

Robinson Crusoe.

I know a dear book in which I oft look,
And as oft as I find myself do so,
Each sweet tasted joy I knew when a boy
Comes back with dear Robinson Crusoe

SELECT STORY.

The King's Bull.

Chapter II.

THE BEST MAN AND THE BEST BULL.
[CONCLUDED.]

SECONDLY, that in case of a fall the
attention of a bull is immediately
distracted from the fallen horseman by
the red cloaks of the chulos or footmen.

Chapter III.

LIFE OR DEATH.

THE hour had arrived: every nook
and corner of the vast amphitheatre
of Madrid, boxes, benches, and pit, the
very balustrades and barriers, seethed
with a dense mass of anxious excited
humanity.

left of the toril or passage by which the
bulls are admitted to the ring.
Then the key was tossed to the alguacil
and deftly caught in his hat, the door
of the toril was unlocked, and you
could hear the sharp catching of the
breath, throughout that mighty assembly
as, with a leap like a stag, El Re
bounced into the arena. El Re, the
King's own bull! there was no mistaking
him, for his brawny neck was encircled
by a broad ribbon of scarlet and
yellow, the royal livery of Spain, from
which depended the device of a gilded
crown and castle, the arms of Castile.

I will not undertake to describe the
many phases of that marvellous encounter—
how unflinching was the savage determination
of the brute, and the courage and coolness
of the man, if the ferocity and activity
of El Re were such as had never before
been witnessed by the oldest frequenter
of the Plaza, they were surpassed by the
dexterity and horsemanship of Pinto; nobly
seconded by La Perla, he exhausted every art
of the picador. It would be still more
impossible to convey an idea of the agony
of excitement which pervaded the spectators,
from the King downwards.

For the first time he took the initiative.
And now began an exhibition of
skill and daring never surpassed. With
the garrocha held low in rest, and his
eye fixed on the blood-shot orbs which
followed his slightest movement, slowly,
almost imperceptibly, so as to avoid
provoking a charge, he backed La Perla
in a half circle, until the point of the spear
lay at an acute angle behind the shoulder
of the bull. Those only who were
nearest, straining over the barrier to
catch, like true aficionados, the niceties
of the combat, could hear the words,
'Ahora o nunca, por mi vida, o por mi
muerte;' and lifting La Perla with spur
and hand and will, with the inexplicable
sympathy which exists between a true
rider and his horse, he hurled her at the
bull. So rapid was the dash, that before
El Re could make a half-turn to meet it,
the spear was in his shoulder, driven
with the full weight of man and horse,
with the full vigor of that tremendous
arm. Beneath the terrific impulse the
blunt point burst through the lacerated
hide, and irresistible as the keen blade
of the matador, the huge shaft followed,
 boring through flesh and brawn and
muscle, right down into the very heart
of the mighty bulk; the mass still surged
and heaved and struggled against the
mortal agony, the tough garrocha bent
like a wand, and La Perla reeled and
tattered like a drunken man, but the arm
of Mendez was as a bar of steel. You
would not have said that the horse was
supporting the rider, but that the rider,

holding by the spear-shaft, was sustaining
the horse between his knees, and so the
three remained, until the last convulsive
throe died out of what was once El Re,
and La Perla, though shivering in every
limb, had recovered from her exhaustion;
then with one mighty effort Mendez drew
out the garrocha, and removing his mask,
again saluted the royal box.

Two of my guards! thundered Ferdinand;
two of my guards! and you come
here expecting to save your own miserable
life. Ah, scoundrel! you have laid
a trap for me. Had I but known before
I pledged my word, not if you had killed
fifty bulls with your naked hands, should
you have escaped. Vengo sofocado!
Begone, rascal! out of my sight, and let
me never see or hear of you again!

A Little Stratagem.
R. PETER BRIGHTPOD was a
thriving merchant, and a highly
respected citizen of Johnsville. His
clerks were perfect models of politeness.
His goods were always of the best quality,
and at reasonable prices.

Mr. Brightpod had an only daughter,
a lovely and accomplished girl of nineteen
summers, and half the young men
in the neighbourhood would willingly
have laid their fortunes at her feet.
Amongst them was her father's bookkeeper,
William Tell, and he alone seemed
to hold the first place in her affections.
But her father did not appreciate the
alliance with one so far below her in
social position.
That the young man's integrity had
never been questioned—that his business
qualifications were at the highest
order, Mr. Brightpod could not deny.

seated in his cosy parlour. But his face
was pale, and expressionless.

The happy smile that used to illuminate
his countenance was gone. For was
he not about to barter his daughter for
this world's dross? And his heart smote
him bitterly.
Bah! he exclaimed, half aloud. What
if I discharge William Tell? He is no
fit suitor for my daughter's hand. She
will soon forget him, and accept the
proffered hand and fortune of Mr. Blossom.
Yes, yes; money can accomplish
many things, only leave it to time, and
all will be well.
And nervously touching the bell-cord,
he waited the coming of a servant.
Tell your mistress, he said, that I
wish to speak with her directly.
I am here, father, said his daughter,
advancing towards him. But no sooner
had she looked upon his blanched and
expressionless face, than a terrible foreboding
took possession of her heart.
You are ill, father?
No, no, my child, I never was better
in my life; I am only fatigued. You
are aware that Mr. Blossom and I were
to become partners; and I am happy
to say we have completed our arrangements
to-day in a very satisfactory manner;
and the firm of Brightpod and Blossom
will become one of the staunchest
concerns in the country. And by-the-by,
my dear, Mr. Blossom will dine with
us to-morrow; and I trust you will appear
as agreeable and interesting as possible;
and who knows but you may become—
What, father?
The wife of Mr. Blossom, he stammered.
No, she replied; as your partner I will
respect him. But I tell you once for all,
never to mention this subject to me
again, for I will never become his wife.
And William Tell—what of him?
He is my affianced husband; and no
other man shall ever call me by the name
of wife.
And before to-morrow's sun sets, he
will no longer be in my service.
You cannot mean it, father; you surely
will not turn him away because—
And she fairly broke down and sobbed
in bitter anguish, unable to articulate
another sentence.
But her father had steeled his heart
against all her pleadings, and with bitter
thoughts and blighted prospects, she
sought the solitude of her own chamber—
there to shed hot scalding tears, and
ponder over the uncertainty of all
sublunary things.
On the following morning the heads
of the firm met; and William Tell, the
once favoured and respected servant, was
discharged; and ordered never to approach
or address Clara Brightpod
again.
How that gentleman conducted himself
under the circumstances, we are unable
to say; nor can we tell whether he
met Clara, by the merest possible accident.
But it was evident, to every one
that Clara looked brighter and happier
every day, and gossips began to say she
had forgotten him.
Forgotten him! Never! Such a heart
as hers never forgets.
Five years have rolled past, and many
changes have taken place. But Clara
is still single, notwithstanding the entreaties
of her father, and the obsequious
attentions paid her by Mr. Blossom.
And the firm of Brightpod and Blossom
is no longer in a flourishing condition.
Notes are very embarrassing
things, especially when they become
due; and the heads of this firm begin to
feel it.
In the midst of Mr. Brightpod's troubles
and anxieties, an unwelcome visitor
made his appearance at Johnsville.
It was William Tell.
He had come back to ask Mr. Brightpod
for his daughter in marriage, but he
was again repulsed by that worthy
gentleman, and, after obtaining a secret
interview with Clara, he left for parts
unknown.
It was a few days after the above
occurrence, when Brightpod and Blossom
received an official letter from the firm
of Bangs and Whittaker, New York,
with an urgent request that Mr. Brightpod
should call upon them without fail
on the 18th of that month, and have
matters properly adjusted.
You had better go, said Blossom,
hardly knowing what he said. But, indeed,
I fear the worst from them.
And yet our credit has been unlimited
there.
Yes; but no doubt they have come to
the full knowledge of our affairs, and I
expect little mercy at their hands.
Mr. Whittaker died some months ago, and
his nephew has succeeded him.
Dead! said Mr. Brightpod. Then
indeed, our case is a hopeless one; but
come what will, we shall bear it like
men, and when the worst comes, we can
but relinquish our all and look the world
proudly in the face.
Then you had better go to New York
to-morrow, as requested, and, after all,
things may not turn out so bad as they
appear.
I trust they will not said Mr. Brightpod,
walked as he slowly left the store, and
poked homeward with a heavy heart.

Mr. Brightpod was early astrid on the
following morning, and preparing for
his journey.

But he was not going alone; his
daughter had received a communication
from the city, too; and they were to
journey together.
He to negotiate affairs with Bangs and
Whittaker, and she—well, no matter
what—time will develop events.
Nothing unusual occurred to them
during their journey, and in a few hours
they arrived safely in New York.
Clara proceeded to a friend's residence
in—avenue, and her father to the well-known
firm of Bangs and Whittaker.
But judge of his astonishment as he
entered that princely store.
Mr. Bangs nearly wrung his hands
off in perfect ecstasy, and laughed and
chattered; and Brightpod felt embarrassed,
and hinted that they might as well
proceed to business.
No more business transacted in this
store, to-day, my dear sir, said Mr.
Bangs. This is Mr. Whittaker's wedding-day,
and I have promised to take
you along.
At the same moment a carriage drew
up in front of the doorway, and before
Mr. Brightpod could find words to
reply, Mr. Bangs and himself were comfortably
seated in the vehicle, and the
driver ordered to make good use of his
time.
But, my dear sir, said Brightpod, I
came here on a different errand; excuse
me, if I mention our business transaction.
No business to-day, said that gentleman.
But here we are,—and the
carriage drew up in front of a stately
mansion, when the two gentlemen
alighted and entered that princely do,
main.
And certainly, if Mr. Brightpod's
senses did not deceive him, he had seen
his own daughter in the hall-way, and
had heard her merry peals of laughter.
And there was another figure, too, he
had seen.
It was William Tell, and he began to
think he had entered some enchanted
castle, or was dreaming at the best.
But he had not much longer to brood
over the mystery.
For his daughter, leaning on the arm
of William Tell, entered the apartment
where he sat, and once more asked his
consent and blessing.
This time it was not withheld; and
the marriage ceremony was performed.
William Tell and Clara Brightpod
were man and wife.
Explanations followed and we find
that William Tell had become heir to
the vast possessions of his late uncle, on
condition that he would assume his
name.
And that was why the name of the
firm remained unchanged.
And that was why William Tell
Whittaker had become immensely rich;
and being in a position that he no longer
feared Mr. Brightpod's displeasure, devised
a novel method of humbling that
gentleman's pride.
In conclusion, we will state that the
firm of Brightpod and Blossom is again
taking an upward tendency; and Brightpod
often wonders if Mr. and Mrs.
Whittaker didn't "fool" him a little on
their wedding day; and thinks Mr.
Bangs was just as deep in the plot as
they were.

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors,
ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM
B. SQUIRE, at their Office, opposite
the premises of Capt. D. Green,
Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.
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 liberal
terms, viz.:—Per square of seven-
teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each
continuation 25 cents.
AGENTS:
CARBONAR..... Mr. J. Foote.
BRIOUS..... W. Horwood.
BAY ROBERTS..... R. Simpson.
HEART'S CONTENT..... C. Rendell.
TRINITY HARBOUR..... B. Miller.
NEW HARBOUR..... J. Miller.
CATALINA..... J. Edgecombe.
RONAVISTA..... A. Vincent.
ST. PIERRE..... H. J. Watts.