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A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER VI.

WENTY years before the period of which we are writing, a certain wealthy Spaniard, calling himself Juan Moraquitos, came to New Orleans and took up hisabode in a superb villa residence, sufficiently removed

from the din and bustle of the city, and yet commanding a view of the wide sweep of waters, and the dense forest of masts that thronged the levee.

He brought many slaves, and a young wife, a pale S anish beauty. Within six .nonths of the arrival of

Don Juan Moraguitos at New Orleans, his wife died, leaving little Camillia-an

only daughter. An old female slave whispered strange stories of the past.

For six years the father scarce noticed the babe, who reminded him of his wife. He had a small estate on the banks of

the Mississippi. It was a little paradise. Here, under care of two women, the infant was placed. The Slave Pepita. who had nursed Olympia, the mother of Camillie, in her childhood, and had attended her in her death hour; and another female slave called Zarah, a woman whose husband had been sold to a merchant of Florida, but who had been al-lowed to keep her son with her. He was an active negro boy about six years old. These two women, with a couple of stout negro slaves, who worked in the gardens, composed the entire establishment of the baby heiress.

Time passed; the rosy lips began to form half inarticulate murmurs, then gentle and loving words. The baby learned to speak her nurse's name, to prattle with the negro lad-Zarah's son. Pepita, the infant's foster-mother, had

loved the child with devotion. Zarah attended to the household work

and waited on the nurse and her fosterchild.

As the baby, Camillia, grew into a laughing girl, the young negro loved to amuse the little heiress by indulging in all kinds of rough and impish gambols for her gratification.

Pepita often left Tristan, the negre-

boy, to watch the slumbering child. It was six years after the death of Olympia when the stern father's heart first relented to his orphan child.

He would see her-even though the spirit of his lost Olympia seemed to rise from the grave, and gaze at him, out of the eyes of Camillia. The little girl was asleep upon a grassy bank.

She awoke at the sound of the Spanlard's footstep, and uttered a scream of terror.

The loneliness of her life had made her timid. "You are not frightened at me, are you, Camillia?"

corpse was above to be that of Trever-ton-it was therefore buried in the Trev-erton vault. The police falled to discover the murderer. On Geraid Laslis's return from Europe, he examined the papers of his late partner-which had been scaled up. That for which Lealis looked most anxiously was a certain document, the receipt for one hundred thousand dollars, paid to Mr. Bilas Craig, attorney and money-lender. He did not and it " "Tou snan nave the money, william r "I sin't in no hurry," replied Bowen. "Now I want to take a squipt at whatever lies behind yonder map." Silas suppressed a half-muttered oath, but reluctantly touched a spring. A door flew back. They entered a long, narrow pas-sage. At its end was a window having a view of a large gambling

CHAPTER VIL.

saloon!

BARLY & month had elapsed since the arrival of the Virginia in the harbor of New Orleans, and still Adelaide Horton and Cora Loslie had not met.

The young creole, generoushearted as she was, had never felt the

same affection for her schoolfellow since the fatal revelation made by Silas Craig. It was in vain that the generosity of her nature would have combated with the prejudices of her education; pride of caste was the stronger, and she could not but despise Cora, the lovely de-scendant of slaves. In the meantime the two girls had ceased to meet. The nature of Adelaide Horton was capricious and volatile, and, in a few days, she had almost dismissed Cora's image from her memory.

Indoient, like all creoles, Adelaide spent the greater part of her days in a rocking-chair, reading a novel, while fanned by her favorite slave Myra. Mortimer Percy was, as we know, by no means the most attentive of lovers, although living in the same house as that occupied by his fair cousin. He saw her but seldom, and then evinced an indifference and listlessness which often wounded the volatile girl.

"How weary and careless he is," she thought; "how different to Gilbert Margrave, the artist, the post, the enthu-

Alas, Adelaide, beware of that love which is given without return! Beware of the bitter humiliation of finding that he whom you have secretly admired and reverenced-he whose image you have set upon the altar of your heart, and have worshiped in the sanctity of silence and of dreaming-that even he, the idol. the beloved, looks on you with indifference, while another usurps the earnest devotion of his post soul.

Adelaide Horton had ample time for indulgence in those waking dreams which are often so dangerous. A schoolgirl, young, romantic and frivolous, ignorant of the harsh ways of the world, she built fair castles in the air-ideal palaces in a lovely dreamland, which were only too soon to be shattered to the ground.

Gilbert Margrave came to New Orleans armed with those brilliant schemes of ventions in mac nery, which might,

Ballon could have been showh, is would here been discovered that her anger was not so much aroused against her aunt as against Gilbert Margrave, for the indif-ferent manner in which he had spoken of her approaching marriage.

Anxious to quell the storm, of which he little knew himself to be the cause, the young engineer endeavored to turn the conversation, and in order to do so, he asked a question which had been trembling on his lips from the very first, "Your friend, Miss Leslie," he said: "the star of your farewell assembly-you often see her, I suppose, Miss Horton?" Gilbert Margrave little knew that this very question only added fuel to the fire already raging in the breast of the impetuous girl.

"I have never seen Cora Leslie since our arrival in New Orleans, she an-

swored coldly. "Indeed! But I thought you such in-timate friends. Miss Leslie-she is not III, I hope?"

His evident anxiety about Cora ter-ribly irritated Adelaide Horton. "That question I cannot answer. I know nothing whatever of Miss Leslie;

for, I repeat, we have not met since we reached America.

"May I ask why this is so, Miss Horton

"Because Cora Leslie is no fit associate for the daughter of Edward Horton.'

The blood rushed in a crimson torrent to the face of the young engineer. He started from his seat as if he had been shot.

"In Heaven's name, Miss Horton," he exclaimed, "what would you insinuate: surely nothing against the honor of-"

"I insinuate nothing, Mr. Margrave," answered Adelaide. "I simply tell you that the the person of whom you speak is no companion for me. Whatever friendship once existed between us is henceforth forever at an end-Cora Leslie 18 a slave.

A choking sensation had risen to the throat of the young engineer during this speech. Unutterable anguish had possessed him at the thought that he was perhaps to hear of some stain upon the character of Cora. What, then was his relief at finding how much he had wronged her purity, even by that fear? "A slave !" he replied.

"Yes : African blood flows in her veins. She has never been emancipated; she is, therefore, as much a slave as the negroes upon her father's plantation."

"I was led to believe something to this effect on the very night of your aunt's ball in Grosvenor Square, Miss Horton. So far from this circum-stance lessening my respect for Miss Loslie I feel that it is rather exalted thereby into a sentiment

of reverence. She is no longer simply a beautiful woman; she henceforth becomes the lovely representative of an oppressed people.

"Your opinions are rather Quixotio, Mr. Margrave," replied Adelaide, with a sneer; "and I fear you will find yourself almost in as painful a position as the Spanish knight, if you venture to make them known in New Orleans."

"Whatever danger I may incur of being either ridiouled or persecuted. I shall never conceal my detestation of prejudice and tyraany, and my sympathy with the weak," answered Gilbert proudly. "Pardon me, if I speak warmly on this subject, Miss Horton; it is not to be supposed that you and I should think alike. We represent the opposite

the congrous which on your part would be only natural, would become on mine an abominable cowardice [" "Sir !" cried the indignant Augustus.

Before he could say more Gilbert Mar. grave had bowed deferentially to the indice, and to the angry planter himself. "Oh, it is too clear-he loves her !" ex-

claimed Adelaide, when they were alone. "And even if he does," said her aunt, quietly; "what difference can it possibly make to Miss Adelaide Horton that is-Mrs. Mortimer Percy that is to be?"

Crimson blushes mounted to Adelaide's face at this remark. She made no answer, but with an angry look at her aunt, hurried from the room. This display of emotion had not es-

caped the penetrating eye of her brother. "Pray, what is the meaning of this, my

dear aunt?" he asked. "I very much fear, Augustus, that

your sister has no great inclination to marry her cousin, Mortimer Percy." "And the cause of this disinclination

is some foolish preference for the insolent European who has just left us?"

"Unhappily, yes." "This is too humilisting," exclaimed Augustus, walking rapidly up and down the apartment; "my sister degrades herself by evincing a marked predilection for a man who is indifferent to her, and the object of her admiration does her the bonor to prefer-a slave."

CHAPTER VIII.

N an elevated terrace, fifty feel above the margin of a lake, was Leslie.

us. and varied by rockeries, lay between the terrace and the limpid waters below. Tall paims spread their feathery branches above the roof of the pavilion, and exotic flowers bloomed beneath the colonnade of bamboo work which surrounded the light edifice. A flight of marble steps led from the glass door of the pavilion, and a balustrade of the same pure white material stretched the whole length of the terrace, at each end of which were sculptured marble vases, filled with the rareat blossoms. A flower garden, in exquisite order, surrounded the pavilion, while, exactly opposite the veranda, a rustic table and some garden

chairs were placed beneath the luxurious shade of a banana tree.

Seated on the steps leading from the pavilion, faithful as a dog who listens for the footsteps of his beloved master, the slave Toby might have been seen on the day following that on which Cora had paid her unwelcome visit at the house of Augustus Horton.

Gerald Loslie was at his office in New Orleans, where business often detained him when the best wishes of his heart would have kept him by his daughter's side.

The summer afternoon was hot and sultry, and all the windows were open.

out invitation, in one of the restiu onhirs.

"I have some papers to restore to your father," he said; "but that is not the whole object of my visit. My sister told me that you were lovely, Miss Leslie, but I now perceive that in such a case a woman never tells more than half the truth."

Cors had remained standing during this speech. She now seated herself in the chair opposite to that taken by the young planter, and said, calmly: "Pardon me, Mr. Horton: but I im-

agined that the object of your visit here-

"Was to reply to the letter addressed by you to my sister, Adelaide? Yes, Miss Lesiis, that letter proved to us that Mr. Margrave had not properly acquitted himself of the commission which he undertook."

"How so, sir?"

"My sister much regretted not being able to receive you, yesterday, and I should have shared those regrets, had she not chosen me to bring you her ex-

"It is not an excuse which I require, Mr. Horton, but an explanation," replied Oora, with dignity. Augustus shrugged his shoulders.

"What further explanation can you require, Miss Leslie," he said ; "the preparations of her approaching marriage? little touch of headache, perhaps? Is not

this sufficient to explain all?" "No, sir, it is not. Because I would rather hear the truth, bitter as that truth may be, than these discourteous mockeries which put me to the rack. Mr. Percy's opposition to my return to America; my father's emotion on beholding me; the strange isolation in which I am kept; and lastly, your sister's extraordinary conduct of yesterday-all these prove to me that some terrible fatality overshadows me; a fa tality of which I am ignorant, but which

I am determined to discover. "Nay, Miss Leslie, what is that you would seek to know? Why not be content to reign by your grace and beauty? for the fatality of which you speak can cast no cloud upon your loveliness; and even the jealousy of our wives and sisters cannot rob you of your sovereignty.'

"I do not understand you, sir."

"And yet I endeavored to make my-self understood. Ah, Miss Leslie! we are but strangers, newly met within this hour; but we Creoles are the children of a southern clime, and our passions are gigantic as the palms which wave above your head-rapid in growth as the lilies on the breast of yonder lake. Love, with us, is a flame; suppressed, it is true, yet needing but one spark from the torch of beauty to cause a conflagration."

"Sir !" cried Cors, indignantly.

The young girl felt that the Creole's burning, passionate words veiled a meaning which was an insult to her.

"Nay, hear me, hear me, Cora," continued Augustus Horton ; "there is, perhaps, a secret: there is, it may be, a fatality which overshadows your young life. Be mine, and none shall ever taunt you with that fatal secret; be mine, and you shall be the proudest beauty in Louisiana, the queen of New Orleans, the idol of your lover's devoted heart; be mine, and the debt owed me by your father shall be canceled; be mine, and

"Me, Miss Cora! me, a mulatto !" "What of that? does not the same blood flow in our veins? are we not of the same down-trodden race? Ah, spent, speak, Toby, you knew my mother: me of her; you see I am calm, I can listen.

She drew the mulatto to one of the garden-chairs, and forcing him to eil down, placed herself at his feet; her hand in his; her eyes raised to his face.

"Francilia was but fifteen years of age," Toby began, "when a slave mer-chant brought her to Mr. Leslle; she was a Quadroon, beautiful as you are, though her skin was not so white. She had long black hair, and large dark eyes, whose sweet and gentle glance I can see again in yours. She was at first employed in the service of Mrs. Leslie. Oh, Heaven poor child, how happy and light-hearted she then was, her joyous voice warbling the soft melodies of her nation: her meary magn ringing through the corri-dors of the house. I saw her, and I dared to love her! That time was the happlest of my life, for she too loved me. Fools that we were. What right has the slave to love? The slave who belongs to another. One day, Francilla left for St. Louis, with her master and mistress. They were to be absent some weeks. I was to remain behind. bidding me farewell she left me this allver ring, which I wear on my finger. I would give it you, dear mistress, but I have sworn to keep it till my death. When Francilla-returned-she

The slave paused, overcome with eme tion.

"Speak, speak, Toby !" said Cora.

"Oh, for pity's sake do not accuse her!" You know not what it is to be a slave, bound to obey, body and soul, the commands of a master. Is not even resis-tance a crime? When Francilia returned she had become your father's mistress. She confessed all to me, with tears, and heart-rending grief! A terrible rage possessed me. I was like a drunken man! If in that moment Mr. Leslie had appeared before me, I know that I should have become a murderer. But the habit of suffering teaches resignation to the slave. This first fury past, I felt my energy abandon me, and I could only weep with Francilia over our vanished happiness. Alas, poor child she no longer laughed, she no longer sang !"

"Poor girl! poor girl!"

"It was only when you came into the world," continued Toby, "that she seemed to re-attach herself to life, and I, bestowing on you all the deep devotion that I had felt for her-forgive me, Mine Cors, I loved you as if you had been my own child." "Dear Toby."

"But she-oh, how she loved you, With more than a mother's love; with the love of the slave, who knows that even her child is not her own, but is a slave like herself-and who dares not slumber beside the cradle of her infant, for they take away the children while the mother sleeps, and she awakes, perhaps, to find the cradle empty."

"Oh, oruel, cruel "

"But this was not the fate with which you were threatened. Mr. Leslie had married a vain and capricious woman. They had no children, and his life was not a happy one. His love for you was intense-all the more intense, as he was

compelled to conceal from all an affection

which would have been considered a

weakness. Your father's love for you

had reassured Francilla, when one day

you were then four years old, he an-

nounced his determination of taking you

to England, Francilia did not utter

word ; the silent tears filled her mournful.

eyes. But when they tore you from her

"Yes, yes, I remember." "But all that is nothing " cried the slave, his eyes flashing with vengeful fury; "nothing to—. Yet, no, not I have no more to tell."

"But I insist on knowing all," ex-

"On his return from Europe, Mr. Les-

lie found her tranquil, and apparently re-

signed ; but the glance of those mournful

black eyes became an eternal reproach,

sent her to work on the plantation; but

for some reason or other, go where he

would, he was always meeting her, al-

ways encountering the same melancholy

look, which seemed to ask him for her child. At last he could endure it no longer. He sold her."

"He sold her to a man of the name of

Craig-s bad man-who, under the mask of a sanctimonious life, concealed the

base heart of a profligate and a villain.

He thought, on purchasing the slave, that he would succeed her late master in

her good graces; but finding that he

could obtain nothing by persuasion, he

when Francilia seized a knife and buried

"A negro belonging to this Oralg stole the knife, which he gave to me. I have

Cors sank on her knees, the tears

streaming from her eyes, her clasped hands uplifted to Heaven.

"Alas, beloved mother !" she cried

"martyr to the base and cruel laws of

this accursed land, it is after fifteen years that your daughter learns your unhappy fate; after fifteen years that she weeps for your memory!"

[To be Contunued.]

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"Oh, my mother, my murdered

would have had recourse to violence

ite blade in her heart."

mother !"

it still."

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"Oh, Heaven !" exclaimed Cors.

which irritated and tormented him.

claimed Cora, vehemently. "What be-came of my unhappy mother? How did

arms, she burst into a tempest of sobs,

and fell insensible to the ground."

she die?"



"No.' "Yet you screamed when I first saw

you! It is a strange welcome for your ./ather, Camillia."

"Father? Are you my father?" "Yes, my Camillia, will you love me?" "I will try," answered the child quietly. Don Juan clasped his child close to his

breast. "I have a playfellow here," said the child, pointing to the young negro.

"Tristan is no fit playfellow for my little Camillia. Tristan is a slave."

The young negro heard every word. "A slave!" he muttered, as Don Juan

led the child toward the house. Yes, I have been told that often slave! enough !"

A week after this, Camillia, the nurse, Pepita, Zarah, and the boy, Tristan, were removed to the Villa Moraquitos, in the suburbs of New Orleans.

Camillia was now under the care of a governess, a French woman, Mad-emoiselle Pauline Corsi. This lady took no pleasure in the antics of Tristan-so he seldom saw Camillia.

It was in the depth of the brief winter when the brother-in-law of Don Juan Moraquitos arrived at the villa.

He was the only surviving relative of the Spaniard's dead wife, her older brother, dearly beloved by her, but he who had forced upon her the marriage with his friend, Don Juan. His name was Tomaso Crivello.

He had come from Mexico on a tour through the United States, and had arrived at New Orleans-to die.

Yes; the hand of death was upon him ! Three days after he expired in the arms

of his brother-in-law. Half an hour before he died he became conscious, and implored Don Juan to send for an attorney. It was necessary that he should make a will.

The attorney sent for by the Spaniard was no other than Silas Craig.

On the reading of the will it was found that Don Tomaso had left his entire fortune to his brother-in-law, Don Juan. BetiDon Tomaso had not come to the villa slone. He had brought a boyabout 8 years of age. He was named Paul.

This Paul was a handsome boy. None knew whence he came, or who he was. Camillia was the only one from whom he would take comfort.

"My child, come hither," said the Spanlard, one day, addressing Paul.

"Tell me your proper name-besides Paul!"

"They call me Paul Lisimon."

"Lisimon it shall be." "Do you remember your mother?"

"She died when I was a baby, and I always lived with my father, Don Tom-880.

"Do not fear, my child, your future will be my care," and Paul Lisimon was brought up in the household of the Spaniard. Camillia and Paul taking lessons side by side, from Madmoiselle Pauline Corsi.

. .

Bill Bowen was at the house of Sila. Oralz precisely at six o'clock. After dinner Silas and the visitor retired to the lawyer's private office.

"Now we are alone. Mr. Bowen, what want you?"

"A thousand dollars."

"I gave you a thousand ---"

"The day after Gerald Leslie's partper, Philip Treverton DIBD !"

"Come, come, Bowen, don't excite yourself," said Silas. "You shall have the money."

"Listen to what people say of Mr. Treverton's death; he lost heavily at play; he could not pay up; he was in-sulted by a stranger, and stabbed in a kind of duel, the murderer's party car-rying off the body. A fortnight after-ward the body was found in the Missis-sippli; the face could not be recognized,

as he fondly hoped, supersede slave labor, though not militating against the employment of the many. He came well furnished with letters of

introduction from powerful men in England, to the planters and merchants of New Orleans; but though he met with much politeness and hospitality, the Louisianians shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads when he revealed his opinions and tried to win their approval of his plans. They looked upon the handsome young engineer with a feeling something akin to pity. He was an enthusiast, and, like all enthusiasts, no doubt a little of a madman. One of the first houses at which Gil-

bert Margrave presented himself, was that of Augustus Horton. He found Adelaide and her aunt alone in their favorite morning room; one lounging in her rocking-chair, the other as usual, busy at an embroidery frame.

The young creole looked very pretty in her loose and floating morning robe of India muslin, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and peach-colored ribbons. Her hair was arranged in clusters of short ringlets, which trembled in the summer breeze, waited in through the Venetian blinds of the veranda.

As the name of Gilbert Margrave was announced, the animated girl sprang from her easy-chair, and, flinging down her book ran forward to receive the longlooked-for visitor.

"At last !" she exclaimed. "I was sure you would come, but I have looked out for you so anxiously-I mean we all

have," she added, blushing. "A thousand thanks for you kind wel-eome, Miss Horton. Believe me, your house is one of the very first to which I have directed my steps." "How good of you to remember us?" "Say, rather, how selfish," replied Gil-

bert. "Do you think it is no happiness,

in a foreign country, to find one circle at least where one is not a stranger?"

"Nay, Mr. Margrave," said Mrs. Mon-resor; "will you not call us a circle of tresor: friends?"

"But pray sit down," exclaimed Ade-laide, pointing to a low chair near a stand of perfumed exotics in one of the win-dows, "sit down and tell us all your adventures by land and sea, especially the latter, and how you have survived the hair-breadth 'scapes and ventures of the briny Atlantic."

Glibert Margrave told, in a few words, the particulars of his voyage, which had been a rapid and a pleasant one; "so rapid a passage," he continued with a smile, "that I trust I am yet in time to assist at the wedding of Miss Horton and my old friend Mortimer Percy."

A shade of vexation crossed Adelaide's pretty face.

"I really do not see," she said, "why ail the world should be in such a hurry for this marriage. There is surely time enough. One would think I was in danger of becoming an old maid, or else that everybody was desirous of getting rid of me.'

"I do not think there is much fear of either contingency," replied Gilbert, laughing.

"The truth is, Mr. Margrave," said Mrs. Montresor, "that my dear Adelaide is a spoiled child, and because her cousin happens to be a very sensible, high-principled young man, but not exactly a hero of romance, she thinks herself called upon to affect a contempt for him. But I know her better than she knows herself, and I am certain that, at the bottom of her heart, she cherishes a very sincere affection for Mortimer."

"How can you know what's at the bottom of my heart, when I don't know myself, aunt Lucy?" exclaimed Adelaide, impatiently; "upon my word I think no girl was ever so cruelly used as I have been. Other people make up a marriage for me, other people tell me whom I love, when I ought to know a great deal better than they do. It's really shameful?"

If the real cause of Adelaide's indig-

sides of the Atlantic." "Nay, Mr. Margrave," replied Adelaide, whose brief outburst of anger had passed like a thunder cloud in a sunny say, "it is I who should ask pardon. I fear I am a passionate and heartless creature, but I cannot help feeling some indignation against Mr. Leslie for the cheat he has

Adelaide Horton scarcely dared own to herself that it was jealousy of Gilbert's evident partiality for Cora, rather than anger against the young girl herself, that had been the cause of her oruel word.

Augustus Horton entered the room at this moment, and Adelaide presented her brother to the young engineer.

There was little sympathy between Gilbert Margrave and the planter of New Orleans. Augustus had never quitted the Southern States, except on the occa-sion of one or two brief visits to New York. His ideas were narrow, his prejudices deeply rooted. He was by no means free from the vices of hts fellowcitizens; he was known to frequent the gambling-houses, which, in spite of the law promulgated for their suppression, still existed in New Orleans; but he was known, also, to be prudent, even in the midst of his dissipation, and never to have jeopardized the splendid estate left him by his father.

But hospitality is an universal virtue with the creoles, and Augustus bade the young engineer a hearty welcome to his house.

They conversed for some time on in-different subjects, and Gilbert, having accepted an invitation to dinner for the

following day, was about to take his leave, when he was prevented by the en-trance of the slave, Myrs. The girl approached her mistress with an embarrassed manner unusual to her. "What is the matter with you, Myra?" asked Augustus impatiently. "What are asked Augustus impatiently. "What are you standing there for? Why don't you

speak?" "Oh, if you please, massa," stam-mered the girl, "there is a young person below who asks to see my mistress, and who calls herself Miss Leslie."

"Gerald Leslie's daughter here!" ex-claimed Augustus. "This is too much. This is what her father exposes us to in not teaching this girl her real position. "What is to be done?" asked Adelaide,

turning pale. "Can you ask?" replied her brother. "Surely there is but one course. I will ask Myra here," he added, pointing to the young quadroon. "Tell me, girl, what do you think of this young person?

"Why, massa, I-I-thought in spite of the whiteness of her skin, she must

"Of the same rank as yourself; is it not so?"

"Yes, massa." "Very well, then; do you think it pos-

sible that your mistress could receive her as a visitor-as an equal?" "Oh, no, massa !" exclaimed the girl.

"That is enough. You can let her know this."

Myra courtesied, and was about to leave the room, when Gilbert Margrave arrested her by an imperious motion of his hand.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "Pardon me. Mr. Horton, if I presume to say that this must not be. I had the honor of meeting Miss Leslie one evening at the house of your aunt. Permit me, therefore, to spare her an insult which I should feel myself a dastard in tolerating. Allow me to carry your answer to Miss Leslle?" "You, sir!" exclaimed Augustus Herton.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Horton, if I ap pear to make a bad return for the kind welcome you were so ready to effer to a stranger; but remember that the cus-toms and prejudices of the South are

The slave seemed to be listening eagerly for some sound within.

"All is silent," he said, sorrowfully; "that pretty bird sings no more. What has happened? Something, I know. I saw by her sad face when she returned from New Orleans yesterday, that all was not well with the sweet young mistress. The sorrows of those he loves cannot escape the old eyes of poor Toby.' At this moment a light footstep sounded behind him, and Cora Leslie

emerged from the pavilion. The young girl was dreesed in the thinnest white muslin, which floated round her graceful figure aerial as some vapory cloud in a summer sky. She was pale, and a mournful shadow dimmed the orient splendor of her large black eyes. She descended the marble steps slowly, without perceiving the faithful slave who had risen at her approach, and who stood aside regarding her earnestly. "Miss Cora is sad," he said presently; "will she forgive the poor slave if he pre-

sumes to ask why?" She started at the sound of the mulatto's voice, and turning toward him

held out her hand silently. Toby took the little hand in his and

insult his only daughter. Go!" "I obey you, Miss Leslie," answered Augustus, white with rage, and tremraised it to his lips. "Miss Cora does not deny that she is sad," he repeated. bling in every limb with suppressed pas-

"Not so much sad, Toby, as be-wildered," replied the young girl. "My reception at the house of my old schoolfellow has filled my mind with per-plexity. What could be the meaning of Adelaide Horton's conduct?"

"Forgive me, Miss Core, if I remind you that your father particularly re-quested you not to leave the house dur-

ing his absence." "I know, Toby, I know. But why that request? Why am I a prisoner here? Why is my father's manner more indicative of sorrow than joy at my return to Louisiana? Why, on my first visit to the friend of my youth, do I find the door shut in my face?'

"But the English gentleman who conducted you home explained the reason of that Miss Cors?"

"No, Toby; Mr. Margrave endeavored to explain, but in doing so he only re-vealed his embarrassment. There is some secret in all this. Some mystery that- Hark!"

The sound which arrested Cora's attention was the trampling of a horse's hoofs upon the carriage drive below the terrace.

"Hulloa !" cried a voice from the seme direction. "Hulloa, there! Is there any one to hold my horse?" "A visitor !" exclaimed Cora.

"It is Mr. Augustus Horton," said Toby, looking over the balustrade.

"Adelaide's brother! Then I will see him."

"But in your father's absence, Miss Cora?" murmured the slave, anxiously. "I will see him," repeated Cora; (he may come to offer an explanation-

Heaven knows it is needed.' "Hulloa! is every one asleep here?"

cried the voice below. "Coming, massa," answered Toby, running down the terrace steps. Three minutes afterward Augustus

Horton made his appearance in the flower gargen, where Cors awaited him. He bowed carelessly to the young girl without raising his hat, but fixing upon her lovely face a gaze of ardent admira-

tion. He carried a light riding-whip in his hand and was smoking a cigar, which he did not remove from his mouth.

"Miss Cora Leslie, I presume?" said. Cora bowed.

"Mr. Leslie is not at home, I understand?"

"I am expecting his return at any moment, Mr. Horton," answered Cora. Something in the planter's familiar manner, and in his ardent gaze filled the young girl with indignant surprise, and she looked at him with a glance of astonishment as he flung . sealed packet upon the table, and seated himself with-

I will tear into a hundred fragments the bill which I hold for fifty thousand dollars, and which it will half ruin Gerald

Leslie to pay." Her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving with offended modesty, Cora Leslie rose from her chair.

"Toby," she called, without even re-plying by so much as a look to the planter's appeal.

"Cora Leslie, what would you do?" exclaimed the Creole, rising. "Toby !" repeated Cora.

"Beware, young lady !"

The mulatto appeared in answer to the summons of his young mistress.

"Toby, you will conduct this gentleman to the gates of my father's grounds, and remember that if he ever again dares to present himself here, it will be your duty to refuse him admittance. You hear?" "Yes, mistress."

"Go, sir," said Cors, looking at Augus-

tus for the first time since she had risen

from her seat; "I am but a stranger in

New Orleans, and you have done much

to enlighten me as to the character of its

inhabitants. You have done well to

choose the hour of a father's absence to

sion. "Believe me, I shall not forget our

interview of today, and shall take an op-

portunity to remind you of it on some

future occasion. For the present I am

your debtor; but trust me, the hour of

settlement will come between us, when

you shall pay dearly for this insolence.

In the meantime," he added, turning to the mulatto, "in order to teach your

young mistress her proper position, be good enough to relate to her the story of

With one savage glance at the indig-nant girl, he hurried down the terrace

steps, sprang into the saddle, put spurs to his horse, and rode off at a gallop. "Francilia!" exclaimed Cora; "Fran-

clha! what could he mean? Speak, Toby, tell me, who was this Franchia."

"Speak, I say," repeated Cora.

Toby made no reply.

not look at me thus."

slender hand, "Toby, speak !"

The mulatto hung his head and was

"Francilia-was-a slave belonging to Mr. Lesile, Miss Cora."

common with me? Why did that man

cast her name in my face as an insult?"

"Well, then, what could she have in

"You do not answer me. Good Heav-

ens! a terrible light flashes upon me.

Speak, speak !" cried the excited girl,

grasping the arm of the slave in her

The mulatto fell on his knees at the

"Miss Cora, in the name of mercy, do

"Toby, tell me," murmured Cora, in a

"Mistress, dear mistress, for pity's

voice hoarse with emotion; "who was

sake do not ask me. I have promised

"You said just now that you loved me," answered Cora; "if you spoke the truth, prove your affection; tell me who

"Your mother-" faltered the slave;

"But I command you -nay, I implore."

"Your mother-was called-Francilia."

me!" cried Cora, hiding her face in her

hands; then, after a long pause-she

of my mother. Francilia! a slave! this

"And I did not even know the name

"Dead, far from her child who was not

"Thank Heaven you do not curse her memory," murmured Toby, rising. "Curse her !" exclaimed Cora; would

that I could embrace her as I do you,"

she sided, throwing her arms about the

even permitted to weep for her."

then is the secret of my life. Alas! she LAW OFFICE

"Oh, merciful Heaven, have pity upon

"no, no, I cannot, I dare not."

feet of his young mistress, and cried im-

Francilia.

slient.

ploringly.

my mother?"

not to reveal -"

was my mother."

said sorrowfully-

is dead; is she not?"

"She is."



