

The Tide is Out.

The tide is out: and faint and far  
The less'ning ripples play;  
A strange, swift loss of affluence falls  
Upon the sunny bay;

And yet, an hour ago I passed:  
What wealth of wave was here!  
With all its creeks and channels full,  
The bay lay broad and clear;

O, ebbing tide, and naked shores;  
O, shrunken, shallow bay,  
How sharp and true the type ye bring,  
Of my soul's gauge to-day!

I deemed I drew, in thought and word,  
From unguessed depths of power;  
And those dim depths flashed bright with  
gems

O, fair, bright bay; thy wealth of wave  
Wells not from thine own springs,  
Or leaps it in from mountain heights,  
Fresh as the morning's wings;

Thou tide of life to me, deep of love,  
Flow through the channel of my life  
With fuller tide, and free!

SELECT STORY.

The Tragedy at the Old Mill.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"H, have you? Well, now, old man,  
that rule has got to be broken. She  
refused me yesterday, and you must  
force her to change her mind.

Yes, but you will though! People  
have to do a great many things they  
don't like; as, for instance, I might  
have to put the screw down on you, and  
you know how disagreeable that would  
be, don't you?

Flynn went about his work without  
making any reply, and Peters contin-  
ued.

So you see, old man, if you want  
to prevent some ugly work, you had better  
take your girl in hand at once.

With this he went away, and the mil-  
ler was left at peace for a long time.

Mary soon obtained a school, and in  
working hard was happy, for she thought  
she was now assisting her father to pay  
his debt. He never told her that when  
Peters discovered her object he raised  
the rent an amount equal to every penny  
she was earning, so that inasmuch as  
it aided to pay the old debt, her work  
amounted to nothing. He kept his  
troubles to himself, and plodded on,  
hoping and trusting for the best.

In this way three years of Jack's ab-  
sence had passed. Peters threatening  
and insulting, Flynn patient, humble  
and firm, and Mary as fiercely defiant  
as ever.

Christmas was fast approaching when  
one morning Peters started for the mill,  
fully determined to bring matters to an  
issue at once. Riding slowly along,  
lost in thought, he was suddenly start-  
led by a boyish voice asking if that was  
the road to Flynn's mill. He looked  
down and saw before him Bob, the post-  
master's little boy. The little fellow  
was in tears, and holding up a letter sob-  
bed out.

"Dad give me this yer for Miss Flynn,  
and I'm got lost, and I wan't ter go  
home!"

Hand it up here, said Peters. I am  
going to the mill, and I'll take it. You  
can go back.

Bob did as he was told and Peters  
rode on with the letter. He examined  
the post-mark, and found it was from a  
Western State. A sudden thought  
flashed through his mind; it must be  
from Jack Legore. Here was luck, in-  
deed! He hastily tore it open, and read  
the following words:

"My Darling:—Fortune has come to  
me at last, and I am homeward bound! I  
shall reach you almost as soon as this let-  
ter."  
The envelope was marked, in great  
haste, and immediately on its receipt

the postmaster had dispatched his little  
boy with it to the mill. Bob had un-  
dertaken the journey very eagerly, but  
in a short time his courage had failed  
as we have seen.

After reading the letter Peters put  
spurs to his horse, and in a little while  
dashed up to the cottage. His face was  
white with emotion and his lips were  
drawn tightly over his teeth. He strode  
quickly through the yard up to the house.  
Mary was in the parlor sweeping when  
he entered. She grew a little pale when  
she saw how fierce and determined he  
looked, but resting from her work, she  
looked up at him with an angry frown.

I have come, said he, for the second  
and last time to ask you to become my  
wife. If you consent you and your fa-  
ther shall have every luxury that money  
can buy; but if you do not—

And I most certainly will not! inter-  
rupted Mary.

If you do not, he continued, you shall  
both suffer every pang that poverty,  
aided by a scorned love, can bring to you.

I hate and despise you! cried Mary;  
and rather than be your wife I'd stab  
myself to the heart with my own hand.

We shall see! said Peters, as she turned  
quickly away. We shall see!

He passed out of the house and went  
straight to the mill. The miller was  
busy pouring grain into a large bin, in-  
to which there was a small opening  
through the floor. He looked up as Pe-  
ters entered, and spoke to him without  
stopping his work.

Look here! said Peters, striding up to  
him and grasping his shoulder. You  
poor, pitiful hound you! I want your  
money! Every dime that you owe me!

And I wan't it now!  
Flynn quietly removed the hand from his  
shoulder, and looking up fearlessly,  
replied,

I haven't got it!  
Then you infernal scoundrel, get out  
of my mill!

With these words Peters, now a crazy  
man in his anger, again laid hold of the  
miller and attempted to drag him to the  
mill door. But Flynn was the stronger  
man of the two, and shook him off easily.

Turning away foiled, Peters saw  
within reach a long and heavy crow-bar.  
Urged on by his blind hate and fierce  
passion, he seized it and struck the un-  
prepared miller a terrible blow on the  
head. Flynn fell to the floor dead. For  
one moment Peters stood appalled at the  
deed he had done. But necessity of  
concealment, not sorrow for the act,  
stood uppermost in his mind. Reflec-  
tion came to him even as he looked at  
the ghastly object before him. The mill  
stood in such a quiet lonely place that  
sometimes for days no one came near it,  
there was no one about now. The deed  
had been accomplished in silence. He  
would rifle the body and cast it into the  
grain bin; it would not be discovered  
for a long time; and when it was; the  
murder would be attributed to some one  
else on robbery. These were his  
thoughts and he began to put them into  
execution.

In the meantime, Mary, fearing some  
harm to her father, and hearing angry  
words, was approaching the mill. Just  
as she entered, Peters was casting the  
body through the opening in the floor.  
Instantly a loud and piercing scream  
rang through the whole building,—  
Murder! Help!

When Jack Legore left Linwood for  
the West, he determined never to come  
back except as a rich and sober man.  
He went then to the almost unknown  
State of Missouri, and finding that the  
law was not sufficiently remunerative, he  
invested the small amount of money his  
uncle had given him in land. Real  
estate was cheap, and he was able to pur-  
chase a good many acres near a little  
town. Then he went to work to till and  
improve the land, and patiently waited  
the result. In a year a railroad was  
built, and the little town grew rapidly.  
In another, his land began to grow valu-  
able. And in one more the town was a  
city, and the great land fever was spread-  
ing like wild-fire throughout all the West-  
ern States. Then Jack sold out; and  
true to his word, true to Mary, true to  
himself—a rich, sober, active and ener-  
getic man—he started for home. He  
followed his letter in the very next train  
and arrived in Linwood but a little  
while after Bob had started upon his  
errand.

No one recognized the tall, bearded  
stranger, handsome and well-dressed,  
who hired a horse from the landlord, and  
rode so rapidly out upon the old mill  
road. Jack's heart was on fire; and, all  
impatience, he put spurs to his horse and  
dashed along at the top of his speed.

Well, was it for you, Jack Legore,  
that your gold had procured for you so  
fleet a steed! Well for you and all you  
loved! The blood of the old, race-  
horse was up at the touch of the unac-  
customed spur, and he flew along at a  
fearful pace. Now the cottage was in  
sight. A moment more, and he was at  
the gate. He hurried through the yard  
and into the house. All was as quiet as  
the grave. He looked into the parlor  
and called,

Mary!

There was no answer. Again he called  
louder than before,—  
Mary!

And then, as if in answer, he heard  
a fearful scream, in a woman's voice,  
down at the mill.

Murder! Help!

There was no answer. Again he called  
louder than before,—  
Mary!

And then, as if in answer, he heard  
a fearful scream, in a woman's voice,  
down at the mill.

Murder! Help!

When Mary screamed, Peters looked  
up, and, seeing her, uttered a horrible  
oath and rushed toward her. She was  
too much terrified to move. Grasping  
her with one hand, and placing the other  
over her mouth, he dragged her to the  
opening of the bin.

It was his own fault! he hissed, point-  
ing down into the hole. He would have  
killed me! I did it in self-defence!  
And now, there is but one thing to do;  
you must swear here to marry me and  
keep this secret, or I'll have your life.

She tried to speak, but, instead, fell  
to the floor in a dead faint.

Peters fully realized the position in  
which Mary's appearance had placed  
him; and he was devil enough to make  
another effort at effectual concealment.

I'm in for it now! he muttered to  
himself. The devil knows I didn't  
wish to do this; but I will not hang—  
she must die, too!

Once more he grasped the bar, and  
raised it high over her inanimate form.  
Just then there came to his ears the  
sound of quick, rushing footsteps, and  
a fierce, loud voice shouted,—  
Drop that, or you're a dead man!

The voice seemed familiar to him, and  
made him tremble and lower the bar,  
though he still held it in his hand.  
Looking up, he saw a pair of fiery black  
eyes glaring at him over the glistening  
barrel of a large navy revolver.

Who are you? he gasped with a  
trembling voice.

I am Jack Legore—the drunken at-  
torney!

All the blood fled from the cowardly  
wretches face, and the bar dropped from  
his nerveless grasp. The instant it did  
so, Jack rushed upon him and felled  
him to the floor. In a moment he  
bound him hand and foot, and then  
taking Mary in his arms he hastened  
to the cottage. In the excitement he  
had not noticed the blood on the mill  
floor, and did not yet know of the  
murder. Placing Mary on the bed, he  
hastened out to the nearest neighbors  
for assistance, and soon a large crowd  
had collected at the mill.

When Mary revived, and saw Jack  
bending over her, who can describe her  
happiness and anguish? It shall not  
be attempted.

An inquest was held, and Tom Peters  
was committed to jail.

If I had known, said Jack Legore to  
the coroner, what lay in that bin, I  
would have sent a bullet into the prison-  
er's brain on the instant I covered him  
with my pistol.

A year passed away and then Jack  
and Mary were married. They moved  
to the West, and never after visited  
Linwood.

You have all read of Tom Peters'  
trial; of how his money could not save  
him, though he spent it like water;  
and of how he died upon the scaffold.

Ralph Upham's Good Fortune.

MISS ANNIE EGLESBROW was  
the belle of S—. And it is no  
wonder that Ralph Upham and Lewis  
Fairchild should both be so eager to  
see which of them should win her for a  
wife. Ralph, though he was not wealthy,  
was honest; he had a situation in one  
of the leading wholesale houses in the  
city, and it would be but a short time  
before he would become a partner of the  
house. Lewis was wealthy; and he had  
fine horses and carriages, could obtain  
whatever he wished, and was better  
looking than Ralph; but he was fast.

It was a winter evening. Annie and  
Ralph were sitting in the little parlor;  
neither had spoken for some moments.  
Annie must have known what Ralph's  
mission was, for she seemed quite un-  
easy.

Annie, Ralph finally said, you have  
not neglected me, have you, because  
Mr. Fairchild has now returned?

Neglected you? What do you mean?  
Annie asked.

Lewis was delighted; he had wooed  
and won the belle of S—, while Ralph  
was thoroughly unhappy.

Months passed away. Mr. Egles-  
brow died, and Annie was left alone;  
her mother had died some months be-  
fore her father.

Although it was well known that Mr.  
Eglesbrow had made a will, yet no one  
knew what had become of it. When  
it was at last found, its contents showed  
that Mr. Williams, a distant relative  
of Mr. Eglesbrow, received all his for-  
tune except a small sum which was left  
to Annie.

Annie could not understand why  
her father did not provide better for  
her, as he loved his daughter dearly,  
Mr. Fairchild, who expected to reap a  
rich fortune by marrying the heiress,  
learning that he would not gain any-  
thing by marrying Annie, did not visit  
her as often, and finally discontinued  
his visits altogether, and sailed for Eu-  
rope.

The contents of the will were much  
talked about in S—. Ralph heard  
the story, and was sure some deception  
had been practised. Although Annie  
had injured him, he would forget the  
past, and try and help her in her mis-  
fortune.

It was but a short time before an  
opportunity presented itself.

Mr. Williams one day entered the  
store in which Ralph was engaged, to  
purchase goods, and, while in the store,  
he took a bundle of papers from his  
pocket and laid them on the desk; he  
was soon after called to the other end  
of the store, and forgetting his papers,  
they remained where he had placed  
them. He completed his purchases and  
left the store, again forgetting his  
papers.

Ralph, having occasion to go to the  
desk to make out a bill of sale, noticed  
the papers lying on the desk, and upon  
one of the papers were the following  
words: "The last will and testament of  
Eugene A. Eglesbrow." What to do  
about the matter he hardly knew. At  
last he requested Mr. Saunders, his em-  
ployer, to come to the desk.

The will of Mr. Eglesbrow is not in  
the possession of Mr. Williams? Ralph  
asked.

No; it is in the bank, Mr. Saunders  
replied.

But here is a will of Eugene A. Egles-  
brow.

It must be a mistake; how came you  
by it?

It was lying on the desk, with some  
papers belonging to Mr. Williams.

Mr. Saunders took the will and ex-  
amined it.

But this is altogether different from  
the other one; this provides more liber-  
ally for Miss Eglesbrow; I always  
thought there was some mistake about  
this. We will keep the will; if Mr.  
Williams returns for his papers, tell  
him I intend to keep this one to have  
it examined.

Yes, sir, was all the reply that Ralph  
made. He was sure the original will  
had been found.

Mr. Williams had missed the papers  
and returned to get them.

Did I leave some papers here? he  
asked, as he entered the store.

Here are some papers left by some  
one, Ralph said, at the same time hand-  
ing him the papers.

Mr. Williams looked them over.

But there is one gone—the most im-  
portant. Look again, and see if it is  
not here.

Mr. Saunders has it.

For what? the man asked, in an ex-  
cited manner.

Mr. Williams received my father's  
fortune.

But [Mr. Williams has left the  
city, and you will probably never see  
him again.

And you have done this for me?  
It was nothing.

Annie gave Ralph her hand, which  
he accepted without hesitation.

I have long wished that I could see  
you but once, that I might ask your for-  
giveness, she said.

Then you do not dislike me?  
No, Ralph; I—  
You love me?  
Yes, she whispered.

And so do I love you. And now you  
will be my own darling wife?

Annie did not wait till to-morrow,  
but answered,—  
Yes.

Lewis has returned from Europe,  
Annie is not his wife, but Ralph's, and  
a happier pair there lives not in S—.

WHICH WAS BEATEN.

We were boys together, George, Gib-  
son and I. We were employed as sales-  
men in a grocery store. Business be-  
ing quite dull, our employers gave us  
permission to close the store, that we  
might attend a ball to be given that  
evening. I had been paying my respects  
to Miss Kate H—, George also seem-  
ed interested in her welfare, and knew  
I would be certain to send her my com-  
pliments sometime during the day, and  
request her company to the ball.

In order to get ahead of me, he sent  
his invitation quite early in the morn-  
ing. I was not in a good humor after  
George triumphantly showed me his  
note of acceptance; so when evening  
came I determined I would not attend  
the ball or stay in the store. We closed  
about dark. George was ready to  
start but had some moments to spare,  
when, as if to amuse himself, he picked  
up an old revolver, which we always  
kept about the store, and was pointing  
it at different objects in the room, re-  
marking how easy he could put a hole  
through it.

When he pointed at an oil can, which  
was quite full, I immediately inserted a  
pin near the seat of his pants, which  
caused him to pull the trigger. Zip!  
and the bullet went through the can,  
and the oil commenced running out in  
quite a stream through the holes the bul-  
let made.

Jump quick, and stop the leak with  
your fingers! I exclaimed.

George knew the mischief would be  
to pay if our employer found the floor  
covered with oil, and he obeyed my order  
immediately. Then a happy thought  
struck me; I would leave him in that  
fix, and go and take Miss Kate myself.  
Amid a volley of oaths, I made my hasty  
departure. Arriving at the residence  
of Miss Kate, I informed her that  
George was not able to attend, and had  
sent me instead. Miss Kate accepted  
his apology, and we attended the ball  
together. It was late when I returned  
to the store, and found George still in  
his uncomfortable position, in a towering  
rage, and swearing at me profusely.

The bullet had passed through the  
can, and he dared not remove either  
hand. I then procured an empty bar-  
rel, intending to pump out the oil be-  
low the bullet hole; but in order to do  
this, it was necessary for him to be on  
the other side of the can. He agreed to  
the change if I would hold my fingers  
over the holes until he went round the  
can. This I was unwise enough to con-  
sent to.

No sooner had he got me in this fix  
than he proceeded to wash his hands;  
then taking up the lamp he went up-  
stairs to bed. I was mad; language  
cannot begin to express my feelings. I  
swore, I entreated, then I tried to bribe  
him to relieve me. Like him, I dared  
not leave the can, for I knew it would  
cause my dismissal if our employer  
found the new floor spoiled with oil, be-  
sides the damage it would be to the  
goods.

How I spent the remainder of the  
night I shall not attempt to describe; it  
is sufficient to say I stayed there until  
morning.

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