

**The Billious man.**

I know a man who always wears  
A frown upon his brow,  
And never seems to be in peace  
Unless he's in a row;  
He has a solemn, cautious look,  
That deep his wrinkles trace,  
And not a ray of mirth is seen  
To play upon his face.

He hates to see a prattling child,  
Who wears a sunny smile,  
The music of whose merry laugh  
Is sure to raise his bile;  
He wouldn't read a funny book  
For fear 'twould raise a grin,  
Which he would think an awful thing,  
And very much like sin.

He likes to read of battles fought  
Upon some bloody plains,  
And always counts the numbers killed,  
And those who are rent with pains;  
He sometimes goes to theatres  
To see a tragic play,  
But when the farce comes at last,  
He quickly hies away.

He never read a line of Saxe,  
Nor would he look at Hood,  
But always reads those dismal tales  
Which tell of strife and blood;  
He'd turn away from sparkling wine  
Some bitter drink to quaff,  
And frown upon his dearest friend  
If he should hear him laugh.

Although he is a pious man,  
Where'er he hears a knell,  
The first thought of his mind is that  
Some soul has gone to —;  
Three times a day he offers up  
A very fervent prayer,  
That Christians may all go above  
And sinners to despair.

SELECT STORY.

MARCIA;  
—OR—  
THE LADY OF FERN  
NOOK.

[CONCLUDED.]

There is a peculiarly startling effect in being suddenly roused from sleep, more especially, I think, from that half-dozing state in which enough outer consciousness is retained to connect the awakening causes with the half-formed dreams floating through the mind; and the low, melodious laugh, which had the effect of rousing Mrs. Marchmont from her slumbers, fell on her with the effect of a thunderbolt. She sprang to her feet, and stood gazing wildly at the door, through which presently came May, followed by Basil and another gentleman, the man whose laugh had so rudely jarred her nerves.

The evening glories of red and gold had fled, and a gray light was all that now crept through the stained window, not sufficient to betray to May's clear young eyes, the pallor of Mrs. Marchmont's countenance.

Mr. Fenton, Mrs. Marchmont, said May; and the widow's beautiful head sank in what seemed a somewhat cold acknowledgement of the introduction.

Mr. Fenton bowed courteously, but carelessly. It was too dark to perceive whether the widow were pretty or not, and to him a plain woman was a sad mistake in nature which he ignored as quietly as possible. But from the little oval-table, where the moonlight glow of wax tapers, held aloft by picturesque pages in brilliant Sevres, brought out the dusky loveliness of her face, the influence of her beauty on him asserted itself, and he devoted himself to her with that quiet embarrassment which characterized him generally.

May was, of course, like most women, a match-maker; and when not absorbed with Basil, she smiled to herself at Fenton's devotion to Mrs. Marchmont.

After dinner, the jessamine festooned veranda and golden moonlight tempted the party into the open air, all save Mrs. Marchmont, who wandered into the dimly lighted drawing-room, and seated herself at the piano, unseen by the group outside. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a dreamy prelude, and then she began to sing, an accomplishment she had never before displayed at Fern Nook. Her eyes were melancholy, and, at the same time, stern.

As the first notes of her voice quivered out into the air, the group on the veranda paused in their conversation. May uttered an exclamation of surprise, which was echoed by Basil, and then they remained motionless until the song died away into silence. Fenton was the first to speak.

Bravo! he said, applauding softly. The finest voice; save one, I ever heard; exquisitely cultivated, too. I must beg for another song; and rising, he sauntered into the house, and into the drawing-room.

His solicitations were unheeded, however, for, in a couple of minutes, Mrs. Marchmont came out and seated herself beside May, whose hand she took caressingly in her own. She did not speak, and only smiled faintly in answer to the girl's pretty compliments.

Basil was unusually silent, and more than once May found him intently gazing at her friend's lovely face, unturned to the moonlight. But she was too well acquainted with the changes of his countenance not to perceive that there was more of uneasy curiosity in his glance than admiration; and wondering much what there could be in her friend to account for this, she gradually became silent, and it was not until Basil lighted a cigar and strolled away to join Fenton, who was smoking amid the laurels, that she found an inclination to address Mrs. Marchmont.

How beautifully you sing, dear, she said. Why have you never sung for me before.

I seldom sing now, said Mrs. Marchmont, abruptly; and then, with the sweet graciousness which distinguished her, she added, if I had known it would have given my little May pleasure, I would have done so, though I must confess, it pains me to sing now.

Then, so long as you remain at Fern Nook, you shall be the bird who can sing, yet shan't be made to sing, said May, gayly. But come, let us go in. The dew is falling; our dresses are quite damp.

Though Fenton's headquarters were at the little wayside tavern, yet he spent most of his time at the cottage. And whether riding, driving, or boating, he invariably formed one of the party.

A coolness seemed to spring suddenly up between himself and Mrs. Marchmont. And partly through May's innocent influence, who could not bear to see her friend neglected, Basil devoted himself a great deal to the lovely widow, while Fenton was constantly May's cavalier. Secure in each other's affections, it never struck the young pair that any construction, save the right one, could be put upon their conduct, until one day, when May's blue eyes were suddenly and rudely opened to the fact.

Mrs. Marchmont was in her own room. Basil had gone out for a day's fishing, and May prepared to devote the morning to her flower bed. Taking her wide garden-hat and dainty gardening implements, she started for the garden, and was soon busily engaged among her floral subjects. It was oppressively warm, and, betaking herself to a shady angle formed by an old stone-wall, she busied herself amid the fragrant bells and cool green foliage of a luxuriant bed of geraniums. It was the most retired spot in the garden, and was entirely secluded from observation by a thick hedge of syringas and myrtle; and but for the fluttering of the gaudy butterflies, and gleaming wings and merry twitterings of the swallows, the solitude would have been oppressive.

As it was, quite content with her position, May sang softly to herself as she worked. She had a sweet little voice, with more plaintive notes than joyous ones, and, in strange contrast with her sunny nature, her favourite songs were sad. She had gone softly through the whole of that touching ballad, "The two locks of hair," and the soft cadences of her voice were dying away in the last lines, when a heavy sigh startled her to her feet with a slight scream, and she perceived Fenton, with folded arms, leaning against the wall, regarding her with an air in which melancholy and compassion were seemingly mingled.

He raised his hat, and apologized for alarming her. May received his excuses somewhat coldly. Lately, something in his manner towards her had jarred unpleasantly on her, and she felt annoyed at the prospect of a tete-a-tete with him. So she proceeded to gather up her gardening implements, with the intention of retreating to the house, and was about turning away when he laid his hand lightly on her arm. The touch was gentle, but firm, and cold as steel through the thin muslin sleeve. May drew back haughtily, but at the same time arrested her steps, and looked at him curiously.

On his part, his eyes red her face intently, and a slight tinge of disappointment rose to his features as she met his gaze with her candid and fearless blue eyes, in which no sense of embarrassment or hidden feeling was manifested. Excuse me, he said, withdrawing his hand. But I have something of importance to communicate to you; something to show you, if you will permit me?

There was an earnestness in his manner which sent a sudden chill through May's frame. The sun was shining as brilliantly as before, and the perfumed air was as fervid as it had been all that bright morning, yet she suddenly shivered, and looked round with a startled air.

What I would show you is not just here, said Fenton; but if you will do me the honor of accompanying me to the laurel walk, at the south lawn, I will, at some sacrifice of my own feelings—but what do I say? he burst out with a vehemence that made the girl start. I do not, I cannot regret his treachery.

He drew her hand through his arm, and led her rapidly away towards the spot he had specified. A sudden numbness descended on her faculties, and as he hurried her on, his last words surged

through her bewildered brain, but conveyed no sense with them, except a consciousness of some sudden and inexplicable agony.

In silence they reached the south lawn, crossed its emerald slopes, and found themselves on the verge of the laurel grove. Drawing her into one of the intricate paths, Fenton placed her on a rustic seat, and silently directed her attention to an open space from which they were separated by a leaf screen, through which two forms were distinctly visible; and May, recognizing the fluttering of Mrs. Marchmont's lavender draperies, breathed a long sigh of relief. She looked at Fenton, and said indignantly—

What did you mean? I only see Mrs. Marchmont.

Hush, hush! whispered Fenton, commandingly. Look again.

Impressed by his manner, May looked intently, and the sudden blaze of scarlet which leaped to neck and brow convinced Fenton that she had seen all.

In the middle of the open space stood Basil, and by his side, her slender hand resting on his arm, was Mrs. Marchmont; and while her beautiful face was raised to his, his glance was bent on her with an air of interest and tenderness, mingled with some more violent emotion, which appeared in his flushed face and sparkling eyes. Mrs. Marchmont was speaking earnestly, but in a tone too low for May's ears. But Basil's actions spoke volumes to the unhappy girl. He suddenly and passionately caught the young woman's hands in his, and covered them with kisses. She withdrew them immediately, but they had seen enough.

May turned to Fenton. Thank you, she said. I will go now. She placed her hand in Fenton's arm, and, unobserved by the treacherous pair, they left the grove and proceeded towards the house. The burning words of love, which Fenton poured into her ears, seemed hardly to convey any sense to the pale girl at his side, and as they neared the house, and he felt it best to leave her, he said—

Do you understand me? Do you know that he is treacherous, and that I—I have no thought in life but you?

She looked at him blankly, without appearing to understand his words; and then proceeded slowly into the house, while Fenton turned away, not ill pleased with the progress affairs had made. He had before inserted the thin edge of the wedge; to-day he had struck a decisive blow.

He determined to remain away from the cottage for a couple of days, in order to let the trouble he had caused produce its full effect. Accordingly, it was with considerable surprise that, on the second day, he received a note, directed in May's pretty hand. On opening the perfumed little missive, he found it to contain but the words:—

Meet me to-night, at eleven, in the laurel grove.

It was unsigned, and an amused smile curved his lips as he turned it half contemptuously in his white fingers.

The true loves to the female mind, he mused, lighting his meerschaum, are vanity and jealousy. Used by skillful hands, they will perform miracles. Poor Basil's losing his pretty heiress, is really too hard on him. I wonder if it's on the books that the Marchmont will really console him for his misfortune. A good thing for her, I should say. Yes, fried trout at three, this last to an inquiring waiter, and no sauce, remember. Sauce with fried trout is simply a barbarism.

Eleven that night found Fenton faithful to the appointed tryst, and he had not long to wait in the sombre shadows of the grove before May, pale as a ghost in the uncertain light, stood at his side. He would have clasped her in his arms, but she waved him back, looking round her as though fearful of discovery. And what passed between them partook more of the nature of a business interview than the half-tender scene he had anticipated.

May was too candid to pretend any love for him, but she could not now marry Basil, and admitted that she was actuated, in her present course, more by resentment towards her treacherous lover than by any other feeling.

When he knows that I am gone from him forever, she said, almost fiercely, perhaps he will repent what he has done.

Had there been one spark of love in Fenton's heart, for May Carlyon, he would have rejected a consent so conveyed. But it is needless to say how mercenary were his views concerning the misguided girl, and with a secret feeling of amusement, he listened to her passionate words. She seemed totally changed from the shy young girl of a day or two gone by, and he listened with something like amazement as she rapidly sketched out the plan of their proposed elopement. Nothing was forgotten, nothing left for him to suggest. And for the first time it struck his scheming mind that a girl, who had so rapidly developed the character of an "intrigante," might not prove the docile tool and slave he had contemplated. However, that was in the future, and he

had too much confidence in his power of will, to doubt the result of a contest between them. So he devoted himself to the arduous task of sustaining his 'role' of passionate devotion. And when she gave him her hand at parting, Romeo could not have knelt and kissed that of his Juliet with more graceful ardor than did the worldly, scheming Fenton that of the unhappy May Carlyon.

Remember, to-morrow night, at the same hour, were her last words before she glided away amid the sighing laurels, leaving Fenton to return to his inn, ruminating with surprise on the unexpected success of his deep-laid plans.

May, running lightly over the southern lawn, gave a little laugh of triumph, and shook her small hand in the air in a manner at once mocking and defiant. And, O powers of feminine deception! smiled a rosy smile into the treacherous Basil's very eyes as he met her in the lighted hall; while he, with the knowledge of his treachery in his heart, slipped his arm round her waist and kissed her sweet lips. Man and Woman were here equally matched.

An hour later, on the following night, a light carriage, drawn by a pair of fleet horses, drew up close to the boundary line of Fern Nook, from which a gentleman sprang. And after giving some directions to the driver, he made his way speedily but cautiously toward the laurel grove. The moon was moving behind broken masses of cloud, now veiling herself in murky blackness, and then for an instant showing with serene, unclouded brightness. A mournful wind was rustling the leaves of the shade trees beneath which he passed, and the distant baying of some far-away watchdog made itself distinctly audible.

A most favorable style of night for the purpose, muttered Fenton for it was he. I hope her courage won't fail at the last. Ah! here she is. I wish she could have dispensed with the company of her maid. Rather inconvenient, but can't be helped.

I managed to escape unseen, whispered May, as she glided to meet him from the shadow of the laurels. But Rose is such a coward, I feared, more than once she would betray all by her agitation. But here we are, safe at last.

It was only to be expected that her hand would flutter and her voice tremble as she took his arm, and, followed by her waiting-maid, walked hastily in the direction of the carriage, which, in another minute, was whirling them rapidly along the shadowy highway.

To do Fenton justice, a twinge of remorse passed over him as he slipped the plain gold ring on the third finger of the little cold hand which trembled in his clasp. His thoughts turned for an instant to the woman he had betrayed by a false marriage, but even while her face, pale and drawn as he had seen it when he told her he had lied to her, was vividly present to him a smile of triumph lighted his face as he felt he had secured to himself the only good the world held for him. And the white-haired clergyman, as he pronounced the benediction, thought he had never beheld an expression of countenance with less promise of future happiness, than the saturnine smile which played on the bridegroom's countenance as he raised his wife to her feet at the conclusion of the ceremony.

May shrunk a little as he raised his hand to lift the veil, which had hitherto shrouded her face; and then, with a sudden, decisive movement, she put up the hand on which glittered the ring which had just bound them together for life, and flung back the veil, disclosing, instead of the sweet, girlish face of blooming May, the lovely, mournful countenance of Mrs. Marchmont!

The parsonage library was but dimly lighted, yet it seemed to Fenton as though hundreds of lights danced in sickening confusion before his dazzled eyes, and his voice sounded, even to himself, like jarring iron, as he exclaimed—

Marcia!

Yes, Mr. Fenton, said May, putting back the waiting-maid's hood from her pretty triumphant face, Basil and I both thought Marcia would suit you better, so we changed our cloaks and hoods in the carriage. And, lest you would be angry, let me tell you that Marcia obeyed your directions to the letter. She interested Basil deeply—but it was in her own sad story, and, I must say, though a prime mover in the affair myself, we all carried out our roles to perfection. Ah, Basil, here you are to explain matters still further for Mr. Fenton's satisfaction.

Basil walked deliberately from an adjoining room, where he had waited during the ceremony, and, taking Marcia's hand in his, raised it respectfully to his lips.

Marcia Fenton is not, on the whole, an unhappy woman. Her career, as a public singer, is eminently brilliant, and Fenton is not by any means so bad a husband as one might expect. He has learned something from his old experience, and has, in some degree, thrown aside the mists of selfishness which en-

veloped him. And if any influence could induce him to glance for an instant from his limited horizon of vanity and selfishness, to the broad expanses of human sympathy, it is that of the beautiful and good woman whom he calls his wife. Fortunately, no one is born into the world without the germ of good in their nature.

Though Marcia and her two beautiful children frequently visit the Desboroughs, Fenton has never got beyond raising his hat to the handsome young matron who bows to him with a demure and wicked smile from her carriage or opera box. But time works wonders.

**Influence of Music on Animals.**

We have just been reading a very interesting essay regarding the influence of music on animals. The writer shows how various animals, and even insects, are influenced by a concord of sweet sounds. We have noticed the same thing, but thought nothing particular about it, until we stumbled on this article.

We remember how we have seen horses influenced by music. One of the most enjoyable runaways we ever experienced can be directly traced to the influence of music on a horse.

We were driving past where a band was playing, and the music had more influence on the horse than we had. He didn't keep time though. In fact, he didn't keep anything, harness, buggy, or anything else. He only kept running. I never thought music could have such influence on a horse.

He beat time, too. That is to say, he beat any time we ever saw him make before, even before a sulky. We would have kept that horse to run against time if he hadn't run against a lamp-post and ruined himself. Music influence a horse? Guess not!

Horses are excellent musical performers themselves, sometimes. We have known a hungry horse to go through all the bars of an oat-field correctly, and never miss an oat, although the owner of the oats missed all of his.

Dogs are singularly affected by music. We whistled after a strange dog once, we remember. The dog stopped, listened attentively, looked a moment sad, as though the notes awoke some tender memories within him, and then came bounding towards us and embraced the calf of our leg in the most affectionate manner. He could hardly tear himself away, and wouldn't if his owner hadn't come and choked him off.

There is a power of music in a tin kettle, when properly brought out. We saw one brought out the other day by some boys who attached it to a dog's tail. Talk about the influence of music on animals. We never saw a dog so moved in all our life.

Cats are strangely influenced by the music of a violin. It seems to affect their entire system. In fact, there could be no violins without doing violins to the cats. Even a very young kitten, who don't realize what he has got to come to, mews plaintively when a fiddle-bow is drawn across the strings. It seems to vibrate a sympathetic cord within its own abdominal inclosure. It is affecting, the mews of a young kitten, or to see a young kitten muse.

**Lazy Boys.**

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER,

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

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

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

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

AGENTS.

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