SACK COATS.

OVER SACKS.

N

Then let us weave z spell and bring him,"

"He hath left Zurieh."

"Then let us weave z spell and bring him," he said.

And I, being awake and in my senses that night, saw him draw a circle with strange figures in the centre, on which he placed a tripped, whereon they burnt a pale blue flame, and in the midst of the flame there came up the semblance of a hand.

"Quickly, Zillah," whispered my kinsman; "sign tais!"

He held a paper towards me, and I, pricking my flager, signed it with the gout of blood that came forth. Then he thrust it into the fire, and the hand clutching it disappeared; apon which a great darkness fell upon me, and in this I felt drawn towards the fire till it corched me.

"Corae back, Zillah!" cried the carl, and as his hand seized me I fainted. Except once, this was the only time that I was awake when in the secret chamber.

When I opened my eyes to sonse again, the censer, the fire, and the ring of flame around the tripod were gone, and I saw only the face of my kinsman leaning over me.

"Had you crossed the fire, Zillah, you must have died. But your wish is granted. What did you desire?"

"I woote, 'Let Ambrose come hither, and let him love me.'" I answered, as my cheeks glowed with sudden shame.

The earl laughed at this. "Not so, my fair witch; this is what was written."

And crossing the circle, to where the fire lay dead, he lifted from it the paper, scorched, yet not burned. And on it I read this: "Let the wife of Ambrose be accursed, let her die as the wicked die, and let the heart of her husband be turned against her." I flung the paper from my hand, and burst into bitter tears.

"An I come to this," I said, "that like an "the paper from my hand, and burst into bitter tears.

"Am I come to this," I said, "that like an evil woman I should scatter curses on the in-nocent? I wish no evil to the wife of Ambrose, let her be whom she may. It was cruel to de-

"I thought the spell would suit thy jealous nature." said the earl. "And take heed thou marry him not thyself. It was to hinder this that I wrote it." My soul was sick for sorrow, when in the morning I awake and remembered this as a dream.

"O Zillah, have I found thee at last?"

It was the voice of Ambrose, and I shricked aloud for fear. He leoked worn and weary, and he was clad poorly in a pilgrim's garo. He seized my palfrey by the rein; and stooping he kissed my hand.

"Is the Lady Beatrice near by, Ambrose?"
I said in a trembling voice.

"Beatrice has deserted me," he answered, and his face flushed scornfully. "Have you not heard, Zillah, how the English ambassador at Paris se it messengers to her, saying his king had restored her father's lands? And not heeding my prayer, she departed with the rotinus seat for her."

"But you followed her to England, Ambrose."

"But you followed her to England, Ambrose."

"And found her a great lady, too proud to give a smile to old friends. Since then I have sought thee and thy father, Zillah, in much paintul wandering."

So I breught Ambrose to the earl, and it was settled he should help my father in the great work going on in the castle. Thus I and him every day, and loved him better than of old, and being freed now from his love for Beatrice, his heart turned to me, and he loved me as dearly as man ever loved woman.

"Zillah." he said once, "I think I have loved hee always, but Beatrice made me fear thee concewhat. She swore she saw thee lay a spell upon au old fish-wife, who beat a little child with a cruel hand. And under this spell the hag belabored her own visage till she shrieked to thee for mercy."

Lengted and year I trembled. "Tis true."

with a crue hand. And inder this spet the hag belabored her own visage till she shrieked to thee for mercy."

I laughed, and yet I trembled. "'Tis true," I said; "I have some such power. Some I can make sing and dance, laugh or cry; I cannot do this with all people. And I know not what the gift may be; but surely, Ambroso, it is not witchcraft?"

not witchcraft?"

Sti he answered me, with a face paling to the hue of death, "Beware, Zillah, of that power; be not tempted to use it. It is of the Evil one, and it will destroy thee."

So, fearing to lose his love, I dared not tell him of the secret sorecries to which the earl had forced me; but I feigned allness, and refused again and again to go to the magic chamber, till my kinsman grew angry and dealt roughly with me. Then I teld Ambroae of his hardness, and we two, being resolved to fies, went to a priest and were married secretly.

Yet Levil lineared because of my father, who feilused to Now with 25 did the will be will said to the castle a litter, closely curtained, guarded by armed men, and I saw alight from it Beatrice—the Lady Beatrice Damurnow.

She spoke courteously to my father and Ambroae; but as she passed me, she drew away her robe, and muttered—"I like not witch-blood."

brose; but as she passed me, she drew away her robe, and muttered—
"This not witch-blood.".

That night I wept bittorly at my husband's knee, and besought him to leave this evil castle. Then with kisses and kind words he soothed me, saying he would wait till the earl's treasurer had paid him for his work, then we would see

The next day a whisper ran through the heusehold that the earl would wed his ward—the Lady Beatrice; and the poor wan boy—his son—came to me with a white face, and asked if it was true.

if it was true.

I said "yes" with my eyes, not daring to speak. Then the child put his arms about me, and leant his check against mine.

"Zillah," he said, "I have but thee in the world; do not forsake me for yon cold-hearted painter. I love thee a million times better than he can love. Tarry for me, Zillah, till I be a man; then I will make thee a lady, and thou shalt nover weep again."

"Come away from the witch, boy!" cried a sharp voice.

It was the Lady Beatrice, who had stelen softly on us as we sat in the embrasured window. And at her bidding the child's small arms tell down from my neck, and, with lips quivering, and tearful eyes looking back on

me, he went with her, she dragging him by the That evening, as I sat alone spinning, the

earl came upon me suddenly.
"Zillah," he said sternly, "I will not have
my child's heart turned against the lady who is "She lies, if she says I did it!" I answered Then my courage failed, and I fell

my knees. My lord, I have troubled your roof too long; let me depart."

'Put aside such a thought forever, Zillah," he said in a firm voice. "Thou art my guest— or, prisoner, if theu wilt—for hie. Come to secret chamber to-night and burn me there

the waxen effigy of mine enemy—the man who stands next the king."

"I cannot do your bidding, my lord," I an-swered; "for my husband, to whom I owe a helier obedience, has commanded me to cease

these arts."
"Thy husband, girl! Who is thy husband?" "Ambrose, the painter, my lord." Even kere in the close prison I shrink from thought of the earl's fury. He struck me to the ground in a sudden frenzy; but as I crouched, fearing a second blow, I felt his strong arms wind about me, and his his stifled

my cry with kisses.
"O rare witch and fooi!" he said; "not to see these many months how thy sorceries have beguiled me 1:to love. O Ziliah! Zillah! in

the witch-chamber where we wrought our spells, when that mystic skep bound thee, thine arms have clasped my neck, and thy lips have pressed mine. Surely it is a lie that thou art a wile. Say it is false, my witch, and I foreign then?" Breaking from him, I fell upon my knees,

Breaking from him, I fell upon my knees, and gazed into his cruel face with locks of horror. Was he speaking truth? Was I so lost? Had my lips ever touched his—I, who so feared and hated him that I shuddered even it his shadow crossed me? Then there came into my memory througed shapes of pain and horror unutterable. The fumes of incense and the smoke of enchantments rose up before me, and within their wreathed vapors writied grim sh. dows and forms of demons. And with these there grew upon my lips the earl's hot kies, drawing soul and sense away. Yielding to it as to a hideous speil, I sank down senseless as his arms clasped me.

ing to it as to a bideous speil, I sank down senseless as his arms clasped me.

I awoke in the witch-chamber. I was lying on a silken couch, and before merose the perfume of incense and the smoke of enchantments. Between the wreathed marks I saw dumly the form of the earl, who came and went like a shadow; but I could neither speak nor move; for the spices that burned close by numbed my sense. Then suddenly he turned; he fixed his eyes on my mine, and waved his arms as wizards do. I struggied against the spell; I loathed the power conquering me. But all wizards co. I struggied against the spen; I loathed the power conquering me. But all was vain; and scon my eyes closed. My arms fell upon his neck, and my head drooped upon his shoulder. The his lips touched my ear, whispering words of love.

"My life, this night I have but half-chained thy senses. I would have thee know that thou art mine. Now call this grovelling painter, the man who dages to love my witch. It will

this man who dares to love my witch. It will be rare sport to behold his wonder when he

sees thee here."

Obedient to his wicked will, obedient to the ghtest touch of his hand or glance of his eye,

As one in a dream, Ambrose stood bewildered, his face like a dead man's. Then I saw a jewelled hand—Beatrice's—seize his arm and draw him away. And the great torture I felt did not awake me, till the earl unbound the spell. Then, in my misery and shame, as his mocking eye laughed in ray face, I fell weeping and moaning at his feet.

"Poor witch!" Go to thy husband now, and see if he will accept thy company. Get to thy chamber and weep there; I hate tears."

I fled from him, weeping as I went, and thus

I fied from him, weeping as I went, and thus in anguish I sought Ambrose, but he was gone. Then, like one maddened, I rushed forth into the night, and overtook my husband beyond the drawbides. beyond the drawbridge, walking slowly, with his head bent low and lips quivering. I caught him by the hand, and implored him to

"I have seen thee, witch!" he answered.

"I have seen thee, witch!" he answered.

And casting rue from him, he went his way.

I would have followed him, but as I arose

I would have followed him, but as I arose from my despair, the earl seized me, and held me in his strong clasp. I saw Ambrose pass

out of my sight.

And henceforth I was alone and silent; for I would not rack my father's heart with my doleful story.

The Lady Beatrice was cruel to the child, and The Lady Beatrice was cruel to the child, and I saw his gentle face grow wan, and his step get slow and languid. At last he lay sick nearly unto death, and he would take nothing save from my hand. So they let me come to him, and I tended him gently, hiding my ghistly woe as I could from his sight.

"Thou art fading like a flower, Zillah," he said, putting his wasted arms about me. "When I am a man, I will be thy champion, and if any have wronged thee, thou shalt have redress."

redress."
Alas! there was no redress or mercy for me

on earth.

I loved the boy, and I often put my face apon his pillow, and the touch of his soft check comforted me for my woes.

"I shall not be with thee long, little one," I said. "The Lady Beatrice weds thy father in a week, and I lear she will drive poor Zillah from thy bedside."

a week, and I fear sae will drive plot Linar from thy bedside."

"Then I shall have a cruel step-dame and thou a hard mistress." he answered. And turning his wan face on the pillow, I saw tears course down it softly. I wiped them away, kissing him, and we sat hand it, hand silent, till the twilight gr. w into darkness.

They were married at court before the king, with tournaments, and pageantry and feasting; and while they reveiled there fell upon me and the child a short peace—a little luli in my great

the child a short peace-a little lull in my great

and while they revelled there fell upon me and the child a short peace—a little luli in my great sorrow.

In this tranquillity my father died. O, thank Heaven he died! And kneeling down beside his cold face in the night I vowed I would quit all unlawful arts, and flee from this wicked prison for ever. When morning dawned I went softly to the chamber of the siek child, and found him alceping. His face was sickler, sadder than I had ever seen it, and his cheeks were wet as though he had slept weeping. I dared not look twice on him, lost I should stay for his sake and lose my soul. So I put a little flower in his thin hand as a farewell, and stole away, not waking him.

Thus I fled from my unholy thraldom. And now I cannot recount what happened to me, for my memory is full only of dim shapes. I know I wandered hither and thither—not always in my right mind—till my beauty was gone through weather and want, and the lameness that rest and luxury had almost healed graw upon me painfully. I cannot say how long I wandered. I see, as in a picture, the summer sun, and the winter snow descending on the head of a weird woman who begs for charity, which children run from her and men chase her as a witch.

I was crooked, as I have said, and lame, and poor; and my long hair, which in summertime I washed in clear streams and decked with flowers, fell down to my feet. So you see I was like a witch.

I remember this summer—this last summer

quivering. "Lodge her in the dungeon," she said, and

"Lodge her in the dungeon," sine said, and turned away.

But I was past grief and fear; and careless as a stone droes into a well, so did I fell upon the straw of that damp dungeon, and forget in sleep my misery and my madness.

A bright light awoke me and a strong hand lifted me to my feet.

"Zillah, it is I," said the earl's voice. "There is nower still shinge in those wild eves of

thing, to is 1, said the earry voice. "There is power still shining in those wild eves of thine. Promise to obey me, and I will free thee from these chains, and hide thee from thy lady's eve, and all that gold can give shall be thine."

be thine. "I will not listen," I said calmly; and I cov-

ered my cars with my shackled hands. Then he took them in his strong grasp. "Zillah, I have discovered strange secrets in earth and air, and with thy help I can do yet greater things. These mysteries are no scree-ries, they are truths; and through these I can

show men how to travel swift as birds. I can build ships of iron —"

But I tore my hands from his grasp, and ran stricking round my dungeon, drowning his prayers and promises with my cries. Wearied at last with my madness he flung me from his

hand in fury.
"Die, witch, then, if you will," he said. And be took up his lamp to depart. But at the gate he turned, and as the light shone upon his face, I saw it full of bitterness. "Zillah, poor fool and witch," he said, "there is something in my soul that is sorry for thee. Awake, thou are only a poor weak woman; but in sleep thou heart told me come of the wisest secrets that art only a poor weak woman; but in sleep thou hast told me some of the wisest secrets that exist on earth; see here girl." And he took from his vest a crystal globe, dark-looking and filled with a lead-like powder. "Through the I have made this ball for my enemies. Nay, do not touch it, there are a hundred deaths in it. but the ball alone is us less. I need some weapon, some@deadly instrument which shall hurl it among our foes. I ask thus, then, for Eugland's sake, be my witch again."

I shuddered at his words. "Our lady forbid," I cried, "that I should aid thee in thy sorceries! England has stout arms and arrows for her foes. Take thy witch-ball away; it maddens me!"

He looked at me with exceeding sorrow.

dens me!"

He looked at me with exceeding sorrow.

"Zillah thy brain is crazed. And I am verily
to blame that in thy with-sleep I made thee
feign love for me. I did it to drive thy husband from theo. I feared as wife and mother
thy weird powers would depart, and all my
great discoveries would die. Alas! they perish
now, perhaps for centuries, perhaps forever!"
I would not answer him. I sat cowering m
a corner of the dangeon, my head upon my a corner of the dungeon, my head upon my

hands.
"Zillab, do not fear me. In all those hours of mystic sleep, I swear I never touched thine hand. It was but to deceive that puling

painter—that coward unworthy of thy heart—that I feigned love."
"It was a deed worthy of a wizard," I said, "to trample thus on a woman's happiness and

honor!"
"What was one woman's peace, compared to
the glorious truths I sought—truths that

would make millions happy?"

He spoke as if to himself, but my heart swelled at his cruelty.
"Leave me!" I cried in indignation.
"If I leave thee thou wilt die, Zillah—die as "I care not. Better die than be a witch

again."
"Zillah! Zillah!" the times are not ripe for

"Zillah! Zillah!" the times are not ripe for such as thee or me. And it thy duest, thy innocent blood will be on my head."

"On thy head let it be," I answered.

He stood a moment at the door, gazing on me sorrowfully, the dying lamp throwing a pale light across his haggard face.

"Dost thou forgive me. Zillah?" he said.

I thought of my lost life, my crazed wanderings, and my husbands heart turned against me. and my eyes swam in salt tears.

"But there was One who suffered more," I said to myself; so I answered, "Go in peace; I forgive thee."

Then there fell between us a short silence, broken only by the sob which gasped from my

broken only by the sob which gasped from my dry throat. "Zillab, thou shalt not die," said 'he carl.

I called in spirit to my husband. I bade him come through fire and peril, through sleep or watching, through health or sickness; alive or dead, I bade him come.

Then upon my fainting heart I heard the cho of his steps through corridor and vaulted hall, through the masked door where tapestry hung, and on to the sliding panel. As his hand touched this, my writhing spirit strove in a last struggle to be free; but the voice of the wizard-earl whispered, "Say thou lovest me, witch, and let this man hear thee." And my loating lips uttered the words he bade me.

"Harold, my love, my love!" And ciasping his neck, my bowed head sank on his shoulder.

And going to the grated window of my dungen, he flung the huge key he held into the geon, he flung the huge key he held into the geon, he flung the huge key he held into the mat.

"The postern door at the top of these narrow stairs is unlocked; oscapo, Zillah, for thy life. Alas! and all those great thiugs that I had hoped to do will die now for ages. Hasten, girl, lest I attempt again to seize thee!"

He undid the chains upon my hands, and as these dropped with a heavy clark apon the stenes, he left me. I listened to his ascending steps, but at the top of the narrow stairs he missed his footing and fell. Then a noise like thunder shook the castle from the top most turret to the dungeon floor, a flash of fire blinded rae, and I fell senseless. When I had hoped to do will die now for ages. Hasten, girl, lest I attempt again to soize thee!"

He undid the chains upon my hands, and as these dropped with a heavy clank upon the stones, he left me. I listened to his ascending steps, but at the top of the narrow stairs he missed his footing and fell. Then a noise like thunder shook the castle from the topmost turret to the dungeon floor, a flash of fire blinded me, and I fell senseless. When I awoke, I saw moonlight through a rift in the wall, and passing over fallen stones and dust, I reached the ruins of the stairs, and beheld the earl lying dead. Stooping over him I un-HAVING RECEIVED BY RECENT ARRIVALS THE LARGEST AND MOST VARIED ASSORTthe earl lying dead. Stooping over him I un-did his vest, and found the ball of crystal which he had made by sorcery was gone. Doubtless this had killed him; and his face was blackened as by fire. Moreover, an unho ly smell of sulphur, and a hideous smoke

I sat by the dead man amazed, not seeking to escape; and here the frightened warders found me. found me.

"The witch! the witch!" they cried; "ahe hath slain my lord the earl. He lieth hero dead—slain by sorcery; and the wall is rent and the castle shaken by her witchcrafts."

And so, amid weeping, and cries of terror, and blows, I was carried to another dungeon.

I will not tell of the long, long months in prison; I will not tell of the torture and the chain. These bloodshot eyes have wept tears of blood, and these parched lips have shricked in vain for mercy. I contessed willingly to all my sorceries, but these did not content them; so under torture I shricked a thousand falsehoods. I told of things that could not be; I lied again and again at my soul.

lied again and again against my soul.

O, I satisfied their greedy cars with lies, for which sin I weep now; and therefore I write this confession, wherein alone I speak the When my trial came, the warders swore i

was I who had killed the earl—I who had shaken the founda ions of the castle, and opened the door of my prison by enchantments.

The Countess Beatrice witnessed against me with calm cruelty; and, though I appealed to her for my his's sake to say if her husband

her for my life's sake to say if 191 hisband practiced not strange arts, she snawcred—
"Never, witch, unless betwitched by thee."
And the judge said that, sare by sorcery, no such ball as I had spoken of could be made; therefore I was condemned by my own lips.
Then they brought a witness into court, the sight of whom wrang my heart. Men carried han on a pallet bed, and as I saw his pale face large or the rillog. I want

lymg on the pillow, I wept.

"Thou too, Gilbert?" I cried.

But the child turned his eyes from me, and would not look my way.

Then he was raised in men's arms, for without their aid he could not sit, and in a sad low voice he told the judge my witcheries had made him love me, and the interest draught from my hand had scemed sweet to him. And many other things he said, having the heart turned against me by my enemy, his stepmother. But while he spoke, he kept his small white face away from my face, nor looked upon me once this the men bore him away; then his eyes turned on me, and his pale check flushed

eyes turned on me, and his paic check hushed with sudden pain.

"O, Zillah, is it thou, so changed? Would to God they had not made me speak against thee. Pardon me, Ziliah, pardon me!"

"I torgive thee, my poor child!" I answered.

"Do not grieve when I die."

"Woman," cried the judge, 'all the court can see to what a critical strait and weakness thy sorcery hath brought the young Lord Gibert. Take the noble boy from her presence."

So the men bore him away, but he was weep-So the men bore him away, but he was weeping as he went, and I heard him say to the men that he would pray to due first, for he could not bear to live and see Zullah die a cruel death. Alasl for that tender heart. In forcing him to cruelty they kided him. Yesterday the jailor

"The young Lord Gilbert is dead. Will thy sorceries never cease, witch? And the crowd cry aloud for thy blood; they gather fagots in

the wood to-day."

But I leant my head upon my hands, and thanked God the child was gone.

Now I hurry on to the end. As they bore the young Gubert away, and my dry eyes watched him, I thought my worst pang went with him; but it was not so. The voice of a new witness startled me, and turning, I saw Ambrose, my hosband.

with flowers, fell down to my leet.

I was like a witch.

I remember this summer—this last summer of my life—with undimmed memory. I remember the bright sun shining on me as I came timidly into the harvest-field, and humbly prayed the reapors to let me glean. I remember the freshed sheet shall begin by the prisoner's father. Then I heard she was in prison. I have known her as a witch all her life long. There is witch the freshed sheet, and the remember the respect to the shall begin by the prisoner's father. Then I heard she was in prison. I have known her as a witch all her life long. There is witch the sheet in the remember the bright star sheet and the last begin her far this I putted ker once, and hoped are prayed the respect to the same prayed the respect to the sheet last begin her far the counters' command to timsh the century of the last begin her far the last begin her far the last begin her as a witch all her like long. There is witched the last begin her far the last begin her far the counters' command to timsh the century of the last begin her far the counters' command to timsh the century of the hast begin her far the counters' command to timsh the century of the hast begin her far the last begin her far the counters' command to timsh the century of the prisoner's father.

Then I heard she was in prison. I have known her as a witch all her like long. There is witched the last begin her far "Bring her to my lord!" they cried.

As they dragged me on, bridge and most buttress and tower, grew familiar to me; and as we crossed the hall I looked up on the paintings my father's hand had wrought, and I saw myself face to face with that great wizard, and his-wife the Lady Beatrice.

Her eyes gleamed with joy and hate as she saw me.

"Ah, Zillah, the witch!" she cries; "have thy witcherafts brought thee to this?"

A. M. JACKSON.

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To myself, I gave By love to a noble lady; but in the end, by witchery, sho beguiled my heart, and it became her husband. Then I found her faithless, and left her. 1 escaped for my life, fearing her sorceries and her lover's power. I have not seen her face since then till this day."

"Ambrose," I sand, and rose to my feet, "I was never faithless. Then has been deceived by a strange glamour, past my poor wits to explain. But I loved thee ever, and I love the exill. Now, say on. Death is not so cruel as this thy treachery."

I sank down upon my seat—they had given most overling pain in an instant, without emgatering.

"Lodge her in the dangeon," she said, and "one seet for my weakness—and I looked sadiy on his white face working with strange tremore.

"Lodge her in the dangeon," she said, and "one seet for my weakness—and I looked sadiy on his white face working with strange tremore.

me a sent for my weakness—and I looked sadly on his white face working with strange tremors. "I dery thee, witch!" he said. "I ablor thy love and thee!"

I looked upon him, but I uttered no word more. Hope and I had parted now, and I had no more to do with love or life; my heart was broken. And when they bade me stand to hear the judge's sentence, I smiled, and wondered who the witch was that was condemned to die. I had forgot it was myself.

had forgot it was myself.

I was thinking of the lakes and streams of Zurieh, and the mountains where I had strayed a child.

To-morrow I die, and before the winds have scattered the ashes of this poor flesh, the Countess Beatrice and the painter Ambrose will sit at their wedding feast. And to the bridgeroom I send this history and my pardon. Zillah the witch dies with prayers for him, and at peace with all.

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