

Select Story.

Esther Chillingworth's Ring.

(Continued.)

I looked at me with a keen, cruel glance, and I remembered how cold he had crossed our path as welter in the woods, Roger and I. I had searched for any tell-tale sign in my face, it was in vain. I had the pride of the Evil One, who fell through pride from Heaven, and I only laughed under his keen old eyes.

"So I knew that Roger Vane was living, and had forgotten me. I could have borne his death, I could not bear his scorn. The bitterness of hell crept into my soul, and I sought for the sight of human faces, and in gloom and solitude, my own heart ached with brooding thoughts of despair. O, my vain beauty!—O cruel power that brought my fall!—I would have died of early summer, against the long, dreary winter's cold—the warmth of kisses in green, glancing wood, and the icy welts of Salem jail—the crowds on Witch's Hill, the strangling rope, and the darkness of the death struggle, and the trackless abysses of eternity—these things my fair face brought me—me, old Chillingworth's proud daughter!"

"What a cry she gave! In the dead silence of the night it clove sharp and shuddering, and seemed to freeze my senses within me—turn me cold and dumb with fear. The ghost-girl wrung her white hands and flung them high above her head, and her shadowy figure swayed and wavered in the arch between the curtains, as the woe almost two centuries old, shook her with the strength of yesterday."

"I had no fear of God or man, murmured on the voice again; and my mouth was full of bitter words, and I defied both in my heart and on my lips."

"In the glass I saw my beauty withering away, as if ten years had sped since Roger and I picked the earlier flower together; and yet the May flowers bloomed only once since then. I wandered out to find them one April day, in the old place where he and I had walked; and as I swept away the heaped brown leaves, I cried aloud to the merciless powers above me—O God or Satan, to whom I have loved my soul that hour only to have Roger back again beside me. And there was one in the wood that day who heard me."

"The land was still astir with cries of witchcraft, and Parson Mather was at his holy work, in the name of God. On the long, low hills beyond Salem stood the gibbets, where old Mrs. Nurse had suffered, and Goodwife Corey, and the old and frail, and the strong, young line had swung against the sky for pitiless mobs to jibe at. There were cruel tongues in Salem that whispered against me, and brought me before the Judges—me, Esther Chillingworth, nineteen years old, in that wretched April—whom Roger Vane had loved! There were those who swore to bitter threats that I had made, and strange mutterings and wailing heard when I was alone, and prayers and cries that had another name in them than God's; and it was said that I stole out in the forest to meet my foul master, and worthy Goodman Giles had heard me call him to my side as he strayed through the trees near me. And a child whom I had pushed from my way as I walked down Salem street, had fallen in, and died in its strange fits, that Esther Chillingworth's mother, and my old father's honor and his gray hair could not save me, nor my youth, and my poor, fading beauty. They dragged me from my house and cast me into Salem jail; they looked the heavy door, and drew the creaking bolts fast, and left me crouched under the grated window to stare up, in my blind anguish, at the glimpse of tender sky that had no pity for me—none, God, like Roger, had forgotten me."

"Then came the crowded court-room, day after day; the solemn, unfeeling face of the gray old Judge, the hot, stifling air, and the sunshine through the glaring rows of windows, and the jeering, cruel women, and merciless men, the writhing children, who in their lying fits, played like devils' babes with my life, and flung it away; the screams and curses flung up against me; the slow, cold voices of the wise old men who were giving me to death for an old wife's tale; and then the dark walls of the jail—the damp, the icy chill, the silence and the death-in-life. So, day after day, I came and went, and asked no mercy at their hands."

"There was one face in the crowd that had a young look for me, though it was only a young lad's—young Martin Brown's—whom I had counted a child only a year ago, but who had grown of late to look with a man's eyes at me. I saw the hot rage and the bitter tears on his face as he stood with the crowd in the court room, and listened and could not speak to me; and one night—a wild, rainy night—he stole under the window of the jail, where I was pressing against the grated bars, and whispered my name."

"Esther, Esther! do you hear me?" he said softly. "Esther will you answer me?"

"And I spoke, and the poor lad poured out a passion of grief, pity and anger with the muttering of the wind and rain."

"They say there is no hope, Esther," he sobbed up to me from the dark. "O, if I could but save you—you so innocent! O, God! what can I do against all this cruel persecution? You are no witch, Esther! You are purer than any soul of them all, and I must stand by you helpless, and see you die for their wicked sport!"

"Martin! I whispered to him, clinging to the bars. 'If you can't save will you do for me what I can?'"

"Die for you if I may, Esther!" he cried with a boy's eagerness.

"And I reached up and pushed my hand through the window bars, and told him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

I felt the boy's lips kiss my hand, and his young clear voice came up again, with a tremble in it:

"Ay, Esther, that I will. My father's mare is in the stable, and this very hour I will start, and take no rest till I find Roger Vane and put your ring in his hand, God helping me."

"God bless you, Martin!" I whispered to him as he went; and, having blessed a human creature for the first time in these bitter years, it seemed as if peace stole into my heart and tender tears into my eyes, and the light weight rolled away from my wretched bosom as I knelt on the cold bare floor.

I counted two days by, and I went for the last time from the jail to the crowded court-room. On the day I looked for my son, and they told me that I was to die. And while the voices clamored all around me, for my innocent blood, and from beyond the windows the shrieking voices rang, I cursed them as I stood here—all, gray old Judges and young children—and cast my murder upon their heads for evermore.

"I lay by the grated window all the rest of the long, slow afternoon, all through the open twilight, and waited for Martin. My blood was hot with fever, and there was madness in my brain. I almost believed, as I crouched there, that all these tales were true, and that devils had crept into every pulse that beat in my hot head, and whispered in my ears as I clenched my hands over it. At last I heard my name called, in a voice that was human, and yet was kind—a pitiful voice sounding under my grating."

"Esther! Esther!"

"I sprang up and answered him. I pressed my face to the bars, and in the growing twilight I saw him standing there—Martin—all alone. I could not speak his name, and all other sounds died in my mind, parched throat."

"I have done your errand, Esther!"

"You have seen—you have seen Roger Vane?"

"I have seen him."

"And the ring?" I gasped out.

"He seemed to hang his head lower and lower, as if he feared to meet my eyes."

"I put it into his hand, Esther, as you bade me."

"And he said—what did he say?" Are you dumb, Martin Brown? I cried, staring at my foot wildly. "Why can not you answer me?"

"Because—because I shall break your heart," the boy cried out, breaking into tears. "Esther, he will not come to you—he is cruel and false, and deserves not one sign that you have spent for him! He is to be married to-morrow; he can not break away from his bride at God. Winthrop's grand house, to keep a tryst at Salem jail!"

"That was all I heard. The place whirled round and round with me, and the roar of the great waters was in my ears and I fell on the stone floor, senseless, while yet alive. But that was the bitter end of death, what cared I for the rest? To-morrow came, and the April sunshine glinted far over the earth, and shone on the bride in the forest of Boston town, and on the witch girl climbing the cursed hill to die. I heard the shouts and jeers and howlings of the rabble riving the ten-spring air, and I saw, as one in a dream, the sea of faces upturned to me, and the black gowns drawn against the wet, blue, sunny sky, and I felt the woman's hands touch me and turn about the blood in my veins, and I flung up my last breath in a curse that should cling to that woman, down through unnumbered generations—down to you, who trace your lineage through Mabel Daniels and Roger Vane! In that curse my soul wavered and fluttered out—sprang free, and left, swinging between the black earth and sky, on Witch's Hill the fair form that crept close into a lover's arms in the green wood long ago."

She stood over me—this ghost of Esther Chillingworth—and tore the coil of black hair away from her neck, and in the faint, misty moonlight, I saw a dreadful circling mark across the fair, white throat. My blood curdled with the horror of it, and as I lay on the floor, covered in the pillows, the lung over me with a long, moaning sob, like the last breath of the dying. I think that terror made me insensible as I lay there. I heard no more, nor saw my strange visitant vanish with the glimpse of the moon; but when I opened my eyes again the room was light with dawn, and I was quite alone, with nothing more ghastly than a dull old family portrait to watch me between the parted curtains. A dream, I thought shuddering, as I rubbed my hands across my eyes."

Esther Chillingworth's ring was gone from my finger!

"I don't know the exact story of it," said Aunt Lucinda, at breakfast. "The legend goes that it belonged to a sweet-heart of our ancestor, Roger Vane, who was hung for witchcraft—the girl, I mean, not Roger Vane—in the Salem execution of 1693. That is what my grand-mother used to tell me. She never wore the ring, for she said it was unlucky. By the way, you haven't got it on, have you? I don't see it on your finger."

"Auntie! I said, solemnly, with my eyes as round as the sun before me, it was taken away from me last night!"

"Taken away! Nonsense," said Aunt Lucinda. "What are you talking about?"

"So I told her."

"Tut, tut!" said my aunt, derisively; "you've had the nightmare! The ring has slipped off your finger in bed—it was a size too loose for you. Susan will find it when she is doing up your room, I'll engage!"

"And so she did; but my faith was in no wise shaken, nor could any skeptical arguments destroy my firm belief in the ghost of Esther Chillingworth. And to the ghost of Esther Chillingworth, and to the ghost of the murdered Anne, I said that it was an old coincidence about the names, that's certain."

"Martin! I whispered to him, clinging to the bars. 'If you can't save will you do for me what I can?'"

"Die for you if I may, Esther!" he cried with a boy's eagerness.

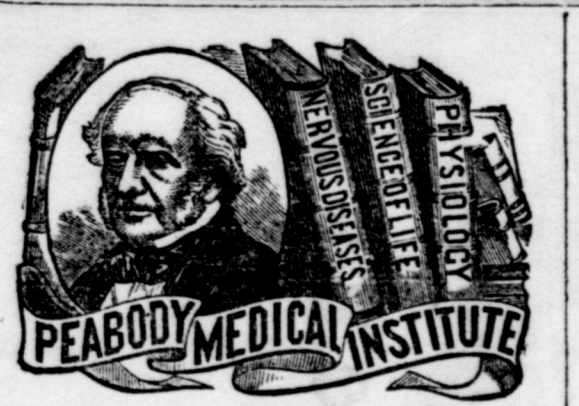
"And I reached up and pushed my hand through the window bars, and told him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

"I listened and held my breath till he answered. Then I heard him say softly:

"I will, Esther."

"Carry this to him," I said; and as I felt his warm young hand, wet with rain, touch mine, I slipped the lovely gift into his palm. "Take it to Roger Vane, and tell him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

THE Fashion Plate for October, 1876. T. W. SMITH.



HAIR RENEWER

No. 4 Bullfinch St., Boston, (Opposite Revere House.)

The Science of Life;

OR, SELF-PRESERVATION.

More than one Million Copies Sold.

Gold Medal Awarded to the Author by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876.

JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new and complete medical work entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION." It contains a full and complete course of instruction in the Science of Life, from the formation of the germ to the final exit from the body. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader.

This book also contains more than fifty prescriptions for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book.

And, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENSTRUATION, entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION." It contains a full and complete course of instruction in the Science of Life, from the formation of the germ to the final exit from the body. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader.

"The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. The author has written this book in excellent health, and is again the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bullfinch Street, Boston, Mass."

"The Science of Life is beyond all comparison the most important work on Physiology ever published. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader."

"I have seen—you have seen Roger Vane?"

"I have seen him."

"And the ring?" I gasped out.

"He seemed to hang his head lower and lower, as if he feared to meet my eyes."

"I put it into his hand, Esther, as you bade me."

"And he said—what did he say?" Are you dumb, Martin Brown? I cried, staring at my foot wildly. "Why can not you answer me?"

"Because—because I shall break your heart," the boy cried out, breaking into tears. "Esther, he will not come to you—he is cruel and false, and deserves not one sign that you have spent for him! He is to be married to-morrow; he can not break away from his bride at God. Winthrop's grand house, to keep a tryst at Salem jail!"

"That was all I heard. The place whirled round and round with me, and the roar of the great waters was in my ears and I fell on the stone floor, senseless, while yet alive. But that was the bitter end of death, what cared I for the rest? To-morrow came, and the April sunshine glinted far over the earth, and shone on the bride in the forest of Boston town, and on the witch girl climbing the cursed hill to die. I heard the shouts and jeers and howlings of the rabble riving the ten-spring air, and I saw, as one in a dream, the sea of faces upturned to me, and the black gowns drawn against the wet, blue, sunny sky, and I felt the woman's hands touch me and turn about the blood in my veins, and I flung up my last breath in a curse that should cling to that woman, down through unnumbered generations—down to you, who trace your lineage through Mabel Daniels and Roger Vane! In that curse my soul wavered and fluttered out—sprang free, and left, swinging between the black earth and sky, on Witch's Hill the fair form that crept close into a lover's arms in the green wood long ago."

She stood over me—this ghost of Esther Chillingworth—and tore the coil of black hair away from her neck, and in the faint, misty moonlight, I saw a dreadful circling mark across the fair, white throat. My blood curdled with the horror of it, and as I lay on the floor, covered in the pillows, the lung over me with a long, moaning sob, like the last breath of the dying. I think that terror made me insensible as I lay there. I heard no more, nor saw my strange visitant vanish with the glimpse of the moon; but when I opened my eyes again the room was light with dawn, and I was quite alone, with nothing more ghastly than a dull old family portrait to watch me between the parted curtains. A dream, I thought shuddering, as I rubbed my hands across my eyes."

Esther Chillingworth's ring was gone from my finger!

"I don't know the exact story of it," said Aunt Lucinda, at breakfast. "The legend goes that it belonged to a sweet-heart of our ancestor, Roger Vane, who was hung for witchcraft—the girl, I mean, not Roger Vane—in the Salem execution of 1693. That is what my grand-mother used to tell me. She never wore the ring, for she said it was unlucky. By the way, you haven't got it on, have you? I don't see it on your finger."

"Auntie! I said, solemnly, with my eyes as round as the sun before me, it was taken away from me last night!"

"Taken away! Nonsense," said Aunt Lucinda. "What are you talking about?"

"So I told her."

"Tut, tut!" said my aunt, derisively; "you've had the nightmare! The ring has slipped off your finger in bed—it was a size too loose for you. Susan will find it when she is doing up your room, I'll engage!"

"And so she did; but my faith was in no wise shaken, nor could any skeptical arguments destroy my firm belief in the ghost of Esther Chillingworth. And to the ghost of Esther Chillingworth, and to the ghost of the murdered Anne, I said that it was an old coincidence about the names, that's certain."

"Martin! I whispered to him, clinging to the bars. 'If you can't save will you do for me what I can?'"

"Die for you if I may, Esther!" he cried with a boy's eagerness.

"And I reached up and pushed my hand through the window bars, and told him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

"I listened and held my breath till he answered. Then I heard him say softly:

"I will, Esther."

"Carry this to him," I said; and as I felt his warm young hand, wet with rain, touch mine, I slipped the lovely gift into his palm. "Take it to Roger Vane, and tell him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

THE Fashion Plate for October, 1876. T. W. SMITH.



HAIR RENEWER

No. 4 Bullfinch St., Boston, (Opposite Revere House.)

The Science of Life;

OR, SELF-PRESERVATION.

More than one Million Copies Sold.

Gold Medal Awarded to the Author by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876.

JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new and complete medical work entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION." It contains a full and complete course of instruction in the Science of Life, from the formation of the germ to the final exit from the body. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader.

This book also contains more than fifty prescriptions for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book.

And, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENSTRUATION, entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION." It contains a full and complete course of instruction in the Science of Life, from the formation of the germ to the final exit from the body. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader.

"The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. The author has written this book in excellent health, and is again the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bullfinch Street, Boston, Mass."

"The Science of Life is beyond all comparison the most important work on Physiology ever published. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader."

"I have seen—you have seen Roger Vane?"

"I have seen him."

"And the ring?" I gasped out.

"He seemed to hang his head lower and lower, as if he feared to meet my eyes."

"I put it into his hand, Esther, as you bade me."

"And he said—what did he say?" Are you dumb, Martin Brown? I cried, staring at my foot wildly. "Why can not you answer me?"

"Because—because I shall break your heart," the boy cried out, breaking into tears. "Esther, he will not come to you—he is cruel and false, and deserves not one sign that you have spent for him! He is to be married to-morrow; he can not break away from his bride at God. Winthrop's grand house, to keep a tryst at Salem jail!"

"That was all I heard. The place whirled round and round with me, and the roar of the great waters was in my ears and I fell on the stone floor, senseless, while yet alive. But that was the bitter end of death, what cared I for the rest? To-morrow came, and the April sunshine glinted far over the earth, and shone on the bride in the forest of Boston town, and on the witch girl climbing the cursed hill to die. I heard the shouts and jeers and howlings of the rabble riving the ten-spring air, and I saw, as one in a dream, the sea of faces upturned to me, and the black gowns drawn against the wet, blue, sunny sky, and I felt the woman's hands touch me and turn about the blood in my veins, and I flung up my last breath in a curse that should cling to that woman, down through unnumbered generations—down to you, who trace your lineage through Mabel Daniels and Roger Vane! In that curse my soul wavered and fluttered out—sprang free, and left, swinging between the black earth and sky, on Witch's Hill the fair form that crept close into a lover's arms in the green wood long ago."

She stood over me—this ghost of Esther Chillingworth—and tore the coil of black hair away from her neck, and in the faint, misty moonlight, I saw a dreadful circling mark across the fair, white throat. My blood curdled with the horror of it, and as I lay on the floor, covered in the pillows, the lung over me with a long, moaning sob, like the last breath of the dying. I think that terror made me insensible as I lay there. I heard no more, nor saw my strange visitant vanish with the glimpse of the moon; but when I opened my eyes again the room was light with dawn, and I was quite alone, with nothing more ghastly than a dull old family portrait to watch me between the parted curtains. A dream, I thought shuddering, as I rubbed my hands across my eyes."

Esther Chillingworth's ring was gone from my finger!

"I don't know the exact story of it," said Aunt Lucinda, at breakfast. "The legend goes that it belonged to a sweet-heart of our ancestor, Roger Vane, who was hung for witchcraft—the girl, I mean, not Roger Vane—in the Salem execution of 1693. That is what my grand-mother used to tell me. She never wore the ring, for she said it was unlucky. By the way, you haven't got it on, have you? I don't see it on your finger."

"Auntie! I said, solemnly, with my eyes as round as the sun before me, it was taken away from me last night!"

"Taken away! Nonsense," said Aunt Lucinda. "What are you talking about?"

"So I told her."

"Tut, tut!" said my aunt, derisively; "you've had the nightmare! The ring has slipped off your finger in bed—it was a size too loose for you. Susan will find it when she is doing up your room, I'll engage!"

"And so she did; but my faith was in no wise shaken, nor could any skeptical arguments destroy my firm belief in the ghost of Esther Chillingworth. And to the ghost of Esther Chillingworth, and to the ghost of the murdered Anne, I said that it was an old coincidence about the names, that's certain."

"Martin! I whispered to him, clinging to the bars. 'If you can't save will you do for me what I can?'"

"Die for you if I may, Esther!" he cried with a boy's eagerness.

"And I reached up and pushed my hand through the window bars, and told him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

"I listened and held my breath till he answered. Then I heard him say softly:

"I will, Esther."

"Carry this to him," I said; and as I felt his warm young hand, wet with rain, touch mine, I slipped the lovely gift into his palm. "Take it to Roger Vane, and tell him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

THE Fashion Plate for October, 1876. T. W. SMITH.



HAIR RENEWER

No. 4 Bullfinch St., Boston, (Opposite Revere House.)

The Science of Life;

OR, SELF-PRESERVATION.

More than one Million Copies Sold.

Gold Medal Awarded to the Author by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876.

JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new and complete medical work entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION." It contains a full and complete course of instruction in the Science of Life, from the formation of the germ to the final exit from the body. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader.

This book also contains more than fifty prescriptions for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book.

And, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENSTRUATION, entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION." It contains a full and complete course of instruction in the Science of Life, from the formation of the germ to the final exit from the body. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader.

"The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. The author has written this book in excellent health, and is again the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bullfinch Street, Boston, Mass."

"The Science of Life is beyond all comparison the most important work on Physiology ever published. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader. It is a complete and practical treatise on the Science of Life, and is a most valuable work for the student of Medicine, and for the general reader."

"I have seen—you have seen Roger Vane?"

"I have seen him."

"And the ring?" I gasped out.

"He seemed to hang his head lower and lower, as if he feared to meet my eyes."

"I put it into his hand, Esther, as you bade me."

"And he said—what did he say?" Are you dumb, Martin Brown? I cried, staring at my foot wildly. "Why can not you answer me?"

"Because—because I shall break your heart," the boy cried out, breaking into tears. "Esther, he will not come to you—he is cruel and false, and deserves not one sign that you have spent for him! He is to be married to-morrow; he can not break away from his bride at God. Winthrop's grand house, to keep a tryst at Salem jail!"

"That was all I heard. The place whirled round and round with me, and the roar of the great waters was in my ears and I fell on the stone floor, senseless, while yet alive. But that was the bitter end of death, what cared I for the rest? To-morrow came, and the April sunshine glinted far over the earth, and shone on the bride in the forest of Boston town, and on the witch girl climbing the cursed hill to die. I heard the shouts and jeers and howlings of the rabble riving the ten-spring air, and I saw, as one in a dream, the sea of faces upturned to me, and the black gowns drawn against the wet, blue, sunny sky, and I felt the woman's hands touch me and turn about the blood in my veins, and I flung up my last breath in a curse that should cling to that woman, down through unnumbered generations—down to you, who trace your lineage through Mabel Daniels and Roger Vane! In that curse my soul wavered and fluttered out—sprang free, and left, swinging between the black earth and sky, on Witch's Hill the fair form that crept close into a lover's arms in the green wood long ago."

She stood over me—this ghost of Esther Chillingworth—and tore the coil of black hair away from her neck, and in the faint, misty moonlight, I saw a dreadful circling mark across the fair, white throat. My blood curdled with the horror of it, and as I lay on the floor, covered in the pillows, the lung over me with a long, moaning sob, like the last breath of the dying. I think that terror made me insensible as I lay there. I heard no more, nor saw my strange visitant vanish with the glimpse of the moon; but when I opened my eyes again the room was light with dawn, and I was quite alone, with nothing more ghastly than a dull old family portrait to watch me between the parted curtains. A dream, I thought shuddering, as I rubbed my hands across my eyes."

Esther Chillingworth's ring was gone from my finger!

"I don't know the exact story of it," said Aunt Lucinda, at breakfast. "The legend goes that it belonged to a sweet-heart of our ancestor, Roger Vane, who was hung for witchcraft—the girl, I mean, not Roger Vane—in the Salem execution of 1693. That is what my grand-mother used to tell me. She never wore the ring, for she said it was unlucky. By the way, you haven't got it on, have you? I don't see it on your finger."

"Auntie! I said, solemnly, with my eyes as round as the sun before me, it was taken away from me last night!"

"Taken away! Nonsense," said Aunt Lucinda. "What are you talking about?"

"So I told her."

"Tut, tut!" said my aunt, derisively; "you've had the nightmare! The ring has slipped off your finger in bed—it was a size too loose for you. Susan will find it when she is doing up your room, I'll engage!"

"And so she did; but my faith was in no wise shaken, nor could any skeptical arguments destroy my firm belief in the ghost of Esther Chillingworth. And to the ghost of Esther Chillingworth, and to the ghost of the murdered Anne, I said that it was an old coincidence about the names, that's certain."

"Martin! I whispered to him, clinging to the bars. 'If you can't save will you do for me what I can?'"

"Die for you if I may, Esther!" he cried with a boy's eagerness.

"And I reached up and pushed my hand through the window bars, and told him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

"I listened and held my breath till he answered. Then I heard him say softly:

"I will, Esther."

"Carry this to him," I said; and as I felt his warm young hand, wet with rain, touch mine, I slipped the lovely gift into his palm. "Take it to Roger Vane, and tell him that Esther Chillingworth lies in the jail at Salem village, charged with witchcraft, and that she sends him back his token—no more than that, Martin. Go, for the pity of God! Hurry, and take no rest till you find him, or it will be too late—too late for me!"

THE Fashion Plate for October, 1876. T. W. SMITH.

New Brunswick SCHOOL BOOKS

A HISTORY OF CANADA.

FROM its earliest settlement by the French to the Dominion of Confederation, by ANDREW ARCHER, presented by the Board of Education for New Brunswick, illustrated by maps and plans, 12mo., 48 pages. Price 75c.

This valuable book will be found to meet a long experienced want both as a School Book and as a "reliable and reliable History of Canada for the general reader."

For Sale by

J. & A. McMillan,

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, &c.

Price 75c.

For Sale by all Booksellers, in New Brunswick.

Only \$140.

Smith's American Organ.