

What Don't Pay.

I find it don't pay to be selfish, Though the world's palm is sordid and mean; There is many a hand washed with gratitude's tears, Would turn out quite open and clean. I find that deception don't pay one: Stop you cannot if once you begin, You will sure be found out—if not by the world, By the conscience that pricks you within. I find it don't pay to be envious, To covet the lot of a friend; For the good things of life come by brain work and toil: These will pay best, You'll find in the end. I find it don't pay to be fretting: Worry never makes things smoothly move. Some troubles must come; and though giants at first, If you laugh they will good faries prove. Don't be jealous: ten times you will find it Was but your own nature you saw; And an innocent heart may be cut to the quick While you were the one had the flaw. I find it don't pay to be sinful, Unkind, uncivil or bold, For the kind one is loved, and the good one is praised, While you are left out in the cold. You may pride yourself first on your money, You may trust then to influence and name; But wherever you go, take the run of folks through, You always will find it the same. Though people may false be as aloe, They honor the one who is true; And pleasure and love, if you'll heed the above, Shall come, my dear reader, to you.

SELECT STORY.

The Judge's Daughter; OR, A STRUGGLE WITH DESTINY.

Chapter I.—The Young Student.

No, no, William! I cannot do it. It is useless to ask me more. Do be reasonable, Harry. If you will write to your father, as I have advised, and tell him everything, I am sure he will send you the money. But I tell you again that I cannot. He has already given me more than could well be spared by him. It is scarcely three months since he sent me nearly half his year's salary, and do you suppose I could ask him for more? He has already been much too kind and indulgent. Well, then, why not apply to your uncle, the president? Mr. Grainger has been very kind to me, and has allowed me the privilege of attending the last term free; but that is no reason why I should expect him to advance me money to pay debts. They were so disgracefully incurred, too. No, William, there is no alternative; I must leave college. Much as I desire to remain another year, I cannot do it at my father's expense, or that of Mr. Grainger. But what will you do, Harry? You cannot expect to settle down to your profession. No, I am going into the world to earn a living for myself. Why should my father do so much more for me than for the rest of his children? I have proved myself unworthy of his generosity, and I will not tax it further. You are too proud. No one but you would think of committing such an act of folly. Folly or not, I have fully determined to do as I have told you, and we will not have any more words about it. The last speaker turned away, as he concluded, so decisively that his companion forebore saying anything more. They were room-mates at Yale College, where they had been inseparable companions for three years; and now the younger, Harry Winchester, had announced to his friend his intention of leaving at the close of the present term. Harry's father was a Congregationalist minister in a small town in Connecticut. He had done all in his power to give his eldest son a liberal education, and as his family was large, and his salary small, it was only by the strictest economy that he could manage to save enough to defray Harry's expenses at college. For the first two years Harry had conducted himself with the utmost propriety, if we except the few tricks which his mischievous, fun-loving nature led him into, and he had become a general favorite with the students. But, at the end of that time, he had become intimate with a circle of young men, who, possessing more money than brains, preferred spending their time in idleness and dissipation rather than in study; and, as he was easily influenced, it was no wonder that he soon became addicted

to the habits that possessed so much fascination for his companions. The race-course was a frequent place of resort for these young men, and it was not long before Harry found himself not only nearly out of funds, but also considerably in debt to his unscrupulous companions. There was nothing really evil about him, but on the contrary, much that was good. He possessed a warm heart, with a cheerful disposition somewhat inclined to levity; but this was owing to his buoyant spirits, and a natural love of gaiety which time and experience would correct. His manners were peculiarly easy and graceful, even at that age when young men in general are so awkward and uncertain in their demeanor—the period of transition from boyhood to manhood. In person he was rather above medium height, yet his figure was perfectly symmetrical and graceful. His waving hair was of a dark brown color, and he wore it brushed high from a broad, intellectual looking forehead. His eyes were of a deep hazel, neither too piercing nor yet expressionless. In his merry moods, they sparkled like diamonds, and in his sober, care-worn moments assumed a softened look, thus plainly foreshadowing the state of mind within. His whole bearing was commanding and pleasing. Being so genial and kind-hearted, so mirthful and easy in disposition, and a general favorite with the whole college, what wonder is it that he was led into some excesses, in company with his less impulsive companions? It was wrong; we admit it; and we do not uphold wrong-doing, even where the temptation is so strong as that brought to bear upon Harry. But we do say that he who goes deliberately to work to lead his fellow-being into evil is far more reprehensible than he who stumbles over the obstacles placed in his path. So Harry found himself, at the end of his third year at college, almost penniless, with not a cent to defray his expenses through the coming term—not enough even to settle his bills, and take him to his father's home in T—, there to spend the vacation. He knew his parents had denied themselves many things that he might not be stinted in means; and now to return home, confess his embarrassed position, and prevail upon his father to settle his bills and pay his expenses for another year, was more than his pride—nay, his conscience—would allow. He had spent enough, during the past year, to carry him honorably through the remaining year of his course and that, too, without any of that pinching economy which he knew must be practised by every other member of his father's family. They had done it cheerfully, for they believed that Harry gave promise of uncommon intellect and ability, and it was with no little pride that they looked forward to his graduation. All these things he mused upon gloomily, after his friend had left him. As in his lively, happy moments his spirits were exalted to the utmost, so in the more desponding hours they sank to the lowest point of dejection. His sense of honor was too great to allow him to think for a moment of leaving a single debt unpaid while he had a dollar; and he resolved to liquidate them as far as possible, and take his chance in life empty-handed. It was with feelings of deep, heartfelt regret and sorrow that Harry bade his college friends farewell at the close of the term. To none of them except William Shirley had he confided his intentions, and it was a source of remark among them all how serious Harry had suddenly grown. But he evaded their questions, and, as soon as possible, quietly sought his own room to make preparations for his final departure. As he thought of the happy family circle, so anxiously awaiting his return, he half repented of his resolution, and almost made up his mind to go home, confess his follies, and persuade his father to allow him to enter into some active occupation, where he might at least earn his own support, and thus relieve him of a burden which he could ill-afford to bear. But as he thought of his father's sternness, and his just anger when he should learn of his almost idolized son's misconduct, his courage failed him, and he determined to go forth into the world and carve out a future for himself. He seated himself at the table and wrote his mother a few lines, informing her of the course he had decided upon, and closed the letter without so much as hinting at his future abode. In a few hours more, he was on board a schooner bound for New York. Under other circumstances he would have enjoyed the voyage, for he was fond of travelling; and, as it was, he could not help feeling deeply impressed by the beautiful scenery through which they passed. They had passed through Long Island Sound, and were making the passage through Hell Gate—the narrow channel, filled with rocks and ledges, connecting the sound with East River. Many an accident has occurred here, said Captain Maberry. And although I have passed through it safely many times, I must confess I never feel quite easy until I get into smooth water again.

Chapter II.—The Rescue.

The schooner made the passage in safety, and they were slowly sailing through East River. To the left lay Blackwell's Island, the abode of the convicts and inebriates of all classes from New York, while to the right lay New York itself. At the present day, streets are laid out, and residences line the thoroughfares; but, at the time of which we write, there were no thickly populated streets opposite the island. Suburban residences, charming villas and secluded cottages, were here and there in view, and the scenery from the schooner was surpassingly lovely. Harry was standing leaning over the railing, his eyes wandering up and down the banks of the river, charmed with the prospect before him. Soon he observed a tiny boat shoot out from the shore nearly opposite the island, containing a young lady and a small boy. The lady sat at the rudder, and she appeared to understand handling the small craft, for it glided smoothly over the water, like a bird. But her companion was mischievous and uneasy, and in a luckless moment he leaned far over the boat's side; losing his balance, he clutched eagerly hold of the boat. The sudden jerk was more than the tiny craft could bear, and it turned bottom up and both its occupants were plunged into the river. The boy, like most boys who live in close proximity to the water, was an excellent swimmer, and soon reached the shore in safety. But with the young lady it was different. She gave one piercing scream as the cold waters swept over her, and disappeared beneath its placid surface. A boat was lowered from the schooner as soon as possible; but Harry knew that ere it reached her she would be lost forever, and, giving a bold leap, he plunged into the stream, and swam swiftly in the direction where she had gone down. He was a bold swimmer, and reached her just as she was going down for the last time. He caught her firmly around the waist with one arm, and pushed vigorously with the other for the shore, where, by this time, a crowd had gathered, watching with anxious solicitude the efforts of our hero to save the drowning girl. A shout of joy greeted him as he reached the river bank, and laid his senseless burden down upon the grassward. A middle-aged gentleman approached, and in an excited manner commenced to thank him for his heroism; but the boat had by this time reached the shore; and Harry, without waiting to hear the words of gratitude which were being poured into his ears from all sides, jumped in, and in a few moments was once more on board the schooner. In a short time Harry found himself in New York City. It was the first time he had ever been to the metropolis, and everything seemed strange and new. There was no soul that he knew in all this great city, and yet he was here, almost penniless. He knew that everything depended upon himself, for he did not even have a letter of recommendation. His first step was to procure a boarding-place; and as he possessed a considerable amount of clothing, books, a watch, and some other articles of value, he found no difficulty in obtaining one. There were a number of young men besides himself who boarded at Mrs. Thompson's, and they were very polite and affable to the new-comer. Two of them, in particular, named respectively Harper and West, bestowed considerable attention upon him, and in a few days he had become pretty well acquainted with them. He had been in his new abode for a week, and as yet his search for employment had been ineffectual; but he consoled himself with the thought that in a week or two more, at the very most, he should succeed in obtaining a situation well adapted to his wishes. His two new friends had taken him around the city, showing him everything worthy of note, and, as a further proof of their kindness, offered to aid him in seeking employment. Harry felt deeply grateful for their kindness, and accepted their proffers of assistance. How fortunate, he thought, that he had fallen in with such friends at the very outset. Come, Mr. Winchester, said Mr. Harper, one evening, go with us to the theatre, to-night, and see 'The Lady of Lyons.' Harry hesitated; the state of his finances would not allow it. Mr. West, rightly judging the cause of his hesitation, warmly seconded Mr. Harper's proposal. Yes, do, he urged. As you are a stranger here, it is but right that we should take you around; your turn will come by and bye, you know. The request was urged so pleasantly and decidedly that Harry hesitated no longer, but accompanied the two young men to the 'Bowery.' It was not until he had been seated some time that the thought entered his mind that his father might not exactly approve of his visiting such places; but he quickly put it aside, and watched the play with intense interest. After leaving the theatre, Mr. West proposed going into saloons for a luncheon. As soon as they entered, he ordered refreshments and a bottle of wine. Pouring out three glasses, he offered one to each of his companions. Thank you, said Harry, I do not drink and hope you will excuse me. Oh! But take just one glass, urged West. It can do you no harm, and I shall be really offended if you refuse. Thus importuned, Harry placed the glass to his lips and drank. How did you like the play, Mr. Winchester? asked West, when they were once more in the street. Oh, very much, answered Harry, enthusiastically. I am glad you enjoyed it, returned West. And now, if you would like to engage in some profitable business, I will tell you of a good chance to make money. Is it safe, d'ye think? Can he be trusted? inquired Harper, in a low voice, inaudible to Harry. I think so, replied West, in the same tone. At least, he cannot harm us—he cannot prove anything. What say you? he asked, turning to Harry; would you like to enter into a light and profitable business? By all means, replied Harry eagerly. What is it? I cannot enter into particulars to-night, West replied. But if you will go down to the Battery, to-morrow, I will explain it to you. There is an emigrant ship coming in, and perhaps you would like to witness its arrival. With this, Harry had to be content; and, after arriving at Mrs. Thompson's, and he had retired to his own room, he congratulated himself upon the good fortune which the future had in store for him. Too much excited to sleep, he indulged in glowing visions of the future, weaving bright fancies of coming wealth and distinction. And, first of all, in his coming good fortune, he would remember his loving parents, who had done so much for him; he would repay them tenfold for every sacrifice they had ever made for his sake. No want should they ever know while it lay in his power to supply them. And William Shirley, his faithful, devoted friend, he, too, should be remembered. And here, wearied at last by his musings, he forgot all his fairy visions in the land of dreams. Chapter III.—A Revelation. True to his appointment, Harry went the next day to the Battery, where he was soon joined by West and Harper. Ah! and so you are here before us, said Mr. West. I have but just arrived, answered Harry, but, as you can readily believe, I am very anxious to hear what you have to say on the subject we were talking of last evening. Oh, yes, yes, replied Mr. West. Well it is natural enough that you should be. But do you see that stout, elderly gentleman yonder, wearing a heavy gold chain, and carrying a walking-stick? he asked, abruptly changing the subject. Harry replied in the affirmative. Well, I have some business with him just now; but I will return soon, and give you the desired information. But you promise upon your honor as a gentleman, if you do not accept my proposition, to keep the whole matter a secret? he interrogated. Certainly, Harry replied, without any hesitancy. On receiving this assurance, both Mr. West and Mr. Harper disappeared in the crowd which had gathered to witness the disembarkation of the emigrants. Harry idly lingered near the spot where they had left him, too much engrossed with the subject uppermost in his mind to take any interest in the busy scene around. Half an hour or more elapsed before Mr. West returned, and Harry was almost getting out of patience. In a few moments, however, he observed him swiftly making his way through the crowd. Let us walk along a few streets, in order that we may converse uninterruptedly, he said, as soon as he had reached Harry's side. They walked along quite a distance, until they were joined by Harper. Do you know that? asked West, suddenly taking a watch and chain from his pocket, and which Harry recognized at once, by its massive seals, as the identical one which the corpulent gentleman had worn. Why, yes; the gentleman you pointed out to me wore it upon his vest, answered Harry, in astonishment. Exactly so, returned West. I had considerable difficulty, I assure you, to gain possession of it unobserved. It was that which delayed me so long; but it is well worth the trouble, he concluded, examining it more closely. And I have done equally as well, Harper spoke up, eagerly, displaying, at the same time, a well-filled pocket-book. You wouldn't object to being the possessor of that yourself, would you, Mr. Winchester? he concluded, turning to Harry. But what—what has this to do with the situation you said you had for me? asked Harry, with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. Harper and West looked at one another and laughed. Why, just this, said West. We are willing to take you into company on

shares, although, as you are a green hand, you can't expect, of course, to share equally at first. But you'll soon learn, if you are as clever as I think you are; and we will advance you something to begin with, or until you become an expert; then we'll go equal partners. Harry was speechless for a moment from amazement. And these were the friends he had trusted so implicitly! But the truth forced itself upon him now. They were gentlemanly pickpockets. No wonder his applications for employment had been so decidedly refused, while he kept such company. What do you say to my proposals? asked Harper impatiently. Why do you keep silent? It's fair, isn't it? Say? replied Harry, looking the speaker sternly in the face, I say that I have been deceived as to the nature of the business you wished me to engage in, and I will have nothing to do with it. He looked so noble, and spoke so firmly, that his companions saw at once that arguments then would be useless; some other time they hoped to be able to induce him to join them. You will, at least, remember your promise of secrecy, said Harper. Certainly; when I give my word, I intend to keep it; but I can never descend to the calling of a common thief, he replied, proudly. Remember your friendless situation, began Harper. I remember it; I remember, also, my honor, Harry replied. And he turned away, and left them exasperated and disappointed at the failure of their plans. Thus, in one short hour, were his bright visions scattered, and he realized for the first time how utterly friendless and alone he was. But his honor was left, untarnished, and he would yet rise, not depending upon the promises of others, but on his own perseverance. Days and even weeks glided by, and he had not yet succeeded in obtaining employment. Mr. West and his confederate had approached him, in regard to entering into company with them in their dishonorable practices, at various times, but with no better success than at first. It was not to lead a life like theirs that he had exiled himself from home; away from all that earth held dear, but that he might atone for those follies of the past which he now looked upon with loathing. As they found they could not prevail upon him to join them in their career of crime, they changed their manner towards him, and, instead of the familiarity with which they had, at first, treated him, they became insolent and overbearing; but neither their persuasions nor their insults could swerve him from his purpose. One lovely June day, on returning to his boarding-place after a discouraging day of weary, fruitless searching for employment, Harry was met in the hall by the stout boarding-mistress, and informed that unless he could pay her the money for his board for the coming week in advance, he could remain there no longer. Sadly he turned and left the house. Friendless and homeless, he knew not what to do. He wandered along the gay streets in bitterness of spirit, upbraiding himself for the course which he had taken; yet never for a moment did he contemplate applying to his friends for aid. He walked moodily on, too-busied in his own sad thoughts to heed anything around him, when he was suddenly addressed by Mr. West. I Say, Winchester, how do you like this manner of life? was the salutation in a sneering tone. It has the merit of being honorable, if it isn't profitable, hasn't it? But if you can make a living at it you'll do better than most people. It doesn't pay to be honest in New York. Harry turned away haughtily, but West placed his hand upon his shoulder and detained him. Do not be offended at my pleasantry, he said, affably. I know that you were turned away from Mrs. Thompson's to-day, and, although you will not believe me, I am willing to help you to a good situation. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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