

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.



AFTER the terrible gloom of the Villa Moraquitoes...

It was impossible to keep the entire truth from Camilla. She was told that she was fatherless...

Late in the afternoon, Paul Crivelli left the hotel at which Armand Tremalay was staying.

He was the bearer of a letter from Pauline Corsi; and he informed the artist of the terrible event which had happened since that morning.

It will be, therefore, some months before I can hope that my cousin Camilla will assume the right to a still "warmer name."

"I imagine so," answered Armand; "and Pauline tells me that I must be patient, as she will not consent to our marriage taking place on any day but that appointed for yours."

The two young men left the hotel and walked through the more retired streets, until they left the city behind them, and emerged upon the banks of the river.

Armand Tremalay and Paul Crivelli were eminently suited to each other. So much, too, had the terrible event of the day broken down the barriers of ceremony and restraint, that they seemed already like old friends.

They walked on, talking of the singular occurrences which had checked their two lives, until the sun was sinking into the bosom of the Mississippi, and until they found themselves at a considerable distance from the city.

In order to regain New Orleans by a shorter route, they struck into a wood that bordered the river.

The sun was fading behind the trunks of the trees, and the wood was lonely as some primeval forest.

It was the first to speak—"You will be surprised, perhaps, to see me again, Mr. Horton?" he said to Augustus.

"I will freely own that I am so," answered the planter; "though the conduct of my cousin, Mr. Percy, has made me accustomed to surprises. The revelations of this morning have nothing to do with me, and cannot impugn what you have brought Mr. Leslie and Mr. Treverton to this house."

"Indeed, Mr. Horton! You forget, then, that I have a daughter?" "I do not," answered Augustus. "I have very good reason to remember that fact. Mr. Leslie, the purchase of the Octo-oron slave, cost me fifty thousand dollars, and there appears considerable chance of my losing every cent."

"Not if you can capture your runaway slave," said Gerald Leslie.

"Not if I can recapture her. No, let her go. I shall not try to do it. I shall be my fault if she escape again. As for the Englishman, Gilbert Margrave—" "You will have no more upon him?" asked Gerald.

"By Heaven I will not. We Southerners are in no humor just now to put up with your abolitionist tricks, and Mr. Margrave shall pay dearly for breaking the laws of Louisiana."

Augustus walked up and down the room as he spoke, and every accent revealed his rage, at the defeat and humiliation he had sustained since the preceding night.

"M. Horton," said Gerald Leslie, gravely, "Philip Treverton and I had a very serious purpose in coming to you here this evening. We come to make an appeal to your generosity, and your sense of manly honor. Will you listen patiently to that appeal?"

"I appeal to you, then, in the presence of my brother abolitionist, and in that of Mrs. Montresor, whose sentiments, I know, are opposed to the cruel system of barter, which has in my case deprived a father of his beloved and only daughter—I appeal to every better feeling of your nature, and for my child Cora is to suffer for one hour for the infancy of that man, Silas Craig. Restore her to freedom, but I institute proceedings to invalidate the illegal sale of my property, which was seized upon for a debt I never owed."

Augustus Horton laughed bitterly. "All this is very fine," he said; "but as Miss Cora Leslie has chosen to run away from her rightful owner it is not in my power to give her up—even if I wished it."

"I would not," and what is more, I could not, for she is no longer mine."

"No longer yours!" "No; I have given her away."

"Given her away!" "Yes, to my sister Adelaide, yonder, who has good reason to hate her, and who will make her feel what it is to be a slave. True, a woman for that! With me she would have lived the life of a duchess; as my sister's property, she will be a lady's maid—a drudge. Heaven knows how low she may sink. It may please her mistress to send your brilliant and accomplished daughter to the kitchen to do the cooking."

Gerald Leslie writhed at this insulting speech. "Miss Horton," he exclaimed, "surely, surely, your woman's nature revolts at such words as these. Why do you not speak? You were once my daughter's friend; for pity's sake remember that!"

During the whole of this dialogue Adelaide Horton had sat perfectly still, her head bent over her work, as if she heard nothing of what was going forward; but a close observer might have perceived that her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion and that her small hand trembled as she endeavored to continue her work.

This had not been lost on Mortimer Percy, who had been for some time intently watching his cousin.

Suddenly she raised her head in order to reply to Gerald Leslie.

"I can only answer you in the words of my brother, Mr. Leslie," she said; "I cannot restore Cora Leslie to you even if I would, for she is no longer mine. I, too, have given her away."

Augustus started at these words. "You, Adelaide!" he exclaimed. "Yes! You gave her to me for a lady's maid, and I have been seeking for an opportunity of repaying the injury which I did her upon that fatal day when I allowed a school girl's folly to get the better of my reason. I have given her to her husband, Gilbert Margrave!"

She rose as she said this and opened the door to her apartment, beckoning to some one within.

There was an amusing and instructive scene the other day in an uptown train on the Sixth Avenue elevated. At Park place a handsome young couple, evidently very much in love, got on one of the middle cars, and settling down in a cross seat they proceeded without delay to become absorbed in one another, not paying the slightest heed to any one else in the car.

Station after station flew by, all unheeded as far as the lovers were concerned, and the stalwart Adonis arm had just settled comfortably about the waist of his demure companion when she suddenly gave a little feminine shriek and made a frantic dash for the door.

"But this isn't our station," expostulated the young man in astonishment. "I know it isn't. We are far beyond it. We should have gotten off at Fifty-ninth."

"Well, we haven't reached there yet." "Of course we have, stupid! Come on before the train starts up again or I'll go alone. Don't you see this is Eighty-first?"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the Adonis, getting excited in his turn. "It isn't nonsense! Don't you see there, 'Eighty-first' in big white letters?" There it was, sure enough; but even as everyone looked, and the young man started hastily to gather up some bundles that were on the seat beside him, the train started, and a change came over the expression of the bride—for a bride she certainly was. From a rosy flush, the color on her face changed to a dark crimson blush of embarrassment, which grew deeper as the unfeeling wretch by her side burst into a loud laugh, in which all the passengers joined.

The bride didn't say another word, but simply made her way hurriedly into the forward car, followed closely by her sturdy companion, who was trying in vain to look serious. The little woman had been fooled by the mirror reflecting the station sign from the platform, had turned the figures around, making 81 out of 18.—New York Star.

Early next day a happy group stood upon the deck of a large steamer, which was speeding away from New Orleans. Already the queen city of the Mississippi was fading in the horizon, the white sails of the windmills, and the steeples of churches melting in the distance.

It is rarely ever proper to strike a mettlesome horse. Occasionally a fault is clearly foolish, and no fear associated with it in the creature's mind, such as nipping his mate, or reaching round the head to see if you are about ready, or backing when you have no room, and must be obeyed with a bound, then a gentle reminder with the whip is well enough.

What is the apparent size of the disk of the sun or moon seen with the naked eye? Most people estimate it at from about three inches in diameter to the size of a soup plate. An investigator says that at a distance of ten feet a quarter dollar would conceal the disk of the sun or moon, as would a hammer if held at arm's length.—New York Ledger.

Physicians always order beef for invalids that is cooked very little, in order that some of the nourishment in the meat may be dried away. Lean beef ground in a machine, salted to taste, made into cakes, and broiled just enough to heat, is excellent for invalids, to whom the doctor has forbidden vegetables. A person in health may suit his taste.

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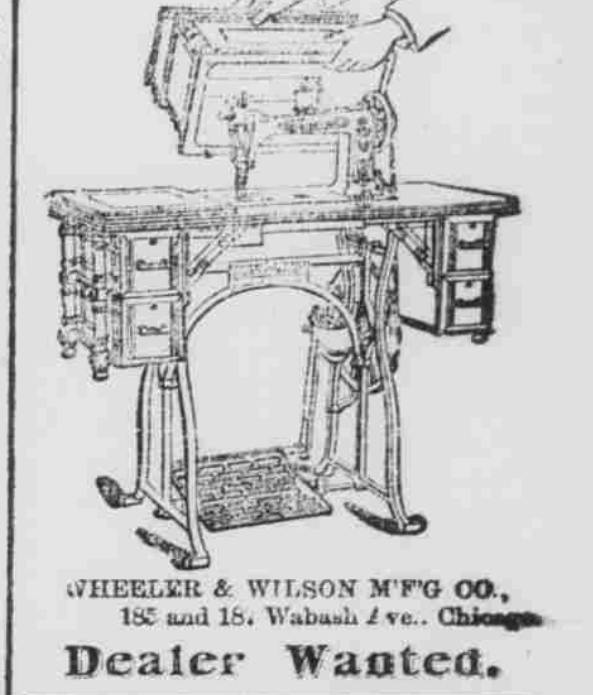
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