

THE OCTOROON

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

CHAPTER XV.

Augustus Horton had read the paragraph in the New Orleans paper—a paragraph in every way calculated to wound the sensitive nature of the Octoroon—he looked toward Cora to see what effect the insult had had upon her and Gilbert Margrave. They were seated side by side, and appeared engrossed in conversation, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around them. The planter threw down the newspaper with a smothered ejaculation of rage. "Curse her!" he muttered; "is there no way to humble that proud soul? He, the Englishman, is by her side, deferential as if he were talking to a queen. No matter! My turn will come."

longer remain silent. I have now a right to defend you." The captain of the Selma at this moment joined the group around Augustus Horton. "You are talking of the article in the New Orleans Messenger, are you not, gentlemen?" he said. "We are, captain," replied Augustus, "and here is the author," he added, pointing to Craig. "Then, allow me to compliment you, sir!" said the captain, addressing Silas. "You have done a service to society, and I hope the colonists will take warning."

cut utterly ignorant as to the mysterious being to whom he owed his release. The jailer had refused to give him any information about this person. "I know nothing of the business," the man said, "except that I am well paid for my share in it; and that I shall be a ruined man if I am found out."

company for a long spell?" "We have," "Very well, then, why not join us? I may have more reasons than you for taking an interest in you. You can't stay in New Orleans, for by eight o'clock this morning your escape will be discovered. I've a fancy that you'd make a smart mate on board yonder vessel. Will you come?"

Don Juan Moraquitos was one of the first to hear of the escape of Paul Lisimon. The reader must remember that the Spaniard knew nothing of the plot devised by Silas Craig; at the instigation of Augustus Horton. He believed his protegee to be guilty of the crime imputed to him. He had a secret reason for rejoicing in the disgrace of the young Mexican, and he had a still stronger motive in seeking the destruction of Paul, since he had begun to suspect the attachment between Lisimon and Camilla.

THE VANDERBILT CHILDREN. They Are Carefully Educated and Systematically Trained. Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could do. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before 7 o'clock in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at half-past 7 o'clock.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILE the Selma steamed proudly past the banks of the Mississippi, the inhabitants of New Orleans were occupied by the discussion of an event which had taken place on the previous night, but which had only been discovered early that morning. Paul Lisimon had escaped from prison.

He hurried toward the lonely and deserted quay. Despair was in his heart, and he yearned to rest beneath the still waters of the Mississippi. "There, at least," he murmured, "I shall be at peace. Camilla now believes me innocent, and she will weep for my memory. Were I to wait the issue of a trial, which must result in shame and condemnation, she might indeed, as the Frenchwoman insinuated, learn to despise me."

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Looking for Light at the City Hall. I am building a house. I wanted to see the necessary permission to tap the water main, and went to the City Hall for that purpose. I might have gone down into the state of Indiana to have secured the permit, but it occurred to me that I had better ask in Chicago. I stepped into one of the elevators and told the driver what I wanted. He landed me on the public library floor. I soon discovered I was in the wrong place.

A Condemned Man's Nerve. One of the coolest and most deliberate attempts at suicide recorded is that of Benjamin Hunter, the murderer of John Armstrong, in Camden, N. J., in 1879. Hunter was confined in the "murderers' cage" in the county jail under charge of the death watch. He complained of chilliness one night, and was permitted to wrap his lower extremities in a blanket. He had previously torn off the rim of his tin cup with his teeth, and hid it concealed in his trousers pocket.