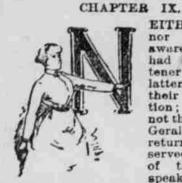
A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.



EITHER Cora nor Toby was aware that there had been a listener during the latter part of their conversation; but it was not the less a fact. Gerald Leslie had returned unobserved by either of the excited

speakers, and, arrested by the passionate gestures of the mulatto slave, had lingered in the background, anxious to discover the cause of

His anger was terrible when he found that the fatal secret which it had been the business of his life to conceal from Cora, was now revealed. But he still lingered, anxious to hear all. "Toby," murmured Cora, rising from her knees; "tell me where did they bury

my mother?" 'Her grave is half hidden in the thickest depths of a wood of magnolias upon the borders of Silas Craig's plantation. I carved a rustic cross and placed it at the

"You will conduct me to the spot, Toby?" asked Cora.

At this moment Gerald Leslie rushed forward, and, springing toward Toby, lifted his riding-whip as if about to strike the mulatto, when Cora flung herself between them. "Strike me rather than him!" she ex-

claimed; then turning to the slave, she said quietly, "Go, Toby! I swear to you that while I live none shall harm so much as a hair of your head."

The mulatto lingered for a moment, looking imploringly at Gerald Leslie. "Forgive me, master, if I have spoken," he murmured pleadingly. "I will not have you excuse yourself,"

said Cora. "You have only done your duty. Go!" Toby bent his head and slowly retired. Cora stood motionless, her arms folded, her eyes fixed upon Gerald Leslie.

"Well," she said, "why do you not strike me? Who am I that your hand has not already chastised my insolence? Your daughter? No! The enild of Francilia, a quadroon, a slave! Prove to me. sir, that I am before my master; for if I am indeed your daughter, I demand of an account of your conduct to my

"You accuse me! You, Cora!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie.

"I am ungrateful, am I not? Yes, another father would have allowed this child to grow up to slavery; while you, ashamed of your paternal love, as if it had been a crime, you tore me from my mother's arms, in order that I might forget her; in order to withdraw me from the curse which rested upon me; to efface, if possible, the last trace of this "What could I have done more than

"You could have refrained from giving

me life! You sent me to England; you caused me to be educated like a princess Do you know what they taught me in that free country? They taught me that the honor of every man, the love of every mother, are alike sacred." "It is, then, with my affection that you

would reproach me!" replied Gerald Leslie mournfully. "I would have saved you, and you accuse me, as if that wish had been a crime! I snatched you from the abyss that yawned before your infant feet, and in return you curse me! Oh, remember, Cora, remember the cares which I lavished upon you! Remember my patient submission to your childish caprices; the happiness I felt in all your baby joys; my pride when your little arms were twined about my neck, and your rosy lips responded to my kisses!'

"No, no!" exclaimed Cora; "do not re-mind me of these things. I would not remember them, for every embrace I bestowed upon you was a theft from my unhappy mother."

"Your mother! Hold, girl! do not speak to me of her! for though I feel that she was innocent of the hazard of her birth, I could almost hate her for having transmitted to you one drop of the se-"Your hatred was satisfied," replied Cora bitterly. "You sold her. The pur-chase-money which you received for her

perhaps served to pay for the costly dresses which you bestowed upon me! The diamonds which have glittered upon my neck and arms were perhaps bought with the price of my mother's blood! "Haye a care, Cora! Beware how you

goad me to desperation. I have tried to forget-nay, I have forgotten that that blood was your own! Do not force me to remember! "And what if I do remind you! what

would you do with me?" asked Cora. "Would you send me to your plantation to labor beneath the burning sun, and die before my time, worn out with superhuman toil? No! sell me rather. You may thus repair your ruined fortunes. Are you aware that one of your creditors, Augustus Horton, offered, not an hour ago, the fifty thousand dollars that you owe him at the price of your daughter's honor?

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie; "all this is too terrible!" and flinging himself upon his knees at Cora's feet, he clasped her hands passionately in his own. "Cora, Cora, have pity upon me! What would you ask of me? What would you have me to do? My crime is the crime of all. Is the punishment to fall upon me alone? Am I alone to suffer? I, who have sacrificed my honoryes, Cora, my honor as a colonist-to the claim of paternal love? Do you know that every citizen in New Orleans would blame and ridicule me for my devotion to you? Do you know that I am even amenable to the laws of Louisiana for having dared to educate your mind and enlighten your understanding? See, I am on my knees at your feet. I, your father, humiliate myself to the very dust! Do not accuse me; in mercy, do not ac-

Cora's beautiful face was pale as ashes, her large dark eyes distended, but tear-

"Upon my knees, beside my mother's grave" she said, solemnly, "I will ask

her spirit if I can forgive you."

She released herself from her father's grasp, and hurried into the house before he could arrest her. The planter rose from the ground and looked mournfully after his daughter, but he did not at-

tempt to follow her. Later in the evening Gerald Leslie returned to New Orleans, and spent the long hours of the night alone in his solitary office face to face with ruln and

The one crime of his youth had risen to torture his remorseful soul-chastly

and horrible shadow; it pursued the sinner in every place; it appeared at every moment. Repentance only could lay the phantom at rest, and he was now only learning to repent.

He had never before looked upon his conduct to the beautiful quadroon, Francilla, in the light of a crime. What had he done which was not done every day by others? What was she, lovely and innocent being as she was, but a slave his property-bought with his sordid -his to destroy as he pleased?

Her melancholy death he looked upon as an unhappy accident, for which he himself was in no way responsible. That crime rested upon Silas Craig's overburdened soul.

Gerald Leslie utterly forgot that had he not been heartless enough to sell the mother of his only child, this cruel fate would never have been hers. But now the consequences of his

crime had overtaken him in a manner he had never dreamed of; Cora, his be-loved, his idolized child, accused and cursed him as the murderer of her mother.

It was too horrible. He dared not remain at the summer pavilion. He dared not meet the reproachful glances of those eyes which appeared to him as the ghostly orbs of the late Francilla. No, alone in his of-fice, surrounded only by the evidences of commerce, and the intricate calculations of trade, he endeavored to forget that he had a daughter, and a daughter who no longer loved him.

And where all this time was Cora? With the Venetian shutters of her apartment closed; with the light of day excluded from her luxurious apartment, she lay with her head buried in the satin cushions of her couch, weeping for the mother whose mournful face she could scarcely recall-weeping for the father whose youthful sins she so lately

Bitter, bitter were the thoughts of the young girl, whose life had heretofore been one long summer sunshine.

She, the courted, the caressed, the admired beauty of a London seasonshe was a slave-an Octoroon-a few drops only of the African race were enough to taint her nature and change the whole current of her life.

Her father loved her, but he dared only love her in secret. The proud colonists would have laughed aloud at the planter's affection for his half-caste daughter. And he, too, Gilbert Margrave, the poet painter; he, whose every glance and every word had breathed of admiration, almost touching upon the borders of love; he would doubtless ere long know all; and he, too, oh, bitter misery, would despise and loathe her!

CHAPTER X.



AMILLIA and Paul Lisimon were no longer children. The young helress had attained her nineteenth year, while Don Juan's protege was, as our readers are aware, two years her senior. Paul still lived at the Villa Maro-

quitos. He oc-

cupied a small but neatly furnished apartment ranged the books he loved; here he often sat absorbed in study till the early morning hours sounded from the clocks

of New Orleans, and the pale stars faded in the purple river. Deep in the quiet night, when all the household were sleeping; when the faintest footfall awoke a gnostly echo in the awful stillness of the house, the young student, forgetful of the swiftlypassing hours, toiled on, a steady traveler on the stony road which leads to

It was to Silas Craig, the attorney, that Don Juan Maraquitos had articled his protege, much to the dislike of the young man, who had a peculiar aversion

to the usurer. "Let me be with any other lawyer in New Orleans rather than that man," he said; "I can never tell you how deep a contempt I have for his character.'

Don Juan laughed aloud.

'His character! my dear Paul," he replied, "what in mercy's name have you to do with the man's character? Silas Craig is a hypocrite! a profligate, who covers his worst vices with the all-sheltering cloak of religion. Granted! He is not the less one of the cleverest lawyers in New Orleans, and the fittest person to be intrusted with the cultivation of your splendid intellect."

These conversations were perpetually recurring between Don Juan and his protege prior to the signing of the articles which were to bind Paul Lisimon to the detested attorney; and the young man, finding that all his remonstrances were in vain, and fearing that if he objected too strongly to being articled to Sila Conty the business would terminate in - I drg compelled to lead a life of hopewas lieness, made no further diffimil. " ab- t the matter; and some weeks atter the igning of the articles, he took

his sent in the office of Mr. Craig. It was not long before Paul Lisimon discovered that there was a decided disinclination on the part of the attorney to initiate him even in the merest rudiments of his profession. He might have sat in the office reading the paper and lolling in a rocking chair all day if he had pleased, but whenever he sought for employment he was put off with some excuse or other, more or less plausible.

An idle young man would have been delighted with this easy life-not so Paul Lisimon. Kind and liberal as Don Juan Moraquitos had been to him, the proud spirit of the young man revolted against a life of dependence. He yearned not only to achieve a future career, but to repay the obligations of the pastto erase the stain of dependence from his youth; to pay for the education which had been given him by favor. Thus, where another would have rejoiced in the idleness of Silas Craig's office; where another would have abandoned himself to the dissipated pleasures that abound in such a city as New Orleans; where another would have snatched the tempting chalice which youthful passion offered to his lips, Paul Lisimon, in very defiance of his employer, slowly but surely advanced in the knowledge of the profession whose ranks he was predes-

tined to join. Strange to say, Don Juan, instead of praising and encouraging the industry of his protege, laughed and ridiculed him for his determined labors.

"You are the most extraordinary young man I ever met with, Paul," said the Spaniard. "Where others of your age will be haunting the gaming-houses, which, in spite of our laws for their suppression, secretly, exist in New Orleans—where others would be nighty visitants of the theater and the cafe, you are forever brooding over those stupid books." "Other men are perhaps born to for-

tune," answered Paul, with quiet dig-

mity; "remember, dear sir, 1 nave to schieve it." "Nay, Paul; how do you know what intentions a certain elderly Spanish gentleman may have with regard to a document called a will?"

"Heaven forbid, sir," replied Paul, "that I should ever seek to fathom those intentions; and if you allude to yourself, permit me to take this opportunity of declaring that I would not accept one dol-lar, even were your misguided generos-ity to seek to bequeath it to me.

"Santa Maria, Mr. Lisimon, and why not, pray?" asked Don Juan laughing at the young man's impetuosity.
"Because I would not rob her who has the sole claim upon your fortune."

"My little Camillia; she will be rich enough in all conscience. Ah, Paul, added the Spaniard, looking somewhat searchingly at Lisimon, "it is a serious matter for a father to have such a daughter as Camilla Moraquitos to dispose of; a beauty and an heiress! Where n all New Orleans shall I find the man rich enough or noble to be her husband?"

Paul Lisimon winced as if he had received a thrust from a dagger. "You will consult your daughter's heart, sir, I trust," he murmured hesitatingly, "even before the claims of wealth?"

The old Spaniard's brow darkenesi, and his somber black eyes fixed themselves upon Paul's face with a sinister and penetrating gaze that boded little good to the young man. No more was said upon the subject between the two men. Paul did not relax his industry by one lota after this conversation. The enervating pleasures of the rich could not win him from the stern routine of toil and study.

Perhaps the reader has already guessed the fatal truth.

Paul Lisimon, the unknown dependent upon a rich man's bounty, the penniless lad who knew not even the names of his parents, or of the coustry which had given him birth—Paul loved the peerless daughter of the wealthy I an Juan Moraquitos; and was it to be wondered that he loved her?

From her childhood he had seen her daily, and had seen her every day more

beautiful-more accomplished. She possessed, it is true, much of the pride of her father's haughty race; but that pride was tempered by the sweetness of Olympia Crivelli; and it was a high and generous sentiment that led the young girl to hate a meanness or a falsehood with even a deeper loathing than she would have felt for a crime. But to Paul Lisimon, Camillia was

never proud. To him she was all gentleness; all confiding affection. The very knowledge of his dependence, which had been dinned into her ears by Don Juan, rendered her only the more anxious to evince a sister-like devotion which should take the sting from his position.

Instinctively she knew, that spite of all outward seeming that position was galling to the proud boy. Instinctively she felt that nature in creating Paul Lisimon had never intended him to fill a subordinate position. He was one of those who are born for greatness, and who, constrained by the cruel trammels of circumstances, and unable to attain their proper level, perish in the flower of youth, withered by the blighting hand of despair.

So died the poet Chatterton, a victim to the suicide's rash madness. So dies many a neglected genius, whose name is

never heard by posterity. Paul loved the heiress; loved her from the first hour in which she had soothed s boyish anguish at the loss of his patron Don Tomaso: loved her in the tranquil years of their youthful studies; loved her with the deep devotion of manhood, when his matured passion burst forth in its full force, and the flickering light became an unquenchable and steady flame.

He did not love in vain. No, as years passed on, and the bud changed to the lovely blossom, Camillia's feelings changed toward her father's protege. No longer could she greet him with a sister's calm smile of welcome. The ardent gaze of his dark eves brought the crimson blush to her cheek and brow; her slender hand trembled when it rested in his-trembled responsive to the thrill which shook the young man's strong frame; her voice faltered as she addressed him, and her Southern eyes veiled themselves beneath their sheltering lashes, and dared not uplift them-

selves to his. She loved him ! Happy and cloudless sunshine of youth. They loved, and earth became transformed into a paradise-the sky a roof of sapphire glory; the sunny river a flood of melted diamonds. The magic wand of the young blind god, Cupid, changed all things round them into

splendor. They dreamed not of the future. They thought not of the stern policy of a father, implacable in the pride of wealth. No, the distant storm-cloud was hidden

from their radiant eyes. "My Camillia!" exclaimed the young man; "think you I can fail to achieve greatness when your love is to be the crown of the struggle? Think you I can falter on the road that leads to success. when your eyes will be the loadstars to guide my way?"

The reader will see, therefore, that love and ambition went hand in hand in the soul of Paul Lisimon, and that higher motives than the mere lust of gain, or even the hope of glory, beckoned him on to victory.

It is not to be expected that Camillia Moraquitos was without sultors amongst the higher classes of New Orleans. Had she been blind, lame, humpbacked, red-haired, a vixen, or a fury, there would yet, doubtless, have been hundreds ready to kneel before the charms of her father's wealth, and to declare the heiress an angel. But when it is remembered that her future fortune was only exceeded by her glorious beauty. it will be thought little marvel that she had a host of admirers ever ready to flock around her at her father's soirces. to attend her in her drives, to haunt her box at the opera or the theater, and to talk of her beauty in all the coffee-houses of New Orleans. Our readers must remember that there is much in this chief city of Louisiana which resembles rather a French than an English town. The inhabitants are many of them of French extraction. The coffee-houses-or cafes as they are called -resemble those of Paris; the gambling-houses and theaters are Parisian in arrangements, and the young men of the upper classes have much of the polish of our Gallie neighbors, mingled with not a little of their

Amongst the many sulters for the hand of Camillia Moraquitos was no less a person than Augustus Horton.

But the young planter did not love the Spanish beauty; there was something terribly repellent in the haughty spirit of Camillia to those whom she did not love, and Augustus Horton's pride was wounded by the thought that his attentions could possibly be disagreeable to any woman whom he condescended to honor by a preference. It was not love, therefore, ich made him so constant in attendance on the young beauty. No: mercenary motives, mingled with the obstin-

onfess, even to himself, that there was any fear of his failing to obtain the prize. He despised the young fops who whis-pered soft speeches and high-flown compliments into the unheeding ear of the disdataful girl, and, thinking these his only rivals, dreamt not of defeat.

In all the planter's visits to the Villa Moraquitos he had never yet met Paul The young Mexican scrupulously held himself, aloof from the rich and frivolous

guests who assembled in Don Juan's sp!endid mansion. In vain did the Spaniard bid his pro-

tege to join in the festivities of the villa. In vain did Camillia reproach her lover with coldness and neglect. Paul was in-"No, Camillia," he said, when the

young girl remonstrated with him. "I should hear your father's guests ask each other in the superb disdain of their creole insolence, 'Who is this Mr. Lisimen?' I wait the time, Camillia, when my own exertions shall have made this simple and now unknown name of Listmon familiar to every citizen of New Orleans."

While the soft echoes of plano and guitar floated through the luxurious saloons; while the rich contraito voice of Camillia, mingling with the chords of her guitar, enchanted her obsequious listeners, Paul toiled in his lonely chamber, only looking up now and then from his books and papers, to listen for a few brief moments to the sounds of revelry and laughter below.

"Laugh on!" he exclaimed, as a sarcastic smile curved his finely-molded lips; "laugh on, frivolous and ignorant ones-whisper unmeaning compliments, and murmur inanities to my peerless Camillia! I do not fear you; for it is not thus she will be won.'

Augustus Horton was a rich man; he belonged to one of the best families in New Orleans, and the old Spaniard knew of no one better suited as a husband for his beloved daughter.

Don Juan therefore encouraged the young planter's addresses, though at the same time thoroughly resolved to throw him off, should any richer or more aristocratic suitor present himself. Camillia knew nothing of her father's

intentions. All her admirers were alike indifferent to her, for her heart was irrevocably given, and her faith irrevocably preuged to rau Lostmon. While these changes had been slowly

working amongst the heads of the household, the hand of Time had not been idle in the humbler chambers of the Villa Moraquitos.

White hairs were mingled in the black locks of the mulatio woman Pepita; the negress Zara was bent with age, and Tristan, the negro lad, had become a man-a man with powerful passions and a subtle and cunning nature, hidden be-neath the mask of pretended ignorance and simplicity.

He could sing grotesque songs and dance half-savage dances, as in the early days of his young mistress's youth, when he was Camillia's only playmate. He knew a hundred tricks of jugglery, sleight-ofhand by which he sould amuse an idle hour, and even now, he was often admitted to display his accomplishments before the Spanish girl, her devoted attendant, Penita, and her old governess Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi, who still remained with her, no longer as an instructoress, but in the character of companion

We have as yet refrained from speaking of the Frenchwoman; but as she may by and by play by no means an insignificant part in the great life drams we are relating, it is time that the reader should know more of her.

Pauline Corsi was but seventeen years old when she first came to Villa Moraquitos as the preceptress of Camillia, then a child of six. She was therefore thirty years of age at the time of which we write. But although arrived at this comparatively mature period of life, she still retained much of the girlish beauty of extreme youth.

Unlike most of her countrywomen, she was very fair, with large, limpid blue eyes and a wealth of showery flaxer curls. Small and slender, with delicate little feet and hands, there was much in her appearance to indicate patrician extraction. Yet she never alluded to her country or her friends.

She told Don Juan that she was an orphan, homeless, penalless and friendless, glad to leave the shores of her sunny France for the chances of finding better fortune in the New World.

"And I have found better fortune." she would say, lifting her expressive eyes to the dark face of her haughty employer: "for where could I have hoped to meet a nobler patron, or to find dearer friends or a happier home than I have here. Ah, bless you, noble Spaniard, for your goodness to the helpless stranger.' It was in the summer that Pauline Corsi first came to Villa Moraquitos, and it was in the winter of the same year that Don Tomaso Crivelli expired in the

arms of his brother-in-law. We must request the reader to bear this in mind, for on the truth of certain dates hangs much of the tale of mystery and crime which we are about to reveal

The gossips of New Orleans were ready to insinuate that the Spaniard's heart would surely be in a little danger from the presence of so young and lovely a woman as the French governess, but they soon grew tired of whispering this, for it was speedily perceived by all who knew Don Juan Moraquitos that his heart was buried in the mausoleum of his fair young wife, Olympia, and that all the love of which his proud nature was capable was lavished on his only

Some girls in the position of Pauline Corsi might have nourished ambitious hopes, and might have angled for the heart and hand of the wealthy Spaniard: but it was impossible to suspect the light-hearted and frivolous young Frenchwoman of the mean vices of the schemer. She was a thing of sunshine and gladness - gay and heedless as the birds she tended in her chamber, careless of the morrow as the flower that perfumed her balcony. So thought all who knew Pauline Corsi. Did any of them know her rightly?

The hideous skeleton, Time, whose bony hand lifts, inch by inch and day by day, the dark and pall-like curtain that hangs before the vast stage of the future, can alone answer this question. Camillia Moraquitos was much attached to her old governess. All her varied accomplishments she owed te Mademoiselle Corsi; and, far too generous and high-minded to consider the handsome salary paid to the Frenchwoman a sufficient recompense for her services, she looked upon Pauline's de-

affection. The young heiress had often endeavored to bestow some handsome present upon her instructress (a valuable article of jewelry-a ring, a chain, a bracelet), but always to be firmly, though kindly,

votion to her as an obligation which

could be only repaid by gratitude and

repulsed.
"No, Camillia," Mademoiselle Corsi
would reply, "I will take no gift from
you but affection—that is a priceless treasure. Bestow that upon me, and you would amply reward me for a life."

time or devotion; the rew pries years 1 have given to your instruction have been more than repaid by my pupil's

Haughty and reserved as Camillia was to mere acquaintances, she was almost foolishly confiding to those whom she loved.

She had never kept a secret from Pauline Corsi until within this last year, and even then she would have told all to her trusted companion, had she not been forbidden to do so by one whom she loved even better than the Frenchwoman.

This secret was the engagement between hereelf and Paul Lisimon.

"You will not breathe one word to a mortal of the vows which bind us until death, will you, my Camillia?" said the young man, as, intoxicated with happiness, he pressed his betrothed to his wildly throbbing heart.

"To no one, dearest," answered Camillia, "until your position will warrant you in asking my father's consent to our union. That is to say," she added, hesitatingly, "to no one but Pauline. shall be so anxious to talk of you, and I know I can trust her."

"Not one word to her, Camillia," as you love me," exclaimed Paul, with energy.

"What? you mistrust my faithful Pauline?"

"I mistrust no one," answered Liei-mon; "yet, paradoxical as it may seem, I trust scarcely any one. To give your secrets into the keeping of another, is to give your life-nay, the better part of life; for those secrets appertain to the inmost contiment of your heart. No, Camillia, tell nothing until that day comes, when, proud and triumphant, I can claim you before your father and the

"But you believe Pauline to be all that is good?" urged Camiliia, her affectionate nature wounded by the warning of Paul. "Yes, since you tell me so, dearest; but, young as I am in the winding ways of the world, I am older than you, and the experience of Silas Craig's office has taught me many iniquitous secrets.

Augustus Horton had, as our readers are aware, many business transactions with the attorney and usurer, Craig. Despising the man most completely, it yet suited the young planter's purpose to employ him, for Silas was a master in the evn drus of emcanery; a userul law-yer for all business, but above all useful in such affairs as were of too dark and secret a nature to bear exposure to the

He was the attorney employed by Augustus Horton, by Don Juan Moraquitos, and by most of the wealthlest men in the city of New Orleans; men who affeeted ignorance of his character, because his style of doing business suited

their purpose. It was at Silas Craig's office that Augustus Horton first saw Paul Lisimon. The two men encountered each other in an office opening out of the private

room occupied by the attorney. Paul was seated at his desk, copying a deed; he looked up only for a moment as the planter entered the apartment, and immediately returned to his work. He knew that the visitor was his rival. Augustus Horton, but, secure in the love of Camillia, he was utterly indifferent to his presence. Not so the planter. He looked long and earnestly at the handsome and Spanish face of the young Mexican.

Simply as Paul was dressed, in the the climate, with an open shirt collar of the finest cambric, under which was knotted a black silk handkerchief, there was something so distinguished in his appearance that Augustus Horton could not help wondering who this elegant stranger was who had found his way into Silas Craig's office. So great was his curiosity, that when his business with the lawyer was ended, he lingered to ask a few questions about the strange

"In goodness' name, Craig," he said, as he lit a cigar from a box of allumertes opon the attorney's desk, "who is that young aristocrat whom you have secured as a pigeon for plucking, under pretense of teaching him the law? "A young aristocrat!"

"Yes, a young man I saw in the next office. A Spaniard, I should imagine, from his appearance. Very dark, with black eyes and curling black hair.'

Silas Craig laughed aloud. "An aristocrat I" he exclaimed, "why, surely you must mean Paul Lisimon?" "Who is Paul Listmon?"

visitor at Villa Moraquitos!" "I am so," replied Augustus. "And you have never met Paul List-

"Never, man! Don't question me, but answer me. Who is this Paul Lisi-"My articled pupil, a young Mexican, a protege of Don Juan's who is studying

for the law." "Who is he, and where did he come from?" asked Augustus, eagerly. "That no one knows," answered Craig; "the brother-in-law of Don Juan Moraquitos, Don Tomaso Criveill, brought him to New Orleans thirteen years ago. when the little heiress was about six

years old. "Indeed!" muttered Augustus, biting his lip flercely; "and the children were brought up together, I suppose?"

They were.

his work.

"That explains all," said the planter. striding toward the door. "All what?" asked Craig. "No matter," replied Augustus Horton; and, without another word to the

lawyer, he left the apartment and passed

Lisimon was seated. This time it was with a glance of intense malignity that he regarded the young man, who, scarcely conscious of his presence, sat with his head bent over

and that the burning breath of passion the coupling of two cars. had never melted your frozen nature. I never dreamt that I had a rival; but the mystery is solved. This Mexican, this bounty, is doubtless he for whom you can offer. I should have known that a woman is never utterly indifferent to a man's attentions save when she loves another. No matter, Camillia, you will Augustus Horton. My rival is younger and handsomer than I; it would be hopeless to attempt to win her love while he is by to sue and be preferred; but before the year is out, I will have thrust him from my pathway as I would an insolent | housed in Galveston.

slave on my plantation." [To Be Continued,]

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ON A RUNAWAY ENGINE

CONGRESSMAN CRANE'S PERILOUS FEAT AS AN ENGINEER.

He Coupled His Tender to a Wild Loopmotive and Saved Life and Property. A Thrilling Story of How He Was Overtaken by the Unthrottled Monsten.

Congressman Crane, of Texas, was in high good glee, spinning yarns to a coterie of members.

'In my young days," said the congressman. 'I was an engineer on the Santa Fe railroad. Do you fellows know what a trying thing it is to be a locomotive engineer? Well, I can tell you that it will do a man's nerves more harm than anything else. Alcohol and tobacco are mere trifles in comparison, even if they be used to excess. I didn't stay long in the business. I like excitement, but running a cannon ball express whose schedule time was sixty miles an hour is a fittle too much even or me But the three months time that I can No. 76 was not sufficient for me to realize the injury it was doing my nervous system. So that was not the real reason that led to my abandonment of the throttle forever

'I had only been on, as I said, about three months, when by some carelessness or victorsness one of the engines, known as a mountain climber, got away with full steam on and started down the road on a message of death and destruction. I had just finished a long run and was preparing to go home, when the train epatcher rushed wildly out of his office and told the news The track had been heared, he said, and there was nothing to stop the mad rush of the locomotive natil it should dash into the station at Galveston and plow its way through bereis and mortar until both the building and the locomotive were rained.

HIS OREAT NERVE. "I had plenty of nerve then, and I suppose by your laughing you think I have lost none of it, but I am free to confess that I would not dure to undertake the tall: I successfully accomplished that day Perhaps it was the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment which led me to volunteer to lasso that locomotive. I always smile when I recall the look of incredulity that met my confibent assertion that I could eatch and arrest the mad flight of the runaway, but was so confident that they gave me a hearing, and I finally secured the serview of a sturdy frish lad as fireman. In less than three minutes after the dispaten had been received I was on my engive, with steam slowly coming up gain, and pulling out as rapidly as pos-

illie to meet the oncoming terror.
It was impossible for the train disutcher to give me any necessate idea as o where the runnyny was. The best he could do was to say that it had passed loose linen coat and trousers suitable to a small station about 75 miles up the ron I some ten minutes before moving at harmte of about 90 miles an hour. A had my engine moving at the rate of 60 who an hour and going straight at the ro ... way on the same track. I ran this way for afair twenty-five minutes chen, as near as I could calculate, the morning had done 874 miles and I had sycrot 25 If my calculations were or not there were still some 131 miles etween us, but you can imagine that as that five nation I covered running dito flat the encoming money were anyming but pleasant Well, I reversed as rugine and started running away. and ally increasing my speed until we estled down to a comfortable 30 miles in hour, the Irish lad meanwhile keepng on a terrific pressure of steam.

ON THE SAME TRACK. 'We might have run into almost anything, for I did not look ahead at all: ny eyes were strained until they pained "Why I thought you were a constant as looking up the track for the runaway It might have been ten minutes, more or less-it seemed like years to me. Finally we heard the rumble and roar of the monster. It didn't take her long to heave in sight, and she was coming anumming. For the first time, I confess, I lost my nerve. It was only momentary, however, and then I opened my throttle and away we went. There was a good mile of straight track between us when i first caught sight of her; then we turned a curve and she was out of sight if not out of hearing. When she did come she hild gained on us pretty nearly mif a mile.

'I shut off steam a trifle, and when we struck a level piece of track but a quarter of a mile separated us. I told irish to keep up pressure, and the way he did it it's a wonder the boiler of 76. didn't bust. She kept getting nearer and nearer, and it was all I could do to keep from throwing wide the throttle once more through the office where Paul and speeding away from her. But I kept my nerves as steady as though they were of iron. Nearer and nearer she came, until I could actually imagine she was plowing her way through us. Finally she closed in upon us, and I assure you that so nearly equal had I succeeded "So," exclaimed the planter, when he found himself alone: "I thought that you were an iceberg, Camillia Moraquitos. little, if any, greater than that felt upon little, if any, greater than that felt upon

'I did not hesitate an instant, but jammed down the steam valve tight. nameless dependent on your father's sprang upon the tender of my engine-a difficult task even for an athlete like I scorn the proudest suitors New Orleans | then was-and from there swung myself upon the engine. It was the work of scarcely half a minute to clamber in the cab and jab down the steam valve there. find it no trifle to brave the hatred of We ran possibly a mile before we came to a standstill, and by that time I was as limp as a rag and shaking. like a man with the ague. We coupled the engines, and in half an hour had them both salely

> "That was my last experience as a locomotive engineer. You could never get me to steer a cab again."-Pittsburg

How He Happened to Fall. *Senator Stanford made his first dollar by selling horseradish," remarked.

Snively. "That accounts for my poverty," added Snodgrass. "I don't know horseradish when I see it "-Judge.