

POETRY

THE WILD BEE.

I come at morn when dewdrops bright
Are twinkling on the grasses,
And woo the balmy breeze in flight
That o'er the heather passes,

I swarm with many liliesome wings
That join me, through my ramble,
In seeking for the honeyed things
Of heath and hawthorn bramble.

And languidly amidst the sedge
When noontide is most stilly,
I loll beside the water's edge,
And climb into the lilly.

I fly throughout the clover crops
Before the evening closes,
Or swoon amid the amber drops
That swell the pink moss-roses,

At times I take a longer route,
In cooling Autumn weather,
And gently murmur round about
The purple-tinted heather.

To Poesy I am a friend;
I go with Fancy linking,
And all my airy knowledge lend,
So aid him in his thinking.

Deem not these little eyes are dim
To every sense of duty;
We owe a certain debt to him
Who clad this earth in beauty.

And therefore I am never sad,
A burden homeward bringing,
But help to make the summer glad
In my own way of singing.

When idlers seek my honeyed wine,
In wantonness to drink it,
I sparkle from the columbine,
Like some forbidden trinket;

But never sting a friend—not one—
It is a sweet delusion,
That I may look at children run,
And smile at their confusion.

If I were a man, with all his tact
And power of foreseeing,
I would not do a single act
To hurt a human being.

And thus my little life is fixed,
Till tranquilly it closes,
For wisely have I chosen 'twixt
The thorns and the roses.

THE WIFE'S BECAUSE.

It is not because your heart is mine—
mine only—
Mine alone:
It is not because you chose me,
weak and lonely
For your own;
Not because the earth is fairer, and the
skies
Spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining
of your eyes,
That I love you.

It is not because the world's perplexed
meaning
Grows more clear;
And the parapets of heaven, with
angels teeming,
Seems more near;
And nature sings of praise with all her
voices
Since you spoke.
Since with my silent heart that
now rejoices,
Love awoke.

Nay, not even because your hand holds
heart and life
At you will,
Soothing, hushing all its discord,
making strife
Calm and still;
Teaching Trust to fold her wings, nor
even roam
From her nest;
Telling Love that his securest, sa-
fest home,
Must be rest.

Because this human, love though pure
and sweet—
Yours and mine—
Has been sent by love more tender
more complete,
More divine,
That it leads our heart at last to rest in
heaven,
Far above you,
Do I take thee as a gift that God
has given—
And I love you!

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass-plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
There is something brighter, dearer
Than the wealth we thus command.

Though we have not means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare—
Though we have not silken hangings
For the walls so bleak and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For the flowers are everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin,
We can make its inmates happy,
And their trust blessing win:
It will make the smallest room brighter,
If we let the sunshine in.

We may gather around the fireside,
When the evening hours are long,
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy, social song:
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the bath of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er
If against a dark intruder
We will firmly shut the door—
Yet, should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find
There's a chain of sweet affection,
Binding friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

The Villian's Fate.

CONCLUDED.

The clock in the tavern struck eleven
but still Holten remained.
Do you wish a bed, sir? asked the
landlord.

No, replied Holten, I'm waiting for
the twelve o'clock train. I see it's near
that time now, so I may as well start
for the depot. Give me a drink of
brandy, continued he, walking up to
the counter.

Swallowing the liquor and paying for
it, he left the room and walked rapidly
toward the railway station. Reaching
the depot, he had not long to wait, a
few minutes after, the train came thun-
dering up to the station.

Holten stood at one end of the plat-
form and closely watched the passengers
as they alighted. At last his face
lighted up with a sinister smile.

There he is! he muttered.
He walked toward Winton, and,
holding out his hand, said in a feigned
tone of joy,—

Why, how are you, Bill? Glad to see
you.

Winton was nonplussed for a
moment, but, recovering his composure
he grasped the extended hand, and,
shaking it heartily, said,

When did you come here?

Oh, I came to-day—had some busi-
ness. I'm waiting for the train to go
back to the city. I must leave a letter
here, for a man in the village, then, I
suppose, we had better get on the cars,
they may go off and leave us.

No danger of that, replied the other,
laughing; this train has to await the
arrival of the one going west, and that
won't be along for a half an hour yet;
so let's go over to this hotel and warm
ourselves.

Well, I will, for it's a bitter cold
night.

They crossed the street, entered the
hotel together, and stood for some time
before the cheerful fire, around which
quite a large crowd had collected.

Presently they left the house, and began
to retrace their steps toward the station.
When they were some distance from
the hotel Holten drew a bottle of liq-
or from his pocket, and, placing it to his
lips, offered it to his companion. Win-
ton declined, thanking him for his pro-
ffered kindness.

Nonsense, Will, said the other. It is
a cold night, and the liquor will warm
you up.

Winton again refused, but his com-
panion continuing to urge him; he at
last took a drink of the liquor. It was
evidently drugged, for a few moments
after swallowing the potion, his head
grew dizzy, and he would have fallen
had not the other supported him.

At that moment the west-bound
train thundered up to the station, and,
amid the confusion, Holten assisted his
dizzy companion on it. A few minutes
after, the train left the depot; but not
till Winton had awakened from his stup-
or.

Villian I know your purpose now!
cried the reviving man, as he saw Hol-
ten taking the money previous to his
flight.

Winton attempted to spring to his
feet, but Holten threw himself upon
him, and, pressing a handkerchief satu-
rated with chloroform to his mouth and
nostrils, he soon sank back insensible.

The train was already moving, but,
seizing the bag of gold, Holten sprang
from the train into the darkness, fall-
ing down an embankment into a ditch.
Getting up, he had the bag of money
under his overcoat, and hurried back to
the station again. He was just in time
to catch the train bound for New York.

He seated himself in one corner of a
car—and whether or not he felt any
sorrow for his evil deeds, we do not
know; but his reflections could not
have been of the most pleasant charac-
ter.

Arriving at New York, Holten began
to make preparations for his flight. It
was just at this time that the California
gold excitement broke, and vessels were
daily departing for the land of gold. A
ship was to set sail in a few days, and
in her he took a passage for California.

Meanwhile Winton lay insensible un-
til nearly noon of the next day, when
he was discovered by the conductor,
who with the assistance of some of the
passengers, revived him.

It caused quite a commotion among
the passengers when it was discovered
that a man had been drugged and robb-
ed, and soon a large crowd of men and
women were collected around Winton
until the novelty of the affair wore away
when they went back to their seats.

When Winton awoke from the stup-
or into which he had been thrown, he
was some time before he could realize
his situation. At last it all came too
vividly before his mind.

Well, thought he, in despair, what
am I to do? I might have known he
intended mischief when he pretended to
be so friendly; but it is all over now—
it is a part of the dead past.

Thus long he sat, brooding over his
misfortune.

If I were to go back to the bank,
thought he, and say that I was robbed
the chances are I would not be believed,
and might be thrown into prison. No,
it would do no good to go back to the
city; I will go to California—for there
it is said, fortunes are made in a month

—and work earnestly, and gain a for-
tune, then come back and clear my
name from dishonour; but till then, I
will not return.

He left the cars that night, and,
joining an immigrant train, started on
his way across the plains for the land
of gold, where he arrived late in the
all of 1849.

On arriving in California, Winton
went to work in a mining town near
the Sacramento River. Although he
was doing well, he caught that restles-
sness which pervaded so many of the
early miners: thinking he was not mak-
ing money fast enough, he continued to
follow up every new excitement, until
he found himself in San Francisco.

Here he obtained employment, at a large
salary, as a clerk in a large hardware
store.

It is New Year's Eve, and nearly five
years have rolled away since Winton's
arrival in California; and these years
have wrought many changes in him.
Repeated disappointments, and a con-
tinual fear of apprehension which ever
haunts him, have made him a changed
man. Although yet young, his hair
is mingled with gray, and the lines of
care around his mouth and across his
forehead have made him prematurely
old.

Nightly he visits the gambling saloons
and loses his earnings. But his is not
an exceptional case, for, in those days
of early California, nearly every one
gambled, clerks, merchants, lawyers,
doctors, and judges—in fact, men of
almost every trade or profession; men
of generous hearts, and many of Cali-
fornia's most noted public men, and
honoured citizens, were to be often
found at the gambling table. To tell
the truth, gambling was a prevailing
vice, and men thought it no sin to sit
down to gamble.

This excuse for wasting their time
I do not know, unless it was like that
of an eastern deacon, who came to Cali-
fornia to better his condition, and also
to attempt to christianize the miners.
But—alas for frail humanity!—he
picked up the vice of gambling. Thus en-
gaged, he was one day found by a bro-
ther in the church, (who had just ar-
rived in the land of gold) betting on a
game of faro.

Why, deacon, said the other, in hor-
ror, Have you thus yielded to the
tempter?

You see, said the deacon, somewhat
taken aback, but not wholly unprepared
this is a bad institution, and I'm try-
ing to break it up.

It was a dark, stormy night, and as
Winton came down one of the busy
thoroughfares of San Francisco, toward
the wharf, he shuddered as he buttoned
his coat more closely across his breast,
and hurried rapidly onward till he came
opposite a gambling saloon, from whose
windows a bright light shone out into
the gloom. Pushing open the green
door, he entered.

It was a large brilliantly lighted room
gorgeously furnished with beautifully
cushioned chairs and sofas, while the
walls were almost covered with fine en-
gravings, elegantly framed. On one
side of the room stood a beautifully
carved mahogany counter, or bar; be-
hind it hung a large mirror, in a wide
gilt frame, reaching from the ceiling
nearly to the floor. On each side of the
mirror were beautifully carved racks,
on which hung goblets and tumblers of
nearly every shape and hue. On the
counter stood a pan heaped with gold
dust, while beside it lay a stack of slugs
coins of the value of about fifty dollars,
and generally octagonal in shape. Sev-
eral musicians were discoursing sweet
strains to the assembled crowd, who
were congregated in different parts of
the room, around the several games of
roulette and faro, some betting, others
looking on.

Winton walked up to a faro table
and, throwing five gold twenties upon
the green baize, said,—
Give me a stack of checks.

There's your reds' said the dealer.
Winton nodded, and the game went
on, he played desperately, and was won-
derfully lucky. Some four or five
deals and his checks had changed, and
several stacks had grown beside
the one. Turn after turn, he was suc-
cessful, and still the stakes grew larger
till they were even above these large
sums; nighty lost and won in this noted
gambling house.

Well, said Winton to the dealer,
double my sum or nothing.

All right; it's all the same to us,
said the dealer, with a smile of satisfac-
tion under his slouched hat.

Then again the game proceeded, and
an eager, excited crowd—each moment
growing larger—collected around the
game, and excitedly watched its pro-
gress. There was a huge sum on the
turn, and every eye was bent on the
box.

Winton stood with his arms folded
calmly watching the dealer. He showed
no signs of excitement; his eyes
were hidden beneath the broad
brimmed hat he wore; but his mouth
was visible, and the lines about it only
grew firmer as the game went on.

You have lost, said a bystander, ad-
dressing Winton.

No, you're mistaken; I have won re-
plied he.

Yes; said the dealer, with an oath,
the bank is busted!—but not fairly,
he added, for you cheated!

How could I cheat? said Winton.
You dealt the game; if there's any
cheating, you must have done it.

You're a liar! exclaimed the other,
growing excited, and pushing his slouch-
ed hat from his face, plainly showing
his features, which till then had been
hidden. It was Holten's face.

At the same moment Winton threw
off his large cloak, which had also hid-
den his face.

The recognition was mutual. Win-
ton was the first to speak; although his
face was very pale, a stern look of des-
peration rested on it, as he said, in a
low tone,

So we've met at last! Your life—
or mine— will pay for that night's
villany! Your true name is Tom Holten
is it not?

Never mind what my name is; you'r
not mistaken in what you say, said the
other, his face blanching to almost
whiteness; but no other signs of fear
crossed it, and the paleness was caused
rather from excitement than fear.

As he finished speaking, he drew a
revolver and fired; but Winton had
anticipated the shot and sprang back
into the crowd; the bullet went wide of
its mark.

The crowd fell back from the two
men, for they knew such California
scenes too well not to know that one or
both must fall.

Defend yourself, said Winton.

Then followed four shots in rapid
succession, like pickets discharging
their guns when the enemy advances.
Winton fell, mortally wounded, and
soon expired.

A crowd collected around the wound-
ed man, and a physician was sent for;
but, before his arrival, life was extinct.

Winton's death caused angry threats
to arise against his slayer, for his gen-
erous good heartedness had won him
many friends; and some talked of re-
taliation by killing Holten.

Holten, fearing the excited crowd,
fled from the gambling den toward the
wharf, in hopes of catching a boat on
which to leave the city.

The wind, which had been blowing
briskly during the day, had now
increased to a perfect gale; the night
was dark, with occasional showers of
rain; and, as Holten pressed rapidly
onward, shuddering with the cold, he
swore roundly at the weather. It was
just such a night as would make one
gloomy and despondent, and, as Holten
pressed on down the street in the gloom
except for the occasional gleam of some
isolated lamp post, his spirits sank to
their lowest ebb.

When he reached the wharf, the
waves were roiling heavily, making it
tremble to its very foundation as the
huge billows broke against it, sending
their white foam splashing on the pier.
But one light was to be seen along the
expanses of the wharf; it was in the
small office near the edge of the wharf.

Toward it, Holten directed his steps;
on reaching it, Holten opened the door
and, entering, asked of the clerk, who
sat near the fire, when the boat left for
Sacramento.

To-morrow morning, was the reply.
Why, I understood she started to-
night.

No; her sailing was put off on ac-
count of the weather.

Scared by a Skunk.

A citizen of Bowling Green, Ky.,
having been roused a little earlier than
usual by the strong odor of a skunk,
left his couch at early dawn and pro-
ceeded to make his homely toilet.
Having drawn on his unmentionables
he stirred up the dying embers so as to
have a little more light, and, reaching
around to the corner of the hearth for
his shoes, proceeded to the front to put
them on. Happening to glance back,
he saw a black and white something
follow him. "Polecat!" he yelled, and
made for the door shoes in hand. Be-
ing closely pursued, he had not time to
unfasten the door, and passed on round
the room. Coming to the bed, he
shouted,

Polly, I'm going to jump in!

No, you won't come from deep down
under the cover, and so round he went
still hotly pursued.

He endeavoured to open the door
again, but the enemy was upon him,
and round he went on the second heat.
Reaching the bed again, he explained:

No you won't, came again

Yes, but darned if I don't! and
dropping his shoes, in he went, and,
hauling the cover over his head await-
ed the attack. Finding all quite, after
a time he cautiously peeped out, and
with the increasing light discovered—
not a polecat but his wife's black and
white knitting with the ball of yarn in
his shoes.

Archbishop Whately never spared his
joke for the sake of the sufferer on
whom it was inflicted. Pray, sir, he
said to a loquacious prebendary, who
had made himself active in talking at
the Archbishop's expense when his back
was turned. Pray, sir why are you like
the bell of our own church steeple?
Because, replied the other, I am always
ready to sound the alarm when the
church is in danger. By no means, re-
plied the Archbishop; it is because you
have an empty head and a long tongue!
And when a clergyman consulted
Whately on the propriety of going to
New Zealand on account of his health
By all means go was the answer. You
are so lean, no cannibal could eat you
without loathing.

Two gentlemen attending a straw-
berry festival, held in one of our large
cities a short time since, requested one
of the young lady attendants to furnish
them with cream and strawberries. In
placing the fruit on the table before the
gentleman she spilled some of the ber-
ries and cream on one of them. Imme-
diately he jumped up and exclaimed:
Madame, I think this is scandalous to
cream-ate a man before he is dead, and
add insult to injury by berry-ing him
before he is dead!

Eighteen Japanese, who were lately
wrecked on the coast of Corea, were be-
headed simply because the were Japas-
nese. The Coreans are building forts
and drilling their troops for defense
against Japan.

A new comet has been discovered by
Mr. Lewis Swift of Rochester, N. Y.
It moves slowly and is coming toward
the earth.

A Richmond, Va., man, wishing to
send a suit of clothes to Montana, and
finding that it would cost \$18 by express
forwarded them by mail at an expense
of \$4 80.

A man in Needham, Mass., who was
bitten by a neighbor's dog, is suing its
owner for \$10,000 damages.

Mrs. Fry, widow of the commander
of the Virginius, has established a wood-
yard in New Orleans by means of the
money contributed to her.

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PORTER.

Is printed and published by the Propri-
etor, WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, every Thurs-
day morning, at his 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—\$2.50c., (Two
Dollars Fifty Cents) per annum, payable
half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most
liberal terms, viz:—Per square of seven-
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sertion, \$1; each continuation 25c.

The STAR will not be issued or con-
tinued to any subscriber for a less term
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