

A Tale of Adventure on a Louisiana Plantation.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER II.—Continued. The tornado lasted but a few moments, then softened down to a mere breeze which continued for a half-hour.

not move. Then, with the activity of a squirrel and the muscular force of a giant, he lifted the burden once more and leaped forward.

Where was he? He tried to gaze around, but there was nothing to be seen in the hummock woods of the Teche country.

When Lawrence returned to consciousness he was resting on a low bed in one of the cabins of the negro quarters, and Lucie was bending over him.

"Lucie! Lucie!" he called, "speak to me, dear, speak. Are you hurt?" Her heart was beating, but she did not move or speak.

Lucie almost like one dead. He was bruised and out from head to foot; but he had saved Lucie, whose courage and self-forgetfulness under all the terrible circumstances were wonderful.

With amazing rapidity the clouds were swept on an away, leaving the sky clear and bright, with the moon shining along white and brilliant as the stars.

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Tom's mangled and bruised, the young man to push back the girl's tangled hair, he stooped and kissed her on the brow; then, gathering force again, called loudly:

When Lawrence convalesced very fast, but no sooner was he out of danger than Lucie's strength gave way and she fell ill.

"Help! help! halloo! help!" "But, Mars, I ayn't help nobody!" "My posson, an' er' hold'n me down. I wuz 't Mars' house, 'n' Tom, a negro of the place."

Meantime one evening prole Col. de Vigny, with Star still in fair condition, though a trifle lame, The Colonel had made the journey to New Orleans and back.

Such a strain was not to be borne long. Lawrence struggled with fine courage and desperate resolution, but presently his eyes were blurred, his head reeled, and he fell over insensible.

It was the overseer who thought of skinning the panther and dressing its hide to be kept as proof positive that the Teche Terror was no longer to be dreaded.

The moon shone down through the awning rift in the forest upon the pallid and bewildered face of the girl.

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"Dat yo' Miss Lucie!" called Tom. "Dat yo' ober dar? Is yo' hurt, honey?" "Tom! Oh, Tom, come, come, quick, quick!"

time color. It was discovered after the storm was over that the negro boy Tom had run away just before it, and in that way only was he on hand to aid in Lucie's and Lawrence's rescue.

"Bress de Lor!" There was a sound of struggling muscles and tugging limbs. With the power of a giant the negro was wrenching himself from under the weight that held him down.

When Lucie was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of travel, Col. de Vigny chartered a small vessel by which he transported his daughter and his household slaves to New Orleans.

"Here, here, qui! qui!" "Hook out! dat panyer! He close roin' yar."

But we are slipping away from our story. Let us get back to the thread of it.

As he spoke he flourished a heavy club the fragment of a live oak limb thicker than a man's arm and four feet long as if it had been a mere plaything.

Immediately on reaching New Orleans Lawrence and the de Vignys separated, and no feeling was shot out of sight than the feeling stole into Lawrence's heart that he had lost her again.

He raised the club with both hands and advanced.

He raised the club with both hands and advanced.

normal limit of life as it usually comes to men, that he scarcely felt that he could expect the final outcome to be anything but a success. Not for the condition of his health had much to do with the state of his imagination; moreover, a man in love is apt to take a distorted view of small matters when they do not meet themselves with the subject of his heart.

Lawrence toiled patiently through some intricate notarial affairs, and when everything necessary had been signed, sealed, and delivered he heaved a sigh of relief, went to his room, dressed him in with care, and calling a carriage ordered him to drive to the number given him by Lucie.

It was a solid and stately looking residence before which the carriage drew up. He thumped the door with its ponderous brass knocker, a trifle nervously. The servant looked indifferently. Strange that a man's heart should be so hard to control at such a time! Stranger still that his fancy should invent in spite of him a web of fantastic expectations!

A servant opened the door. Was Mlle. de Vigny in? No, she was not in. Where was she?

The servant did not know. She and her father had gone away, it was on a long journey—on a ship to France, probably. The servant looked indifferently, his voice was inhospitable, but Lawrence pushed past him and went in.

"Tell your mistress," he said, "that I wish to see her." A minute later a tall, serene-looking lady met him in a gracious way, and informed him that Mlle. de Vigny and her father had sailed for France that very morning.

Lawrence caught a ray of subtle malignity darting from the narrow, placid eyes which were scanning him between the folds of her dress. "Madame," said he, "are you quite sure that they are gone?" She lifted her brows a trifle, made some movement with her lips indicative of surprise mingled with polite contempt.

He turned and walked past the tidy, formal man servant out into the street, where his carriage was waiting. At the very moment when he stepped into the silent car, while his thoughts crushed themselves like a confused blur.

CHAPTER IV. John A. Murrell and his influential coadjutors all through the Southwest had set up a state of affairs altogether anomalous. The history of mankind does not show another example of widespread and perfectly organized lawlessness to compare with it in boldness of design and accuracy of execution.

The coming of Martin Lawrence to New Orleans happened at a sensitive point in the circle of illegal operations, although the young man was wholly ignorant of the fact. At that time Murrell's kingdom was toppling to its fall.

Some who had gone no farther beyond the limits of the law than to procure a little in the ways of the smuggler and the dealer in goods and chattels of questionable ownership were frightened almost to the point of offering themselves as state witnesses with the hope of securing pardon.

As an utter ignorance of all this as he was innocent of any other design beyond securing his client's money and fighting up some records that had been tampered with, Lawrence went about feeling that the very atmosphere around him was heavy with mystery.

When upon turning at the bottom of the step and looking up he saw Lucie in a chamber window, it scarcely surprised him, so readily was he in the habit of regarding himself to his strange surroundings.

The Reason Why. A man living in a suburban hamlet recently went to the general store to buy some potatoes.

The Young Abstinents' Union is London has now over 8,000 members.

He glanced at the window again, only to be motioned away by Lucie.

Nothing was left to him but to jump into his carriage and order the driver to take him back to the hotel. He tore the note open with some impatience and read in French:

"DEAR MARTIN: Do not berash. My father is not guilty. He is an honorable man; but his brother has drawn him into this thing unwares. Father fancies that you have a special desire to implicate and ruin him. Since the panther's death he seems to have shifted his monomania to the subject of being imprisoned, and he imagines that you are working to incarcerate him. If I could see you I could tell you a great deal which I cannot put upon paper; but they will not let me see you, and have foolishly thought to evade you by their silly story of our flight to Europe. Be patient and prudent, and ever believe me your loving father, LUCIE."

It did not take Lawrence long to arrive at the meaning of this, nor was he slow in setting Col. de Vigny's mind right, as nearly as that could be done, on the subject of arrest and imprisonment. Two or three stoic interviews with Lucie gave him the fullest knowledge of the situation, and showed him how to steer her father out of the complication.

Descendants of the Lawrence family—but, of course, that is not the real name—still live in New Orleans, where



"A NOTE WAS PLACED IN HIS HANDS."

up to about the beginning of the war of the rebellion Martin Lawrence was a distinguished lawyer and politician, and where in the city's famous cemetery a noble tomb marks the resting place of him and his always lovely and loving wife.

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How Cyrus Laid the Cable. In Harper's Weekly of Sept. 1, 1858, there appeared the following capital ballad from the pen of John G. Saxe, the Green Mountain poet, and it is worthy of reproduction at this time:

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE. Come listen unto my song; It is no silly fable; 'Tis all about the mighty cord 'That they call the Atlantic cable.

Then all the people laughed and said 'Tis all about the sea; He might get half-seas-over, but He never could get through it.

To carry out his foolish plan He never would be able; He might as well so hang himself With his Atlantic cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man, A fellow of decision; And heeded not their mocking words, Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail, And yet his mind was stable; He wa'n't the man to break his heart Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried, "Three times—you know the fable"— "I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "But I will lay the cable!"

Once more they tried it—burrah! hurrah! What means this great commotion? The Lord be praised! the cable's laid Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud rang the bells—so flashing bright, Six hundred leagues of water, Old Mother England's benison Sautes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings speed, And soon in every nation They'll hear about the cable with Profoundest admiration!

Now long live James and long live Vic, Now long live gallows and long live gall, And may his courage, faith and zeal With emulation fire us.

And may we honor evermore The manly, bold and stable, And tell our sons, to make them brave, How Cyrus laid the cable.

A Man Who Ate Fire. From the following account, taken from Evelyn's diary, where it appears under date of "10th mo, 8th, 1872," it appears that fire-eating freaks are not altogether modern innovations.

"I took leave of my lady Sunderland, who was going to Paris to my Lord, now Ambassador there. She made me stay to dinner at Leicester House, and afterward sent for Richardson, the famous 'fire-eater.' Before us he devoured brimstone on glowing coals, chewing and swallowing them. He then melted a beer glass and ate it quite up; then taking a live coal, a his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster; the coal was (then) blown with a hand-bellows until it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained until the oyster was done. Then he melted pitch with sulphur and drank it while it flowed. I saw it flaming in his mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

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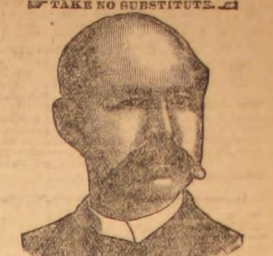
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