

The Star,

And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

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VOL. II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4 1874.

NUMBER II

USEFUL INFORMATION

JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 33s. 0d.; No. 2, 28s. 0d.; No. 3, 23s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 0d.
FLOUR—Canada Superfine, 40s.; New York Extra, 38s.; to 39s. Superfine States, 31s. 6d. to 35s. 6d. No. 2 do 30s. 6d.
CORN MEAL—20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, 33s. 6d.
PEASE—22s.
BUTTER—Canada, and Nova Scotia, 1s 1d to 1s 2d.
CHEESE—10d.
HAM—91. to 10d.
PORK—Extra prime 80s; prime mess, 90s to 92s 6d; mess, 92s 6d to 95s.
BEEF—37s 6d to 47s 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
RUM—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—2s. 3d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 50s.
RICE—21s to 22s 6d.
COFFEE—Green, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
TOBACCO—1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.
KEROSENE OIL—2s.
LEATHER—American Sole, 1s 4d to 1s 5d.
CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
EXPORTS
COD OIL, £36. Cod Liver Oil, 4s 6d.
CODFISH—Large Merchantable, Medium, 21s; Small, 20s; Madeira, 18s; West India, 17s; Salmon, 100s.
BANK RATES
Exchange on London, 20. Canada, par. Nova Scotia, 1/2 per cent., discount. United States Gold, par.

NOTICE.

SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

BEGS respectfully to acquaint the Shipowners 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 fair share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON.

May 23.

C. BREAKER,

Sailmaker,

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch.
April 25. tf.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURIE,

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours begs respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed. CONCERTINAS also repaired. Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry. Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.
Dec. 17. tf.

BLACKSMITH & FARRIER,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

FOR SALE.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:

30 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD

30 do. Hemlock do.
20 do. No. 2 Pine do.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment Coloured French Kid

Gloves

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

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

IMPORTANT TO THE Citizens of Newfoundland.



THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

IN order to complete their line of Agencies from London to San Francisco, California and to extend universally the benefits and advantages offered by their Company and to place within reach of all the means of making provision for the Widow and the Orphan have decided on establishing Agencies in

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The CONTINENTAL beyond all comparison the most successful and most popular Company ever established in Europe or America. It has only been SEVEN YEARS in existence but at its organization men of enlarged views and great experience in Life Insurance, were placed in its management, who, having discarded all useless and annoying restrictions, and adopted all the improvements known in Life Insurance—many of them original with themselves, it at once received, and continues to receive a support unprecedented; and it now stands far ahead of many companies TEN YEARS older than itself. It has issued over FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND POLICIES, and has over \$6,750,000,000 assets, all securely invested, as required by law, in Bonds of the United States, Bonds of the State of New York, or in Real Estate. For that portion invested in Real Estate, it holds in all cases Double Security. So popular is its management and so great the public confidence that there are only Two Companies in the World that now approach it in the amount of business done.

By the Laws of the State of New York Life Insurance Companies are not allowed to do Fire Insurance or any other business, the importance of which law cannot be over-estimated by all who desire to protect their families by Life Insurance, and who do not wish to have their funds put in jeopardy by Fire Insurance.

By the Laws of New York Life Insurance Policies are held sacred to the families of the insured, free from the claim of Creditors.

The CONTINENTAL issues all kinds of Policies, viz: Ordinary Life, Endowment, Joint, &c.

All losses in Newfoundland will be paid at the Agency here without subjecting claimants to the trouble and expense of going to New York.

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

Directors.

L. W. FROST, President.
HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.

HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.

JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.

RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.

CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
R. C. FROST, do do
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.

L. W. FROST, President.
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.

A. T. DRYSDALE,

Agent for Northern District, Newfoundland
Aug 23, 1873.

SIMMONS & CLOUGH ORGAN Co's IMPROVED CABINET ORGANS,



PRE-EMINENT 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 Reed 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 Streets, 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. John's, Jan. 1, 1874.

NOTICE.

It may be spread anywhere without risk as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the world!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S WORLD RENOWNED

VERMIN DESTROYER! WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE Far Superior to Anything Ever Yet Discovered

FOR KILLING Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants Bugs Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Blight and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Tick or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c. &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per Packet; or Six Packets for \$1.25.

The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate,

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET.

MANUFACTORY:

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

The above discovery has gained for Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria, Australia, of 1866, besides numerous testimonials.

OUTPORT AGENTS:

Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace.
" Jilard Brothers, "
Mr. W. H. Thompson, "
" Michael Jones, "
Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear.
" G. & J. Smith, Brigus.
Mr. P. Nowlan, "
" G. C. Jerritt, "
" Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts.
" Moses Gosse Spaniards Bay.

May 23.

1y

NOTICE.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Worker,

BEGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above line, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOB BING

Done at the cheapest possible terms, Dec. 13. tf.

J. Mellis,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER

208, Water Street, St. John's,

BEGS 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.
Dec. 10. 1y†

HARBOR GRACE, FEB. 4, 1874.

FIREMEN'S BALL!

The Harbor Grace Volunteer Fire Company, according to previous announcement, held their Annual Entertainment at Masonic and British Halls, on Tuesday, 27th ult. The arrangements throughout were such as to make the affair one of the most brilliant of the kind we have ever had the pleasure of attending.

To the officers and members of the Fire Company we tender our best wishes, and trust that they may long continue, in their present efficient state to protect the lives and property of the lieges from the ravages of fire.

Dr. W. F. BURNS, whose advertisement will be seen in another column, arrived in town yesterday. Persons in need of the Doctor's professional aid would do well to give him an early call, as we understand his stay here will be limited to a few weeks.

By advices from Bonavista we are in receipt of intelligence of the destruction by fire of the dwelling house of Mr. Bernard Murphy, of King's Cove, and of the owner, Mr. Murphy, having perished in the flames. We deeply sympathise with the widow and relations of the deceased.

By list of appointments in another column, it will be seen that Thomas R. Bennett, Esq., has been appointed "Judge of the District Court of Conception Bay, and Coroner for the Harbor Grace Division of the Electoral District of Conception Bay."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.]

SIR,— In Saturday's "Standard" I observe two letters (signed respectively "Advertiser" and "A Resident") containing the most malicious animadversions on the conduct of Mr. Alexander A. Parsons. Being intimately acquainted with Mr. P., and knowing him to be a young man of sterling integrity, I cannot do him the injustice to remain silent, while unprincipled men are assailing him with the most mendacious charges, backed by protestations, the untruthfulness of which is calculated to place the moral condition of "this community" at a discount in the estimation of every other community in the country.

In regard to the invidious insinuations of "A Resident," I hesitate not to stigmatize the latter writer as an individual capable of descending to the lowest degree of infamy and turpitude; for no person possessed of the smallest sense of moral or religious rectitude could possibly be the author of a fabrication so utterly devoid of every appearance of truth as that to which I allude. Not satisfied with his efforts to cast reflections on the character of Mr. Alexander A. Parsons, "A Resident" endeavours by a still greater perversion of truth, to involve Mr. Ambrose Parsons (the aged parent of the former) in difficulty also. Out upon such unchristianly conduct.

To prove the utter fallaciousness of "A Resident's" observations, I would here remark that on the evening of

Saturday, the 24th January Mr. Ambrose Parsons conversed with me, from seven to eight o'clock, on the matter in question; and not only did he deny having ever heard his son make any allusion to an attempt to bribe Mr. Ladner, but expressed himself highly displeased with the conduct of the Rev. gentleman, and said he felt sure no offer of bribery was ever made by his son to Mr. Ladner or any other person.

I have been informed that steps are being taken to compel "A Resident" to come forward and unmask himself.

Yours, &c.,

JUSTICE. Harbor Grace, Feb. 2, 1874.

FIRE AT KING'S COVE, AND LOSS OF LIFE.

[FROM OUR BONAVISTA CORRESPONDENT.]

Another year is upon us, and if fine weather is a sign of auspiciousness, then doubtless this will prove a good one.

Of snow we have had some heavy falls, but recent soft and beautiful weather has dispelled it in many places, and old terra firma is peeping out here and there, as if winter were about to depart.

The winds since the year begun have been mostly light and boreal, with keen frosts during the small hours of the night, softening however before the radiant influence of the sun by day.

Information has just reached me of a sad catastrophe at King's Cove, by which one poor fellow lost his life.

It seems that on Tuesday, the 6th instant, fire broke out on the premises of Bernard Murphy, who carries on a mercantile business there, and that these being of the most inflammable nature, speedily fell a prey to the devouring element, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the multitude to arrest its progress.

The merchandise destroyed by this melancholy affair is estimated variously, but £400 is pretty generally conceded to be about the amount of loss. Very few seals taken here yet.

Bonavista, Jan. 9, 1874.

[FOR THE H. G. STAR.]

HOW "KIT LACY" MARRIED THE OFFICER.

Dear readers let me tell you the history of the above individual. "Kit" as I shall style her, was the only child of her fond parents. Her early education was, I regret to say, sadly neglected, owing to the bad times in which she graced this world with her presence. The hard struggle made by her father and mother, to keep body and soul together, had much to do with little "Kit" not having been passed through the literary mill. She was a kind of juvenile wit in her crude state, and gave every promise of smartness, had she been blessed with a small dose of early training. Her ready wit and pleasing manner gained her many friends, and among them one good charitable lady offered to send her to school if her parents were willing; but alas poverty, and ignorance on the part of her only guardians prevented any such kind promise being carried out.

The opening of her future welfare was pitifully nipped in the bud. Poor wretched creature she was toiling from early morn till late at night, plying her only vacation, hawking oysters from one house to another in order to obtain the means of supporting her mother and sick father. Hard indeed is life when accompanied by that "pride level" poverty, and yet under such dire affliction "Kit's" heart was light and merry, and oft in the dark hour of their sorrow, she would arouse the drooping feelings which chained her parents.

Honesty pervaded all her actions. Poverty is not, as has been asserted by heedless pseudo philosophers, the father of theft. Were it so, how sad indeed would society be! how unpleasant life would be especially for the wealthy. Days, and months and years melted, bringing no glad news of any better prospects for the Lacy family. No bright hopes to stem the scourge which played upon them such fearful havoc. The poor father sick in bed, the poor mother scraping the flesh off her bones, shackled to the wash-tub, badly paid and miserably fed, and poor "Kit" straining her eyes looking up at every wealthy house silently imploring the "gobblers" of luxury to buy some of the oysters she hawked about in a basket on her head. Such was the position of the Lacy family; but stop, the wheel was turning—Poverty gnawed them to the marrow, (query, had they any? dutious.) Their richer neighbors looked upon these three victims of squalor, as so many lepers. But the taunts of haughtiness they bore with true christian silence.—The hand of succour they knew not, and yet patience under all their troubles was their happy lot. Poor "Kit's" industry never deserted her in her deep anxiety to keep alive the object of all her thoughts. The lack of means brought out her noble qualities which she eminently possessed. Some latent agency told her that a brilliant future was not far off. The star of her fortune was looming in the distance, nearing piecemeal; its meagre glimmer dimly buoyed up her thoughts. The long log of distress enveloped her, but now the time had come to light the miserable tramp and drudge into happiness. The

wheel of fortune had in its lazy revolution swallowed up the subject of my narrative in its glad embrace. Others had their days and why not "Kit" Lacy and her sorrow stricken parents have a turn.

One evening as Miss Lacy was making her way to the adjoining quarry to procure some free stone which she used to pound up and sell to housekeepers so much per pint for scouring purposes, she came a cross what she thought a little bag of the ground up powder, but on taking it up she found it was other than what she expected. Without much ceremony she ran home and shewed the bag to her father, who carefully cut the string, and lo! to his utter surprise, the bag contained a number of sovereigns and Bank of England notes. The poor sick man and his faithful girl could not constrain themselves, such was their delight. "Kit" bolted off for her mother to have her say and advice in the matter. Mother Lacy quickly made her appearance and after a brief consultation they decided what to do with the money. It appears that "Kit" during her early walks oyster vending, had heard a good deal about a lot of money having been stolen from a Spanish captain, who had the town placarded with bills offering a reward of £400 for the £2,000 that he had lost. Meantime the poor unfortunate captain was gone about nearly insane, he having lost every cent his cargo fetched. Without further delay "Kit" and her mother went to the Minister, told him their tale, and ere one hour had elapsed the captain had his money, and the Lacy family their reward of £400. She was no longer the miserable girl who was so well known as the "town pump" but Miss Lacy. With good treatment and kind attention Mr. Lacy got well, and removed from his lowly shanty to a decent house, and opened an attractive oyster saloon, where with Miss Lacy's past experience they very quickly amassed a large fortune. "Kit" as she was called in days of yore, attended school, and soon acquired a very fair polishing up. Her beauty was much admired, and so were her genial manner, and poetical, and witty turn of mind. Her beautiful qualities of a refined nature, and toned down by education made her the centre of much attraction among the wealthy community.

Among the many "dandies" who fought for "Kit" was a Major Spring. He was one of those peculiarly skeletonized half emancipated fabrics enveloped in military attire. His long beard and moustache were the only attractive articles he could boast of, but he knew his military title still had other defects he might otherwise have. Ere much language had been wasted, he cut all the other petticoat hunters out, and was victor; having gained "Kit's" favor, whether real or superficial, I cannot say, as I never sounded the feelings of the young lady. I had a sneaking regard for the young lady myself for rather for the tidy accumulation of the "flthy" which old Lacy had quietly put aside for "Kit's" future prosperity—but I had not the ghost of a chance when the dandling of that glittering appendage (the sword) was about the diggings. The manner in which the Major handled his weapon and stroked his beard would upset the centre of gravity of any civilian daring to poke his nose into such matters. I very wisely kept aloof, and left the Major and "Kit" to build up the structure of future felicity. The Major was rich, but his father's demise would make him heir to a large property. He loved "Kit" with all his soul so she said. She used to boast about his constancy, and affection, and so used the gallant officer sing out about his fondness for the lovely object of his affections. Like all true soldiers he advanced and brought matters to a close by asking "Kit's" hand, which was readily given. The wedding day was appointed. The news flew everywhere, and the daughters of the aristocracy were highly disgusted at Major Spring cementing him self to one so low in the scale of humanity. The "upper ten" got up a conspiracy to prevent "Kit's" marrying the Major. No stone was left unturned to gain their object. They wrote to his friends and did all in their power to prevent the mixing of the two races but to no purpose. The Major meant what he was about, and meantime glad tidings reached him of his father's death which placed him at the head of his father's property. "Kit" jumped with joy and so did old Lacy and his wife—fancy what a strange turn that their little girl would become the wife of the Hon. Major Spring.—As soon as the nine days' sorrow (?) had subsided on the part of the Major, he issued from seclusion and gallantly, as only soldiers can do, led "Kit" Lacy to the altar, where in the presence of hundreds, she became the wife of the Hon. Major Spring. He smiled at the bigotry and stupidity of the aristocracy having made such a fuss about himself, he being quite a stranger to them. The gallant officer has been matrimonialized some years and has retired from military life in order to spend his days in happiness and luxury with "Kit Lacy the Oyster Girl" whose good sense and charming ways won the praise of all who knew her.

Young ladies pray carefully study the above, as the whole affair is taken from fact.

FAGAN & CO.

At Halifax recently several men of the 60th Rifles were badly injured while at work, in blasting rocks along the line of projected roads through the Tower Woods Park. It appears that a charge that had been laid did not explode, and the men were sent up to the spot to withdraw it. While performing this duty the charge went off. Two of the men Aas Allison and Edward Brown, were so badly injured about their arms and faces that they had to be sent to the military hospital. Three other men were slightly injured.

The steamer Merlin left Halifax for Cow Bay en route for St. John's.

UNITED STATES.

A TRAGEDY IN BROOKLYN.

A shocking affair occurred about 3 o'clock on the night of the 13th in South Brooklyn. A man named Reuben M. Murdock, who is employed as a special policeman in Greenwood cemetery, shot and killed his wife Emma C. Murdock, in mistake for a burglar. Mrs. Murdock, it is stated, started from home the previous afternoon to visit some friends in Flat-bush, with whom she told her husband she would remain all night. About 9 o'clock that night Mr. Murdock heard some person in the yard at the rear of his residence. When he reached the yard he saw a head just disappearing in the cellar way, and supposing the person to be a burglar he fired. On going down to ascertain who it was, he found that he had shot his wife. The ball had penetrated her brain and she died almost instantly. Murdock was arrested by Sergeant McNamara, and locked up in the Eighth precinct station house to await investigation.

THE VIRGINIUS SURVIVORS.

On the 13th the English mail steamer *Etna*, plying between New York and Jamaica, carried among her passengers for Kingston the following British survivors of the ill-fated *Virginus* expedition—John Potthemount, Jose Espiritu Santo, Charles DeBross, Abraham L. Pinto, W. Denton, Sydney R. Atchison, J. Burke, W. Curtis, all of whom are being sent home to Jamaica at the cost of the British Government. The men in question have been stopping of late in the Sailor's home, in Cherry Street. Several other British subjects, who, in company with the aforesaid men, joined the expedition in Kingston, will be sent home by the steamer *Atlas*, which vessel is shortly expected here for the Spanish Main. Among those present on the wharf to bid farewell to the party, was Captain G. W. Brown, the former commander of the *Conrad* steamer *Faonia*, who took charge upon their arrival at New York of the Britishers. Several of the Cuban survivors of the expedition were also present to give their late companions in adversity a good send off. Among some of the British subjects are natives of England, the British minister has decided that all shall be sent back to Jamaica, that being the place where the whole number joined the *Virginus*.

A DANCE OF DEATH.

William Brown, a clerk, age 23 years, residing in Wilkesbarre, Pa., was fatally stabbed last night at Miner Station, three miles north of here, on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad. Brown, in company with his sister, had gone to Miner's in the evening to attend the birthday party of a Miss Maxfield, who belongs to a very respectable family. Adjoining the Maxfield's residence was that of a family named Stanton, in which there gathered during the evening a set of rough characters, who engaged in dancing. About 11 o'clock Frank Stucker, one of the Stanton party, came in from the outside and said that he had been assaulted by some one. Eight persons at once left the dance with him, and commenced an attack on the Mansfield house. By means of a heavy fence post they battered in the door and broke the windows, and then hurled various missiles into the room. Young Brown pushed the door shut, and while standing by it and in front of where a panel had been knocked out was stabbed. The femoral artery was completely severed and he died within four minutes. The assailants dispersed after committing the fatal deed, but were all arrested this morning upon a warrant issued by Esquire Cox.

At the hearing it was shown that Lewis Sucker, a brother of the one before mentioned, had stabbed Brown. As this testimony was given, Sucker, who is a lithe young fellow, about 20 years of age, jumped and ran from the room, crowded as it was with 200 or 300 persons. After reaching the open air he ran across a lot and attempted to climb a high board fence, but his clothes caught fast, and before he could extricate himself the officers were upon him. A friend said to him that his attempt to escape made his case look darker, and he replied, "That's so. I'm afraid they will hang me now." He was committed to the county jail to await trial. Brown was an industrious young man of good habits and the only son of a widowed mother.

BROWN'S CHALLENGE.

It was stated about a fortnight since that a challenge had been sent on behalf of George Brown to the oarsmen of America. This was to be published in the New York "Clipper," and the following letter accompanied it:—

To Frank Queen, Editor New York "Clipper": The attention of the H. R. C. having been called to a paragraph which appeared in the late issue of your paper, in reference to our Champion Oarsmen, George Brown, and making the remark that he had better look to ward home before he ventured to cross the Atlantic. That paragraph having caused considerable dissatisfaction among Brown's friends, I have been directed by the club to request you will inform me through your columns whether it referred to any particular American oarsman, and if so, to whom?

The subjoined Challenge will, I think, prove conclusively that George is not afraid to look either at home or abroad. Wm. Craigen, Sec'y. Halifax Boating Club.

The challenge will be found at the end of the following remarks from the *Clipper* of the 10th instant, just at hand:

GEORGE BROWN CHALLENGES ALL AMERICA.

First in the field for 1874 is the celebrated Haligonian sculler, George Brown, who has abandoned for some months at least, his proposed trip across the Atlantic, and sends the subjoined defiant blast, which is addressed to each and every professional scullist within the borders of the States and Canadas. As Brown's old opponent, John Biglin, was denied another trial last fall, we presume he will come to the fore again; if not, the public will look for an acceptance by either Harry Coulter or William Scharf. Read the challenge:

Halifax N. S.

Dec. 31st, 1873.

Frank Queen, Esq., Dear Sir,—

I do hereby challenge any oarsman in America to row a five mile race, with one turn, in best and best boats, for any sum not less than \$2000—say two thousand dollars in gold—on either the Charles River, Springfield or the Kennebecases. This challenge to remain open for one month from this date and the race to take place some time during the month of June 1874. Any party accepting this challenge will please deposit the sum of \$500 with either W. L. Lowell & Co. Exchange Brokers, Halifax, N. S. or Judge Jackson, American consul of this place, which will be immediately covered. Each party to pay his own expenses. Yours resp'y.

GEORGE BROWN.

FROM EUROPE.

LONDON, Jan. 20.

It is rumored that the King of the Ashantees has sent an embassy to Gen. Woolesey, suing for peace and offering indemnity.

The Swiss Federal Council has appointed the 15th October for the opening of the International Postage Congress.

Private advice state that the famine in Bengal is assuming increased importance, and is engaging the earnest attention of leading men in finance and commercial circles in London.

The steamer "Celtic" from Liverpool was disabled and her passengers returned to Queenstown and will leave in the "Baltic."

VERSAILLES, 20.

In the Assembly to-day, bills conferring on the Government the nomination of Mayors, was passed by a majority of 43.

LONDON, 20.

Sir Montague Cholmonly member of Parliament, is dead.

Mr. Gladstone is confined to his residence by illness.

A heavy gale prevailed around the British coast yesterday. Ex President Thiers has been presented with a gold medal by the French resident of Philadelphia.

The French steamer "Zouave" sunk off Corsica. Nineteen persons were drowned including the captain and chief engineer.

Consols and markets steady.

UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, 21.

The Eastern Railroad Bridge at Biddeford, Maine, was burned yesterday; loss \$7,000.

John T. Gordon, the Thorndyke murderer was yesterday sentenced to be hung in the Maine State prison.

The Railway tunnel in Washington Avenue, St. Louis, caved in yesterday, causing a loss of \$50,000.

A frightful accident occurred in Bennington, Vermont, yesterday. An explosion caused by a leaky gasoline pipe demolished a sewing room, instantly killing nine women at work there, and badly injuring six others, besides many slightly wounded, and setting fire to the building, which was burned with a loss of 100,000, partially insured.

NEW YORK, 20.

There are threatening indications of a general strike of miners throughout the coal regions of Pennsylvania.

The Siamese Twins did on Saturday at their home in North Carolina. Chang was partially paralysed last fall, since which time he has been fretful and strongly addicted to drinking liquor as a means of alleviating his sufferings. As soon as it was discovered that Chang was dead, Eng became terribly shocked and raved wildly for a time, exhibiting signs of great mental aberration. This attack was followed by a deadly stupor. In two hours from the death of Chang, Eng died.

OTTAWA, 20.

Glaring frauds, perpetrated by late government in granting contracts for carrying mails in British Columbia, have come to light and will be investigated, together with the sale of most valuable timber limit in that Province to Mr. Nelson the late M.P. for New Westminster on his own terms.

Correspondence between the Dominion Government and Hon A. DeCosmos who was appointed special delegate by British Columbia, to proceed to Ottawa and England concerning Esquimaux gravings deck, has been published. His mission has been attended with great success.

On N limits s its Rev with its buty, w She add to her persons tation ne the city among th York Tweed or senten members Attorney notice up they shou of Attor ought to them. A man mines thre eleven com sult of one nity of Wh intends ma ney M ince next month The Ont 8th and org Governor C islatu on them on the Expendit within the a have been it Natick, M by a great fi stroyed the e town, the Congrra dwellings. T of half a mill A man nam Bedford Basig about nine tends presenti Provincial M Mr. Malcol C. B. was sur as he visited a rats, to find he huge bear. The preside use of national cipated disorde There is a w who has whistle year. For lac

GENERAL NEWS.

The North Sydney Herald Publishes a letter from Capt. Prince, of the American schooner C. H. Price, in which he says:—"I feel it incumbent on me to report to my fellow ship-masters the imperfect way in which the Superintendent of St. Paul's Island attends to the important duties he has placed upon him by the Dominion Government, so that they may not be deceived, as I was, in looking for the fixed light on the northern end of the Island. I sighted the northern end of the Island at 6 o'clock a.m. on the 5th inst., distant 5 miles, the Island bearing W. by N; saw no light, sailed by the Island within two miles of the lighthouse; am quite confident from the course I was sailing that had the light been burning I would have sighted it at 4 o'clock a.m., as I kept a good watch forward, the weather being perfectly clear." This is the same man who was complained of in a similar way by the captain of the schooner C. Pettigill a short time ago.

A new method of killing horned cattle has been introduced into Europe, which it is said largely reduces the possibility of inflicting unnecessary torture upon the animals. An iron mask, like a continuous blinker, is placed on the bull's head so arranged as to close the animal's vision, and to make a hole or socket in the middle of the mask corresponding to the spot in the centre of the forehead whereon a blow immediately causes insensibility. A hollow nail of peculiar form, made to fit the socket and having a large head, is then readly slipped into its place, and a single blow of very moderate strength drives it instantly home, and causes death too rapidly to allow of any suffering.

The plan described in the Evening Post a few days ago for a new line of Railroad from Montreal to Portland and Boston has been perfected. The Eastern Railroad Company will control the line, and will guarantee a proportion of the business to the Portland and Ogdensburg road. The Portland and Ogdensburg Company will push the work of completing their road in New Hampshire and Vermont, so as to be ready for business in a few months. The section connecting thence with Montreal will also be constructed as soon as possible.

On New Year's Boston extended its limits so as to take in Charlestown with its Revolutionary memories, Brighton, with its cattle markets, and West Roxbury, with its eminent respectability. She adds, thereby, nearly \$80,000,000 to her taxable wealth, and about 50,000 persons to her population. The population now numbers about 310,000, and the city ranks sixth in that respect among the cities of the country.

Tweed, Ingersoll and Genet, the New York ring thieves who have been sent or sentenced to imprisonment, were all members of the bar, and the District Attorney has moved the Court to serve notice upon them to show cause why they should not be struck from the roll of Attorneys. The New York bar ought to be purer when it gets rid of them.

A man recently exhibited at Sydney mines three black, seven silvery and eleven common red fox skins, as the result of one month's snaring in the vicinity of Whyocoonagh. Reynard's friend intends making the district between Sydney Mines and Bras d'Or the field of next month's stratagem.

The Ontario Legislature met on the 8th and organized on Friday, 9th ult., Governor Crawford addressed the Legislature on its opening, congratulating them on the prosperity of the Province. Expenditures for the year have been within the appropriations, and revenues have been in excess of anticipations.

Natick, Mass., was recently visited by a great fire, which in three hours destroyed the entire business portion of the town, the town hall, banks, libraries the Congregational Church and many dwellings. The loss cannot fall short of half a million.

A man named Andrew Doyle shot in Bedford Basin, recently, a seal weighing about nineteen pounds, which he intends presenting to the Director of the Provincial Museum.

Mr. Malcolm McNeil, of Big Pond, C. B., was surprised a few mornings ago as he visited a trap he had set for Muskrats, to find held by the iron teeth a huge bear.

The president declines to allow the use of national troops to suppress anticipated disorder in Texas.

There is a workman at the Navy Yard who has whistled continually for nine years. For lack of thought?

A daughter of Hiram Johnson of Vernon, Vt., about thirty-four years of age, Arvilla by name, has been insane for some time past, caused probably by the death of her mother last spring, and at various times has attempted suicide but by close watching had been prevented from effecting her design. At an early hour on the 3rd instant, Mr. Johnson arose and lit a kerosene lamp, and was preparing to build a fire in the stove when Arvilla came down stairs dressed in her nightclothes, and took up the lamp and before her movements could be prevented she had saturated her clothing with kerosene and set it on fire. She then rushed from the house wrapped in flames, and when followed by the horror stricken family she endeavored to crawl under the building to avoid molestation, but was caught, and a blanket was thrown over her, and she was rolled in the snow till the flames were extinguished; but she was already too badly burned to survive, and died the same day.

At Halifax a short time since a boy five years of age, named Hollies, whose parents reside in Dartmouth, was left alone in a room in which a fire was burning in an open grate, while his mother went into another apartment. The boy, who was only in his night clothes, went to the grate for some purpose, when his garments took fire. His screams brought Mrs. Hollies to the spot, and she extinguished the flames as speedily as possible, getting burnt about the face, arms and hands in doing so. The little fellow was so severely burned about the front part of his body that his life is despaired of.

A box containing the dead body of an infant was found floating in the water off Newcastle on Friday afternoon 16th ult., by Mr. James Baker, who is attached to a fishing vessel. The child was wrapped in a newspaper and heavy brown paper. In the box was a visiting card, with the name, Miss Mary C. Manning, Haverhill Mass., and on the other side a pencil drawing of a man's head, with his hat on, with a weed on it. On the back, in ink, were the words 'Bookmark,' J. C. Howe. Coroner Rider summoned Messrs. John H. Batley, Wm. H. Emery and Ashuel T. Thurston as a jury. Dr. Potter gave his opinion that the child never breathed, but could not decide if unnatural means were used to prevent it. A dispatch from Haverhill says that the body was given to some medical students of that city for dissection, but through neglect became so decomposed that dissection was not advisable, and the body was put into the box and thrown into the river.

We hear of a novel spectacle at White Island. On the night of a heavy fog lately, the keeper of the light had his attention called to an unusual noise about the light-house building, and on going into the lantern for the cause, found it surrounded by a flock of gulls, apparently as thick together as they could fly. The reflections of the powerful colored lights upon them as they circled about, gave them a novel and beautiful appearance, well worth witnessing.

The shoemakers' Paradise, geographically known as Natick, Mass., has been severely visited by fire. The devouring element made short work of the business portion of the town on the 13th inst and, despite the efforts of the Fire Department, only three stores were saved. A cable despatch states that Admiral E. G. Parrott, who had just taken command of the East India squadron, superceding Admiral Jenkins, is incapacitated, and has been ordered home by the advice of the Medical Board.

London is to be illuminated on the night of the Royal marriage in St. Petersburg. A Neat Retort.—Sir John was on a vote begging tour lately through the foundries in the capacity of a workingman's candidate though seeking the overthrow of the only workingman Premier Canada ever had and who was once a Kingston mechanic. Sir John met with poor success; one workingman black with the grime of honest toil being asked for his vote replied holding out his blackened hands No; these hands are not clean. That was a home thrust at the knightly non-resident being even more severe than Mr. Mackenzie's retort that though he was a workingman his hands were hardened with honest labor and not like Sir John's soiled with a briber's gold.

Articles have been signed, and a deposit of £25 staked for a match for £200 and the championship of England between Joseph Sadler of Teddington, and Robert Bagnall of Newcastle, to be rowed on the 16th of April next from the Star and Garter at Putney to the Ship at Mortlake. It has been suggested that the friend of George Brown ought to send George with Mr. James Bryor to England to witness this contest. As Brown's boating experience has been confined to the province doubtless he would learn much by being an eye-witness of a contest between English champion oarsmen.

A woman named Hayes, eighty-one years of age, belonging in Newmarket, was instantly killed near Newmarket station, while sitting on the track of the railroad at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon. She had with her a mirror and bottle. One of her sons was killed while walking on the track near the Eastern engine-house in this city, last year.

BY AUTHORITY. His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Major Henry Renouf, to be, under Act 32nd Vic, Cap. 3, a Judge of the Central District Court of Newfoundland; and Thomas R. Bennett, Esq., to be a Judge, under Act 34, Vic, Cap 5, of the District Court of Conception Bay, and Coroner for the Harbor Grace Division of the Electoral District of Conception Bay; and George Simms, Esq., to be a Justice of the Peace for the Southern District.

His Excellency in Council has also been pleased to appoint James J. Hayward, Esq., to be Assistant Collector of Customs at the port of St. John's, Vic. John Canning, Esq., superannuated; James Lyons Noonan, Esq., to be Landing and Tide Surveyor, vice Hayward, promoted; William M. Barmes, Esq., to be Superintendent of Fisheries of this Colony; Theodore Clift, Esq., to be Stipendiary Poor Commissioner, in conjunction with J. A. Jordan, Esq.; William J. Coen, Esq., to be Governor of the Colonial Penitentiary, in the room of W. Magill, Esq., superannuated, to commence the duties 1st May next; George Simms, J. P. Esq., to be Stipendiary Magistrate and Preventive Officer, at Grand Bank, and Wreck Commissioner from Point May to Gargish, vice Coan, to commence the duties 1st May next.

Secretary's Office, 30th January, 1874.—Gazette Extraordinary. His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint the Hon. F. B. T. Carter, Q. C., James J. Rogerson, Esq., Hon. E. D. Shea, W. V. Whitey, Esq., Q. C., and the Hon. W. J. S. Donnelly, to be an Executive Council for this Colony; and the Hon. F. B. T. Carter, Q. C., to be Acting Attorney General; the Hon. E. D. Shea, to be Acting Colonial Secretary; the Hon. James J. Rogerson, to be Acting Receiver General; the Hon. W. V. Whitey, Q. C., to be Acting Solicitor General; John H. Warren, Esq., to be Acting Surveyor General; and Charles Du der, Esq., to be Acting Chairman of the Board of Works.

His Excellency has also been pleased to appoint Stephen Rendell, Esq., to be a Member (provisionally) of the Legislative Council and a member of the Executive Council. Secretary's Office, 31st January, 1874.—Ibid.

SHIP NEWS

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE. ENTERED. Jan. 21.—William Jenkins Cagleari, salt —J. Munn & Co. 26.—Trusty Kehoe Pernambuco ballast—J. Munn & Co. CLEARED Jan. 26.—William Jenkins, Pernambuco fish—J. Munn & Co. 28.—Trusty Kehoe Pernambuco fish—J. Munn & Co. 31.—Bonita Hanrahan Gibraltar fish J. Munn & Co. Vesta Keefe Gibraltar fish—J. Munn & Co. Feb. 3.—Cyrus Webber Barbadoes fish—Munn & Co.

NOTICES.

A CARD. SPANISH VICE-CONSULATE, Harbor Grace, Jan. 26, 1874. DURING my absence, Mr. ROBERT BADCOCK, Jr., will attend to the duties of this Vice-Consulate. The Vice-Consul of Spain, T. HARRISON RIDLEY. Feb. 1, 1874.

Dr. W. F. BURNS, DENTIST, Is now in town, and has taken Rooms at the residence of Mr. JOHN CODY, (opposite the premises of the Hon. W. J. S. DONNELLY) where he may be consulted for Two Weeks. All operations performed. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. N.B.—Dr. B. will visit Brigus on the 18th, and remain One Week. Feb. 4.

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 1873, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after THURSDAY the 6th inst., during the usual hours of business. By order of the Board, R. BROWN, Manager.

St. John's January 3, 1874.

NOTICE.

Jillard Brothers' New Provision, Grocery and Hardware

STORE,

is now in full operation. Anything you require you will get there.

Provisions of the Best Quality.

Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, Butter Split and Round, Pease, Oatmeal Rice, Cheese, Beans.

Choice and well-selected GROCERIES,

Tea—Black and Hyson Sugar—Loaf Crushed and Brown Raisins—Bloom Layer and Valencia Broad Figs Currants Spices of every description Mace Cinnamon Cassia Cloves Pa merto Mixed Spice, Pepper C. Seed Nutmegs Gray, Dunn & Co.'s Fancy Biscuits of all kinds

Confectionery

Essence of Coffee, Homeopathic and Common Cocoa Chocolate

Bacon and Hams, Lard, Pearl Barley Groats and Patent Barley, Mustard Pickles—Mixed, Chow-Chow, Picadilly, Red Cabbage, Onions, Walnuts Olive Oil, Crystal and Pure Malt Vinegar in bottles and casks Raspberry Vinegar, Essence Lemon Root Ginger, Ground Ginger, Honey Table Salt—by the pound and in crocks and bottles Glue, Can lers, Baking Powders Carbonate of Soda, Sago, Tapioca Vermacella, Liquorice Saltpetre, Logwood, Brimstone, Sulphur Snuff, Starch, Blue, Hard Soap Castile Soap, Fancy and Scented Soap Bees Wax, Nixey's Black Lead, Wax Electric and Comb Matches Best Japan Blacking, Paste Blacking Brunswick Black, Furniture Polish Washing Soda, Snuff Beans Condensed Milk Bottled Fruits—Plums, Cherries, Damsons Green Gages, &c. Corn Flour, Sardines, Smoked Herrings Jellies, Jams, and Marmalade The celebrated Victoria and other Sauces Citron, Lemon and Orange Candied Peel Gelatine, Cream of Tartar Shelled Almond Nuts, Kay's Coaguline Hunt's, Cooke's and Holloway's Pills Castor Oil, Senna, Salts, Hartshorn Medicamentum, Opodeldoo Oysters in Tins, Solid Oil Capilaire Syrup Bear's Grease and Pomatum Infant's Farinaeous Food.

We keep constantly on hand HARDWARE Of every description. Carpenters' Tools, Coopers' Tools Shoemakers' Tools, Masons' Tools Brushes, Combs, Earthenware, Glassware Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Latches Musical Instruments, Medicines, Drugs Perfumery, Nautical Instruments & Charts Tacks, Screws, Brads Parlor and Kitchen Utensils Paints, Oil, Turpentine, Varnish Saddlers' Ware, Toys, Brooms, Buckets Riddles, Bath Brick Hatchets, Saws, Hammers, Planes Tomahawks, Shingling Hatchets Spokeshaves, Wrought Nails Rules and Squares Compasses and Spirit Levels, Chisels Gouges, Gimblets, Augurs, Chalk Lines Brace and Bits, Sand and Glass Paper Hand, Pit and Crosscut Files, Saw Sets Gueupots, Diamonds, Axes, Adzes Jointer and Plane Irons, Drawing Knives Centre Bits, Awls, Bristles, Hemp, Flax Copperas, Pinchers, Rasps, Whips Leather, Kerosene Oil, Soap

Honey Dew Tobacco.

Electro, Albata, British Plate, Nickel and German Silverware Gold, Silver, Gilt, Plated and Glass Jewellery, WATCHES and CLOCKS, SEWING MACHINES, Gold Wedding Rings, CRADLES. If you want anything that you do not see in this list, you will be sure to get it by asking. Best assorted stock in town. Every purchaser who desires to get the best possible value for his money, should visit this establishment. JILLARD BROTHERS. Oct. 25, 6m.

FOR SALE,

THE SUBSCRIBERS

RESPECTFULLY intimate that they have on hand and For Sale the following

PROVISIONS

AND Groceries

At as low a price as can be sold in town and invite inspection:—

Bread, Flour, Pork, Butter Molasses, Tea, Hams, Bacon Rice, Arrowroot, Corn Flour Green and Ground Coffee Cheese, Sardines Digby Herrings, Maccaroni Sago, Ground Rice, Perlina Currants, Raisins Preserved Meats Bottled Fruits, Fancy Biscuits Lozenges, Sweets, Jams, Jellies Marmalade Harvey's and Worcester auces Pickles, Bottled Vinegar Anchovies, Catsup, Capers Celery Seed, Table Salt, Hops Isinglass, Saltpetre Whole and Ground Ginger Cloves, Citron Lemon and Orange Peel Cream of Tartar, Green Peas Gelatine Almond, Barcelona & Walnuts Toilet and Common Soap Black and White Pepper Allspice, Caraway Seed Peaches Fancy and Common Tobacco Starch, Mustard, Candles Kerosene Oil, Leather, Glass Whiting, Paints, Nails Linseed Oil, Tables, Chairs Bedsteads, &c., &c., &c.

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co Harbor Grace, Oct. 22, 1873.

RIDLEY & CO.

Having received a further supply of:

PROVISIONS

Will Sell the same on reasonable terms, for

OIL, FISH or HERRING

Harbor Grace, Oct. 22, 1873. 131.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Good News for All!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BEG to intimate to the public that they have recently received by the steamship Austrian, from Liverpool, the second addition to their large variety of

GOODS,

And as a change is to take place in the business soon, the entire stock must be sold off by the New Year

Greatest Bargains

Ever offered to the public in Conception Bay, by calling at

SQUIRES & NOBLE'S, "Golden Fish."

Nov. 12.

LeMessurier & Knight

COMMISSION AGENTS.

Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of

DRY & PICKLED FISH,

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

—AND— DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited

St. John's, May 7, 1873.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper

The Village Blacksmith.
 Under a spreading chestnut tree,
 The village smithy stands,
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny hands
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat;
 He earns whate'er he can;
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell
 When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach;
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing to Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees its close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 And he'll earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to the my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

SELECT STORY.

Sandal-Wood and Silver.

CONTINUED.

WHEN she had finished, she tore a slip of blank paper from the bottom of the page in her hand and hastily penciled—

"At four o'clock this afternoon. But I shall not leave him—yet."

Twisting this brief note, the young woman turned to the negress, who sat, too like, blinking up into her face.

Auntie said she, an old friend of mine is coming here to meet me this afternoon at four o'clock; you will see that no one interrupts us, won't you?

Yes, mist'ess, I'll take keer; but, oh, mist'ess, I's awful skeert for you—scuse me, mist'ess, but dat's so.

Scared for me, Moss! exclaimed Mrs. Rathburne, indignantly; what do you mean?

Oh, mist'ess, don't you be mad; but did mas'r ever tell you 'bout his first wife?

His first wife! He never had one before me, of course.

Oh, but he had, mist'ess; he had, and she died 'cause she tried to get away from him, same as dat ar genelma wants to take you away.

How did she die, Moss—what killed her?

Only for a stroll. The heat is less oppressive out of doors than in the house.

Is it? Well, run and dress for dinner, like a good child. I have just come home, and I'm sharp set, I assure you.

And turning away, Mr. Rathburne hummed a little tune, and sauntered down the lawn.

He suspects nothing, thought poor Rosamond, running up the steps with a heart almost light once more.

In her chamber she found her maid, and not a moment to much remained of the time devoted to dressing for dinner, an observance upon which Rathburne punctiliously insisted.

The evening passed quietly enough in the drawing-room, but more hilariously in the butler's pantry, whither Mort had invited Sooltan to taste a cordial of his own composition, and to smoke a pipe of mild tobacco.

Sooltan, temperate by nature, like most Orientals, had yet seen to much of the world to be shocked by either of these propositions, and, to tell the truth, had imbibed a taste for such indulgences, which he saw no necessity of denying. Mort, on the other hand, had grown up among bottles, demijohns and casks; and their contents had hardly more effect upon his seasoned brain than upon the glass or wood which held them. It is therefore not remarkable that Sooltan became communicative and Mort attentive, and that when the latter gradually and skillfully led the conversation to their young mistress, the valet allowed himself to be convicted

of holding a secret with regard to her, and finally of so nearly divulging that secret that Mort shrewdly guessed at what remained untold.

Mighty curious kind o' box dat mas'r give mist'ess, said he, carelessly.

Mamonna made it, and Sooltan bought it for sahib, said the East Indian significantly.

And if she puts de letter, or whater in dere, it'll pizen her when she goes for to take it out. Sho! I don't believe dat story.

You better believe it, black man Sooltan knows.

Couldn't b'lieve it without I saw it, Sooty.

Come, then; all softly to the Burrasahib's room when I go to arrange his toilet. No one will come. We two will slip like the wind into the Memrasahib's room, and I will show you whether Sooltan is a liar.

Come then if you darst, said Mort briefly.

And then the two men quietly leaving the party, stole up a back stairs, listened a moment in the upper hall to the continuous murmur of voices below stairs, and then softly entered Mr. Rathburne's room, where Sooltan, as he had intimated, had duties at that hour, and where Mort's presence would not have been very remarkable had he been discovered there. Listening and peeping about quite sure that all was safe, Sooltan glided noiselessly through the dressing room separating the two chambers, and almost immediately returned with the box in his hand.

See now black man, said he cautiously. Put finger there—push so—let him side drop down so, and—

An inarticulate exclamation finished the sentence, and Sooltan hastily dropping the letter he was already handling closed the box, mechanically placed it upon a table, and staggered back, both hands pressed upon his forehead.

He has already poured in the certain death, murmured he, in his native tongue.

Mort could not, of course, comprehend the words, but he did the idea, and pausing only to place Sooltan upon a chair, he flew to replace the box in his mistress's chamber, and then returning, led the Indian from the rooms, and to his own lodging. Hastily depositing him upon the bed, he stood for a moment grimly watching him, his fingers dubiously fingering a little box which he had drawn from an inner pocket of his waistcoat; but finally shaking his head, he turned away, muttering:

What's the use o' saving him? he ain't got no kind o' conscience—can't even keep his master's secrets.

And Sooltan, in those words, was doomed to die, for the poison, from whose effects Mort could have saved him, was already working in his veins.

When Mr. Rathburne came up to his room an hour or two later he found Mort waiting beside the toilet table to tell him that Sooltan was ill, and to offer his own services as valet. These the master negligently accepted, saying:

Ah, yes, you used to be my own boy once, you know, and I suppose you have not forgotten.

No, mas'r, I have not forgotten, replied the negro, quietly, and the toilet proceeded.

Mr. Rathburne, a luxurious man in all his habits, was fond of reading in bed, and Mort's final duty was to arrange the lamp, the stand, and the books for this recreation. This done, he said with some hesitation, Mas'r, there was a letter Sooltan found somewhere about the house, and showed it to me this afternoon, that maybe you'd like to know about. He said twas a letter from one of your old sweethearts, and he'd show it to mist'ess and get money for it.

What's all that? demanded Rathburne, savagely. What has the fellow picked up? I always knew he was a traitor. What is this letter, Mort my good fellow.

I don't know nuffin about writing mas'r, but when Sooltan got sick I sort o' took dat letter out he pocket and hid it, and I'll get for mas'r.

Get it then. The copper-coloured scoundrel!

And Mr. Rathburne clinched his hand and knit his brows in a manner very unpromising to Sooltan, should he come within the reach of either at that moment.

Mort, meantime, had left the room by the hall-door, and entered the dressing room by that way, having previously closed the door of communication. As he stole toward the place where he had hidden the poisoned casket, he heard his mistress anxiously exclaim:

Why, Nellie, what has become of the box that stood upon this bureau to-day—the sandal wood and silver box?

My gracious, mist'ess is that box gone? began the maid, volubly; but Mort waited for no more. He had already touched the spring, slipped out the old and yellow letter with which he had an hour before replaced Musgrave's note hidden the casket again and was now

hastening towards his master's bedside.

Spite of the powerful antidote which he had applied, both externally and internally, the subtle poison of the casket was already seeping through his veins. But making a terrible effort, he threw off the dizzy apathy, and crossing the room, placed the paper in Rathburne's hands.

Helen! Has she come from the grave to haunt me? Helen—Rosamond—Helen—

And Molyneux Rathburne still grasping the faded and yellow paper Mort had hoarded so many years with some indefinite design of retribution, sank back upon his pillows while the sweat of mortal pain and fear broke out upon his clammy forehead.

What is this—Mort? stammered he.

I'll tell you master, said the slave, grasping at a chair for support and speaking quickly and gaspingly. The letter's been in the box you pizened for poor lilly mist'ess letter. I've served you same as you wanted to serve her. Want to know why? You took the girl I wanted to marry, and when you was tired of her you sold her to a worse man, and she killed herself. And you killed your first wife, and you'd have killed my mother but you was afraid, and now you's going, and maybe I'll have to go too—

As he said the last words, Mort sank heavily upon the floor, insensible and gasping. Nelly, the maid, hearing the fall, rushed in and her screams soon aroused the family—all but two. Mr. Rathburne was not to be roused by sound or sight of this world, and Sooltan, his slave, had accompanied his master upon the longest journey they had yet undertaken together.

Mort recovered, thanks to the antidote with which his wise mother knowing her master's love of poisons, had long ago provided him; but it was very long before he recovered from the shock he had sustained. So soon as he was able to speak, he sent for his mistress to his bedside, and said feebly:

Dat letter, mist'ess, dat one in de box, you know—

Yes, Mort; what about it?

I burned it up; nobody never saw it. It was pisened to kill you, and I burned it up. It's all right now, and I don't want to say nothing more about it, if so be you'll be so 'duigent, mist'ess.

And Bosamond had the rare courage and generosity to let the faithful slave keep his secret then and ever. When Mort could once more move about the house, his first excursion was to his late master's dressing-room, and a few moments later the rare and wonderful and never-to-be-replaced casket was blazing in the fire Mort had caused to be kindled in his own room expressly for the purpose of its destruction.

Mrs. Rathburne journeyed north under the charge of her friend, Mr. Musgrave, and when her year of widowhood was over, she married him quietly, nor has either husband or wife yet seen cause to regret the hour which merged their separate lives in one.

The plantation and all other property of the late Mr. Rathburne was sold by his widow soon after his death, and she never has revisited the South; but Mort and his mother, old Moss, were duly provided for in the way nearest to their own hearts, and lived long and happily to bless the deliverance that came to them from Memonna's casket of Sandal wood and Silver.

BESSY HAY.

THE fragrant wild roses lifted their pink chalices up towards the sunshine and dew of the July heavens; the robins sang uproarious glees in the branches of the old apple orchard; and neither rose or robin was fairer or sweeter voiced than Bessy Hay, as she stood among the currant bushes, culling the red ripe fruit under the shade of an old pear tree, where the stone wall of the garden was draped with the emerald festoons of a wild grape vine, while Paul Estcott stood leaning against the mossy trunk of the pear tree, twisting a stem of blue-bells in his hand.

I know I'm poor, Bessy, he said, resuming a conversation which had apparently lapsed into silence for a moment or so; but I suppose poor people have a right to live and be happy as well as rich ones.

I suppose so too, Paul.

And I am sure I am willing to work if only I could find something to do.

Bessy glanced deprecatingly at him.

Mr. Elton wants some one to take the farm and work it—

That is mere drudgery, and, besides, the pay would not enable me to marry and support a wife comfortably.

We could wait, Paul.

You are very willing, said the young man, bitterly. I don't believe, Bessy, that you care for me as I do for you!

O Paul!

And a pained look came over the fair young face.

Well, then, what do you think of being tutor to Mr. Sinclair's little boys?

Thank you; I don't fancy the idea of being a toad-eater to a pompous aristocrat like Henry Sinclair.

But, Paul, we can't always do and be what we like in this world, pleaded Bessy, with a troubled look shining in her tender, garnet brown eyes.

Easy philosophy for you!

And the young man flung down his stem of bluebells.

I suppose you would like to have me break stones upon the roads. I thought you at least could sympathize with the feelings of a gentleman.

So I do, Paul; but I believe in the Scripture doctrine of a man's doing with all his might whatever his hands find to do.

I see how it is, said Paul Estcott, haughtily; you are weary of our engagement; you want to break the worldly fetters that bind you. Very well; so let it be. You are free!

And he strode away over the high grass, muttering to himself something about having suspected how it would turn out ever since North Van Brugh had come down from London to sketch the scenery and turn the beds of all the girls.

Bessy Hay made a step or two to overtake him, but she checked herself in an instant, with a scarlet stain on her cheek and a gathering mist in her eyes.

He ought to know better she thought and he does. No; I will not follow him. He will come back to me when the momentary pique has worn itself away.

In the meanwhile, Paul, vaulting over the low stone wall a few paces below, had very nearly stumbled over the prostrate form of a man lying among the red clover blossoms in the island of shade cast by an unbragous tree and reading.

Mr. Van Brugh.

The young artist glanced up with a sort of lazy scorn showing under his long dark eye-lashes. Paul bit his lip.

Engaged in the noble occupation of evesdropping, eh? he uttered.

Come now, Mr. Estcott, don't be crusty; I didn't mean to overhear your conversation; but what was a fellow to do?—This is the jolliest place on the whole farm, and I wasn't to blame because miss Hay came out looking like Hebe's self to gather red currants, and you followed like her shadow. Come, let's go down by the trout stream, and talk over matters and things in general. Are you really in earnest about wanting something to do?

Of course I am.

Then suppose you just glance over this letter, that I received this morning from my uncle, I've no idea of expatriating myself among the pig-tailed celestials for all the fortunes that ever were made. But for an ambitious man—read the letter, that's all.

Paul Estcott obeyed, almost dazzled for the moment by the brilliant prospect it seemed to open to him.

You really give me the privilege of accepting or refusing this situation? he exclaimed.

I really do; and, considering I don't want it myself, it is no very great stretch of generosity on my part. Only, you see, you have to decide at once, and be in the city to report yourself at my uncle's counting-house within four-and-twenty hours.

Paul sprang up, flushed and eager.

I'll do it. I'll show Bessy Hay that I am no do-nothing after all, when a motive really worth my while presents itself. But, glancing at his old fashioned silver watch, which contrasted so markedly with Mr. Van Brugh's elegant, full-jewelled chronometer, I have no time to lose.

Not a second.

But my trunk?

You can get what you need in town; my uncle supplies the outfit.

And, Bessy?

Write to her to-night; my uncle will forward the letter under cover to me, and I will see that she gets it.

Paul Estcott wrung his companions hand.

THE STAR
—AND—
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