Sparton; but matters were soon explained, and she immediately procured the poor fellow something to eat, also making him a cup of strong coffee. By the time the half-famished man had eaten his supper, he was both warm and drowsy, and, by Mr. Sparton's advice, soon retired to rest.

The strange guest did not awake until it was time for breakfast the next morning. He was invited to sit down and eat with the family, and took the proffered seat with thanks, and in a manner which showed very plainly he had seen better days. After they were all seated at the table, the conversation was opened by Mr. Sparton, who asked the stranger if he rested well.

Thank you, I did indeed. I slept very soundly. It was the first time I had rested on a bed for over two months.

An exclamation of pity broke from the lips of the entire group. He then continued,—I presume it is my duty, after your kindness to me, to give you my name, and also the history of my past life.

We hold you under no obligations, said Mr. Sparton, still we would be glad to learn your history.

My name is Frank Edwards, said the stranger, I am the son of Mr. Charles Edwards, merchant, who died some six years ago in the city of C—. Perhaps you have heard of him.

Being answered in the affirmative, the man hurriedly related his sad story. His love for liquor had first commenced in his college days, when he was one of a set of merry, thoughtless students. After his graduation, the appetite increased, and, as time passed on he became a confirmed drunkard. His father broken-hearted, died, leaving all his wealth to his wayward boy. While it lasted, the young man had plenty of friends to join with him in reckless debauchery; but, when his fortune was all squandered, friends deserted him, and he became the poor, deserted vagrant whom Mr. Sparton found in the gutter.

If I could only gain one true friend, concluded the man, who would trust me with work to do, that I might gain a decent livelihood, I would earnestly try to please. But every one turns away from the poor drunkard, and refuses to trust him. How I have lived for the last few months I cannot tell you, I only wonder that cold and want have not killed me.

Mr. Sparton was struck with the apparent truthfulness of the man, and also his gentlemanly manners, which went to prove the truth of his story. So he took him down to his store, and gave him some light task. He seemed willing to work, and, as Mr. Sparton was just then in need of help, he concluded to retain him for a while, at least.

Weeks passed, and he still kept him. He proved a most efficient clerk.

A few years passed, and the former vagrant had managed to save enough money to take an interest in his benefactor's business. He is to-day among the most respected citizens of the city of New York.

Such is the result of kindness, and a word kindly dropped from the lips of a passer by upon some degraded wretch, may be the means of saving him. Years have passed since the facts related in this story transpired, and Mr. Sparton has never had occasion to regret the night he called a poor drunken wretch "friend."

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavouring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a pair of bellows; and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A man was fined £5 at the College police-office, Dublin, for assaulting another; and as he paid the money into the court with considerable reluctance, he shot glances at the victim of his indiscretion, and said, Wait till I get you into Limerick, where beating's cheap, and I'll take the change out of you.

THE STAR

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