

The Parted Ships.

Through the rushes' rim,
Through the woodland dim,
Glides the streamlet soft and slow,

With a mast-head light,
By the sun set right,
Comes each dancing bubble boat,

See! the fragrant chips
Which the saw-mill clips
From the pine-tree overthrown.

Ah! the jutting stone
Where the moss has grown
Till its fringe in the water frays,

Right and left toward sundered seas:
To the northern snow
Tender craft shall go,

So the shallows sweet
Of the pine tree fleet
At the rock take bearings new,

While I softly sigh,
Little ships, good bye;
Gentle winds to every one.

SELECT STORY.

Bought With a Price.

[CONTINUED.]

Chapter XVI.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

HERE were the well-trained ser-
vants who had formerly formed
part of the establishment?

What meant the manner of this bold,
bad woman?

Could it be she was authorized by her
husband?

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

Estelle had made her way into the
grounds, where she was overtaken by the
squire.

So madame at last deigns to make her
appearance? he said, with ironical politeness.

I have been selfish, I fear, in my sor-
row, said Estelle, with far more meek-
ness than those who knew her would have
thought possible.

My child's death, you would say? It
is well you thought of reminding me of it—
not that I can ever forget it or my hate
of you, who should have saved his life.

Could I help the hand of God falling
on it? Do you not think, if it had been
possible, I would not have given my own
life to save it? Is not the grief as bitter
for me to bear as yours?

Enough, madame! Your proud scorn
of me first turned your beauty to loath-
ing in my sight. Then I hated you for
disappointing every motive I had cher-
ished in marrying you.

This fiend was, then, her master—she
was in his power!

If you hate me so, let me leave you.
I will ask nothing from you, I will work
for my daily bread.

Or seek it in the arms of one of your
lovers. Who would be the favoured one?

Estelle knew that these taunts were
in a measure, just.

How could she defend herself?
Her mercenary nature had brought
them upon her.

Her conscience told her she was now
reaping the whirlwind.

In former days Estelle would have
met taunt with taunt, but now a better
spirit was in her.

She recalled the vow she had made
after Neville's visit to her, to try and be
more worthy of his trust in her.

Will you let me endeavour to atone,
as far as I can, for my previous neglect
of my duties? she said, timidly.

I suppose you are tired of seclusion,
and now want to meet your old admirer,
the hon. Herbert? I am sorry to dis-
appoint you, since he returned to town
early this morning.

Is it by your orders she refused my
going into Ashton?

And think you I will submit to such
tyranny? at last cried the despoiled wo-
man. Nay, I will appeal to my cousin
for help, he will find means of rescuing
me.

It happens to be my pleasure that you
shall not appeal to him. Your friends
in Ashton believe it is by your own wish
that you remain in seclusion.

If you attempt an escape you only sub-
ject yourself to re-trait. I have spies
ever on the watch; you are never alone
even in your own apartment.

Who would have envied her now her
fine house, grand clothes, and priceless
jewellery?

All these she would gladly have sacrifi-
ced could she but have restored to her
the liberty which she had bartered for
gold.

She saw now the intense malignance
of the man to whom she had sold her-
self.

Even in the days soon after her mar-
riage, when she had been in the full
glory of her wealth, surrounded by ad-
miring friends, the mistress of one of the
most recherche homes in London, even
then a guest had predicted that the mil-
lionaire was one likely to be dangerous.

And so it had come to pass.

Estelle did not know the whole of the
crime laid to her charge.

She did not know much of the wealth
on which he had prided himself was lost.

Gone, he told himself, through his
wife's scorn of him.

Was it not this which had driven him
to take refuge in gambling?

He did not stop to think whether,
even if Estelle had taken her place by
him, and helped to raise him into the
ranks he coveted, he may not even then
have become a gambler.

Strange as it may appear, he laid no
blame on the man who had first tempt-
ed him. He was still the dupe of the
hon. Herbert.

Nor did he bear him any ill will that
he loved his wife, and would take her
from him if he could but persuade her
to follow him.

The hon. Herbert had a wholesome
dread of placing himself within the
clutches of the law; and of this same
Neville Campbell, he knew it behoved
him to be wary.

He had contrived to find out that love
passage between Estelle and Neville, and
it enraged him, since he saw that his
victim's love for her cousin kept her
free from his machinations.

He was delighted at the result, when
he imparted the fact of Estelle's love for
Neville to her husband. He had not
counted on the squire's rage, when he
found that his wife had bestowed her
affections on another.

Much of the wretched wife's misery
was now occasioned by this knowledge of
her love for Neville.

The hon. Herbert did not care how
great were her sufferings, the greater the
better for his purpose. The more brutal
her husband's treatment of her, the more
likely for her to be driven to him for
shelter.

Therefore it was that he was delight-
ed to find how much her husband re-
sented her love for another. He took
care that his rage should not slumber,
and he it was who had put him on his
guard to prevent his wife's making
known her condition to Neville.

In the meanwhile he was not idle with
regard to another scheme of his—the
pillaging of his dupe. The squire's losses
had been heavy, far beyond what he
imagined. He dared not look into his
accounts, but kept putting it off, with
the idea that he should yet win back the
money he had lost.

Mrs. Cornish was quite charmed with
the hon. Herbert's generosity to her.

She little knew how much he rejoiced
at her presence at the Manor House.

Surely, he told himself, Estelle would
soon be made desperate and reckless of
her good name, if obliged to bear the ty-
ranny of this low, vulgar woman.

He knew his victim was safe, and
therefore was by no means uneasy at
leaving her to the tender mercy of her
husband and his mistress—the so-called
housekeeper and attendant of his wife,
whilst he attended to other matters in
town.

Neither did the squire think it neces-
sary to remain entirely at the Manor
House.

He knew he left behind him a zealous
partisan—one who would look well to
the safe keeping of the luckless wife.

Nothing could have been more wretch-
ed than Estelle's fate.

She was wholly at the mercy of a wo-
man of depraved character, hard and
cruel by nature.

To make matters worse, she was in
the habit of inflaming her naturally vi-
olent temper with spirituous liquors.

There were times when Estelle feared
she would kill her.

She seemed to gloat over her victim
and make her suffer every species of
crucity she could devise.

Blows were not her only suffering.

For days the unfortunate creature
was sometimes nearly starved, or offered
food unfit for human consumption.

Unclean in her own person and habits,
she professed to think it fastidiousness
on the part of Estelle to require water
or change of clothes.

Matters were far worse when she was
left entirely in her charge.

ton, the only daughter and heiress of Sir
Arthur Clinton of Lushington Park.

Estelle little knew that this was a
master-stroke of the honourable Herbert.

He had come to think that Estelle
must be brought to think Neville had
forgotten her—could she but believe him
married, she would yield.

Thus beset by persecutors, Estelle be-
came weary of existence.

She was, in truth, "reaping the whirl-
wind."

Chapter XVII.
TESTED.

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

What more could her persecutors in-
vent?

Her husband had almost fiendish de-
light in torturing her.

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

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.

He had proved himself peculiarly skill-
ful in his mode of persecution.

Nothing that he could have devised
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-
oped into yet greater evil.

She rejoiced in the power which was
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,
degrade her as she would, she could not
bring her down to her own level, and
this alone would have made her hate her;

But when, added to this, there was the
thought that, but for her beauty, the
millionaire would probably have stood
true to his first love—would have mar-
ried her, Betsy Cornish, her hatred was
something terrible.

Added to this, also, there was the
gratification of having in her power a
born aristocrat—a race of beings whom
this woman, democratic by birth and
education, had been taught to look upon
as an enemy to her own class.

She possessed the same instincts, the
same inbred hatred of aristocrats which
had made demons of the republican wo-
men during the reign of terror in France.

Betsy Cornish would have revelled in
heaping opprobrium and insult on the
head of the unfortunate queen, Marie
Antoinette, and would have rejoiced as
the dread guillotine performed its dire
work upon its dainty, high-bred victims.

There was, then, this instinct added
to her woman's jealousy of Estelle, to
rouse her to gloat over the misery she
inflicted.

Then, too, her victim did much to ex-
asperate her jailor.

Whatever the species of torture in-
flicted, no wail for mercy could she draw
from Estelle.

She felt it a cruel wrong to herself,
personally that this delicately nurtured
woman should not give her the delight
of beholding her sufferings.

She sometimes wished that Lily had
been in England, but even then, how
could she have released her from her
cruel husband?

Estelle had proofs sufficient of her
husband's infidelity, but she shrank from
the publicity of the Divorce Court.

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

Her husband would not give her lib-
erty.

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 ears of Neville, or Sir Ne-
ville Campbell, 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
his prey, and by whose instigation it was
that her husband pursued her with such
relentless hate.

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
the gaming table, and, as was his custom,
visited his losses on the unoffending
head of his unfortunate wife.

But the two persecutors were be-
coming weary of even torturing.

They longed to make Estelle desper-
ate.

How long is this trifling to last? asked
Mrs. Cornish of her employer, soon
after his return. Say but the word,
and I will soon find means to rid you of
her.

But the risk, Betsy. No, no. There
must be no murder. I will not consent
to that.

Bah! You were always a coward!
Have I not told you I can obtain a
poison, which will take such a gradual
effect that no one will suspect it?

Only have patience, Betsy. She will
not trouble you much longer. I was
struck to-day with the change in her
looks. You have not been too indul-
gent with her, I suspect.

Faugh! the very sight of her makes
me long to kill her—the puny thing!
I declare I cannot keep my hands off
her, she so aggravates me with her sulky
silence.

I wonder she does not try to escape.

She does wish it, I darsay, but it
would be hard for her to escape with
Betsy Cornish as her keeper. To prove
to you whether she does or not, here is
a letter, which I took from her yester-
day. My lady fancied I was too tipsy
to see her take it from her pocket and
hide under her pillow. It is the first
time I have ever roused her from her
sulks. She tried hard to prevent me
having it—struggled to tear it up, but
I soon showed her she was a child in
my hands.

You did well to seize this, Betsy, an-
swered the squire, who by this time
had made himself master of its contents.
This letter is written to a cousin of hers,
who it appears has told her to appeal to
him, if she should need his help. She
seems to have written it some weeks ago—
no doubt, with the hope of bribing
someone to post it. Are you sure our
servants are all trustworthy?

There is not one of them but would
do it, if money could be got for it. But
there we are safe. She has no money,
and even the rags which cover her would
be valueless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Texas paper speaks of the death of
several residents by throat disease, super-
induced by razors.

Masons and Odd fellows, like masons
and hod fellows ascending a ladder, get
up by degrees.

THE STAR
AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI
WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors,
ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WIL-
LIAM R. SQUIRE, at their Office, (op-
posite 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-
teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each
continuation 25 cents.

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

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