

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, January 17, 1873.

Number 70.

JANUARY.

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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.

PINE APPLES
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.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,

Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE

Picture Moulding, Glass

Looking Glass, Pictures

Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.

N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.

St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of

School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations

Musical Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards

French Writing Paper, Violins

Concertinas, French Musical Boxes

Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes

Tissue and Drawing Paper.

A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.

A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!

TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Method.

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

Without producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children.

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

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

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

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

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS.

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

Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public;

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

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,

E. WILKS LYON.

Nov 5. tff

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEES 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Felows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES

POETRY.

I'm Twenty-Five.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change

Since I was in my teens!
Then I had beaux andillet-doux,
And join'd the gayest scenes;
But lovers now have ceased to vow—
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang, or drown themselves,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Once, if the night were e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam
Without "The blis—the honour—miss,
Of seeing you safe home."
But now I go, through rain or snow,
Pensive, and scarce alive,
Through all the dark, without a spark,
Because I'm twenty-five!

They used to call, and ask me all
About my health so frail:
And thought a ride would help my side,
And turn my cheek less pale.
But now, alas! if I am ill,
None cares that I revive;
And my pale cheek in vain may speak,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Now if a ride improve my side
I'm forced to take the stage;
For that is deem'd quite proper for
A person of my age;
And then no hand is offer'd me
To help me out alive;
They think it won't hurt me to fall,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Oh, dear! 'tis queer that every year
I'm slighted more and more;
For not a beau pretends to show
His head within our door.
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address
My spirits now revive;
In truth, one might as well be dead
As say, "I'm twenty-five!"

EXTRACTS.

The Idyl of Red Gulch.

BY BRET HARTE.

Sandy was very drunk. He was lying under an azalea-bush in pretty much the same attitude in which he had fallen some hours before. How long he had been lying there he could not tell, and didn't care; how long he should lie there was a matter equally indefinite and unconsidered. A tranquil philosophy, born of his physical condition, suffused and saturated his moral being.

The spectacle of a drunken man, and of this drunken man in particular, was not, I grieve to say, of sufficient novelty in Red Gulch to attract attention. Earlier in the day some local satirist had erected a temporary tombstone at Sandy's head, bearing the inscription, "Effects of McCorkle's whikey,—kills at forty rods," with a hand pointing to McCorkle's saloon. But this, I imagine, was, like most local satire, personal; and was a reflection upon the unfairness of the process rather than a commentary upon the impropriety of the result. With this facetious exception, Sandy had been undisturbed, a wandering mule, released from his pack, had dropped the scant herbage beside him, and sniffed curiously at the prostrate man; and a vagabond dog, with that deep sympathy which the species have for drunken men, had licked his dusty boots, and curled himself up at his feet, and lay there, blinking one eye in the sunlight, with a simulation of dissipation that was ingenious and dog like in its implied flattery of the unconscious man beside him.

Meanwhile the shadows of the pine trees had slowly swung around until they crossed the road, and their trunks barred the open meadow with gigantic parallels of black and yellow. Little puffs of red dust, lifted by the plunging hoofs of passing teams, dispersed in a grimy shower upon the recumbent man. The sun sank lower and lower; and still Sandy stirred not. And then the repose of this philosopher was disturbed, as other philosophers have been, by the intrusion of an unphilosophical sex.

"Miss Mary," as she was known to the little flock that she had just dismissed from the log school-house beyond the pines, was taking her afternoon walk. Observing an unusually fine cluster of blossoms on the azalea-bush opposite, she crossed the road to pluck it,—picked her way through the red dust, not without certain fierce little shivers of disgust, and some feline circumlocution. And then he came suddenly upon Sandy!

Of course she uttered the little staccato cry of her sex. But when she had paid that tribute to her physical weakness she became overbold, and halted for a moment,—at least six feet from this prostrate monster,—with her white skirts gathered in her hand, ready for flight. But neither sound nor motion came from the bush. With one li the foot she then overturned

the satirical head board, and muttered "Beats!"—an epithet which probably, at that moment, conveniently classified in her mind the entire male population of Red Gulch. For Miss Mary, being possessed of certain rigid notions of her own, had not, perhaps, properly appreciated the demonstrative gallantry for which the Californian has been so justly celebrated by his brother Californians, and had, as a new comer, perhaps, fairly earned the reputation of being "stuck-up."

As she stood there she noticed, also, that the slant sunbeams were heating Sandy's head to what she judged to be an unhealthy temperature, and that his hat was lying uselessly at his side. To pick it up and to place it over his face was a work requiring some courage, particularly as his eyes were open. Yet she did it and made good her retreat. But she was some what concerned, on looking back, to see that the hat was removed, and that Sandy was sitting up and saying something.

The truth was, that in the calm depths of Sandy's mind he was satisfied that the rays of the sun were beneficial and healthful; that from childhood he had objected to lying down in a hat; that no people but condemned fools, past redemption, ever wore hats; and that his right to dispense with them when he pleased was inalienable. This was the statement of his inner consciousness. Unfortunately, its outward expression was vague, being limited to a repetition of the following formula,—"Su shine all ri! Wasser maar, eh? Wass up, su shine?"

Miss Mary stopped, and taking fresh courage from her vantage of distance asked him if there was anything that he wanted.

"Wass up? Wasser maar?" continued Sandy, in a very high key.

"Get up, you horrid man!" said Miss Mary, now thoroughly incensed; "get up and go home."

Sandy staggered to his feet. He was six feet high, and Miss Mary trembled. He started forward a few paces and then stopped.

"Wass I go home for?" he suddenly asked, with great gravity.

"Go and take a bath," replied Miss Mary, eying his grimy person with great disfavour.

To her infinite dismay, Sandy suddenly pulled off his coat and vest, threw them on the ground, kicked off his boots and, plunging wildly forward, darted headlong over the hill, in the direction of the river.

"Goodness Heavens!—the man will be drowned!" said Miss Mary; and then, with feminine inconsistency, she ran back to the schoolroom, and locked herself in.

That night, while seated at supper with her hostess, the blacksmith's wife, it came to Miss Mary to ask, demurely, if her husband had ever got drunk. "Abner," responded Mrs. Stidger, reflectively, "let's see: Abner hasn't been tight since last election." Miss Mary would have liked to ask if he preferred lying in the sun on these occasions, and if a cold both would have hurt him; but this would have involved an explanation, which she did not then care to give. So she contented herself with opening her grey eyes widely at the red cheeked Mrs. Stidger,—a fine specimen of Southern efforescence,—and then dismissed the subject altogether.

The next day she wrote to her dearest friend, in Boston: "I think I find the intoxicated portion of this community the least objectionable. I refer, my dear, to the men, of course. I do not know anything that could make the women tolerable."

In less than a week Miss Mary had forgotten this episode, except that her afternoon walks took thereafter, almost unconsciously, another direction. She noticed, however, that every morning a fresh cluster of azalea-blossoms appeared among the flowers on her desk. This was not strange, as her little flock were aware of her fondness for flowers, and invariably kept her desk bright with anemones, syringas, and lupines; but on questioning them, they one and all, professed ignorance of the azaleas. A few days later, Master Johnny Stidger, whose desk was nearest to the window, was suddenly taken with spasms of apparently gratuitous laughter, that threatened the discipline of the school. All that Miss Mary could get from him was, that some one had been "looking in the window." Irate and indignant, she sallied from her hive to do battle with the intruder. As she turned the corner of the school house she came plump upon the quoniam drunkard,—now perfectly sober, and inexpressibly sheepish and guilty-looking.

These facts Miss Mary was not slow to take a feminine advantage of, in her present humor. But it was somewhat confusing to observe, also, that the beast, despite some faint signs of past dissipation, was amiable looking,—in fact, a kind of blond Sampson, whose corn-colored, silken beard apparently had never had yet known the touch of barber's razor or Delilah's shears. So that the cutting

speech which quivered on her ready tongue died upon her lips, and she contented herself with receiving his stammering apology with supercilious eyelids and the gathered skirts of uncontentation. When she re-entered the schoolroom, her eyes fell upon the azaleas with a new sense of revelation. And then she laughed, and they were all unconsciously very happy.

It was on a hot day—and not long after this—that two short legged boys came to grief on the threshold of the school with a pale of water, which they had laboriously brought from the spring, and that Miss Mary compassionately seized the pail and started for the spring herself. At the foot of the hill a shadow crossed her path, and a blue shirted arm desperately but gently relieved her of her burden, Miss Mary was both embarrassed and angry. "If you carried more of that for yourself," she said, spitefully to the blue arm, without deigning to raise her lashes to its owner, "you'd do better." In the submissive silence that followed she regretted the speech, and thanked him, so sweetly at the door that he stumbled. Which caused the children to laugh again,—a laugh in which Miss Mary joined, until the colour came faintly into her pale cheek. The next day a barrel was mysteriously placed beside the door, and as mysteriously filled with fresh spring-water every morning.

Nor was this superior young person without other quiet attentions. "Profane Bill," diver of the Slumgull—a Stage widely known in the newspaper for his "gallantry" in invariably offering a box seat to the fair sex, had excepted Miss Mary from this attention, on the ground that he had a habit of "cussin' on up grades," and gave her half the coach to herself. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, having once silently ridden with her in the same coach, afterward threw a decenter at the head of a confederate for mentioning her name in a bar room. The over dressed mother of a pupil whose paternal was doubtless had arisen ungartered near the stute Vestal's temple, never daring to enter its sacred precincts, but content to worship the priestess from afar.

With such unconscious intervals the monotonous procession of blue skies, glittering sunshine, brief twilights, and starlit nights passed over Red Gulch. Miss Mary grew fond of walking in the sedate and proper woods. Perhaps she believed with Mrs. Stidger, that the balsamic odors of the furs "did her chest good," for certainly her slight cough was less frequent and her step was firmer; perhaps she had learned the unending lesson which the patient pines are never weary of repeating to heedful or listless ears. And so, one day, she planned a picnic on Buckeye Hill, and took the children with her. Away from the dusty road, the straggling shanties, the yellow ditches, the clamor of restless engines, the cheap finery of shop-windows, the deeper glitter of paint and coloured glass, and the thin veneration which barbarism takes upon itself in such localities,—what in "innate relief" was theirs! The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed, the last unsightly chasm crossed,—how the waiting woods opened their long files to receive them! How the children—perhaps because they had not yet grown quite away from the breast of the bounteous Mother—threw themselves face downward on her brown bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with their laughter; and how Miss Mary herself—feminely fastidious and intrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirt, collar, and cuffs—forgot all, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until, romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came suddenly and violently, in the heart of the forest, upon—the luckless Sandy!

The explanations, apologies, and not otherwise conversation that ensued, need not be indicated here. It would seem, however, that Miss Mary had already established some acquaintance with this drunkard. Enough that he was soon accepted as one of the party; that the children, with that quick intelligence which Providence gives the helpless, recognized a friend, and played with his blonde beard, and long silken mustache, and took other liberties—as the helpless are apt to do. And when he had built a fire against a tree, and had shown them other my-teries of wood-craft, their admiration knew no bounds. At the close of two such foolish, idle, happy hours he found himself lying at the feet of the schoolmistress, gazing dreamily in her face, as she sat up in the sloping hill side, wearing wreaths of laurel and syringas, in very much the same attitude as he had lain when first they met. Nor was the similitude greatly forced. The weakness of an easy, sensuous nature, that had found a dreamy exaltation in liquor, it is to be feared, was now finding an equal intoxication in love.

I think that Sandy was dimly conscious of this himself. I know that he longed to be doing something,—slaying a grizzly, scalping a savage, or sacrificing himself in

some way for the sake of this shallow-faced, gray-eyed schoolmistress. As I should like to present him in a heroic attitude, I stay my hand with great difficulty at this moment, being only withheld from introducing such an episode by a strong conviction that it does not usually occur at such times. And it is just that my fairer reader, who remembers that in a real era, it is always some uninteresting stranger or unromantic policeman, and not Adolphus, who rescues, will forgive the omission.

So they sat there, undisturbed, and the woodpecker chattered overhead, and the voices of the children coming peacefully from the hollow below. What they said matters little. What they thought—which might have been interesting—did not matter. The woodpecker only learned how Miss Mary was an orphan, how she left her uncle's home to come to California, for the sake of health and independence; how Sandy was an orphan, too; how he came to California for excitement; how he had lived a wild life, and how he was trying to reform; and other details, which, from a woodpecker's viewpoint, undoubtedly must have seemed stupid, and a waste of time. But even in such trifles was the afternoon spent; and when the children were again gathered, and Sandy, with a delicacy which the schoolmistress well understood, took leave of them quietly at the outskirts of the settlement, it had seemed the shortest day of her weary life.

As the long, dry summer withered to its roots, the school term of Red Gulch—to use a local euphemism—"dried up" also. In another day Miss Mary would be free; and for a season, at least, Red Gulch would know her no more. She was seated alone in the school-house, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes half closed in one of those day-dreams in which Miss Mary—fear, to the danger of school discipline—was lately in the habit of indulging. Her lap was full of mosses, ferns, and other woodland memories. She was so preoccupied with these, and her own thoughts that a gentle tapping at the door passed unheeded, or, at least, assisted in the remembrance of far-off woodpeckers. When at last it asserted itself more distinctly, she started up with a flushed cheek and opened the door. On the threshold stood a woman, the self-assertion and audacity of whose dress were in singular contrast to her timid, irresolute bearing.

Miss Mary recognized at a glance the dubious mother of her anonymous pupil. Perhaps she was disappointed, perhaps she was only fatigued; but as she coldly invited her to enter, she half unconsciously settled her white cuffs and collar, and gathered closer her own chaotic skirts. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the embarrassed stranger, a few moments' hesitation, left her gorgeous parasol open and sticking in the dust beside the door, and then sat down at the farther end of a long bench. Her voice was husky as she began—

"I heard tell that you were going down to the Bay to-morrow, and I couldn't let you go until I came to thank you for your kindness to my Tommy.

"Tommy, Miss Mary said, was a good boy, and deserved more than the poor attention she could give him.

"Thank you, miss; thank you!" cried the stranger, brightening even through the color which Red Gulch knew facetiously as her "war paint," and striving in her embarrassment to drag the long bench nearer the schoolmistress. I thank you, miss, for that! and if I am his mother, the dear ain't a sweeter, dearer, better boy lives than him. And if I ain't much as says it, that ain't a sweeter, dearer, angel-teacher lives than he's got.

Miss Mary, sitting primly behind her desk, with a ruler over her shoulder, opened her gray eyes widely at this, but said nothing.

"It ain't for you to be complimented by the like of me, I know," she went on, hurriedly. "It ain't for me to be coming here, in broad day, to do it, either; but I come to ask a favor—not for me, miss—not for me, but for the darling boy.

Encouraged by a look in the young schoolmistress's eyes, and putting her laced-gloved hands together, the fingers downward, between her knees, she went on, in a low voice—

"You see, miss, there's no one the boy has any claim on but me, and I ain't the proper person to bring him up. I thought of some, last year, of sending him away to 'Fri co to school, but when they talked of bringing a school m'arm here, I waited till I saw you, and then I knew it was all right, and I could keep my boy a little longer. And O, miss, he loves you so much; and if you could hear him talk about you, in his pretty way, and if he could ask you what I ask you now, you couldn't refuse him.

"It is natural," she went on, rapidly, in a voice that trembled strangely between pride and humility,—"it is natural that he should take to you, miss, for his father, when I first knew him, was a gentleman, and the boy must forget me, sooner or later,—and so I ain't a goin' to cry a-out that. For I come to ask you to take my Tommy,—God bless him for the best, sweetest boy that lives,—to—to take him with you."

She had risen and caught the young girl's hand in her own, and had fallen on her knees beside her.

"I've money plenty, and it's all yours and his, put him in some good school, where you can go and see him, and help him to—to to forget his mother. Do with him what you like. The worst you can do will be kindness to what he will learn with me. Only take him out of this wicked life, this cruel place, this home of shame and sorrow. You will; I know you will,—won't you? You will,—you must not, you cannot say no! You will make him as pure, as gentle, as yourself; and when he has grown up, you will tell him his father's name,—the name that hasn't passed my lips for years,—the name of Alexander Morton, whom they call here Sandy; Miss Mary!—do not take your hand away! Miss Mary, speak to me! You will take my boy? Do not put your face from me! I know it ought not to look on such as me. Miss Mary!—my God, be merciful!—he is leaving me!

Miss Mary had risen, and in the gathering twilight, had felt her way to the open window. She stood there, leaning against the casement, her eyes fixed on the last rosy tints that were fading from the western sky. There were still some of its light on her pure young forehead, on her white collar on her clasped white hands; but all fading slowly away. The suppliant had dragged her self still on her knees beside her.

"I know it takes time to consider. I will wait here all night; but I can't go until you speak. Don't deny me now. You will—I see it in your sweet face,—such a face as I have seen in my dreams. I see it in your eye, Miss Mary—you will take my boy!"

The last red beam crept higher, so that Miss Mary's eyes, with a something of glory, flickered and faded, and I went out. The sun had set on Red Gulch. In the twilight and silence Miss Mary's voice sounded pleasantly.

I will take the boy. Send him to me to-night.

The happy mother raised the hem of Miss Mary's skirt to her lips. She would have buried her face in its virgin folds, but she dared not. She rose to her feet.

"Does—this man—know of your intention?" asked Miss Mary, suddenly.

"No, nor cares. He has never even been the child to know it."

"Go to him at once,—to-night,—now! Tell him what you have done. Tell him I have taken his child, and tell him—he must never see—the child again. Wherever I may take it he must not follow! There, go now, please,—I'm weary, and—have much yet to do."

They walked together to the door. On the threshold the woman turned.

"Good night."

She would have fallen at Miss Mary's feet. But at the same moment the young girl reached out her arm, caught the sinful woman to her own pure breast for one brief moment, and then closed and locked the door.

It was with a sudden sense of great responsibility that Profane Bill took the reins of the Sturgeon Stage the next morning, for the schoolmistress was one of his passengers. As he entered the high road, in obedience to a pleasant voice from the inside, he suddenly reined up his horse and respectfully waited, as "Tommy" hopped out at the command of Miss Mary.

"Not that hush, Tommy,—the next." Tommy whipped out his new pocket-knife, and cutting a branch from a tall agave-bush, returned with it to Miss Mary.

"All right now?"

"All right."

And the stage door closed on the Idyl of Red Gulch.

HARBOR GRACE, JANUARY 17, 1873.

FIRE.

At 9.30 a.m., considerable excitement was occasioned by an alarm of fire. On proceeding to the threatened locality, (head of Water Street) it was ascertained that a tenement house occupied by Messrs. Josiah Parsons and James Mooney—was in flames. It appears that the fire originated by reason of an over-heated fire, and spread through the upper part of the building with such rapidity that for some time it was feared the house would be entirely destroyed. The firemen were speedily at the scene of danger, and succeeded, after a spirited contest, in which they were ably supported by the citizens present, in extinguishing the flames; not, however, till a large part of the property had been destroyed. The Water Company's works were in a fine condition, thanks to the vigilance of Superintendent Lynch, and the supply of water remarkably good. We learn that the property was uninsured.

FIREMEN'S BALL.

WEDNESDAY last was a gala day for our Firemen. Soon as the god of day began to dispel the gloom of night and spread his vitalizing light around, the H. G. V. F. C.'s flag might have been seen floating over the Engine House in Water Street—presenting a party-colored evidence of the fact that something of interest was about to transpire. As previously announced, the Firemen were making preparation for the holding of a grand Ball, on the evening of the day mentioned. All necessary arrangements having been completed, the members of the Company (in uniform) and a large number of their friends, assembled at the Masonic Hall, which was in every respect adapted to the occasion. Here a scene was presented well worth witnessing. The tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted Hall, the gaily attired and fascinating ladies, and the splendid uniforms worn by the stalwart and handsome volunteers—all tended to impart lustre to the mirthful and happy event; and as the god of music touched his tuneful lyre, and the sweet and harmonious strains shed their inspiring influence around, the active limbs could be no longer

restrained, and all, with gladsome hearts, joined in the merry dance. This was kept up with great animation, till noon of night, when a recess was taken. The party then retired to the British Hall, where, under the able purveying of Mr. Robert Bowden, everything in the shape of refreshments was bountifully supplied. After partaking of the good things necessary to the sustenance of the physical system, dancing was resumed and continued till the "wee sma' hours beyond the twal."

The arrangements throughout were admirable, and the occasion was one of unalloyed pleasure. The Company is, under its present efficient Captain, well disciplined, and we sincerely hope that they may long continue to guard the lives and property of their fellow-citizens from the ravages of fire.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.

THERE was a very daring and extensive robbery of money from the office of Messrs. Panton & Munn last night. From facts ascertained it would seem that the thief had secreted himself about the premises, before closing hour, and that when the officials had left, the drawer in which the cash is kept was forcibly opened and between £100 and £200 abstracted. Later in the evening some parties in Messrs. P. & M.'s employ had occasion to visit the office, where the robbery was detected; and while one went in search of the police, the robber wanted, pounced from the shop, (which connects with the office) through the office, and escaped. Chase was immediately given, but the thief evidently used to "running for it," succeeded in eluding his pursuers. The Police are in search of the criminal, and we sincerely trust may succeed in apprehending him.

We beg to call the attention of the proper authorities to the fact that several of the cavers or "graters" for leading off refuse water, are in a clogged up condition. These and the stops should at all times be kept clear of rubbish, so that the streets may be kept clean and passable, and nothing be placed in the way to mar the operations of the Fire Company in case of emergency.

MR. GREENWOOD—of the firm of Messrs. Roome, Organ Builders, Toronto—is now in town, and prepared to receive orders for Piano and Melodeon Tuning. He will shortly visit Briggs and Bay Roberts, where he will remain a few days.—[Vide advertisement.]

NEWS ITEMS.

NEVER PLAY A PART.—Be what you are, and do not be ashamed of it. If Heaven made you this, or that, or the other, you are that and nothing else. You are only a plain person; very well; it is good to be a plain person. At all events, don't try to be stylish, nor pretend that you are the shoe-maker, was an English nobleman. You have no "g and aspirators," so don't yearning after lofty things; so don't pretend that you have. Neither roll your eyes, nor quote poetry that you do not understand. You can't play the piano; then don't say you are out of practice. Out with your opinions. If you think a thing wrong, say so; don't wink at it because it is fashionable. Take the common sense which God had given you as a guide. Some silly folks may have, but you will meet with some one, after a while, who will appreciate your truthfulness, and say "No human bug the e, and take you at your true value. And if not, why, you will respect yourself, and that a human bug never does."

CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.—The discussion of the treatment of lunatics confined in Insane Asylums, which was started in an American paper several months ago, seem to have extended over the whole country. Not only the news papers, but also the legislatures of several States have taken the matter up, and various Asylums are undergoing a thorough re-organizing by legislative committees. Many abuses are coming to light under these searching investigations, and not a few instances of shocking cruelty and scandalous wrong have been discovered. It appears that sane men have been confined as lunatics at the instigation of their own children who wanted to grasp their property. Wives have been incarcerated by estranged husbands, and husbands by scheming wives, simply to enable the perpetrators of these wrongs to carry on still other wrongs successfully. But the light of investigation which is now being shed in these dark prison houses of outrage and cruelty will, for a time at least, put a stop to the wrongs which have so long been shielded under the forms of law.

At Troy N. Y., theatre, recently, while the audience was deeply interested in the play, a young girl was observed walking down the aisle, her face and eyes showing traces of weeping, and the unwiped tears trickling down her cheeks. After glancing hurriedly around, she darted forward toward a young woman sitting near the stage, and bending over behind her, faltered out, between her sobs, "O dear! O dear! father's dead!" The young woman hastily rose, and with the mourning messenger left the place, and for sometime afterwards there was not a murmur of applause nor a sign of a smile in the audience.



Latest Despatches.

OTTAWA, Jan. 11.

One of the Civil Service employers is said to have fallen heir to £50,000. Rumour says that McDonald is going to Great Britain on an official tour.

Another "better terms" deputation is en route from New Brunswick.

A fire occurred last night in Daly Street, involving a loss of \$4,000.

The Ottawa Board of Trade will entertain the Dominion Board during the annual meeting.

Sir John A. MacDonald was yesterday under examination at Ottawa as a witness on matters connected with the commission on the British American claims, now in session at Washington.

A letter from Sir G. E. Cartier reports his health unfavorable.

The explosion of a Still in an Oil Refinery, destroyed the Grand Trunk Railway Oil Cars near by.

MONTREAL, 11.

The Water Committee of the City Council, propose a scheme to furnish the city with water which will cost two million dollars. The supply will be thirty million gallons daily.

A post-mortem examination of the Emperor's remains show that the immediate cause of death was the failure of action of the heart. The body will be allowed to lie in State. The date and place of the funeral is not yet appointed. Prince Murat and Prince Charles Bonaparte arrived at Chiselhurst to-day. The Empress will soon issue a proclamation to the French people announcing that she assumes the regency during her son's minors. The Paris Legitimist, Clerical and Orleans journals do justice to Napoleon's good qualities and concur in the opinion that the system he inherited was responsible for most of the evils of his government. The "Journal Official" speaks of Napoleon in terms of respectful sympathy and hopes that his death by lessening the number of pretenders will not reduce the country's hope for a calm and orderly future.

LONDON, 10—midnight.

The "Republique Francaise" considers the Bonaparte party dead. It reviews what the two Emperors have cost France in money, blood, shame, and disaster. Both Emperor's were only powerful by the force of lies they told. The Napoleonic Legend has vanished completely. The heirs of Strasbourg and Boulogne is the nephew of Austrelitz and the Woolwich cadet is the son of Sedan. It is indeed finished.

LONDON, 11—p.m.

The total number of emigrants who left Liverpool during the year 1872 for America, was 164,000.

The report of the post-mortem examination at Chiselhurst says the failure of the Emperor's circulation is due to his general constitutional condition. The bladder was found to be diseased, and the kidney's affected. The other organs were sound and healthy. The funeral of Napoleon has been definitely decided for next Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. The Royal Family of England will be represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Christian who will accompany Eugenie.

PARIS, 11.

The "Gaulois" says that the officers of the army who will be permitted to attend the funeral of Napoleon are those who were attached to the household of the ex-Emperor, during his reign in France.

NEW YORK, 11.

Efforts to recover the Ashingwal cable have been abandoned for the present.

Sec. Fish has received a friendly reply from Spain, relative to his note on Slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico.

The appointment of Cardinal Bonaparte, the Empress Eugenie, and M. Rouher, guardians to the Prince, now Napoleon the Fourth.

The Court of Austria wears mourning for ten days.

The whole of Napoleon's family are assembled at Chiselhurst, except the Cardinal who will arrive on Tuesday. It is reported that the Prince Imperial has already assumed the title of Napoleon the Fourth. The report is doubtless incorrect. But it is true that he is now addressed as sire by all visitors. The impression is gaining ground that the Emperor died from the effects of Chloroform. It is said that the French government will permit the final interment of remains in France, if the funeral is strictly private, and the deceased buried as ex-Emperor, and not as Emperor. The ceremonies must be simply of a religious character. King Amadeus has signed a mission to a Spanish Company for a telegraph cable from Cadiz to Cuba via Canaries and Teneriffe.

LONDON, 14.

Consols 91½.

An earthquake is reported in India, 114 miles North of Bombay, which destroyed a town and 1500 lives.

A great popular demonstration was made in Madrid yesterday in favor of the proposed political reform in Porto Rico and of the abolition of Slavery.

LONDON, 13.

The preparations for the funeral of Napoleon are completed, and will probably be attended by many thousands. The Empress Eugenie is too ill to be present. Precautions have been taken in Paris to prevent demonstrations in that city.

A political conference will be held at Chiselhurst, on Thursday, when the expediency of a formal proclamation from the Empress and the States of the Prince Imperial will be considered.

Marshal Bazaine is deeply affected by the death of Napoleon.

A WESTERN paper states that a Terre Haute boy of tender years and heart, has drowned seventeen kittens, tied pairs to the tails of nine dogs, rushed his father's new silk hat against the grain, and blown up a pet canary with a fire-cracker, in the last month, and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.

An Albany cat, desirous of emulating that Portland cat who killed a baby by sucking its breast, tried the same experiment on a drunkard which he found lying insensible on the street. When the recumbent Bacchanalian revived, he found a dead cat lying on his shirt bosom, with all the marks of strychnine poisoning.

WIVES TOWING THEIR HUSBANDS.—By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good-for-nothing man is sent into this world, some active, go-ahead little woman, is invariably fated to him to tow him along through, and I keep his head above the water. It is for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same time she finds it a little hard.

A schooner was driven from its moorings, and its cable broke in the North River, a few evenings ago, having on board not only but the captain's daughter a girl only sixteen years old. She was equal to the occasion, however, and taking the helm, kept the schooner safe on her course, and brought her to under the lee of Staten Island, whence the vessel was worked back to her anchorage.

AN American gentleman was recently arrested in Naples for killing the Count di Parma in a duel several months ago. The Count was the aggressor; the American tried to avoid the duel, but finally fought and made small work of his antagonist. It is asserted that no Italian jury could be found who would convict a man for killing another in a duel, and that our countryman is sure to be acquitted.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.—A writer on the prevailing horse disease says the best remedy is to "keep them warm," and "husband their strength."

We think this is not only good for horses, but that it would be exactly the proper treatment for all the young women of the country.

At a recent dinner at one of the Clubs, a bachelor proposed as a toast, "Our Future Wives." The married men present said they could join in that sentiment.

NOTICE.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF HARBOR GRACE BRIGUS & Co.

PIANO AND Melodeon TUNING.

Mr. GREENWOOD,

OF the noted firm of Messrs. ROOME, Organ Builders, of Toronto, who is now in town, will be glad to receive Orders for the above.

As this is an opportunity of parties getting their instruments properly attended to, those desirous of doing so will please leave Orders at once with Mr. Thompson, Telegraph Office, who will kindly give a reference.

Jan. 17. 4i.

MONEY!

PARTIES having MONEY TO LOAN on security of FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated in Water Street, Harbor Grace, can obtain particulars by application at the Office of this paper.

Harbor Grace, }
Jan. 14, 1873, } 6i.

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NOTICE.

TENDERS

WILL BE RECEIVED

For the purchase of a variety of valuable

SHOP AND STORE

Goods,

Belonging to the Estate of

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS.

Parties desiring information concerning the same are invited to call at the

OFFICE OF THE SUBSCRIBERS,

Where all particulars may be acquired.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS.

Jan. 10. 2t

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

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, 1872, will be payable at the Bank House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY, the 7th instant, during the usual hours of business.

(By order of the Board.)

R. BROWN,

Manager.

St. John's, Jan. 4, 1873.

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.

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. Punter & Munn, 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.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.

Dec. 13. 1t

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

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills

NOTICE.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE,

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.

G. F. BARNES,

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.

Office at LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.

Sept. 17.

CAUTION!

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself.

LUCINDA BARTLETT.

Bay Roberts,

Nov. 13, 1872.

FOR SALE!

BY

THE SUBSCRIBER—

1 Good Horse
1 Set Harness
1 Cart
1 Dray, and
1 Catamaran.

Dec. 3.

JAMES POWER.

A Dwelling House

—AND—

LAND

Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carboncar Road, one mile from Harbor Grace.

This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to

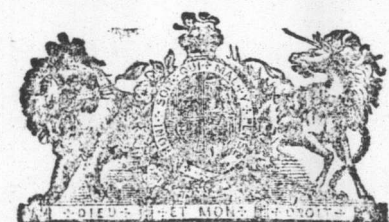
JAMES POWER.

Oct. 29.

SEALER'S

AGREEMENTS

FOR SALE at the Office of this paper.



General Post Office Notice.

FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz.—

Letters, per half-ounce..... 6 cents.
Books and Parcels, per lb..... 16 "
Circulars, each..... 2 "
Newspapers, each..... 2 "
Prepayment compulsory.

A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December.

Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Picou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL.

W. H. THOMPSON,

PROPRIETOR,

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath

Keating's Worm Tablets

" Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Odonto

Oxley's Essence of Ginger

Lamplough's Pyretic Saline

Powel's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum (stamped)

British Oil

Balsam of Life

Chlorodyne

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Steer's Opodiloe

Radway's Ready Relief

Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

" Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

Rositer's " "

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Cherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers, Sauces

Soothing Syrup

Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber Sponge

Teething Rings

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Widow Welch's Pills

Cockle's " "

Holloway's " "

Norton's " "

Hunt's " "

Morrison's " "

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NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!

TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Method.

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

Without producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as receive the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

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

St. John's, July 9.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

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

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

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

A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and JEWELRY of every description & style May 14. 1t

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS Spiced do.

PINE APPLES

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.

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine. Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention. May 14. 1t

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,

[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,]

COMMISSION AGENTS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

DRY & PICKLED FISH

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—
DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7.

FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER,
231 Water Street—231

BREAD

Flour, Pork, Beef

Butter, Molasses, Sugar

Tea, Coffee, Cheese,

Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

TOBACCO

KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.

CHEAP FOR CASH, FISH

OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

Sept. 13. 1t.

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS'

INDIAN

SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

BLANK

FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office

FOR SALE.

LUMBER!
—BY—
H. W. TRAPNELL.

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.

30 do. No. 2 Pine do.

July 30.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of

Coloured French Kid GLOVES,

Ragged, and Torne, and True. AN OLD BALLAD.

I am a poore man, God know, And all my neigb'ours can tell, I want both m'ney and clothe,

I scorn to live by the shift, Or by any sinister dealing; He flatter no man for a gift,

A boote of Spanish leather I've seen set faste in the stockes. Exposed to wind and weather,

I've seen a gallant go by With all his wealth on his backe, He lookt as lofly

'Tis good to be honest and just, Though a man be ever so poore; False dealers are still in m'strust;

SELECT STORY. MABEL VANE; OR THE DOUBLE SECRET.

June was in all her glory; and yet the blinds of the Hartly mansion were closed the bright day on which my story opens,

Already the carriages were moving slowly nearer the door; while the hearse, with its stately plumes and heavy drapery,

Already the mourning relatives and friends were gathered in the lofty parlors, and the white-haired pastor, who had known Louis Hartly from his boyhood,

The last prayer was said, the last kisses given, the last farewell spoken in broken voices; slowly and sadly they turned away from the casket which held all that was mortal of the son, brother and friend.

Slowly Mrs. Hartly moved from the room, leaning on the arm of Richard, her only remaining son, while by her side walked Grace Hartly, a beautiful girl of fifteen summers.

Oh! do not close it yet! Let me see him once more, or my heart will break! The sad looking undertaker moved aside, and the girl leaned over the face of the dead, pressing wild, passionate kisses on the brow, closed eyes, lips and on the marble hand of the young man.

O Louis, Louis! I cannot let you go! she murmured, in heart-broken accents.

The undertaker now came forward, and, gently raising her, he said in a soft, soothing voice,—

Don't, my dear child, don't take on so! Try and think it is for the best.

But even as he spoke, she broke forth again in piteous sobs.

Are you going to the grave? he at last inquired. That is, he said, in a hesitating tone, if you are able to bear it.

Yes, yes! she answered, in a choked voice.

Let me see; what is your name, miss? he said, glancing over the list of names on the paper he held in his hand.

Mabel Vane, answered the sweet voice almost inaudibly.

Mabel Vane, repeated the gentleman. The name is not here. I wonder who she can be? Some poor cousin, perhaps, whom they have forgotten.

Poor creature! how deeply she grieves! thought he, as Mabel, overcome with grief as the lid was finally closed, sank once more to the floor.

Miss Vane, he said, kindly and respectfully, they have forgotten to write your name here; but if you would be willing to sit in the carriage with John and Martha, the two old servants of the family, I think you might go.

I see no other way, as the other carriages are filled, he said, deprecatingly, fearing least her pride might be offended.

But little had he to fear from the poor young creature, who seemed completely overwhelmed by her sorrow.

Any place—any place! she moaned. And, resting her little gloved hand on the strong and sturdy arm so kindly offered her, she moved out to the hall, down the long flight of steps, and down the gravelled walk that led from the mansion, and into the carriage where were already seated John and Martha, the two old and faithful servants of the Hartly family, who had watched over the children of their mistress from their childhood.

They looked wonderingly as Mr. Boynton assisted Mabel into the carriage, and, as she sank, half fainting, on the seat, he closed the door and walked back to the house.

The girl sat motionless, with both hands covering her face, until the carriages moved down the hill, taking the road that led to the cemetery. After a short time she looked up, and, meeting the sympathizing gaze of old Martha, she leaned forward, and, taking the old servant by the hand, said, beseechingly,—

Tell me of his death! when and where did he die?

Old Martha took a snowy handkerchief somewhere from the ample folds of her dress, and, after wiping her eyes once or twice, said,—

Did you not know that master Leitch died suddenly three days ago? Heart disease, the doctors said; Master Richard went to his room and found him sitting in his chair, with an open Bible before him; he was lying back in his chair, one hand lying on the good book, and one other pressed against his side.

Master Richard thought, at first, that he was asleep; but when he found he could not wake him, and when he was so old and white, he knew something was wrong; he ran to call the mistress, and when she and Miss Grace went to the room, they saw that he was dead.

O my dear young master Louis! cried the woman, bursting into tears. What will my mistress, and young Miss Grace, and Master Richard, do, now that you are gone?

The young girl sobbed violently as the woman ceased speaking, and even old John found occasion to wipe away the tears that were streaming down his furrowed cheeks.

Was he married? hesitatingly inquired Mabel of Martha.

Married! exclaimed Martha, in surprise. No, miss, he was but a boy; why he would not be twenty for three months to come. Married! No, indeed. But there was a young lady whom my mistress was determined, he, or his brother Richard, should marry. She is as handsome as a picture, and they say she has heaps of money; perhaps you have heard of her; it is Miss Violet Leigh. You know her father, Mr. John Leigh, is the great banker; and my mistress is so proud that it would break her heart if either of the young masters should stoop to marry any one who is not beautiful and wealthy, like Miss Violet.

John carried Mabel into the little waiting-room, and put her down on one of the hard-backed settees, which, with the exception of a small looking-glass, comprised the furniture of the room.

He was joined by Martha, who gently removed Mabel's bonnet and shawl; the latter she used as a pillow, folding and placing it on one of the arms of the settee.

The young girl, conscious but motionless, looked like a beautiful lily as she lay there, so white and still.

Will you get her a cup of tea, or something to refresh her, John?

He left the room, and went towards another, and smaller, room, a few steps away. It had long windows, which

were open now; a counter was placed in front, filled with confectionery, fruit, and a variety of other articles.

A girl stood behind the counter; she responded civilly to John's salutation of "A fine day, miss," but she eyed him closely, wondering why he should be there, for she knew that he came from the great house on the hill, and she knew, too, that Louis Hartly's funeral had taken place that afternoon.

A cup of tea, miss, and make it strong and sweet; and I guess you had better give me some cake—some that is nice and fresh.

The girl nodded, and, turning to a middle-aged woman, who sat at one of the tables in the small refreshment room, repeated John's request. Very soon she appeared with the desired articles; John took the tray from her and hastened to the room where he had left Mabel and Martha.

My dear child, said Martha, forgetting, in her pity, to call her miss, as she said at first, drink some of this nice tea; it will refresh you and make you feel much better.

Mabel raised her head wearily, and Martha held the cup to her lips, while she drank slowly.

I cannot drink any more, she said, pushing the cup away gently with her little hand.

Will you not try and eat something, miss?

No, I believe it would choke me.

Well, try and drink a little more tea, raising the cup again to her lips.

She obeyed passively, and John took away the empty cup and untasted cake.

Mrs. Hartly will wonder at our absence, said John; but then, I think, we had better wait and see this poor child safe on the train. Martha nodded her head assentingly. There are plenty there to see to things, and she really needs our care.

They waited there until the whistle of the engine warned them of the approach of the train, and then walked out to the platform. As the train came in sight Mabel turned, and throwing her arms around Martha's neck, kissed her twice or thrice, and thanked her in a broken voice for her kindness.

Some time, she said, you may know who I am, and then you will neither of you regret the kindness you have shown to the young girl who is now but a stranger to you.

She took her arms from around Martha's neck, and, taking John's hand, with childlike simplicity bestowed a grateful kiss upon his sunburnt cheek.

The train had now stopped, and, bidding Martha a last good-by, she allowed herself to be assisted into the car by John, who found her a seat, and, after whispering a few words to the conductor, who responded, all right; I will see to her, hurried from the car.

Mabel looked back as the train moved out of the depot, and saw her two friends waving their handkerchiefs until she was carried from their view. How long she sat there she knew not; she must have fallen asleep, for suddenly she felt a great shock, saw a confusion of lights, heard screams and cries of agony, and felt that she was going down, down, down, and could not check herself.

This is death she thought, and I shall meet Louis. And she knew no more.

Chapter II.

The morning rose clear and beautiful; the sun shone in golden splendor; the birds sang their sweetest songs. The air was fragrant with the perfumes of roses on this bright June morning—June one of the loveliest mouths of the year.

It was the day after the burial of Louis Hartly, and, in the mansion, there was that quiet air of sadness and gloom which prevails after the death of a loved one.

Mrs. Hartly had not come down stairs, this morning; she breakfasted in her own, apartments, while Grace, who felt keenly her brother's loss, wandered up and down the handsome garden, in a sad and listless way that was touching to behold.

Richard walked to and fro through the breakfast-room, alternately glancing through the window at Grace, and at the blue sky above, where he firmly believed the spirit of his brother to be. At length, tired of this, he walked out through the hall, and up the richly carpeted stairs, intending to go to his own room; to do this, he was obliged to pass the one that had been the sleeping apartment of Louis. Mechanically he turned the knob and entered; the room was darkened, and the furniture remained the same as it was on that fatal day when Richard had entered and found his brother sitting there so cold and lifeless.

A handsomely bound Bible lay on the table. It was the one from which his brother had been reading when death had come so suddenly. Richard sat in a chair that stood by the table and unclasped the Bible, not thinking of what was therein, but with thoughts of the church-yard where Louis was lying.

Suddenly his quick eye caught sight of something white among the leaves of the book, and, again turning the leaves, this time hastily, he found a folded paper which had before remained unnoticed. It was not sealed, but simply folded, as if the writer had become weary, and laid it away for a time.

Richard opened the paper and glanced at the writing; it was his brother's, and ran thus:—

MY DEAR BROTHER RICHARD:—there has been a gloom over me to-day that I cannot account for; it seems as if I could feel the shadow of the dark angel's wing. I have a strange presentiment that I am standing on the brink of the world, and that my soul may soon be launched on the broad sea of eternity; there is a strange oppression on my spirits to-night, and something urges me to write this letter to you. It may be only a morbid fancy, and perhaps in a few days I may look upon this and smile at what I have written; but some power I cannot resist bids me write, and I must obey. Dear brother, I am married, and it is the thought of her who is my wife that unman's me when I feel that death is near. You will wonder why I never told my mother, or you, of my marriage, but will not be surprised when I tell you that Mabel was on a poor governess when I married her. But she is pure and good, and as well bred as our own dear little sister, Grace. And perhaps some day, my brother, you may learn to love her, and then—well let the future take care of itself. You will find her address in my private desk, and O Richard! find her and be kind to her, for the sake of your brother whose heart may be stilled forever long ere you read this.

Your affectionate brother, LOUIS HARTLY.

The letter fell from Richard's hands. Married! he exclaimed, locking around in a bewildered way, as if expecting to see some one who could or would explain more.

Once more he raised the paper. Poor Louis! he said. He felt and knew what we none of us suspected—that he would soon cross the Dark River which flows through the vale of Eternity.

He rested his head thoughtfully on his hand, for a moment, and then, rising, walked from the room to his own chamber, and, pulling the bell-cord, summoned John, the old man who had been so kind to Mabel.

Tell Sarah to inform my mother, he said, that I must go away for a day or two, on important business, and bring me the morning paper.

John went down stairs, and soon returned with the paper and passed it to Richard. The young man glanced at it, when something met his eye that caused him to start.

Horrible railroad accident, he read, aloud. The train from New York ran off the track near H—, last night, and a large number of the passengers were killed or injured. And it went on to give the full particulars.

But he did not read on, for an exclamation from John startled him, and, looking up from the paper, he saw that the old man was pale, and stood gazing at him in a frightful manner.

Why, what is it, John? Are you ill? What ails you?

The old servant did not answer, but stood with the same frightened look upon his face. Martha was passing by the door, and Richard called to her and said—

Come here, and see if you can tell what it is that ails your husband.

But John had by this time found his voice and said to his master,—

The young lady, sir, was in that train. She is dead! Oh! I know she has been killed!

What young lady does he mean? asked Richard, directing the question to Martha.

There was a young lady in the carriage with us yesterday, and she seemed to take Master Louis's death very hard. Poor thing! She was very young, and so handsome, and seemed to be in so much trouble, that my heart ached for her, Master Richard, answered Martha.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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