

THROUGH A TOMATO.

A Tale of Adventure on a Louisiana Plantation.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

We of this day cannot even imagine, much less realize, the loneliness of the Louisiana plantation mansions of 60 or 70 years ago. Those homes were set in the midst of a wilderness whose "contiguity of shade," as Cowper expressed it, was broken only by intervals of marshy till mud and decaying forest. For miles and miles, even now, the solemn, moss-draped woods stand somber and silent, giving over forever to reptiles and wild beasts, and for league upon dreary league the tall grass covers the floor, only matted where no living thing is visible save the wide-winged birds and the wallowing alligators.

The effect of this strange country upon a vivid imagination is remarkable under the most ordinary circumstances. In the case of Martin Lawrence it had a triple emphasis. To begin with, his business enterprise was of the most unusual and exciting nature; a Philadelphia bank had been swindled by two slavers supposed to be clever representatives of the Murray organization, and the affair apparently involved the honor of two or three citizens of prominence in Louisiana. John A. Murrell was a man who exerted great personal influence in a most mysterious way, but as our story has no need of him, we cannot take the time to sketch his methods. It is sufficient to say that all accounts, together with the biography written by Virgil A. Stewart, agree in making it clear that he was the greatest highwayman and leader of lawless men that America has ever produced. To tamper with any of his schemes or to meddle in any way with one of his affairs was a most dangerous thing. Lawrence realized this, and, lover of adventure that he was, enjoyed it to the full.

Young Lawrence had been guided almost by chance to the residence of Col. de Vigny, the very man whom his business errand concerned; and on the very veranda, while being hospitably welcomed by the Colonel, his eyes had fallen on a young girl whom he had met in the old world.

What hurried the thought of legal duty clear out of his head for a time was seeing Mlle. Lucie once more, and away out there in that lonely plantation house amid the cypress swamp and live oak hummocks of Louisiana.

Lucie was, in fact, still more beautiful than when she was a mere slip of a girl in Switzerland and in Paris. Her face had taken on with its slightly increased fullness a quieter, richer expression, as if life were somewhat more serious to her now.

He sat at once that she remembered him and that she desired him to treat her as a stranger. In an obscure, indirect fashion he divined her reason for wishing to be left unrecognized; at least he felt sure that some barrier would have to be broken between them greater than any mere reserve of conventional prudence.

"One's mind works with lightning swiftness under such circumstances. Lawrence felt that, in some way, everything depended upon the adroitness with which he might turn the key in the lock of this mystery, and he at once set his will like a strong bias upon his impulses.

She stood before him but a moment. At first he was on the point of stepping toward her and letting go the whole, long pent-up volume of his feeling. To her again was like, saying "good-bye" after long blindness, like stepping forth to freedom after resting for years in a noisome dungeon—no, a thousandfold more thrilling than any other experience could just then have been, was that one assured look into her beloved face.

"I made a mistake," she said, with a slight but significant sign with her eyes and lips. It was scarcely a movement at all; but it said, more urgently and forcibly than words could have done, that it would be fatal to all his hopes—and, oh! sweet thought, it meant that her own life depended upon the might of prudence and of wise forbearance at this crucial point in their two lives.

Lawrence quickly glanced at Col. de Vigny to see if he had noticed the little by-play. That facile creature was evidently quite unaware that in the space of five seconds his life had been so supremely important had rung out clear and strong echoing from heart to heart. His dark, somewhat mysterious face was suave and amiable, with hospitable suggestions in its mobile features.

Lucie hurried away to summon servants and to superintend the laying of a supper for the guest. Meantime, her heart leaped wildly and her brain was in a happy whirl. How long she had waited and dreamed, feeling sure that some day he would return! Now he was here, and low told and strong and handsome!

"What de mattah, chief?" inquired the old colored housekeeper, only she spoke in the French patois of the Louisiana plantations. "Whit de mattah wid yo' now? Yo' look so confusticated!"

"Nothing, Zilla," replied Lucie, "but isn't it too bad that we must eat a guest a cold, meager little supper like this?"

"Oh, g'long, dahlin'; come late; save light yo' know, but de mattah!"

"Yes, he did come late," and there was something in Lucie's voice that gave peculiar emphasis to the word late, "but we must do our best."

"Wait (well brokufus), Miss Lucie, an' 'en we feed 'em!"

Certainly Lawrence did not think the supper light or meager when he sat down to it opposite his host. Cold venison with jelly, French bread, rice cake, roast pig with baked sweet potatoes and butter of maize, preserved figs, food butter, and syrup as clear as honey—these were the dishes before him, and besides there was coffee and brandy.

Lawrence did not mention his business errand, and, tired as he was, he could sleep but little during the night, so full was his brain of stirring emotions.

The chamber assigned to him was large and airy, with windows looking right into the great wood tangle, out of which Tom, the runaway, had led him. In one direction he could get a glimpse of the silvery bayou sparkling in the

moonlight. His slumber was so fitful and snappy that he could not be sure whether it was while dreaming or waking, but he heard the old panther scream far away in the jungle, and the words of Col. de Vigny kept ringing in his ears: "Whenever once the old fellow chooses a victim he never fails finally to eat him." Never before had he felt that words could so plainly have the mystery of prophecy in them. Half asleep and half awake he let this take a sort of rhythmic swing back and forth in his brain till they came to be a part of his consciousness, or sub-consciousness rather, lying before his beautiful and tender dream of Lucie.

When morning came, gray and foggy, Lawrence arose with the confused impressions of the night not in the least obliterated. He carried them, in spite of himself, along with him to breakfast table, where, to his surprise, he did not meet Col. de Vigny, who, as Mme. de Vigny informed him, had been compelled to set out early in the morning on a long journey; he would be gone more than a month.

Mlle. de Vigny was looking serious and a trifle pale.

"I had most urgent business with Col. de Vigny," said Lawrence. He could not entirely repress his disappointment and chagrin, and it is probable that the flash of suspicion which leaped into his mind was visible in his face; for Lucie glanced quickly from him to her mother, and the latter showed uneasiness.

"But you said nothing to father about it?" Lucie inquired, with the sweetest of rising emotions.

"Unfortunately, no," said Lawrence. "It was so late when I arrived, and I did not wish to be in an unseemly hurry."

Something in Lucie's face was warning him to be on his guard. It confused and bewildered him all the more.

"Your horse is gone," she said. "Some one has stolen it."

This very simple announcement sent the blood in upon Lawrence's heart. In a twinkling he grasped to a certain degree the truth of the situation. That is, he understood that there certainly must be some connection between the sudden departure of Colonel de Vigny and the disappearance of his horse.

In a word, Colonel de Vigny had killed two birds with one stone. By going off he had escaped the disagreeable task of explaining to his illegal doings of his partners in New Orleans, and in taking away Lawrence's horse he had made it impossible for that young man to reach the city before certain evidence could be destroyed. Indeed, our young friend was not in the least surprised when, in answer to an inquiry he was told that there was not another riding horse on the plantation, or, for that matter, within twenty miles of it.

He stood there looking at Mlle. Lucie, and on the moment the whole affair obtruded itself ludicrously on her. He laughed in spite of himself.

"A pretty kettle of fish," he exclaimed, with a droll shrug of his shoulders and a humorous lifting of his brows. "You will have to entertain me for a few days, mademoiselle. It seems that I am a prisoner."

"No, exactly a prisoner, monsieur," she replied, leaning over the railing of the veranda, her lovely face framed in the rich foliage of the vine. "But you must be wise and careful. Take my advice, and there will be no danger to you."

She spoke very low, and her voice betrayed the depth of her feeling.

Lawrence felt a great impulse toward taking her bright little head between his hands, but he did not dare.

"I have not come so far to be afraid of your danger," he said, "but I am afraid of your safety, as lightly as you could. Things usually go my way."

She assumed a harkening attitude for a moment, glancing around meanwhile as if to assure herself that no one was near, then motioned him to come closer.

He obeyed, sitting down so that she could stoop to his ear and whisper.

Now, as Lawrence sat there in the dusk with the dr-ay influence of the semi-tropic air coming over him, and saw Lucie's beautiful face shimmer like a star, it is no wonder that, with all the strange impressions of his recent experiences weighing upon him, he should feel like one in a dream, or like one suddenly drawn away from real every-day life to the region of old-time story.

The three sat there chatting in a desultory way, while the moon climbed up the sky and dimmed the flare of the southern stars. Once, twice, three times Lawrence thought he heard, far away in the woods, the long wail of the old panther, but the ladies noticed it they gave no sign. Perhaps they were so accustomed to the sound that it no longer attracted their attention.

Presently a heavy, booming sound rolled around the western horizon, and they all saw for the first time a black cloud tumbling up the sky.

"It is a hurricane!" exclaimed a scared servant.

Lucie sprang to her feet.

"And father!" she cried, "father will be here!"

Mme. de Vigny was greatly excited, too, and Lawrence saw in a moment or two that there was in fact a great wind coming, bearing before it a torrent of rain, accompanied by a wild network of keen, rattling lightning flashes, whose reverberations grew in force with startling rapidity.

Lawrence arose and stood bewildered. Then the panther screamed near by in the woods.

It was the first wave of the wind that came the first wave of the wind and churned the bayou into wreaths and flakes, at the same time jarring the mansion from roof to foundation.

Mme. de Vigny screamed and ran into the hall.

A heavier thud followed, almost lifting Lawrence off his feet as he caught Lucie up in his arms in the midst of a level rain storm. He had enough presence of mind to leave the house at once, and leave his prominent teeth away from the crashing walls. There was no time to think of saving Mme. de Vigny. Indeed, the next surge of the following

showed him the wonderful flower garden, took him from room to room of the curious, spacious mansion to the garden, the pictures, and, indeed, did not permit him to think of the defeat he was suffering in his business affair.

If ever a man fell under the spell of enchantment, it was our young lawyer from Philadelphia. He looked at the antique guns, the dark, rough walls, the paintings, the old-time curtains and rugs, the black mahogany chairs and tables, the gold-framed mirrors and the quaintly carved sofas in the parlor, and then at Lucie, in the heart of the storm, charming-looking and felt himself a part of some mysterious and powerfully fascinating romance.

The dusk of evening came on, the moaning birds sung their vesper phrases in the orange tangle behind the blooming garden, the breeze leaped over the bayou cool and sweet and the perfumes of a semi-tropic wilderness filled all space. It was very different from the night before.

CHAPTER II.

Mme. de Vigny, Lucie and Lawrence sat on the veranda till moonrise. It would have pleased the young man better if the mother had been away, for he had made up his mind to declare his love to Lucie at the first opportunity. Still the privilege of sitting near the beautiful girl was, under all the circumstances, much more than he could have expected, utter stranger to Mme. de Vigny as he was. The reader must remember, however, in this connection, that the aristocratic travelers who ask for hospitality in a thinly populated country generally receive all the attention due an honored guest. This was the rule in the South during the earlier days of slavery, when the plantations were so compact and the means of travel mostly private and slow.

"I must set out for New Orleans in the morning," said Lawrence, "even if I have to go on foot."

"The thought had come into his mind abruptly and he spoke it without reflection."

"But no, monsieur," exclaimed Mme. de Vigny, "it would never do. You could not do it. You would starve on the way; and then there is that dreadful panther, that terror of the Teche."

"I have not the slightest fear, madame," the young man responded. "A panther is a cowardly brute. I have killed more than one. This one is no worse than any other. Who has he ever eaten?"

"A great many people, they say," replied Mme. de Vigny. "The negroes tell the stories."

"But do you know of any particular person?"

"A traveler, I have heard, was found mangled and dead a few miles from here some years ago."

"Mme. de Vigny," said Lawrence, "your husband told me last evening that this wild beast had killed his son, one of his brothers and his cousin Felix d'Antin, besides two other relatives."

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur Lawrence!"

"I was," Mme. de Vigny who spoke, but both the ladies were greatly excited. Lucie, especially, was painfully agitated.

We all know that it is a trait of human nature as deep-seated as the roots of life for us to take strong delight in probing the secret wounds of those we love. Lawrence did not pause or falter when once he saw the way to wrench from Lucie the mystery after which he was reaching.

In the first place, Col. de Vigny never had a cousin living in Louisiana, much less one by the name of Felix d'Antin. As for the brother and the son, both were myths. The De Vigny family had been a slender one in the male line; the Colonel was the only one that had come from France to America. The brother in New Orleans, of whom Lucie had spoken, was a Frenchman, and the Colonel's mother having married the second time, Lawrence felt some obscure twinges of conscience while thus drawing out the skeleton from the closet of this isolated home. The main fact was, however, that Colonel de Vigny's mind spoke as clearly as a bell of the breaking, or rather what had once been a light hobby for it had become a monomania. Some years ago the panther had chased him one night and ever since that terrible experience the impression had been growing upon him that sooner or later he would be destroyed. Gradually his ticks on the subject had assumed the proportions of romance and his stories touching the panther's exploits took the form of family history as has already appeared. In every other respect he was perfectly sane, and even on this one his obliquity was more like the play of a vivid imagination than like the effect of disease.

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wind-flood swept the mansion away as if there had been a wisp of straw, and scattered it through the woods where the trees, whose snapping everywhere or bending almost level along the ground. The lightning blazed continuously, but the thunder could not be distinguished from the general roar of the storm. Distinctly enough, however, was heard the savage yell of the old man-eater, repeated at short intervals, and all the time the water was rising.

Lawrence was a man spinning along, scarcely touching the ground, in what direction he knew not, bumping against



"HE CAUGHT LUCIE UP."

this or that and struck by flying and whirling things. After the first dash there was no more rain, but the bayou was lifted and borne off in spray through the crashing trees. With the arms of love the young man held to his dear head, trying to shield it from all the terrible force of the storm and amid the blinding, crashing, howling whirl of it all he was remembering how she looked on that rainy day at the Swiss hotel when she walked away from him along the veranda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tree of Luck.

Staten-Islanders in the vicinity of Fort Wadsworth relate an odd story about a tree which has grown up on a dock extending into the water from a cliff just above the quarantine station. The dock is constructed of piling and logs, and extends from the shore a distance of about fifty feet, or which twenty-five feet are made up of earth deposits between the piles. In the center of this earth rises an enormous willow tree, around which a fence has been built. Outside of the fence heavy benches are placed, on which the fishermen and others who use the dock can take their comfort. It is related that when the dock was first started in a small way, nearly twenty-five years ago, a small sprout came floating down the water and was drifted so that it took root in the earth, where it has now become a great tree. The fishermen of that day discovered it taking root, straightened it up, protected it with environments and have ever since defended it, so that they will not permit a person even to cut a twig from it. They say that the tree has been lucky to the dock, and that any man who deposits it brings bad luck to them.—New York Press.

Cautious.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even as much as one from a pile of one thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

Made a Difference.

An up-town dry goods store in New York last summer tried the experiment of giving soda water to its patrons free. An enormous fountain, well equipped for service was placed in the back part of the store, and on each hot day half a dozen attendants were kept busy serving a clamorous, thirsty and never diminishing crowd. One day upward of 7,000 glasses of soda water were drawn from that free fountain. This year the firm charges 3 cents a glass for its soda water, and as a result the patronage has fallen off to a remarkable extent. On two very hot days sometime ago, although the store was well filled with customers, the soda fountain at no time was overworked.

We Don't Need to Borrow Words.

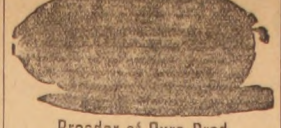
An interesting return just published proves how unnecessary it is for any writer to fall back on quotations from modern or dead languages to illustrate his meaning. There are now over 250,000 words in the English language acknowledged by the best authorities, or about 70,000 more than in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages combined. One can easily understand foreigners borrowing from English, and it seems quite unnecessary and inexcusable for English writers to burden their works with words taken from languages with less than a fourth the number of words to be found in our best dictionaries.

A King's Wives Take in Washing.

King Malletto, of Samoa, is not paid his salary (\$25 a week) with regularity enough to keep him in easy financial condition, so he has been having his wives do washing for well-to-do residents of Apia.

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