

THE OCTORON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS. BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XIII.



SILAS CRAIG WAS EAGER to disprove the lying accusation brought against him.

His proud spirit revolted at the very thought of the base nature of the crime of which he was accused. Theft—the most contemptible, petty theft—a theft upon the employer who had trusted him!

Paul Lisimon was a man of high character. He found Camilla within doors, and in the presence of Pauline Corst, told her the story of his wrongs.

The lovely eyes of the Spanish girl flashed with indignation. "We always hated this man, Craig, by instinct," she said.

Pauline Corst appeared to sympathize sincerely with the lovers, and expressed the utmost contempt for Silas Craig. While Paul was seated by Camilla, her hand clasped in his, her large black eyes bathed in tears, yet lifted confidently to his face.

Paul Lisimon turned from him with a gesture of loathing, and addressed himself to Don Juan.

"You hear this man," he said, "you hear him, yet you surely do not believe one word he utters.

and they force me to believe." "They force you to believe that the man, who has been reared beneath your own protection, has been guilty of an act worthy of one of the swiftnest, or experienced burglars of New Orleans.

"Listen," replied the Spaniard. "I appeal to you by the memory of the deed—by the memory of him who was more than a father to me—by the memory of the last hour of Don Tomaso Crivelli."

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed; "the guilty wretch dares to call upon the name of the dead, dares to wound his noble benefactor's sensitive heart.

"I have papers and letters in my own room, which are of priceless value to me, suffer me to gather those together before they convey me to prison."

"What leads you to believe in his innocence?" "My own instinct," replied the fearless girl. Again the brow of Don Juan grew dark with fury.

"Your own instinct!" he exclaimed; "beware, girl, do not force me to believe you have another reason for thus defending this man. Do not compel me to despise you!"

The papers which he wished to secure were a few brief notes that had been written to him, at different periods, by Camilla Moriquitos. The young girl had often slipped a few lines of affectionate remembrance into the lawyer's hand at a time when the lynx eyes of strangers prevented their exchanging a word.

Paul Lisimon knew that, brief as these letters were, they contained quite enough to betray the secret of the lovers, and to draw down upon Camilla all the terrors of a father's wrath.

convince you guilty of the crime which that brought against you, so give me the ring, mademoiselle," he added, holding out his hand for the valuable trinket.

"Noble girl!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman bitterly; "because she gave one from the costly heape of jewels her foolish father has lavished upon her; but I, whose brain devised the plan, deserve no word of praise."

"Polish boy. Then ruin and destruction will be your footsteps." "Ruin! Through my love?"

"I have not one friend in this house, save her who now speaks to you. Camilla loves you, will she answer! Yes; but with the feeble passion of capricious beauty, which may change with tomorrow's sun.

"To tell you the truth, my dear Mortimer, I have far graver reasons for being here. I come to meet some one."

"I have it is sacred to me, for it was there my earliest friend breathed his last sigh." "That chamber is hung with Indian embroidery of shells and feathers upon leather.

"I shall be here to protect her, at the worst; but tell me, have you any idea how it was that this mulatto Toby applied to me to save all people?"

"I can do all this?" "I can." "And you will?" "On one condition."

CHAPTER XIV. UPON the very day following that on which the events occurred which we have described in the foregoing chapter, the Selma steamer started from New Orleans, loaded with gay and fashionable company.

o'clock in the morning when the bell rang for the starting of the vessel—a gorgeous summer's day, the sky blue and cloudless, the Mississippi dancing in the sunshine.

Amongst the passengers on board the boat were Augustus Horton, his sister Adelaide, Mr. Mortimer, Silas Craig and William Bowen.

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"I should have gone with him, Mr. Margrave, is not my place here?" And am I not an octoron?"

"Yes, Alas! I see that it was only I who was ignorant!"

"A chance word from Mr. Percy revealed the secret to me, Miss Leslie, upon that very night when I first saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Margrave, I do not seek to deny my origin. See, I wear mourning for my mother, and my journey of today is a pilgrimage to her grave."

"The conduct of Mr. Leslie in daring to foist the child of one of his slaves upon the highest circles of society, merits the punishment with which he has met."

"The people of Zanzibar should stand high for the comprehensive character of their cuisine. Amongst other delicacies are small monkey and fruit eating bats.

"The late Duke of Manchester, when on his first visit to Australia, in 1873, was entertained by the colonists in a princely fashion."

"The longest American railroad tunnel is the Hoosier tunnel on the Ftitchburg railroad, four and three-quarter miles; the St. Gothard tunnel in Europe is nine miles long."

U. S. Judges and Railway Properties. This effort to obtain a receivership, which means the temporary control of the whole railway, generally results in a violent struggle between different interests.

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Eating Human Flesh. The most repulsive food which human beings could eat is man. Fortunately cannibalism, although once very general, is now mainly confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands.

A Practical Experiment. Fledgely—I have loved you, Alice, these—these two weeks! Do you love me in return?

Highest Meteorological Stations. The highest point at which regular meteorological observations are made is on a 14,300 foot peak of the Peruvian Andes.