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THE OCTOROON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER I.



shone side by side upon the aristocratic crowd; the rich perfume of exotic blossoms floated on the air; brave men and lovely women were met together to aseist at the farewell ball given by the wealthy American, Mrs. Montresor, on her departure for New Orleans with her lovely niece, Adelaide Horton, whose charming face and sprightly manners had been the admiration of all London during the season of 1860.

The haughty English beauties were by no means pleased to see the seasation made by the charms of the vivacious young American, whose brilliant and by our nature contrasted strongly with the proud and languid daughters of fashion who intrenched themselves behind a barrier of icy reserve, which often repelled their admirers.

Adelaide Horton was a gay and lighthearted being. Born upon the planta-tion of a wealthy father, the cries of besten slaves had never disturbed her infant slumbers; for the costly mansion in which the baby helress was reared was far from the huts of the helpless creatures who worked sometimes sixteen hours a day to swell the planter's wealth. No groans of agonized parents torn from their unconscious babes; no cries of outraged husbands, severed from their newly-wedded wives, had ever broken Adelaide's rest. She knew nothing of the slave-trade, as at a very early age the planter's daughter had been sent to England for her education. Her father had died during her absence from America, and she was thus left to the guardianchip of an only brother, the present possessor of Horton Ville, as the extensive plantation and magnificent country-seat were called.

On Adeiaide attaining her eighteenth year, her nunt, Mrs. Montresor, an inhabitant of New York, and the widow of a rich merchant, had crossed the Atlantic at Augustus Horton's request, for the purpose of giving her niece a season in London, and afterward escorting her back to Louisiana.

She found Adelaide all that the most anxious relatives could have wishedelegant, accomplished, fashionable, wellbred; a little frivolous, perhaps, but what of that, since her lot in life was to be a smooth and easy one. Mrs. Montresor was delighted, and expressed her gratification very warmly to the Misses Beaumont, of West Brompton, in whose expensive but fashionable seminary Ade-

smile; with the tenderness of a woman lying shadowed in the profound depths of her almond-snaped black eyes. Features, delicately molded and exquisitely proportioned; a tiny rosebud mouth; a Grecian nose; a complexion fairer than the ungathered lily hiding deep in an un-trodden forest; it was difficult for the imagination of the poet, or the painter, to picture aught so beautiful. 'Is she not lovely?' repeated Gilbert

Margrave.

The young South American put his head critically on one side, with the calculating glance with which a connoisseur in the fine arts regards a valuable pic-ture. The used-up Mortimer Percy made it a rule never to commit himself by admiring anything or anybody. "Hum—ha!" he muttered thoughtfully;

"yes, she's by no means had-looking.

"By no means bad-looking !" cried Gilbert Margrave, impatiently; "you coldhearted automaton, how dare you speak of womanly perfection in such a manner. She's an angel, a goddess-a sirena---

"You'll have an attack of apoplexy, Margrave, if you go on in this way," said Mortimer, laughing.

"Can you tell me who she is?"

"No. But I can do more. I can tell you what she is."

"What do you mean?" "I mean that your angel, your nymph,

your goddees, your siren, is-a slave. "A slave?" exclaimed Gilbert,

"Yes. The African blood runs in those purple veins. The hereditary curse of slavery hovers over that graceful and queen-like head."

"But her skin is fairer than the lily." "What of that? Had you been a planter, Gilbert, you would have been

able to discover, as I did, when just now I stood close to that lovely girl, the fatal signs of her birth. At the extreme corner of the eye, and at the root of the finger nalls, the South American can always discover the trace of slavery, though but one drop of the blood of the despised race tainted the object upon whom he looked."

"But this girl seems an Intimate friend of your cousin, Adelaide; who can she asked Gilbert.

"Yes, that is the very thing that puzzies me. Adelaide must be utterly ignorant of her origin, or she would never treat as a friend one who, on the other side of the Atlantic, would be her lady'smaid. But, hush, here comes my aunt, she will be able to tell us all about her beautiful guest."

Mrs. Montresor was still a handsome woman. She bore a family likeness to her nephew. Mortimer, who was the only son of her sister, while Adelaide and Augustus Horton ware the children of her brother. Her fair ringlets had, as yot, escaped the hand of Time. No telltale streaks of gray had stolen amid the showering locks. Her blue eyes were as bright as those of a girl, and shone with the light of good humorand benevelence. She was not only a handsome woman, she was a lovable one. The young instinctively clung to her, and felt that within that ample bosom beat a kindly heart. which a long summer of prosperity had never rendered callous to the woes of others.

"Come, gentlemen !" she said gayly, as she approached the two friends; "this is really too bad! Here are you lolling on a sofa, 'wasting your sweet-ness on the desert air,' while I have, at least, half a dozen pretty girls waiting for eligible partners for the next waitz. As for you, Mortimer," she added, shaking her perfumed fan, threateningly, at her nephew; "you are really incorrigible; poor Adelaide does not even know you are here." "I came in late, my dear sunt, and I saw that both you and my cousin were so surrounded by admirere, it was quite impossible to approach you." 'A preity excuse, sir, which neither I nor Adelaide will accept," said Mrs. Montresor, laughing.

"Take care, Mortimer," said his aunt; 'you are surely not going to fall in love with Miss Leslie

"Not the least danger, my dear aunt. Though I would not say as much for poor Gilbert here."

"Pshaw! Mortimer," exclaimed the young artist, reddening : "It is the painter's privilege to admire beauty without loving It."

"No doubt of It, my dear boy," answered Mortimer; "but unfortunately, sometimes a certain little rosy-legged gentleman, with a bow and arrows, called Cupid, steps in; the painter forgets his privilege, and the man falls in love with the artist's model."

"Well, I must leave you, gentlemen," said Mrs. Montresor; "I think I see Adelaide and Miss Lealle coming this way, so if you want an introduction to the young South American you must obtain it through my niece. Au revoir, naughty boys !"

Stay, my dear sunt, you will forgive Mr. Margrave when I tell you that he is as determined an abolitionist as yourself, or any of your friends in New York. He means sailing for South America in a month, armed with some new inventions in machinery, which he declares ought to supersede slave labor."

"Yes, madam," said Gilbert, earnestly; "your nephew well knows my opinion upon this subject, and though his interests may be allied to the hateful barter, which should call a blush to the check of every honest American, I know that his heart is with us, the abolitionists of slavery.

"Let me shake hands with you, Mr. Margrave," exclatmed Mrs. Montresor; "I declare to you that so hateful to me is the slave trade, and all connected with it, that were it not necessary for me to escort my niece home and assist at her marriage with his hare-brained boy, I would never again set foot upon the accursed soil of Lousiana, but I must not say more to you now, for here come the young ladies. Adelaide is but a child as yet, and has never thought seriously of the matter; while her brother, Augustus, like his father before him, is a determined advocate of slavery. Once more, adieu !" and the elegant, although portly, Mrs. Montresor glided from the room, her rich robes of sky-blue moire antique rustling around her.

"Gilbert," said Mortimer, hurriedly, as soon as his aunt was out of hearing, "remember, I beg, do not breathe to a mortal one hint of what I just now told you, with regard to Miss Leslie's origin. I suspect some painful mystery here, and I would not, for the world, that any idle talk of mine should cause this poor girl's gentle heart one throb of sorrow or one thrill of shame."

"You may rely upon me, Mortimer," exclaimed Gilbert, with enthusiasm. 'My lips are sealed forever.'

He had scarcely spoken, when the two young girls approached, arm in arm.

There was a marked contrast between the* two friends. Young as Adelaide Horton was, she had already all the finished elegance and easy confidence of a woman of fashion. Frivolous, capricious, and something of a coquette, she was born to charm in a ball-room, and to shine in a crowd. Cora Leslie was a creature of an utterly different nature. Like some wild flower from the luxuriant forests of her native South she seemed destined to bloom with a sweeter perfume in loneliness. To blossom for the silent stars and the midnight skies; to expand her fairest petals to the sunshine

ence of some sudden impulse. I am daring enough, Heaven knows, but there is one species of courage that I lack-the courage which gives the power of resist-I could not oppose my aunt. ance. Has she not been the tenderest of mothers to me? Besides, I did not love any one else, or at least— Why abandon myself to dreams that can nover be realized? Again, as the wife of my cousin Mortimer, I shall never be an exile from my dear native South. If you see me gay and happy, Cora, in spite of my approaching marriage, it is that I shall soon behold the blue skies of my beloved Louisiana."

"Forgive me, dearest Adelaide," said Cora Leslie, "but from a few words that escaped you just now, I fancy that I have a secret of your heart. Has Mr. Margrave by any chance made an im-pression in that quarter?"

"You are very inquisitive, miss," re-plied Adelaide, blushing. "Mr Margrave is an accomplished young man, but his manner to me has never gone beyond the bounds of the most ceremonious politeness. Perhaps, indeed, had he betrayed any warmer sentiment toward me, I might- But do not, I implore you, force me to reflect, my dear Cora. Is it not decided that I am to marry Mortimer? I will present him to you this evening if he makes his appearance, and you shall tell me what you think of

him." "I am most impatient to see him," said Cors. "Tell me, dear Adelaide, did you ask him for tidings of my father?" "Do not think me forgetful, dear Cora,

but I had so much to say to him about my brother and my native country, that I forgot to make the inquiries you charged me with. There now, you are angry with me, I know; I can see it in

your eyes." "No, Adelaide, no !" answered Cora, "that which you see in my eyes is not anger, but anxiety. It is nearly three months since I have received any letter from my dear father, and this long silence is so unlike his affectionate consideration that it has filled me with alarm."

"Nay, my dear Cora, the cares of business no doubt have prevented his writing; or perhaps he is coming over to England, and wishes to give you a delightful surprise. Did you not tell me that Mr. Leslie meant to sell his plantation, and take up his abode in England? But here comes Mortimer, and you can yourself make all the inquiries you wish.

CHAPTER IL

HE young planter strolled with a deisurely step through the doorway of the conservatory, bow-ing to the two girls as he entered the room. "At last!" exclaimed Adelaide; "so you have actually condescended to honor my aunt's assem-

bly with your gracious presence, my dear cousin. Perhaps you were in hopes you would not see me. "Perhaps you were in hopes I should

not come," retorted the young man. "On the contrary," said Adelaide, "I

was awaiting you with impatience. But pray don't be atarmed, it was not on my own socount, but on that of Miss Leslie that I wished to see you. - My friend is anxious to ask you about her father." "I was just about to beg you to introduce me to Miss Leslie," replied Mortimer. "Mr. Mortimer Percy, cotton merchant and slave proprietor, my cousin and my future husband, as my aunt says-" "Stop, Adelaide, this is no time for lesting," said Mortimer, gravely.

"Alas, Miss Leslie," replied the young South American. "the planter flads himself between the horns of a terrible dilemma; he must either beat his slaves or suffer from their laziness. I will own to you that Mr. Leslie is not considered too indulgent a master; but he only follows the example of the greater number of our colonists. However it is not he, but his overseer who was the chief cause of this revolt. Your father would have interfered; in attempting to do so he was seriously wounded ; but let me once more assure you that he was entirely out of danger when I left New Orleans. "And did he give you no message for me-no letter?" asked Cora.

"No. Miss Leslie."

"What, not a word?"

"Your father did not know that I should see you," replied Mortimer, "and it is on this very subject that I wish to ask you a few questions; not prompted by any vain curiosity, believe me, but because you inspire me with the warmest interest

"Speak, Mr. Percy," said Cora, seating herself.

Mortimer drew a chair to the side of that on which Cora was seated, and placing himself near to her, said gravely. "Tell me, Miss Leslie, in what manner do you usually receive your father's letters?' "Through one of his correspondents

who lives at Southampton." "Then they are not directly addressed

to you.

"They are not." "Were you very young when you left Louislana?"

"I was only five years old," replied Cora. "So young! Your memory can recall nothing that occurred at that time, I suppose.

"Oh, yes," answered Cora; "but memories so confused that they seem rather to resemble dreams. But there is one recollection which no time can efface. It is of a woman, young, beautiful, who clasped me in her arms, sobbing as she strained me to her breast. I can still hear her sobs when I recall that scene." "Has Mr. Leslie ever spoken to you of

your mother?" asked Mortimer. "Was it she?" cried Cors, eagerly.

"I do not know, Miss Leslie, for at that time I was still in England, where, like you, I received my education.'

"Alas," exclaimed Cora, her beautiful eyes filling with tears, "who could it be if it was not her? No, Mr. Percy, I have never known even the poor consolation of hearing people speak of my mother. Every time I have ventured to address my father on the subject, he has replied in harsh and cold tones that have chilled my heart. All that I could over learn was that she died young, at New Or leans. I dared not speak upon a subject which caused my poor father such pain ful emotions."

"But he has always evinced the greatest affection for you, Miss Leslie, has he not?" asked Mortimer.

"Oh, Mr. Percy," replied Cora, her eyes kindling with enthusiasm, "what father ever better loved his child. Every whim, every childish wish has been gratified. but one; alas, that one prayer he would never grant."

"And that prayer was-?"

"That I might join him in New Orleans. On his last visit to England, a year ago, I implored him to take me back with him ; but he was deaf to all my entreaties. "It is because I love you," he said, "that I refuse to take you with me;' perhaps it was the climate of Louisiana that he feared : that climate may have been the cause of my mother's death." "I was sure of it," thought Mortimer, she is entirely ignorant of her origin, "All that I could obtain from him in answer to my prayers," continued Cora, was a promise that this separation should be the last; and that he would sell his plantation at the earliest opportunity, and come and establish himself in England." "And since then," said Mortimer, "has he renewed that promise?" "With reservations that have made me tremble," replied Cora; "I fear that his affairs are embarrassed, and will detain him from me long after the promlsed time of our reunion." "Alas, Miss Leslie, you are not de-ceived," said Mortimer, earnestly; "Mr. Leslie has experienced great losses. The death of Mr. Treverton, his partner, who was killed in a duel a year ago, at the very time of your father's return from England, revealed deficiencies that he had never dreamed of. He was obliged to have recourse to heavy loans; and since that, the revolt of his slaves, in damaging the harvest, has given the finishing blow to his difficulties. "Then my father is ruined, Mr. Percy. cried Cora, clasping her hands; "oh, do not imagine that the aspect of poverty alarms m6; it is not of myself that I think, but of him. What a life of anxiety and effort he has endured, in order to establish a position, which he only seemed to value on my account! Never has he allowed me to hear one expression of uneasiness drop from his lips; never has he denied the most extravagant of my caprices. Ah, if he but knew how gladly I would exchange all Louisville Courier Journal. this worthless splendor for the happiness of sheltering my head upon his noble breast. If he could but tell how & Unit Parific, a mountain road owned dear the kumplest home would be to me and operated by the H & M., west from after the long isolation of my youth. Who can tell now how long our separa- Denver yesterday. An engine running tion may endure !"

"No, madam, nothing is irreparable busthe time which we pass far away from those we love in the hour of trouble I implore you to take me back to him.

"But, Cors." answered Mrs. Montresor. "do you forget that your father formally expressed his wish that you should remain in England?"

"Yes, madam; but the motive of my disobedience will render it excusable, and my first duty is to go and console my father.

"Pardon me if I still interfere, Miss Leslie," said Mortimer Percy, earnestly :. "but think once more before you take this rash step. Your father may have some very serious motive for forbidding; your return to New Orleans.

"What motive could a father have for separating himself from his only child? But stay," added Cora, struck by the earnestness of Mr. Percy's manner, "perhaps there is some secret, some mystery which you are aware of. Tell me sir, is it so? Your manner just now-the strange questions which you asked me, all might

lead me to suppose--" "Those questions were only prompted by my interest in you, Miss Leslie," replied Mortimer; "but it is the same interest which bids me urge you to abandon. the thought of this voyage. Your father's. welcome may not be so warm as you. would wish.

"I know his heart too well to fear that," exclaimed the excited girl; "be it as it may, my resolution is irrevocable; and if you refuse to take me under your charge, Mrs. Montresor," she added, "I will go alone." "What?" cried Adelaide, who had en-

tered the ante-chamber, followed by Gilbert, in time to hear these last words. "You would go alone, Cora; and who, then, opposes your departure? We will go together; will we not, dear aunt?" exclaimed the impetuous girl.

"Yes, Adelaide, since your friend is. determined on loaving, it will be far better for her to accompany us," replied Mrs. Montresor; "but I must own that I do not willingly give my consent to Miss-Leslie's disobedience to her father's wishes."

"But my father's thanks shall repay you for all, dear madam," said Cora; "" shall never forget his goodness."

"Come, come then, naughty child, lets us return to the ball-room. You must bid adieu to all your acquaintances tonight, for our vessel, the Virginia, sails in three days. Come, children, come."

Mrs. Montresor led the two girls away, while Mortimer Percy flung himself on a sofa, Gilbert Margrave watching him anxiously.

"Why did you not tell Mrs. Montresor the truth?" asked Gilbert.

"What would have been the use, since I cannot tell it to Miss Leslie? That is what seals my lips. Her father has con-cealed from her her real origin. She thinks she is of the European race-I discovered that in my interview with her-and I dare not reveal a secret which is not mine to tell."

"And you fear that her return to New Orleans will cause sorrow to herself?" said Gilbert.

"I do," replied the young Bouth American; "every door at which she dares to knock will be closed against her. Even my cousin, her friend, will turn from her with pity, perhaps, but with contempt. You, who dwell in a land where the lowest beggar, crawling in his loathsome rags, is as free as your mightlest. nobleman, can never guess the terrors. of slavery. Genius, beauty, wealth, these cannot wash out the stain; the fatal taint of African blood still remains; and though a man were the greatest and noblest upon earth, the curse clings to . him to the last. He is-a slave !"

laide had been educated.

In an ante-chamber leading out of the crowded ball-room - an ante-chamber where the atmosphere was cool, and where the close neighborhood of a fountain plashing into its marble basin in an adjoining conservatory refreshed the wearied ear, two young men lounged niy upon a satin-covered couch, watchlug the dancers through the open ball-

room door. The first of these two young men was a South American, Mortimer Percy, the partner of Augustus Horton, and the first cousin of the planter and his pretty

sister Adelaide. Mortimer Percy was a handsome young man. His fair curling hair clustered round a broad and noble forehead; his large clear blue eyes sparkled with the light of intellect; his delicate aquiline nose and chiseled nostrils bespoke the refinement of one who was by nature a gentleman ; but a satirical expression spoiled an stherwise beautiful mouth, and an air of languor and weariness pervaded his appearance. He seemed one of those who have grown indifferent to life, careless alike of its joys and sorrows.

His companion contrasted strongly with him both in appearance and manner. With a complexion bronzed by exposure to Southern suns, with flashing black eyes, a firm but flexible mouth, shaded with a silky raven mustache, and thick black hair brushed carelessly back from his superb forehead, Gilbert Margrave, artist, engineer, philanthropist, poet, seemed the very type of manly energy.

The atmosphere of a crowded ballroom appeared unnatural to dus. That daring spirit was out of place amidst the narrow conventionalities of fashienable life; the soaring nature needed wide savannas and lotty mountain tops, distant rivers and sounding waterfaits; the artist and post mind signed for the beautiful-not the beautiful as we see it in a hot-house flower, imprisoned in a China vase, but as it lurks in the gigantle cap of the Victoria reg n on the broad bosom of the mighty Amazon. But Gibers Margrave was one of the

Pons of 1880. An envention in machin-ery, which had enriched both the inventor and the conton spinners of Manchester, had made the young sugment celebrated, and when it was discovered that he belonged to a good Somorsetshire family, that he was manusome and ac-complished, an artist and a poet, invitations flocked in upon him from all the fashionable quarters of the Westernd.

He had been sheart for some time, his gaze riveted upon one of the prillant groups in the bail-room, when Mortimer Percy tapped him lightly on the shoulder with his gloved hand.

"Why, man, what are you dreaming of?" he said, laughing; "what entrancing vision has orchained your artist glance? what fairy form has bewitched your post soul? One would think you were amid selltudes of some forest on the banks of the Danube instead of a ball-room in Grosvenor Square. Contess. my Gilbert, confess to your old irlend, and reveal the nymph whose spells have transformed you into a statue.

Gilbert soulied at his friend's saily. The two young men had met upon the continent, and had traveled together through Germany and Switzerland.

"The nymph is no other than yonder lovely girl, talking to your coucin. Miss Horton," shid Gilbert; "jook at her, Mostimer, watch the gradeful head, the silky raven hair, as she bends down to whisper to her companion. Is she not lovely?

Few who looked upon the young girl of whom Gilbert Margrave spoke, could well have answered otherwise than in the affirmative. She was indeed lovely in the first blush of youth, with the inno-cence of an angel beaming in every

"And then, again, 1 wanted to have a chat with Gilbert."

"Out upon your gallantry, sir; you preferred talking to M. Margrave to dancing with your cousin and affianced bride?'

"I am not a very good dancer; I am apt to tread upon the ladies' lace flounces, and get my heels entangled in the spurs of young dragoons. I really thought my cousin would rather be excused.

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Montresor, evidently rather annoyed by her-nephew's indifference; "I should not be surprised if Adelaide should one day ask to be excused from marrying you."

"Good gracious!" cried Mortimer, playing with his watch chain; "do you think my cousin is not very violently in love with me?"

Violently in love with you? coxcomb l But, joking apart, really, Mortimer, you are the coldest, most unpoetloal, soulless creature I ever met."

"My dear aunt," said Mortimer, apolo-getically, "I will freely own that I am not a very sentimental person. But what of that? My intended marriage with my consin, Adelaide, is by no means a romantic affair. In the first place, Augustus Horton and I are partners. My marriage with his sister is therefore advisable, on the ground of commercial interests. That is reason number one, not very romantle to begin with. Ranson number two is this: you have two nephews and one niece; you wish your favorite nephew (meaning me) to marry your plece, in order that ups of teen duys, having no children of your wh, you many leave them the bulk of your fortune. There's nothing particularly romantic in this. You say to the two young people, "Marry," and the two young ·Very well, we're agreeable people say, 'Very well, we're agreeable !' and babold the business is settled. Very advisable, and very proper, no doubly but not a subject for romance. my dear sunt"

Bah, Mortimer, you're incorrigible but i know that at the bottom of your heart you're very much in love with your protty cousin, notwithstandlna our preleading indifference."

"Come, then, my best of sunts. Forgive your most perverse of nephews, and inswer me one question, for the benefit of Gilbert Margrave here, who has been bewitched by one of the lilies of your ball-room.

indeed, and pray who is the lady?" "That is the very question we want you to answer," replied Mortimer, leading his sunt to the curtained doorway of the ball-room. Bee, there she is, that dark-eyed girl talking to my cousin Ade laide.

"That is Miss Leslie." "What Miss Leslie?"

"The daughter of Mr. Gerald Leelle of New Orleans.

"Indeed !" exclaimed Mortimer. "Yes. But you seem surprised."

"I am a little," replied the young man thoughtfully; "I did not know Leslie had

a daughter. "But you see he has, since she is an

intimate triand of Adelaide's." "How did they become acquainted?"

"They were educated at the same sobool. "Indeed. She is a very lovely girl, and

ou must be good enough to introduce us to her, by-and-by."

of one loving heart. "I do not care to see my cousin just

now," said Mortimer, "so I will leave you, Gilbert, to make yourself agreeable to the young ladies, while I go and smoke a cigar in the balcony opening out of the conservatory."

The young man strolled through the curtained doorway, leading into the gool retreat, as his oousin and her friend entered from the ball-room.

"Here, at least, my dear Cora, we shall be able to breathe," said Adelaide, as the two girls approached Gilbert. "Ah, Mr. Margrave," she added, perceiving the young artist, "it is here, then, that you have been hiding yourself while a hundred Hon-hunters have been trying to chase you. Cora, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Gilbert Margrave, engineer, artist, poet-lion! Mr. Margrave, allow me to present to you Miss Cora Leslie, my friend, and the most elegant waltzer in my aunt's crowded assembly.'

"I beg, Mr. Margrave," said Cora Leelie, "that you will not listen to Miss Horton's assertions; she only grants me this eulogy because she knows that she waltzes better than I.'

"Will you permit me to be the judge of that, Miss Leslie?" said Gilbert, "and, in order that I may be so, grant me your hand for the next waltz?"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Adelaide, laughing, "we'll waltz with you. I promise for Cora. Now, pray go back into the ball-room, Mr. Margrave, and satisfy those good people who are pining to stare you out of countenance, which is the only English tribute to gentus. Go now, you shall summon Cora as soon as the first notes of the waltz strike up. "Au revoir, Miss Leslie, till I come to

claim your hand." Gilbert bowed and left the ante-room,

not without one enthusiastic glance at the innocent face of the fair Louisianian. There goes another of your admirers, Cora," cried Adelaide, as she flung herself into one of the luxurious easy-chairs while Cora scated herself on a sofa, a few paces distant and laid her bo, quet of hot-house dowers on a tiny table at her side; "I declare, Miss Cora Leslie, that I begin to think I did a very unwise thing in persuading my dear, good-natured aunt to give this farewell reanion to our English friends, for you had only to make your appearance in order to steal every admirer I have. It is a general desertion to the camp of the enemy

l should not wonder if Mortimer himself joined the renegades, and left me to sing willow for my inconstant swain. But I thought from what you told me, Adeiaide, replied Cora, laughing, "that Mr. Percy was by no means a very

anthusiastic or romantic person." "Oh, no, indged," said Adelaide, with an impatient sigh; "you are right there, my dear Cora, never was there such a cold-hearted, matter-of-fact being as that cousin and future husband of mine. If he pays me a compliment, it is only an artful way of drawing attention to one of my defects, which, I will own, are rather numerous. If he ever utters an afectionate word, I always feel convinced that he is laughing at me. Imagine now, my dear Cora, was it not flattering to my womanly vanity to hear him say, when he arrived in London a month or two ago, after a separation of four years, "My dear Adelaide, my aunt has taken ft into her head that you and I ought to marry; I don't want to oppose her, and I suppose you don't either.

"And you replied-?"

"'Oh, no, my dear cousin; I've no objection to marry you. But pray don't ask anything else.

"But why did you give your consent?" asked Cors.

"I searcely know. I am impetuous, rash, passionate, capable of doing even a wicked action when under the influ-

"Is your news bad then?" exclaimed his cousin. "It is not altogether as favorable as I

should wish."

"Oh, in Heaven's name, speak, Mr. Percy," cried Cora, pale with agitation, what has happened to my father?" "Beassure yourself, Miss Leslie," re-

plied Mortimer, "when I left New Orleans your father was rapidly recovering." "He had been ill, then?"

"He was wounded in a revolt of the

slaves on his plantation." "Wounded " exclaimed Cora; "oh, for pity's sake, do not deceive me, 'Mr. Percy I this wound-was it dangerous?" "It was no longer so when I left Louis-

iana. I give you my honor." Cora sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"You see, Adelaide," she murmured, after a few moments' slience, "my presentiments were not unfounded. Dearest father, and I was not near to watch and comfort you?"

Adalaide Horton seated herself by the side of her friend, twining her arm affectionately about Cora's alender waist. "Strange," thought Mortimer Percy,

as he watched the two girls, "one word from me and my cousin would shrink from this lovely and innocent creature with loathing and disdam."

The prelude of a waltz resounded at this moment from the orchestra and Gilbert Margrave appeared to claim his partner. "Ah !" exclaimed Adelaide, "it is you,

Mr. Margrave! My poor friend has just heard some sad news "Sad news, Miss Horton !"

"Yes, there has been a revolt of the slaves, in which her father well nigh feil a victim. Thank Heaven, the result was less terrible than it might have been.' While Adelaide was speaking to Mr. Margrave, Mortimer Percy approached the chair on which Cora was seated, and bending over her for a moment said, in a low voice, "let me speak to you alone, Miss Loslie."

"Alone?" exclaimed Cora, with new alarm, then turning to Gilbert, she said calmly, "I trust that you will be so kind as to excuse me, Mr. Margrave, and ask Adelaide to favor you with her hand for the next waltz. I wish to speak to Mr. Percy about this sad affair.'

"Cora insists upon it, Mr. Margrave. said Adelaide, "and you must therefore resign yourself. But remember," she added, turning to Cora, "that we only consent on condition that we find you smiling and altogether restored to good spirits on your return. Now, Mr. Mortimer Percy, after this I suppose you will leave of praising the virtue of your pet negroes.

"What would you have, my dear cousin?" replied Mortimer; "when dogs are too violently beaten, they are apt to bite.

"They should be tied up then," retorted Adelaide as she took Gilbert's arm and hurried to the ball-room where the dancers were already whirling round in valse

a deux-temps. Cors rose as she found herself alone with the young planter, and no longer attempting to conceal her agitation, exclaimed anxiously :

"And am I indeed to believe what you say, Mr. Percy; do you really mean that is this usage which has urged my tather's leves to this revolt?"

"Nay, Miss Leelle," said Mortimer soothingly; "your father's position is quire a long time and considerable courage in order to extricate himself from his difficultles."

"A long time! Some years, perhaps? usked Cora. "I fear so."

"And during this heart-rending strugor sustain him. And if new dangers should menace him-for this revolt has been avenged by the blood of the slavemay cause new rebellion. Oh, heaven the thought makes me tremble! No. my father shall not be alone to struggle If he suffers I will console him; if he is in danger I will share it with him.

"What do you mean, Miss Leslie?" eried Mortimer.

"You leave England in a few days with Mrs. Montresor and your cousin Adelalde. I will accompany you." "But, Miss Leslie, remember," re-

monstrated the young man.

'I remember nothing but that my father is in danger, and that a daughter's place is by his side, See, here comes fuse to grant my request."

The good-natured hostess had come te the ante-chamber to look after her wallflowers, as she called them.

"You running away from us, Cora?" she said; "we shall certainly not allow this matter-of-fact nephew of mine te deprive us of the beile of the room." "Ob, my dear Mrs. Montresor," ex

claimed Cora; "a great misfortune has happened to my fathet."

"I know it, my dear child," replied Mrs. Montresor, "but, thank Heaven, that misfortune is not an irreparable one.

To be Conturned.

From aturday's Daily.

The brick and terra cotta company are delivering 50,000 brick to the B. & M. to be used in improvements at the shops here. With other improvements which the HERALD has mentioned the past week. it looks as though the Havelock boom had collapsed.

Geo. Spurlock came in from Denverlist night to visit with his parents. George is in the employ of the great dry goods house of Daniels & Fisher. An idea of their immense business can be imagined when it is known that they paytheir head salesman the princely salary. of \$10,000 per year.

George Shoeman returned from Colarado last week. He says that there is now crop west of Hastings and that there are numbers of families that can't get away and the men have left them on the parching oragies and are seeking work in

A had synch occurred on the Desver 60 miles an hour went off the brack, far from desperate, though he may re- may three other relicond mus. Bot. meager mathematical and watch could be

A 'Xeneralia da nov a "iffue to trienda in the out over the light of live some likes. al the period will show the the sail outgle," exclaimed the young girl, "he will not have a creature near him to comfort have. If each that they had to may the growers the soil floor to shall use haby. the theild conclude him had twin babies. leaders, has it not?-and fresh cruelties and only one cruits, and the kid that and in these on the floor grewitwice as fast as the other Where the soil in: trans a nom dare not shand on one foot. no l'arghi of fight lest vita hey becomes many and bottors him is an 'sing .- Ex. There's fur ahead for next Saturday. l'aghiemocratic primaries arise beheld out vening when the two factions the life". Lot 1 and the "sent hear "sent hear after meet in Readly combat. The Tike have Mrs. Montresor; I know she will not re- long on top lung months and there will " the conduct heart of they should give the to be followentshow. If well White one d the eachiems of the silies, has been very

> Consulate and configuration with some all an "an washers" part a balifuh lends us ord luk Frank is soing to hystrategen AN THE REPORT

The first tresh ovstanout his season at Fred Walter's restaurant, near the courthouse. Fred fixes them up to suit theorem taste of a king. Call on him.

