

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 15, 1873.

Number 7.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
6	7	1	2	3	4	5
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31
..

Moon's Phases.

Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

First Quarter... 1st, 2h. 49m., a. m.
Full Moon..... 8th, 6h. 31m., p. m.
Last Quarter... 15th, Noon.
New Moon..... 22nd, 5h. 41m., p. m.

Mall Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday, June 19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, July 3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Aug. 6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Sept. 3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Oct. 1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 29

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No. 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; Local C, 22s. 6d.

FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 35s. to 39s.; New York Superfine 35s. New York No. 2 30s. to 32s.

CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.

OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P E Is land, 27s. 6d.

RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.

FRAP—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.

BUTTER—Canada, good ls. to ls. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to ls. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.

CHEESE—9d. to 10d.

HAM—9d. to 10d.

PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.

BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.

RYE—per imp. gallon 7s. 10d.

MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.

SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.

COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.

TEA—Congou and Souong, ordinary broken leaf, ls. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.

LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.

LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.

TOBACCO—Canadian, ls. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.

CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.

SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.

KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.

COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & 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 lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.
Dec. 13.

NOTICES.

JAMES 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, **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.

N.B.—FRAMES, any size material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

FOR SALE.

RESREVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS

Spiced do.

APPLE

PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup

Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.
Sept. 17.

HARBOR GRACE

OOK & 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 denominations Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards French Writing Paper, Violins Concertinas, French Musical Boxes Albums, Initial Note Paper and 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, Manufacturing Jeweler.

Large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES MEERSCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14.

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and Parasols,

No. 1, LION SQUARE, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, begs to state that he may still be found at his residence, No. 1, Lion Square, where he is prepared to execute all work in the above line at the shortest notice, and at moderate rates.
All work positively finished by the time promised.
Outport orders punctually attended to.
St. John's, Jan. 4.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of **DRUGS, MEDICINES, DRY PAINTS,**

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommended:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
Keating's Worm Tablets
Cough Lozenges
Rowland's Odonato
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lampough's Pyretic Saline
Powell's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne,
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Apollidoc
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
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Walch's Pills
Cooke's "
Holloway's "
Norton's "
Hunt's "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster
Mather's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour
Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee
Nix's Black Lead
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Woodill's Worm Lozenges
" Baking Powder
McLean's Vermifuge
Lea's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks,
Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil,
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1/2 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calmed Magnesia
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastilles, Scidlitz Powders
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.
Robinson's Patent Barley
" Groats

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

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.

POETRY.

A Woman's Complaint.

I saw myself in the glass to day,
And I said as I loosened my hair,
"Oh, that my face were a talisman,
And he could have it to wear!"
For there is nothing that I would not give
To fetter his restless heart;
For if his tenderness ever should fail
The glory from life would part.

I should not suffer so if I knew
That he missed me any to-night;
I wonder if ever he wants me now—
I know that it isn't right.
I know I am selfish to murmur and doubt;
Is he careless or cold? Oh! never!
But they tell me that man forgets in an hour,
While woman remembers forever.

I love him! I love him with all my life!
And I give him his choicest things;
But he puts me into a gilded cage,
And cripples my budding wings!
I want to be all that a woman should be;
But he has the narrowest views;
I want to work; and he wants me to play;
And he tells me to do as I choose!

To do as I choose! I would choose to be
Not a child to be petted and dressed,
But his friend; on the terms of an equal
trust;
Respected, as well as caressed,
He gives me a kiss; and he goes away;
And that horrible office door
Shuts out the face and the voice and the hand
That charmed him a moment before!

And if he's troubled, or sad, or wronged,
He tells me never a word!
He likens me unto a summer flower,
Or a beautiful singing bird!
If he'd teach me, I know I could learn
To work with him, side by side;
And then I could hold my head up, high,
With a sterling womanly pride!

And so I am jealous of him I love;
Oh! jealous as jealous can be:
For his lordly aims and his growing plans
Keep him away from me.
And I sit away by myself to-night,
Dropping the bitterest tears,
That have moistened the cheeks that he
left unkind,
To whitened with cruel tears.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Yankee paper tells the following spicy little story:—At the second battle of Bull Run the famous Thirty-fifth Regiment, from Jefferson County, New York, suffered terribly, and efforts were immediately made by the friends at home to fill its thinned ranks. Among the first to spring to the rescue was one Augustus Buel—"Gus," we call him—who is famous as a hunter in John Brown's Tract, and distinguished for being a capital fellow and an excellent marksman. His Uncle, Deacon Weatherly, met Gus a day or two after he had enlisted.

Well, Augustus, said the Deacon, I understand you have enlisted in the Thirty-fifth.

Yes, I have, said Gus; and I am to start for the regiment to-morrow morning.

That's right, my boy; that's right! I am very glad you have enlisted. You shall have my prayers and my blessing. And now, Augustus, let me give you a little advice. When you go into battle, and have your rifle well charged and in good order, and the order is given to advance on the rebels, I want you, my dear boy, to remember the Scriptural injunction—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The boys of the Thirty-fifth all agree that Gus heeded the old man's counsel.

About ten years since there were living in Great Falls, New Hampshire, two clerical men whose names were McCollum and Hooper. Their difference of opinion on creeds and tenets did not prevent them from being warm friends. Meeting on the sidewalk one summer evening, McCollum says—

Come, Hooper, let's take a walk.
Hooper, looking up at the sky, answered, I think I won't; I am afraid it is going to rain.

What! says Mac, you a Baptist and afraid of water!
Oh no, replied Hooper; it is not the water, but the method of application that I object to.

EXTRACTS.

Arrival of the Shah of Persia.

The visit of the Shah of Persia to England commenced under the most favourable auspices. His Majesty crossed from Ostend in a perfectly calm sea, and was escorted from the Downs by the finest collection of iron ships any country could put upon the waters, and greeted on his arrival in England in a manner which must have been most gratifying, even to so saturnine a potentate as the Shah is said to be.

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather was gloomy in Dover on Wednesday morning, and that at intervals some ominous raindrops fell, the town was up betimes, and numerous bands of workmen were engaged in putting finishing touches to the decorations at the Lord Warden Hotel, and along the whole length of the Admiralty pier, at which the landing was to take place. Before noon the clouds cleared, but the humid atmosphere, coupled with the heat, left a gray haze hanging over the sea. By half-past twelve the preparations had been completed, and the official and other spectators were all in their places, although the disembarkation was not expected to take place before half-past two. The Duke of Edinburgh, in his naval uniform, who was accompanied by his brother, Prince Arthur, of the Rifle Brigade, arrived on the pier shortly before one o'clock, accompanied by Earl Granville (Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports), Viscount Sydney (Lord Chamberlain), and a numerous staff of officers in both branches of the service.

The Mayor of Dover and other local magnates were introduced to their Royal Highnesses, and were received with great cordiality. Shortly after the hour, the Persian Ambassador, with four attaches, joined the group, which awaited the arrival of their royal master, and at half-past one o'clock was heard the thundering salute of an invisible fleet which proclaimed the fact that the yachts carrying the Shah and his suite had been sighted. The interest now became intense, and was in no sense abated when shortly afterwards the immense hulls of the iron clads were seen advancing on the harbor in two lines, with two smaller white funnelled steamers puffing forward to the centre. The vessels forming the escort were the Agincourt, Northumberland, Black Prince, Achilles, Hercules, Sultan, Monarch, Hector, Audacious, Vanguard, and Devastation, the last three having steamed out some miles to meet the yachts.

The Times vividly describes the scene: The black hulls swiftly increased in size, the Vigilant coming on very fast in front of the whole fleet, a broad arrow of foam flying from her bows. Two lines of great ships guarded the swift paddle yachts, drawing off as these neared the bay, and taking up position in a long and stately rank stretching away upon the calm sea towards Folkestone. The members of the Shah's English Embassy arrived upon the pier, and there were conferences with Lord Sydney upon points of Persian ceremonial. The yachts steamed swiftly in, the Vigilant, the Shah on board, in front, and we upon the pier could see the mangled rigging of the iron-clads, and could hear the cheers the sailors gave his Majesty as he parted from the fleet. The yachts' crews in the Bay also cheered, and fired their mimic artillery as the Vigilant came up to the landing place. The white folds of the Persian flag, with its golden lion crouched beside a golden sun, hung from the foremast head, and at the main flew the Persian Royal standard, a lion before the rising sun, grasping a sword in his paw, with a crown above him, all in gold on a red ground. Scarcely had the Vigilant touched the pier, which she did at about half-past two, when His Majesty left the deck saloon and stood upon the quarter deck. The well-known sigratta was fastened at the front of the black Persian cap of Astrakhan fur which his Majesty wore, but the splendours of his uniform were obscured by a cloak. The Shah's singular dark eyes; his face is shaved except the long drooping moustache, and his expression is singularly grave. As the people cheered him he raised his hand to his cap once or twice, and then re-entered the deck saloon outside which waited Persian Princesses and grandees in gold lace, green ribbons, and flashing stars. There was some delay in his Majesty's landing, but at last the green baize gangway was adjusted, and the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, Lord Sydney, Lord Granville and others went on board the Vigilant, and entering the deck saloon, the English Princesses welcomed the Shah to England.

The Shah and the Princess and their suites entered the hotel at 3 o'clock, and his Majesty retired to a room prepared for him. The Corporation was ready in the large room with their addresses, and his Majesty did not keep them long waiting. In about ten minutes he returned, and sending a date of two steps, listened to

Drifting Apart.

Out of sight of the heated land,
Over the breezy sea;
Into the reach of the solemn mist,
Quietly drifted we.

The sky was blue as the baby's eye
When it falleth apart in sleep,
And soft as the touch of its wandering
hand
The swell of the peaceful deep.

Hovered all day in our sluggish wake
The wonderful petrel's wing—
Following, following, ever afar,
Like the love of a human thing.

The day crept out at the purple west,
Dowered with glories rare;
Never a sight and never a sound
To startle the dreamy air.

The mist behind and the mist before,
But light in the purple west,
Until we wearied to turn aside
And drift to its haunted rest.

But the mist was behind; and the mist
before,
Rose up, like a changeless fate;
And we turned our faces towards the
dark,
And drearily said, "Too late!"

So, with foreheads fronting the far-off
south,
We drifted into the mist,
Turning away from the glorious west's
Purple and amethyst.

For the sea and the sky met everywhere
Like the strength of an evil hate,
And a thunder-cloud came out of the
west,
And guarded the sunset gate.

Thou art in the royal, radiant land
That stretches across the sea,
And the drifting hours of each weary
day
Take thee further from me!

SELECT STORY.

Lost and Found.

Chapter II.
CONCLUDED.

She? To whom do you allude?
Ellen looked up in surprise,
My niece—your future—
Oh! Your niece is also to be married
when we are?

Sir! exclaimed Ellen, what do you
mean? Are you jesting?
Paul frowned.
He disliked her, and detested her af-
fectionation.

I understood you to say your niece
intends to marry when we do.

She sat gazing at him with wide ex-
tended eyes and mouth, until Paul had
serious doubts of her sanity, and still
more serious thoughts of leaving the
room through the window.

At length she recovered from her as-
tonishment sufficiently to say,—
There must be a ludicrous mistake.
Whom are you going to marry? Me?

Whom but you am I to marry? asked
Paul, turning very red as Ellen
broke into a merry peal of irrepressible
laughter.

Paul discovered and with a sense of
relief, the state of affairs.

What would my niece say if she knew
that her future husband had—ha! ha!
and her mirth broke forth again with
redoubled violence. What would Col-
onel Melvill say if he were told that a
handsome young man had really pro-
posed to his future wife? with another
burst of laughter.

Then, thought Paul, I am not to mar-
ry this Ellen, but another one whom I
have not seen. After all, it is but jump-
ing out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Now, Paul, I'll be serious, said Ellen,
suppressing her laughter. I have al-
ways wondered why you always avoided
speaking my niece's name, and was so
careless about seeing her. Now that we
have discovered the mistake, you will go
and see her, will you not?

Certainly. I adhere to resolution.
Does she agree to the marriage?
Yes. She did object, but has con-
sented, knowing that a refusal would
ruin her father.

May I enquire what those objections
were? Tell me something about her?

She took a silly notion, last summer,
to teach school, and, while teaching, be-
came acquainted with a young coxcomb
from the city of H—, with a black
moustache, white hands, stove-pipe hat,
&c. He came to see her often.

And the consequence was—
What might be expected of an inex-
perienced girl. She fell deeply in love
with him, and he, thinking she was an
heiress, asked her to be his wife.

And she accepted him? finished Paul
intensely interested.
No. Though it cost a great effort,
she refused him.

That was a great sacrifice, and it is
selfish in us to require it. Did you ever
see her lover?
No. He claimed to be a lawyer.

Ah, indeed! What was his name?
inquired he, his face lighting up at the
thought that perhaps it was he to whom
she was alluding—that, after all, it was
his peerless Ella that they wanted him
to marry.
It was a very common name—Jones
or Brown. I never cared enough to en-
quire particularly.

Miss Reydel, Paul leaned forward,
at what place did your niece teach?
A few miles east of this town.
And she boarded at—
Bertram's. Why, Paul, what is the
matter? You seem surprised.

He was surprised. He could scarcely
realize that it was true. And this was
the cause of her refusing him! And she
loved him! He had loved the girl they
had been trying to make him marry all
the time.

Where is Ella? I will go to her at
once, he said, rising.

And will you marry her?
If she still retains the love for the
lawyer from H—, whom, by the way, I
am acquainted with, I think she had
better marry him. I intend to use my
influence in his behalf.

Paul!
They looked each other full in the
eyes, and both smiled.

Well, didn't I flatter you a moment
ago? Go to her at once. She is ex-
pecting Mr. Smith, the nephew of Jacob
Smith, of the firm of Smith, Kellum,
and Co., but I think that Mr. Smith,
her city lover, will answer.

Paul found Ella alone.
As he entered the room, she started
up with an exclamation,
Mr. Smith!

You are surprised to see me. I have
come to repeat the story of my love.
A deep shade of pain swept over her
face.

She said, coldly,—
My mind is unchanged. I can never
marry you.

Do you love the man you are going
to marry?
Why do you ask? she said, evasi-
vely.

Because I have reason to believe
otherwise. You have never seen him.
It is seldom we place our affection on an
unknown and unseen object. Ella, you
love me.

I shall always regard you as a friend,
nothing more. This interview is pain-
ful to us both, and must not be prolong-
ed. Let us change the subject.

One word more, and, if you desire it,
the subject will be dropped forever. The
name of the man you are going to marry
is Smith, I believe. That is also my
name.

She looked up wildly at him, and joy
leaped athwart her face—joy born of
hope—joy that irradiated and beautified
every feature—and unconsciously her
hands clasped his.

Can you learn to love me, Ella? he
asked, with a smile that told her all.
No, sir.

And why?
Because I already love you.
Need I tell the sequel.

Phantom Fingers.

Chapter I.

HIS was a fanciful idea, without
doubt; but as a bit of description
in two words, it could not have been ex-
celled. For his fingers were peculiarly
phantom-like. At a piano their certain
shadowy appearance came out more
powerfully than anywhere else; the effect
upon people who watched them corre-
sponding. They seemed to flit about the
white keys, much whiter than the ivory,
indeed, and not to bring out the notes
by striking, but by a weird, magnetic
influence, that cannot be well by words
described. So people looking on, and
there were always many when he play-
ed, experienced first surprise, next in-
terest, next a chilliness, and next horror.

In the end they trickled away, and ran
into little pools elsewhere, and said,
diffidently, what they thought about it.
Odd! Never saw the like before!
'Pon my soul! it made my flesh creep!
&c., &c.

But Valerie's expression met the need
precisely. She said, with a little turn
up of her exquisitely pert nose, "Phan-
tom fingers!" And henceforth Mel-
chior Marek was known behind his
narrow back (where, however, he seem-
ed to have eyes) by that name.

This, in the very beginning, makes
him melodramatic; and I am sorry, be-
cause some do not like melodramatic
stories, and so will drop mine at once;
and because melodramatic heroes are
usually noodles.

Herr Marek was pale, of course; had
light, and rather cold blue eyes; a bad
mouth; strong, white teeth; above them
a nose inclining a little to be beakish.
He was reserved; and there was in fact,
a chill about him, and people drifted but
little in his way, and he rarely talked.

He professed that he could not; but his
silence was evidently due more to a con-
stitutional inertness and a contempt for
conversation than any other motive.

It was profoundly calm that evening,
or, rather, dreamy. The stillness with-

out seemed to have penetrated the very
walls, the stillness of the meek stars, the
bright moon, and the white snow. Every-
body seemed to be talking in languid
whispers, and even the fire in the grate
diffused its grateful, gentle warmth,
without noise. The red coals appeared
to sleep.

Suddenly the door opened as if for a
ghost. It was only old Captain Roth-
well, trundling along by the aid of his
great, creaking shoes—quite canoes—
and his massive walking-stick, almost
large enough to make a mast for a ship.

For a sailor, he was by no means jovial
—all they ill-naturedly said, had been
taken out of him by his wife be-
fore she died—and so he sat down with
a quiet bow, and fell into a study. The
only other person in the room who had
been enjoying his own society exclusi-
vely was Herr Marek. He had been
softly humming to himself in the corner
and twiddling those restless fingers; but
now, at the appearance of the captain,
he rose, and went over to him.

Why don't you play cards, Mr.
Marek? asked the blunt officer, in a
husky, hurricane kind of voice.
Because I do not find myself able to
fancy them, good captain. It is wast-
ing brain, thought, diplomatic skill, and
such good things, to no purpose. But
I perceive your niece is fond of them.

Ay, ah!
And also fond of a nice partner—(is
nice the word I should use? I am
clumsy at English epithets.) She al-
ways selects the best—Mr. Ather-
stone.

The captain scowled. The German
went on:
And how greatly they do enjoy them-
selves! It is really a pleasure for me to
sit and look on and listen. Both so
handsome and young, too!

Ay, ay! growled the old sailor,
dryly.
And youth, sir, is the foam of life.
They are happy who have youth; I
never had, I was born old and odd and
wretched.

These last words reached the sharp
ears of Frederick Atherstone, who was
at the card-table some yards off, and
who had been casting uneasy glances at
Herr Marek ever since he had left his
seat.

Talking some of Goethe and Byron's
nonsense to your uncle, said Fred to
Valerie, shuffling his pack excitedly.
And the old buffer swallows every word.
It provokes me, confound it!

Play, play! interrupted Mrs Jorry,
who hated to lose time over euchre.
Play, Fred.

I can't, with my attention distracted
there. The fact is, Valerie, your uncle
is the most precious old pump I ever
encountered in all my life. Anything
can be poked down his throat.

Valerie laid down her pencil, with
which she had been keeping account of
the games, and looked at Fred seri-
ously.

I have told you, Fred, that I really
cannot allow you to speak in my pre-
sence so disrespectful of my uncle.

But he is an idiot—a confirmed idiot!
For a man to have travelled as much
as he has, and to have learned so little,
is a shame! I hate such infernal stu-
pidity, and such disgusting blockheads!
They ought to be put out of the world!

He had actually worked himself into
a fierce passion. His cheeks were red,
his eyes blazing, and his fists were clenched.
Mrs. Jorry laughed; but Valerie
rose.

You are mad, Mr. Atherstone. cer-
tainly, she said, in a very cold voice,
and with much earnestness. I shall
not listen to you any longer. Do not
speak to me again, sir.

She swept away with gentle dignity,
and Fred, with a scowl, went over to
the window, and hid himself in the
folds of the curtain.

All of which Herr Marek had quietly
observed.

There, now! said he, compassionately.
There we have another instance of what
card-playing is! All our friends have
quarreled.

That's nothing, said the sailor. Quar-
rel about the like every day. Soon
make it up, sir.

Let me see, continued the German,
appearing to examine more attentively.
No, I was mistaken. It is only two of
them who have quarrelled—your sweet
niece, sir, and Mr. Frederick.

Captain Rothwell looked more inter-
ested.

And so it cannot have been about the
cards; it is more likely to have been a
love-quarrel! Ha, ha, ha!

This came out in a little burst of
triumph. Herr Marek's laugh was a
sort of internal chuckle—not precisely
disagreeable, but singular. The captain's
eyes began to dilate.

Impossible, Mr. Marek. There can
be no such contention between my niece
and Mr. Frederick Atherstone. You
have mistaken the relations between
them. Till I am in the ground, my
niece will never be placed in circum-
stances to have a love-quarrel with any-
body; and, sir, said the old man, ear-
nestly, whether I am alive or dead, there
shall never be anything of the love char-

acter between her and Mr. Frederick
Atherstone.

This method of formally repeating
the young man's full name was certain-
ly expressive. Herr Marek, who had
lived in all countries, gave his should-
ers a French shrug.

By this time all in the room were lis-
tening, except the subject of the conver-
sation.
I thought he was a most excellent
gentleman.

No doubt he is.
True—perhaps nobody will deny it
it—he has a bad temper; that is to say,
he is quick and terrible—fierce; but
that is a common fault. I have also un-
derstood that he has a great faculty—
what call you it?—for revenge.

So he has, chimed in Mrs. Jorry.
His hate is terrible. I know as well as
I sit here that Frederick Atherstone in
a fury would do murder.

Herr Marek was horrified.
Nay, nay! That I cannot credit,
madame.

Nor I, Herr Marek, said Valerie. I
am angry with the hot-headed gentle-
man; but I shall say nothing against
him behind his back; nor, if I can help
it, allow anything to be said.

Why are you his champion? asked
Captain Rothwell, quickly.
I don't know why, she answered, a
little confused; unless, perhaps, because
he appears to have none. Herr Marek
has uttered the only good word for
him.

I am really proud of that distinction,
mademoiselle, answered the man of the
slender white fingers. I do certainly
greatly esteem our friend in the very
core of my heart of hearts! This sav-
age, bloodthirsty humor, which you all
say he possesses, I deeply regret. And
furthermore, it is not pleasant for me to
reflect that there exists a belief, however
wild and extravagant, that he would take
life.

Why I have the notion, said the
good-natured, empty-headed Mrs. Jorry
is, because, in drawing a portrait one
day, he fell into such a rage with his
fingers, because they did not catch a
certain shade, or something, that he
got deliberately up, took his pocket-
pistol, went into the corridor, and blew
his forefinger half off.

This foolish speech, of course, creat-
ed a sensation. The German looked
much pained, Valerie started, the others
deeply shocked; but old Captain Roth-
well furious.

But, resumed the unlucky narrator of
the anecdote, possibly perceiving the ef-
fect of it, suppose we change the subject.
It is too gloomy for me. Mr. Marek
give us some music.

They pressed him, and he went over
to the piano. He pushed up the stool
with his knee, blew out a little puff of
breath right and left, coughed slightly,
and then suddenly produced his phantom
fingers.

Somehow, he never played solemn
pieces in minor keys, and so was never
necessitated to strike long resounding
chords. His hands, flitting here and
there, never alighting, drew a bright,
sweet symphony from the ivory, and put
the spirit of real music into the auditors'
souls on the very instant. His light in-
troduction ended, he dashed with a
brief preliminary pause, into the subject
and he never failed to play on till every
one had left his side.

This always occurred for the reason
I have given—none could endure the
chill of those horrible, ghostly fingers.

Whatever he was executing, he mostly
composed as he went along, and imme-
diately forgot every note after he had
played it out, it was beautiful; and
Frederick Atherstone, to listen better,
came out of his retreat in the window-
curtains.

Naturally, and much to his amaze-
ment, everybody despite the music, cast
a glance at his right hand. It was a
broad, heavy fist, for he was a large,
burly man; and there was confirmation;
forefinger gone at the second joint.

The music over, Frederick said:
It is late, but I am going for a ride
across the snow. I've been in a passion
this evening, and I wish to get
thoroughly cooled off.

Ring for your horse, Mr. Atherstone,
said Valerie.
Perhaps this was to make it up with
him.

Thanks; but no, he answered, burst-
ing into a bright smile at her. My
greatcoat is in the stable, and I shall
have to walk across anyhow.

And, cried Herr Marek, rising
quickly, and in a tone of remorse, my
poor dog! sweet Atous! named after the
once celebrated Mr. Brummell's dog.
I must get the poor thing, or I shall
have no company in my room to-night
—and it will die of the cold. Poor
poor Atous! let me instantly rush to
thy rescue! Mr. Frederick, I will or-
der your horse, and bring him and the
overcoat across, myself.

He darted from the room precipita-
tely.

In ten minutes he was back, sitting
on the horse, and carrying his dog. He
dismounted and gave place to Frederick

We were all, except the captain, stand-
ing in the doorway.

No sooner had Frederick put on his
coat, than he began with much concern
to search his pockets. It was a fruit-
less investigation.

Confound it! he burst out. I've lost
something! And he dashed madly into
the darkness.

Chapter II.

ERR MARCK became melancholy.
He wandered about the house and
grounds for hours together. His piano
was silent, his fingers concealed them-
selves in the darkness of his pockets.

Frederick Atherstone noticed these
things, and went to him.
What's the matter, Marek?
I cannot tell. I am gloomy. I have
the blues.

It must be one of two troubles, love
or money.
The German laughed.
How well you know the world! It is
money. I will tell you all, because I
know you can keep a secret. You saw
the foreign letter I received the other
day? Well that was from a friend in
Weimer, my bosom friend, my Pythias!
I love him beyond life itself. He writes
me for money to pay a most particular
debt, and I have not one penny to give
him; is not this hard?

Rather, yawned Fred, who was dis-
appointed in Herr Marek's story. But
can't you borrow what you want?
From whom, unless yourself?

My dear fellow, you can't from me,
for one good reason: practically, I have
none. You won't believe it, perhaps,
but I'm not yet of age; shan't be till
next June; and, consequently, I can't
put my hands on a single cent till that
time arrives.

Herr Marek grew very down hearted
indeed.
I don't know what to do then!
Don't despair, at any rate. Try old
Timbertoes. He has plenty, and might
accommodate, on great persuasion.

You mean the good Captain Roth-
well, Ah, you don't like him! You
hate him—don't you? Well we all
have peculiar fancies. Is he very
wealthy?

Enormously! said Fred. He even
has great lots in his bedroom. Miser-
ly, you see, I advise a trial, Marek.

Thanks, thanks, It's but a faint
hope; but a hope at least.

Now, Frederick that day had de-
termined to put a question to Captain
Rothwell, too. He had resolved to ask
for the hand of Valerie, and he im-
mediately reflected that it would be a
matter of prudence to get in advance
of the German. If two favors are ask-
ed in one day, the first is, of course, the
one the more likely to be granted.

Frederick encountered the old sailor
prowling about the hothouse. It was
a good day, the snow was nearly gone,
and he was airing his rheumatic legs,
Fred had determined to be humble and
temperate. He approached, gravely.

Captain Rothwell, you are at leisure,
I perceive. May I speak with you five
minutes?
I am at your service, Mr. Ather-
stone, was the answer, cold and digni-
fied.

You will listen patiently till I have
done, I love your niece. I should like
your permission to marry her.

He had not an opportunity to make
his sentence longer. The captain swung
himself round, clenched his fists, grew
red as blood in the face, and shrieked:
Stop, you—
Frederick stopped him.

You gave me your word to hear me
out.

He then proceeded to run through
quickly all the arguments he had pre-
viously arranged to offer. But it was
language—and rather dramatic lan-
guage, for who could have helped that?
—perfectly wasted.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-
WEEKLY ADVERTISER,

Is printed and published by the Proprie-
tors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WIL-
LIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (op-
posite the premises of Capt. D. Green,
Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfound-
land.

Book and Job Printing executed in a
manner calculated to afford the utmost
satisfaction.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per
annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most lib-
eral terms, viz. — Per square of seven-
teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each
continuation 25 cents.

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR..... Mr. J. Foote.
- BRIGGS..... W. Horwood.
- BAY ROBERTS..... R. Simpson.
- HEART'S CONTENT..... C. Rendell.
- TRINITY HARBOR..... B. Miller.
- NEW HARBOR..... J. Miller.
- CATALINA..... J. Edgescombe.
- BONAVISTA..... A. Vincent.
- St. PIERRE..... H. J. Watts.