The Herald.

VOL. III. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1867. NO 46

THE HERALD

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 21h. 56m., morning. N.W.
Full Moon, 15th day, 6h. 25m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, 22nd day, 5h. 10m., evening, N.
New Moon, 29th day, 8h. 52m., morning, N.

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Thursday	4 47	7 25	morn.	8 18	14 38
2	Friday	48	24	0 6	8 55	35
3	Saturday	49	23	0 54	9 28	31
4	Sunday	50	22	1 39	10 0	32
5	Monday	51	21	2 25	10 30	30
6	Tuesday	52	19	3 9	11 3	27
7	Wednesday	53	17	3 55	11 39	23
8	Thursday	54	15	4 45	morn.	19
9	Friday	55	14	5 41	0 14	18
10	Saturday	56	13	6 33	0 56	16
11	Sunday	57	11	7 33	1 40	13
12	Monday	59	10	8 27	2 30	10
13	Tuesday	5 0	9	9 18	3 23	8
14	Wednesday	1	7	10 5	4 18	5
15	Thursday	2	5	10 51	rises	2
16	Friday	3	4	11 29	7 37	0
17	Saturday	4	2	even.	8 8	13 56
18	Sunday	5	0	0 47	8 38	53
19	Monday	6	6 58	1 28	9 10	50
20	Tuesday	7	57	2 9	9 44	48
21	Wednesday	8	56	2 52	10 22	46
22	Thursday	9	54	3 40	11 3	42
23	Friday	10	52	4 35	11 56	39
24	Saturday	11	50	5 37	morn	36
25	Sunday	13	49	6 47	0 50	34
26	Monday	5 14	47	7 58	1 53	30
27	Tuesday	15	45	9 6	3 0	27
28	Wednesday	17	43	10 5	4 10	24
29	Thursday	18	41	10 59	sets	20
30	Friday	19	39	11 45	7 25	16
31	Saturday	21	37	morn.	7 57	14

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, August 23, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	4d to 7d
Do by the quarter,	3d to 6d
Pork, (carcass)	
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 6d
Lamb per lb,	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 2d
Do by the tub,	10d to 11d
Cheese, per lb.,	4d to 7d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 11d
Lard, per lb.,	8d to 6s
Flour, per lb.,	3d to 3½d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	17s to 18s
Eggs, per dozen,	8d to 10d
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 5s
Oats per do.,	3s to 3s 3d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	7d to 9d
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Poultry.	
Geese,	
Turkeys, each,	5s to 8s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	2s 6d to 3s
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	45s to 60s
Straw, per ton	20s to 25s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s to 1s 6d
Sheepskins,	1s to 1s 3d
Apples, per doz.,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pogies,	Beans,
Clams,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rasps,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou'Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

CHILDREN TEETHING

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Dependupon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS

We have put up and sold this article for overthirty years and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or tweenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.

Price, only 25 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 6. 1866. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthmah, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases,

Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have high testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in the localities in various parts of the world, and the Trochcs are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, United States, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate MONDAY and WEDNESDAY evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Monday,	June 17	Monday	Sept 9
Wednesday,	" 19	Wednesday,	" 11
Monday,	July 1	Monday,	" 23
Wednesday,	" 3	Wednesday,	" 25
Monday,	" 15	Monday,	Oct 7
Wednesday,	" 17	Wednesday,	" 9
Monday,	" 29	Monday	" 21
Wednesday	" 31	Wednesda	" 23
Monday,	Aug 12	Monday,	Nov 4
Wednesday	" 14	Wednesday	" 6
Monday,	" 26	Monday,	" 18
Wednesday,	" 28	Wednesday,	" 20

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock; and Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per steamer, every FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Letters, to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

T. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1867.

1867. SPRING 167.

KENT STREET

CLOTHING STORE.

THE Subscriber has for sale

Black Broadcloths and Doeskins, Silk Mixtures and Tweeds,

Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. He will make them up for parties, in want of Summer suits of Clothing cheap for cash or approved credit,

Also a superior lot of

Ready-Made Clothing,

Manufactured on the premises under his own immediate supervision. Parties in want of a good substantial article, would do well to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere.

P. REILLY.

May 14th. 1867

PINE LUMBER, &c.

FOR SALE, 50,000 feet 1, 1½, 1¾, and 2 inch Pine—good quality and partly seasoned,

100,000 Square Sawed SHINGLES.

125,000 Cedar SHINGLES.

1 large Ware Room FRAME.

—ALSO—

100 Tons Port Hood COAL, a good article for home use.

A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.

July 24, 1867

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Beloved am I by girls and men,
My right is never wrong;
My empty head's as good as ten,
Because my purse is long.
To others tho' mamma is stern,
And Beauty's welcome cool,
They'll all say "Yes," when thousands bless
The fortunes of the fool.

Sweet are the looks a mother's eye
On favored suitors bends,
When money to each burning sigh
Its fond enchantment lends.
For younger sons may ask in vain,
And whi-per love by stealth;
But matrons smile, and all beguile,
When Beauty flirts with wealth.

Oh, tell me not of wit profound,
And statue like Apollo,
Where science is an empty sound,
And aught but gold rings hollow;
For whom does each fair *debutante*
The plighted swain throw over?
'Tis not for you, the gifted few,
But for the titled lover,

Then how can humble worth compare,
Tho' decked by Heaven's best graces,
With him whose frame, how mean soe'er,
A million's charms embraces?
Fer though sweet forms and colors change,
And young affections fly,
The thirst of gold does not grow old,
Alas! and cannot die.

SOUNDS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The sweet, sweet sound of the morning breeze
In the fields of waving wheat;
The low, low sound of the woodland trees
In the panting noonday heat.

The pleasant music of gentle words
From the lips of those we love;
The mellow whistle of waking birds
In the shadows of the grove.

The prattle of our little ones,
While they lisp their evening prayer!
The murmur of the rill that runs
By meadows green and fair.

The sad, sad sound of the kiss that falls
On lips that kiss no more;
The dull, dull thud on the earthen walls,
Ere we close the grassy door!

Boston Transcript.

Select Literature.

THE

TURKISH SLAVE;

OR, THE

DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER IX.

Still the sultan remained silent, until at last he turned to his prime minister, and spoke in a low voice, and afterwards to other officers of state, seated near to his cushions. Then turning to the ambassador, he said:

'The mission you so well represent, is honorable and not unacceptable to us, Sir Ambassador; but upon a point so peculiar and momentous, time is required for deliberation. Stay with us here in our capital, and accept our royal protection and hospitality, until we shall further entertain your business, and prepare ourselves to answer your mission.'

'Your serene majesty is most gracious,' replied the ambassador.

The presence broke up, and one of the officers of state walked away with the ambassador, upon whom all eyes had been so earnestly bent. He was a man of fine, manly proportions, full in development, and with a native grace and dignity of bearing beyond the cast of most men, and a heavy black moustache shading the expressive lines of his mouth, gave a striking classic appearance to the whole countenance. His hair was black and curly, hanging so bountifully about his neck and face as to form in part a shelter or half mask. His piercing, large black eyes seemed to comprehend everything with which they came in contact, and his gracious expression and language won all hearts to regard him with friendship and interest.

As the minister walked with the ambassador among the beautiful paths of the seraglio garden, they met the dwarf, who, after following their footsteps for some time, came up as they paused, and looked up with his kindling eye into the face of the stranger, and as they seated themselves for a few moments, the poor deformed creature drew near once more, and lying down upon the grass, laid its head upon the ambassador's knee; an affectionate token often practised by an inferior to one above him in Turkey.

'A strange creature,' said the prime minister, in answer to a look of enquiry from the ambassador, as he glanced from the minister to the dwarf. 'He has been attached to the palace these many years, and is ever fond of thy nation.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, he was kindly cared for by a Greek page, who once served his serene highness, and though that boy foolishly ran away from preferment and home, yet the dwarf has shown great regard for all of thy nation ever since.'

'He has a grateful heart; I can read it in his eye,' said the ambassador.

'Yes, the page once saved his life by risking his own at a fire in the palace, and that is the principal cause of his liking for your nation.'

'He is dumb, I should judge?'

'Yes; nature, which cast him forth so marred in body, also bereft him of speech.'

Thus saying, they passed on to see the lions of the gardens.

The sultan had slept upon the proposition of the Greek king; feuds and wars had ever existed between the two countries. He was himself heartily tired of bloodshed, and thought this a good opportunity to make a settled peace, and place Esmah, his beloved child, in a position eminently above that which she could possibly hold among her own people, where her sex filled a far different sphere from that occupied by them at Athens. Besides, Esmah had for a long period of time been sad and melancholy, ever since the loss of Alick, and indeed was so miserable that the sultan had more than once feared for her reason. He thought that a change of scene might also do her good, as well as further his more worldly designs in accepting the proposal; and thus reasoning, he at length made up his mind to answer favorably the proposition of the ambassador.

It was just subsequent to the hour in the harem, at the time of Esmah's return from the garden and conversation with her mother, that the sultan sent for his child.

'Esmah, my fair pearl, have you heard, through your mother, of this proposition for thy hand?' asked her father, smoothing her soft hair affectionately as he spoke.

'Yes, father.'

'And what dost thou think of it, my fairest pearl?' asked the sultan.

'I have no will, father,' replied Esmah, resignedly.

'Wouldst be the bride of a king, a southern monarch, who not only marries thee, Esmah, but shares also the honor and dignity of his throne with thee, my child?'

'Thy will, father, is mine,' said the gentle girl, still unmoved.

'But, Esmah, I would have thee pleased, nay, I would have thee rejoice at so happy an alliance,' continued the sultan. 'Art thou pleased, my child, at so becoming an alliance for thy birth and station?'

'No, father.'

'No!'

'I cannot speak falsely,' she replied, with her eyes bent upon the floor.

'But wherefore art thou not pleased, my child?' asked the sultan.

'The prophet alone may know, father,' replied Esmah.

This was a peculiar expression, and one that precluded all further inquiry. Even to this day it is held sacred in the East; no importunity follows such a reply, be it made to whom it may, before judgment or elsewhere—the prophet once named, and the lips become sealed! no one dares to break the charm!

This custom and observance, though a comparatively unimportant one, is yet most striking in its exemplification of the Turkish character. The simple expression, "the prophet alone may know," acts upon all interrogators like a charm; the head is bowed in respect, and the party queried before is no longer importuned. So with each national superstitious and mysterious rite; a Turk holds them dearer than his life, and would as soon disregard the one as the other. Esmah could not tell her father the secret that possessed her, for he had never seriously entertained the idea that his child loved the page, and such a revelation to him, even now, might be attended with little less than fatal consequences, and thus she said, "The prophet alone may know."

The truth was, Esmah's heart was as much widowed as though she had been the wife of Alick at the time of his fearful loss, and never could she love another as she would have loved him, nay, as she did love him. The world to her wore a different aspect, the future had no allurements, no attractions; she was indifferent to fate itself, since Alick was no more. If her father desired the alliance referred to, she would not object further. She had said all that a female in her country might say with propriety, and now she felt that she was prepared for the sacrifice if it were necessary.

In this frame of mind, Esmah's heart bled for one confidant, one with whom she might share the grief that oppressed her. She had once a beloved sister, but she was dead now and buried beneath the funeral cypress. In her longings, Esmah would repair to her sister's grave, and strive to hold communion with her spirit there. Beneath those dark groves of cypresses, among those turbaned stones of white marble, she often sat alone. And with the solitary men absorbed in prayer, or groups of women sitting over the graves of departed friends, Esmah felt a secret sympathy that was holy in its prompting. It is a beautiful custom of the East that draws the people so often to the graveyards; here they seem to commune with those who sleep beneath, or supply with water the soft beds of roses planted above their graves. Over their heads are myriads of turtle doves fluttering among the overhanging branches of the trees, dividing the sway of the gloomy but consecrated place with bats and owls. Byron found stranger interest in a Turkish graveyard, and wrote them down as the "loveliest spots on earth." 'Twas here Esmah's sad heart led her to resort—here, that she sought for the sympathy her soul coveted.

The marriage was publicly proclaimed, and Esmah was informed on the subsequent day to that just referred to, that within the present moon she must be prepared to depart with an escort of honor to meet her future husband, Arasilus, King of Greece; and with the entire submission that is characteristic of the sex of the East, she acquiesced without a single murmur.

The numberless artificers who came to adorn her person and to contribute to her peerless wardrobe of jewels and rare costumes, would hardly have believed that they were attiring an unwilling bride, she was so serenely beautiful.

She would have realized as she sat there, with a soft white bosom swelling, and her languid and beautiful eye resting upon the floor, she would have realised, we say, the most extravagant dream of the fancy that had depicted an angel of serene loveliness. But ah! how absent was her heart! How little did she enter into the spirit of her adorning, or realize he own surpassing loveliness! Her thoughts were with the page!

'And now are you not most happy, most to be envied, sister?' asked a companion of Esmah, while she sat thus among her accumulated wealth of costumes, jewelry, and costly gems.

But Esmah only smiled a reply. Still the slave continued, little thinking that she was probing the heart of the princess to the very quick:

'You will be so honoured and respected, as the wife of a Greek, Esmah, and he, too, a king; and report says he is young and handsome; why, sister, I am sure I envy you.'

Another faint smile only answered the well-meant words of the slave, who was busy in examining the riches around them, that had been purchased to grace the bride.

'Say, will you not be truly happy, sister, thus endowed?' continued her loquacious companion, toying with the jewels upon the prisoner's arms and hands, and then leaving them to find fresh beauties on those upon the divans.

'Be truly happy, sister?' replied the beautiful girl, sighing deeply. 'I have not been happy these five long years.'

As Esmah said this, a pearly tear down either cheek attested her heart's deep feeling.

CHAPTER X.

A GRECIAN LADY MCBETH.

At the time the Venetians possessed themselves of Greece, and fully established their authority at Athens, there was found among the leading citizens of that ancient city, a family of noble blood, the union being that of a Venetian husband and a Grecian wife. The family of Arasilus, from the fact of its relationship and decent, had abstained from taking any part in the struggles that had existed between the Venetians and the Greeks, and therefore found high favour with the people of the conquering nation. In the course of the arrangements of power and government, the family of Arasilus was raised to the throne, and its head became king.

For a period, fortune vouchsafed peace and repose to Greece, and Arasilus reigned with mildness, and was beloved by the masses of the people. To him were born two sons, the eldest, a brave corageous character, the younger, imbecile and weak. In time these sons, too, married, and reared families in Athens. The eldest son, Helotus, was blessed with but one child, while Amarault, the younger brother, became the father of two children, a boy and girl. To the offspring of the elder brother, the throne must in right of inheritance descend, or, in case of his decease, it would fall to the first-born male heir of the younger brother, Helotus and Amarault themselves having deceased.

Already had the old king, their father, gone to his last resting-place, and Helotus, as a matter of course, and in regular succession, assumed the sceptre, and, like his father, reigned with general acceptance. All honors were shared with his brother and his family, and Amarault was made to hold high station in the countenance of the court: But he was espoused to a woman of unbounded ambition—one who never ceased to fill his mind with bold and lofty aspirations, no matter what the means that were necessary to accomplish them, so the object itself were attained. The son of Helotus, now a lad of some three years, was to her a stumbling-block in the way of her ambition. She saw in him the future king of Greece, whereas, if he were dead, her own offspring would wield the sceptre.

It became at once her study and aim to contrive the child's death. She dreamed of it at night, and her waking moments seemed to know no other aim or intent. As we have intimated, the husband was a weak man. Though not wanting in natural power of mind and ability to fill a high station, yet his wife was so masculine, so resolved and determined in her purpose, that he gave way to her in all things and in the wild schemes which she proposed, he acquiesced almost supinely. Like the wife of Mcbeth she should have been the husband; for, in her restless daring spirit, she contrived means that stopped not at foul bloodshed itself, for ridding them of the hated obstacle to their son's elevation to the throne.

'It is but a blow, and all is over,' said the wife of Amarault to her husband.

'Aye, but such a blow! No, no, wife, I cannot will not kill the boy,' said the husband, with a force hat he realy assumed.

'Shame on thee, Amarault! I will do it then myself, with these hands, if in your manly courage you dare not do the deed,' replied his wife.

'I shudder to think upon such a business. If some step must be taken to remove him, let it be done by stratagem, not by bloodshed.'

'Fie upon thee for a craven wretch!' said the excited wife. 'What? hesitate, when the stake, Amarault, is a throne?'

'We may have the boy stolen away,' suggested the husband.

'It will be easier done, and far less heavy will it set upon the conscience.'

'Stolen away!' repeated the wife, 'yes, a pretty trick, and a trick only. Think you he would not find his way back again? And worse then would it be than before.'

'It might be managed so that he need never again return,' said Amarault.

'If I cannot impregnate thee with some of my own fire and zeal, then this must indeed be done,' was the reply.

This was only one of her attacks upon her husband; but they were repeated constantly, until his weak nerves and ever feeble health gave way under the annoyance, and a rapid decline set in that soon ended fatally.

Left alone to the management of her ambitious schemes, the widow of Amarault was at liberty to go to any extremes she pleased, and with her daring purpose in no way abated, she still strove for the destruction of the unoffending child of Helotus. In his unsuspecting generosity, the king mourned freely with the widow at the loss of Amarault, his brother, and vouchsafed to her a home and support for life. Little did he think that he was harboring a serpent that should in the end turn and sting him!

In the managing of her schemes, the artful widow soon realized that she must have some assistant to carry out the purposes which she should arrange; but it was also very apparent to her that he must be one of no mean capacity—one such as money could not buy; and here, for a period, she was at fault. But finally she resolved upon moulding the priest of the Greek church attached to the palace, to her purpose and service. It was a bold stroke, but what cannot a woman accomplish?

The widow, though possessing a countenance and person that indicated in some degree the bold and masculine character of her mind, yet knew full well the worth of modesty and seeming innocence in a woman, and no one could better assume them than she, when occasion required. Before the sexton she appeared a devout, a mourning widow, and by her constant attendance at the chapel, won his interest towards her. Step by step she did more, and without seeming to do so, yet drew on the priest, who was a man of about her own age, to declare a passion for her, improper though it was. This was the point that the woman had aimed for. Her object was gained. She drew from the priest a letter, over his own name, praying her to fly with him and become his wife, in spite of his his allegiance to the king. This was all she wanted. The sexton had committed himself and she could ruin him. The truth was, he did really love the widow of Amarault, and this fact gave her still more power over him. She sent for the priest, who came to her own private apartments. In the heat of his passion he swore a terrible oath, one so fearful that, as he uttered it, the priest involuntarily shuddered, and crossed himself with superstitious awe. The oath was, to do whatever she should demand of him, that involved not the taking of human life!'

'Ah, lady,' said the priest, chilled by the horrible words which he had uttered, 'this is a fearful business. I had not thought you capable of such a business.'

'Nay, it is of no great harm, so that thou takest care not to break thine oath. Then, indeed, as there is a God in Heaven, thou art lost for ever!' she said, with a fiendish smile.

The priest trembled with agitation; he began to see the fearful abyss that threatened him, and to realize that such an oath would never have been exacted for any innocent purpose. On the other hand the women had studied well his character before she entrapped him, and particularly noted his super-