THE STAR.

The Parted Ships.

Through the rushes' rim, Through the woodland dim, Glides the streamlet soft and slow, Till its little song Rises brave and strong In the strength of its deeper flow.

With a mast head light, By the sun set right, Comes each dancing bubble boat, Bearing freight of air, Drifting anywhere, That the current bids it float.

See ! the fragrant chips Which the saw-mill clips From the pine-tree overthrown. On thh quiet tide Lotter side by side, As though loath to go alone.

Ah! the jutting stone Where the moss has grown Till its fringe in the water frays, Bids the streame divide, Flowing either side, Out and on by partad ways.

Hither these go past, Whither those glide fast, Right and left toward sundered seas: To the northern snow Yonder craft shall go, To the tropic waters these.

So the shallops sweet Of the pine tree fleet At the rock take bearings new, Though they struggle long In the current strong, Just as mortal friends might do.

While I softly sigh, Little ships, good bye; Gentle winds to every one. But a whispered moan Smites the stolid stone: Hard-heart ! is the deed well done?



Estelle knew that these taunts were. in a measure, just. How could she defend herself? them upon her. Her conscience told her she was now reaping the whirlwind.

met taunt with taunt, but now a better victim's love for her cousin kept her Thus beset by persecutors, Estelle bespirit was in her. after Neville's visit to her, to try and be he imparted the fact of Estelle's love for wind." more worthy of his trust in her.

Will you let me endcavour to atone, counted on the squire's rage, when he your guests as they are still here?

and now want to meet your old admirer, to bestow love on any human being. He the hon. Herbert? I am sorry to dis- hated her the more, and swore revenge appoint you, since he returned to town on her and her cousin for their treachearly this morning. Mrs. Cornish is, ery to himself, as he called it. too, all that I desire, and henceforth she Much of the wretched wife's misery

her power is absolute.

going into Ashton? Most undoubtedly. You stir not with likely for her to be driven to him for out those gates unless you have my per- shelter.

Therefore it was that he was delight mission. guard to prevent his wife's making

It happens to be my pleasure that you known her condition to Neville, cidents, 1 shall take care you have no- money he had lost. thing wherewith to tempt them. Your Mrs. Cornish was quite charmed with

ject yourself to restraint. I have spies at her presence at the Manor House. even in your own appartment.

dread of placing himself within the Arthur Clinton of Lushington Park. Her mercenary nature had brought Neville Campbell, he knew it behoved master-stroke of the honourable Herbert. cruel husband? him to be wary.

In former days Estelle would have it enraged him, since he saw that his married, she would yield.

free from his machinations. She recalled the vow she had made He was delighted at the result, when She was, in truth, "reaping the whirl- erty,

Nevelle to her husband. He had not

as far as I can, for my previous neglect found that his wife had bestowed her of my duties? she said, timidly. I know affections on another. Till now, the I am much to blame for our unhappiness squire had been content to know that his May I resume my place as hostess of wife bore him no love; but then he had considered her to be wholly without af-

I suppose you are tired of seclusion, fection-that she was too cold by nature

is mistress here. Take care that you was now oceasioned by this knowledge of obey her, or I shall find means to en- her love for Nevelle. force my commands; when I am absent The hon. Herbert did not care how

great were her sufferings, the greater the Is it by your orders she refused my better for his purpose. The more brutal her husband's treatment of her, the more

And think you I will submit to such ed to find how much her husband retyranny? at last cried the despesate wo- sented her love for another. He took man. Nay, i will appeal to my cousin care that his rage should not slumber. for help, he will find means of rescuing and he it was who had put him on his

shall not appeal to him. Your friends In the meanwhile he was not idle with in Ashton believe it is by your own wish regard to another scheme of his-the that you remain in seclusion. If you pillaging of his dupe. The squire's losremember, you refused to see them, when ses had been heavy, far beyond what he bring her down to her own level, and ed Mrs. Cornish of her employer, soon my doors were open to them. My ser- imagined. He dared not look into his this alone would have made her hate her; after his return. Say but the word, vants are all impregnable to bribes- accounts, but kept putting it off, with but when, added to this, there was the and I will soon find means to rid you of they are in my pay, But to prevent ac- the idea that he should yet win back the thought that, but for her beauty, the her.

jewels shall be transferred to my kceping. the Hon. Herbert's generosity to her. If you attempt an escape you only sub-| She little knew how much he rejoiced ever on the watch; you are never alone Surely, he told himself, Estelle would

her good name, if obliged to bear the ty-

The hon. Herbert had a wholesome ton, the only daughter and heiress of Sir She sometimes wished that Lilly had been in England, but even then, how clutches of the law; and of this same Estelle little knew that this was a could she have released her from her

He had come to think that Estelle He had contrived to find out that love must be brought to think Neville had husband's infidelity, but she shrank from passage between Estelle and Neville, and forgotten her-could she but believe him the publicity of the Divorce Court.

came weary of existence.

Chapter XVII.

TESTED.

STELLE had considered it beyond human power to further increase her sufferings.

What more could her persecutors invent?

Her husband had almost fiendish delight in torturing her.

Since the death of his heir, his worst nature had become predominent.

He would have killed his wife, had it not been for the danger to himself, but he did what he could to embitter her life, and make her long hourly, for death to release her.

fulfin his mode of persecution.

Nothing that he could have devised relentless hate. could have been keener torture to his

unfortunate victim, than the choice of jailor he had made. As day after day passed, the evil, cruel

character of this low-born woman devel- the gaming table, and, as was his custom, oped into yet greater evil.

hers, to make this highly-cultured wo-

man's life a torment to her. She saw that her victim's beauty was

of a higher order than her own-that, ate. degrade her as she would, she could not How long is this trifling to last? ask-

millionaire would probably have stood But the risk, Betsy. No, no. There ried her, Betsy Cornish. her hatred was to that.

something terrible. gratification of having in her power a poison, which will take such a gradual

Estelle had proofs sufficient of her

She knew that by no other means could she hope to be released.

Her husband would not give her lib.

He was as a beast of prey which has tasted blood-now he had experienced the delight of torturing his victim, he would not lightly loosen his hold on her. There was one way in which he would gladly relinquish his present pleasure.

Could he but make her the mistress of his libertine friend, the Honourable Herbert Montgomery, and so blast her name in the cars of Nevelle, or Sir Noville Campbelle, then his revenge would be satiated.

Estelle little knew of the manner in which her courage would now be tested. She did not know of the new danger which menaced her.

As little, too, was she aware of the crafty villain who was eagerly watching He had proved himself peculiarly skil- his prey, and by whose instigation it was that her husband pursued her with such

> The squire had been absent for some weeks, but had now returned, bringing with him some guests.

As usual he had lost heavy sums at visisted his losses on the unoffending She rejoiced in the power which was head of his unfortunate wife.

But the two persecutors were becoming weary of even torturing.

They longed to make Estelle desper-

true to his first love-would have mar- must be no murder. 1 will not consent

Bah! You were always a coward! Added to this, also, there was the Have I not told you 1 can obtain a soon be made desperate and reckless of born aristocrat-a race of beings whom effect that no one will suspect it? Only have patience, Betsy. She will education, had been taught to look upon not trouble you much longer. I was struck to-day with the change in her She possessed the same instincts, the looks. You have not been too indulhad made demons of the republican wo- Faugh! the very sight of her makes men during the reign of terror in France. me long to kill her-the puny thing ! Betsy Cornish would have revealed in I declare I cannot keep my hands off heaping opprobrium and insult on the ber, she so aggravates me with her sulky I wonder she does not try to escape. She does wish it, I daresay, but it would be hard for her to escape with There was, then, this instinct added Betsy Cornish as her keeper. To prove to her woman's jealousy of Estelle, to to you whether she does or not, here is rouse her to gloat over the misery she a letter, which I took from her yesterday. My lady fancied I was too tipsy Then, too, her victim did much to ex- to see her take it from her pocket and hide under her pillow. It is the first Whatever the species of torture in- time I have ever roused her from her To make matters worse, she was in flicted, no wail for mercy could she draw sulks. She tried hard to prevent me having it-struggled to tear it up, but She felt it a cruel wrong to herself, I soon showed her she was a child in

Chapter XVI.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

HERE were the well-trained servants who had formerly formed part of the establishment? What meant the manner of this bold, gold.

bad woman? Could it be she was authorized by her of the man to whom she had sold her-

husband? Anyhow, she would test the fact whether she was a prisoner or not.

Estelle had made her way into the glory of her wealth, surrounded by adgrounds, where she was overtaken by the miring friends. the mistress of one of the the safe keeping of the luckless wife. squire.

So madame at last deigns to make her appearance ? he said, with ironical politeness. I began to think you meant total seclusion, and had. therefore, to arrange with a trustworthy woman to crime laid to her charge. take charge of my household and look to my guests.

I have been selfish, I fear, in my sorrow, said Estelle, with far more meekness than those who knew her would have thought possible. For the future, I will resume my duties, and endeavour to give you no cause for complaint. But I had thought Mis Wilson, our old housekeep- him, and helped to raise him into the er, capable of seeing that all went on ranks he coveted, he may not even then was sometimes nearly starved, or offered well; nor was I aware that you intend. have become a gambler. ed to have guests so soon after----

is well you thought of reminding me of ed him. He was still the dupe of the on the part of Estelle to require water it-not that I can ever forget it or my hon. Herbert. hate of you, who should have saved his Nor did he bear him any ill will that Matters were far worse when she was life.

to follow him. on it? Do you not think, if it had been possible, I would not have given my bitter for me to bear as you?

Enough, madame! Your proud scorn rather liked him the more for it. of me first turned your beauty to loathing in my sight. Then I hated you for her seducer, and he should be free. The lence, so true is it that,disappointing every motive I had cher- Divorce Court would liberate him, and Women, ever in the extremes, are alished in marrying you. When, how- he could marry another, who would not ways better or worse than men. ever, you become the mother of my child fail to give him an heir. I felt that even you I could tolerate for if I did not hope to make your life more wretched by permitting you to live. ish to his aid.

So baleful was the glance he fixed upon the shuddering woman before him. that it was no wonder she shivered with well. fear.

This fiend was, then, her master-she the same reason. was in his power!

on Estelle? Voice.-If you hate me so, let me leave you. I will ask nothing from you, I will work | ly and well.

for my daily bread.

Or seek it in the arms of one of your his victim during his sojourn in the son-of high birth, and beautiful as a lovers. Who would be the favoured one? Manor House. He had not even seen poet's dream. The latter is the expres- deserved. Had she not expiated the manner calculated to afford the utmost Your cousin Neville, whose visit to you her, bat he knew he was none the less sion of your old admirer, the Honourable crime of her unpatural marriage-the satisfaction. made you conscious of your duty to me, weaving his toils round her. or the Hon. Herbert Montgomry? I The phase Estelle's sorrow for her having been "Bought at a Price" for Herbert Montgomery. AGENTS. He saw that Estelle writhed in agony gold?" should counsel you to seek the dast; child's death had taken was wonderfully Had she not, by her mercenary mar. BRIGUS " W. Horwood. over these taunts, and they gave him your priggish cousin seems to have favourable for his designs. thrown you over. Ah, ah I yon little He had learnt that his v riage, trampled under foot the hallowed love of a true and noble man? So Estelle bore all and made no moan. She colly preved for death to release. fiendish pleasure. He had learnt that his victim was not knew I had learnt that secret. You entirely friendless-his spy had over. meant to have married him, but I hap heard the conver ation of Estelle and But he had even more in store for her. One day he came to her rooms, britg-She only prayed for death to release CATALINA..... " J. Edgecombe.

Poor, wretched Estelle ! Who would have envied her now her ranny of this low, vulgar woman. fine house, grand clothes, and priceless He knew his victim was safe, and

jewellry? All these she would gladly have sacri- leaving her to the tender mercy of her ficed could she but have restored to her husband and his mistress-the so-called

the liberty which she had bartered for housekeeper and attendant of his wife, whilst he attended to other matters in

She saw now the intense malignance town.

Neither did the squire think it necessary to remain entirely at the Manor Even in the days soon after her mar- House.

riage, when she had been in the full He knew he left behind him a zealous partisan-one who would look well to

most recherche homes in London, even Nothing could have been more wretchthen a guest had predicted that the mil- ed than Estelle's fate. lionaire was one likely to be dangerous She was wholly at the mercy of a wo-

And so it had come to pass. man of depraved character, hard and Estelle did not know the whole of the cruel by nature.

She did not know much of the wealth the habit of inflaming her naturally vio- from Estelle. on which he had prided himself was lost. lent temper with spirituous liquors.

Gone, he told himself, through his There were times when Estelle feared wife's scorn of him. she would kill her.

Was it not this which had driven him to take refuge in gambling? and make her suffer every species of He did not stop to think whither, crucky she could devise. even if Estelle had taken her place by Blows were not her only suffering. For days the unfortunate creature

food unfit for human consumption. Strange as it may appear, he laid no Unclean in her own person and habits,

My child's death, you would say? It blame on the man who had first tempt she professed to think it fastidiousness

or change of clothes.

he loved his wife, and would take her left entirely in her charge. Could I help the hand of God falling from him if he could but persuade her The squire had some fear of conse-

quences, but this bad woman appeared He knew his friend and associate well to become more and more cruel. own life to save it? Is not the grief as enough to know that, once possessed of She had far outstripped her employer

Estelle, he would soon weary of her. He in schemes of vengeance. The squire was at times obliged to Let Estelle only be tempted to follow rescue his wife from this woman's vio-

But the squire had discovered a But as regards Neville, the case was method of torturing his wife, even be- ty which had been so great a snare to his sake. Then came his death, and my wholly different. It was to prevent her yond any that Mis. Cornish had devised. her was fast disappearing. hate for you returned with tenfold in- following him, that he had resolved to This was by telling her the news he tensity. I would kill you if I dared, and make her a prisoner in her own house. gathered in town of her cousin Neville. You are lonely here, my dear Estelle, he would say. Pity you do not care to the world by her marvellous beauty. For this purpose he called Betsy Corn-He knew she was not over scrupulous, go into society. However, I do my best and if well paid would do his bidding for you, and collect all the news I think

will interest you. You have not heard, The other servants were chosen for perhaps, that your cousin is knighted. Sir Neville Campbelle ! What a chance But what of the hon. Herbert Mont- you lost in throwing him over ! But, At last she spoke, in an imploring gomery? Had he given up his designs then, I should be the last to blame you, but something infinitely more sweet and Far from it. He was working crafti- I must not forget the rest of the news. she was tested as she now was. He is about to be married ! They tell

True, he had not forced his society on me the bride-elect is the belle of the sea-

this woman, democratic by birth and as an enemy to her own class.

therefore was by no means uneasy at same inbred hatred of aristocrats which gent with her, I suspect.

head of the unfortunate queen, Marie silence. Antoinette, and would have rejoiced as

the dread guillotine performed its dire work upon its dainty, high-bred victims. inflicted.

asperate her jailor.

personally that this delicately nurtured my hands. woman should not give her the delight

She seemed to gloat over her victim of behelding her sufferings.

no effect.

of an Indian.

bitterly feel her lot. At times she even -no doubt, with the hope of bribing hoped her fiendish jailor would make an someone to post it. Are you sure our end of her, but she would have suffered servants are all trustworthy?

a hundred times more than she did,

by pleading for mercy. She had come from a race whose men be value less. and women would have borne death with

fortitude, rather than crouch in fear and trembling to a low-born being.

Besides which Estelle read sufficient of the effects of her cruelty as possible.

der this cruel treatment of her, the beau-

Its brilliancy was all gone, but in some respects Estelle was more lovely AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI

than in the days when she had dazzled Her countenance, now pale and colourless, had gained in the extreme re-

finement of its delicacy. In a ball-room she may not have shone

with her past splendour. She was no longer 'la belle' Estelle,

considering it was from love to me ! But womanly than she had ever been before

Estelle's sufferings had elevated her character.

She owned to herself that much was

You did well to seize this, Betsy, answered the squire, who by this time She increased her torture, but with had made himself master of its contents. This letter is written to a cousin of here,

Estelle received all with the stoicism who it appears has told her to appeal to him, if she should need his help. She Let it not be supposed she did not seems to have written it some weeks ago

There is not one of them but would rather than gratify this low-born woman do it, if money could be got for it. But there we are safe. She has no money. Estelle, in this, was true to her birth. and even the rags which cover her would

> A Texas paper speaks of the death of scveral residents by throat disease, superinduced by razors.

Masons and Odd fellows, like masons and hod fellows ascending a ladder, get

WEEKLY ADVERTISER,

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

Price of Subscription-THREE DOLLARSper annum, payable half-yearly.

dvertisements inserted on the most liberalterms, viz. :-- Per square of seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents. Book and Job Printing executed in a

up by degrees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



of the cruel nature of her jailor to know that any appeal to her mercy would be useless; therefore she should see as little She cared little for the fact that, un-