

HOUSE AND HOME.

Where is the house, the house we love?
By field or river, square or street,
The house our hearts go dreaming of,
That lonely waits our hurrying feet;
The house to which we come, we come,
To make that happy house our home.

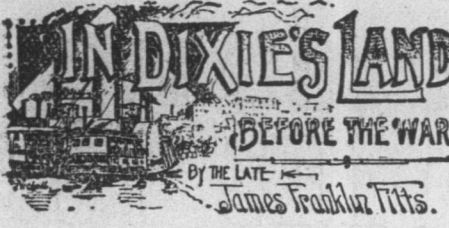
Oh dear dream house! for you I store
A melody of curious things,
As a wise through goes counting o'er
Ere the glad morn of songs and wings,
When a small nest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.

Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,
And quietly through the listening rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel,
And in the sweet-aided twilight glooms,
Will set a curtain straight, or chair,
And dust and order and make fair.

Oh, tarrying time, hasten, until
You light our hearts thro' dear and warm,
Set pictures on these walls so chill,
And draw our curtains 'gainst the storm,
And shut us in together, time,
In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house be new or old
We care not; we will drive away
From last year's nest its memories cold,
And all be gold that once was gray.
Oh, dear dream house, for which we pray,
Our feet come slowly up your way!

—Katherine Tynan.



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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Coralie had heard the sound of voices and her entrance into the parlor. She came in with a lamp. The stranger was revealed. I had last seen him when he was put ashore by the captain of the Cotton Queen.

He sat down on a sofa, and stretched himself out. Nobody else was seated. His impudent eye ranged round over the luxurious furniture of the apartment and coolly examined each one of us. Then, to my astonishment and disgust, he took a cigar from his case and scratching a match on the finely-grained panel of the wall he lit it and began to smoke.

Le Fevre started forward. "Say the word, Mr. Bostock, and I'll pitch the insolent blackguard out of here, neck and heels."

The planter sat down and groaned. "No," was all he said.

The intruder laughed, threw his head back, and blew rings of smoke upward to the ceiling.

"You won't be so fast, my friend, when you hear how good a right I've got to be here. That's Coralie, I suppose?"

Mr. Bostock gave a gesture of assent. "Fine girl. Who might you be, young fellow? I don't remember to have met you before."

This was addressed to me.

"I have seen you before, certainly."

"You have! Where?"

"Up the river, when you were put ashore from the steamer for cheating with cards."

I spoke from impulse, just as I often acted. It would have been wiser for me to keep the words back. A little reflection would have told me that this was a dangerous man, and that I ought not needlessly to incur his enmity. But I had spoken, and the shaft had gone home. The man's evil face flushed and paled, and he gave me a vindictive look. He addressed himself to Mr. Bostock.

"My business is with you, sir. I want nothing with these people."

With a slight pause, he continued:

"I was at Boutellier's, in New Orleans, yesterday. For the first time, he refused to advance me anything. I only asked him for a hundred dollars. He said you had stopped the account."

"It has been so long since I heard anything of you—"

"That you thought I was dead—eh? You hoped so, no doubt. If you'd taken the trouble to send to Boutellier, he'd have told you that your money never stayed very long in his hands."

Le Fevre whispered excitedly in my ear:

"What the devil does this mean? Since I have been there, the old man has deposited thousands of dollars in that bank, and not a cent has he drawn from there. Who is this fellow?"

"Tell me what you want," said the planter. "You promised me years ago that you would not come near me again. Go, now, and trouble me no more."

"Give me two thousand dollars first."

Mr. Bostock turned to Le Fevre.

"Make a check on Jacob Barker, New Orleans, for the amount payable to bearer."

Nothing that had thus far happened had greatly surprised me. I knew about this man what was not known to Coralie or Le Fevre; and, while she stood in consternation by her father's chair, the overseer did not cease to regard the interloper with threatening looks, as if he only wanted a little more provocation to attack him with his fists. Amazed as he was by the direction about the check, he went into the other room, prepared it, and brought it back on a book with a pen. Mr. Bostock signed it with trembling fingers.

"Give it to him."

The overseer took it and threw it upon the lounge. The man who lay there glanced at it and thrust it into his pocket.

"Go," said the planter.

"Pretty soon; don't hurry me. You must remember that we haven't met in many years. All your own fault; you would have it so. Now you have compelled me to come here to get money, you've got to acknowledge me."

"No—no!"

"You will! You're likely to die before I do; and where shall I come for money then? You know I was only a boy when we moved from here; I might find it hard to get myself recognized around here. It would be easier near Vicksburg; but I want the witnesses right here, in your own family. Tell these people who I am."

"You are one of the devils who has helped to make my life miserable,"

was the despairing cry of the planter.

"Will you tell them?"

"No."

"Very well. All La Fourche shall know the whole truth to-morrow. Mark me—the whole truth, I say!"

He turned to depart. Again he was recalled.

"Do you promise to keep that secret? Do you promise never to return here?"

"I will keep the secret. I will not return here in your lifetime—provided you keep my account good at Le Boutellier's. Now tell them!"

"Hold me up, Dorr—Le Fevre, stand back; this scoundrel must be satisfied and silenced. He wants me to tell you that he is my son, Conrad Bostock. That is true, I acknowledge it."

His head fell on his breast; his breath came hard and labored. His daughter placed her arm about his neck, and put her vinaigrette to his nostrils.

The gambler got up and looked with malignant triumph at the group.

"That's all, I believe," he drawled. "Coralie, I'm quite happy to have so fine a girl for a sister. You won't see your dear brother again for some time; that is, if your dutiful father behaves himself. Come and kiss me, my chicken!"

The girl gave a cry of disgust, and put out both hands to keep him off. I started toward him; but Le Fevre was too quick for me. The abundant wrath that he had been storing up for the last half hour could no longer be restrained. His powerful arm shot out straight from the shoulder, and Conrad Bostock sprawled his length on the carpet. He rose, confused and bleeding, caught one glance at the angry countenance of the overseer, snatched his hat and disappeared.

The planter seemed unconscious of what had last happened. He raised his eyes and looked around him.

"Is he gone?" he eagerly asked.

"Yes, father. What was it—?"

"Sh, child, don't ask me anything. He is gone; he won't come back. Did he say anything about you, Corry?"

"He wanted to kiss me—the odious beast!—and good Mr. Le Fevre struck him."

"I'm sorry for that; Conrad is revengeful. But he said nothing about you?"

"No, father."

The planter seemed greatly relieved at the answer.

"I'll go to bed, now, child. I am very weary with all this."

When Coralie had withdrawn with him, Le Fevre sat and stared blankly at me.

"What's all this?" he blurted out. I felt the shadows descending over this house. I knew now that they

would involve me, for too plainly did I see by the anxious inquiries of Mr. Bostock that Coralie was concerned in the mystery—and Coralie was becoming all the world to me. The hard, rugged nature of the overseer was crossed with hearty human streaks; the events of the night had shown that he was a true friend to this old man and his child. So I told him all I knew of Pierce Bostock and his wayward son, and all that Mr. Dorr had told me of them. He listened attentively, and shook his shaggy head.

"This is all new to me," he said. "What in Satan's name it means, I don't know. But I do know that if I catch that scoundrel about here I'll duck him in the bayou!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MY FATE.

Until nearly evening of the next day I was solitary in that house. Unusual out-of-door labors kept Le Fevre away from early morning till dark; and neither Coralie nor her father appeared at the breakfast or dinner-table.

"De ole massa powerful sick in de night," said one of the women who waited on me. "Pears like he done git no sleep, and Missy Coral up an' down wid him. Tell us what we do for yo', sah, an' we do um."

I strolled down to the bayou and strolled back. I tried to get interested in a book, and threw one after another aside. Was it the natural longing for her who had now become necessary to my existence?—or was it the restlessness provoked by the shadows of coming events?

Coralie—always Coralie. She had taken possession of me; I could think of nothing else. I have ventured upon no description of her face and form; I will not. She was all that Mr. Dorr had said of her, and more.

But who was it that this thought of her and hoped for her? A poor adventurer, with a few paltry dollars in his pocket; a dependent at this moment upon her father's hospitality.

Aye, indeed!—was that my position? Be it so. The other side of the question quickly appeared. There was danger threatening—danger to Coralie. The very air was full of it, since the ill-omened visit of the previous night.

"Did he say anything about you, Corry?"

Was her father's anxious question. What might he have said?—what could he say?—what was it that he had threatened to tell all through La Fourche—the threat of which had forced Mr. Bostock to the humiliating confession that this scoundrel was his son.

Evidently the mysterious terror that

brooded at Pierce Bostock's heart largely concerned his daughter. The man who sought her must seek her under this elud. He must take his risk. Was I prepared to do this?

Was I prepared? Yes! A thousand times yes. I would face anything, dare anything, for her. I exulted, with a fierce exultation, to know that there must be some sacrifice on my part. I wanted something to dare; something to suffer for her sake.

The parting words of Le Fevre on the previous night recurred to me.

"The old man couldn't live without her. I've sometimes thought that the love of her is all that keeps him alive. Many promising young fellows, the sons of the wealthiest planters about here, have tried to court her, but he's driven them all off. He has seemed to be in a perfect terror of her falling in love with anyone. But he needn't have troubled himself so far. She hasn't cared a straw for any of them."

Would it not be so with me, both as to the father and daughter? I could not tell. But I resolved to quickly find out. Events were fast shaping my course, and the startling occurrence of the evening before had emboldened me to speak out.

It was almost sunset when she came down from her father's chamber, wearied from loss of sleep, languidly beautiful in her white wrapper, with her black hair unbound and fastened back with a net. She came and sat by me on the sofa.

"He is asleep now," she said, anticipating my question. "I hope it will last long enough to rest his poor distracted mind and his weak body. It all comes from the shock of that bad man's visit last night. He will not talk with me about it—but in his sleep he cries out his name, and prays him not to speak of me—and O, *Mon Dieu*, it is horrible! Can it be that this hideous man is my brother?"

"I fear it is so. Mr. Dorrion told me so. He said that he came to the plantation near Vicksburg when you were an infant, with your father; that he was always called a son; and that it was supposed, when he went away during your childhood, that on account of his evil course your father had hired him to leave."

"Ah, me! I have no memory of him. Why does papa fear him?"

"I wish I knew."

"These things are dreadful. What are we to do—what will become of us?"

"Do not despair. We may never hear of that man again."

"Ah, you do not know the condition that poor papa is in! It is pitiful to see him. He begs me not to leave him; he calls on Conrad not to betray him."

"He is delirious."

"No, no; it is in his sleep. Since last night, it has seemed to me as if I could never be light-hearted or happy again. It seems as though some dreadful calamity was threatening us."

"You want rest and sleep yourself. You must not be so sad."

"Am I sad? Well, think of it. Here is papa, sick with fright from that man; he will die suddenly, some time, the doctor says—and then there is nobody to protect me or care for me. Mr. Le Fevre, perhaps—but he is so rough, though his heart is good. I am troubled."

All this was merely the natural outpouring of the heart, by one whose life had always been sunny, who had not known what grief was. It was my opportunity; I could not neglect it. My heart beat fast as I took the plunge.

"There is one to protect you, Coralie; there is one who would die for you, but who hopes to live long for you. Have you not thought of me in this trouble?"

She looked down; her long black lashes lay on her fair face.

"I did think of you," she said. "But I did not know how you felt toward me."

"Not know?" I echoed. "Could I have told you plainer than by my looks, my actions, my very silence? Shall I tell you now that I love you dearly, and will stand between you and all peril?"

She looked into my eyes; her head was on my shoulder; my arms were about her.

"O Dorr, is it true?" she whispered. "I have dreamed it, but never dared to think it. Is it really true?"

We sat and talked until the twilight. I do not know how long; I only know that the world was lost to both of us in that time. Why should I repeat here what we said, the vows we exchanged, the air castles we built? With lovers and first love the way has always been the same since the days of Eden before the serpent.

Coralie at length started up.

"Let me go," she said. "I have been too long away from papa. If he has waked he has missed me."

She looked to the door, and gave a start. My arm was still about her; my hand held hers. The figure of a man stood in the doorway. The blinds were open, the windows were up; the brilliant twilight illuminated the room. It was the bent and bowed figure of Pierce Bostock, leaning on his cane. He saw us; he saw our attitude. I had become used to his moods, to his stern and forbidding facial expressions; yet I must confess that nothing had I seen in him to equal the blank dismay, the consternation, with which he saw Coralie in my arms.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STUNNING TRUTH.

He tottered to a chair, and sank in it. "Ee, too!" he moaned. "Must he share in the punishment? Must everything I touch be destroyed? Just God, my punishment is greater than I can bear."

I was about to try to explain the situation, in which he had found me. Before I could do so, he reached out to the bell and jerked it. A slave girl presently appeared.

"Close the blinds; shut the windows; bring a light," he commanded. She obeyed.

When she had gone, he told me to lock the door. I did it, wondering what was next to happen.

"Now we are alone; we shall not be

disturbed," he said. "Tell me what this means."

I still held the girl in my arms; she tried not to escape. Her compliance emboldened me; I spoke out, not only as I wished, but as I thought she would have me speak.

"Mr. Bostock, if I have presumed too much upon your friendship, and upon the kind treatment I have had in this house, I beg you to forgive me. I can only plead my love in excuse. I am poor, as you know, but for you and a very few others, I am friendless; but I love Coralie. It comes of itself; I did not seek it nor invite it; I could not help it. That is all."

I watched his face closely, and my heart sank as I saw that it was hard and cold.

"Indeed!" he said, with something almost like a sneer. "Perhaps I ought not to be surprised at this, but I take little heed of what passes around me. Corry, how is it with you? Speak the truth to me, as you always have. Is this merely an idle fancy—or do you love him?"

"I do love him," she raised her head, and looked steadily at her father.

He heard me; he heard her; and his harshness disappeared. He crossed his arms upon his breast, he bowed his head upon them; great sighs burst from him as he rocked himself to and fro.

"My crime—my crime!" he moaned. "Must they suffer for it?—they, the innocent ones whom I love!"

Coralie heard that cry from his despairing soul and was on her knees by him. She clasped his hands; she begged him to look upon her, to kiss her, to call her his darling. He looked at her, but it was with rueful, despairing face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOND OF COWBOY SADDLES.

English and Germans Buy Much of the Finest Goods Made in Cheyenne.

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian outside of the United States cavalry and of the northwest mounted police of Canada has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather or he wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, holster and stirrup leathers that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the shepherds of that era. When a reporter of the New York Sun found himself in Cheyenne the other day the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of the kind, and instead of there being a crowd in front of it, there was no sign of more business than was going on at the druggist's near by or the stationer's over the way. In one way only did the reporter find his hopes rewarded; the goods displayed in the windows were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious heavy hand-stamped saddles; there were the huge, cumbersome tapaderos; there were the lariats or "ropes," the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outdone, and there were the "mule skinner" and the fanciful spurs, and, in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawned his soul to own. The metal work was all such as a cavalryman once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation." Englishmen and Germans now buy the fanciest and the best trappings to send abroad to their homes. Hand-stamped saddles cost from eighty-five dollars to eighteen dollars, but thirty-five dollars buys as good a one as a modest man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and with stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cowgirls in the world or half a dozen women like the Colorado cattle queen or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they have fond fathers and brothers and still fondler lovers. Hence the manufacture of magnificent side saddles, all decked with hand-stamped patterns and looking as pretty as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed of horse gear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.

The Day in Different Lands.

In different times and in different countries there have been at least four separate systems of regulating the civil day. The ancient Babylonians reckoned from sunrise to sunrise, and a great division of the Persians even to this day reckon the day as beginning at noon. The Romans finished one day and commenced another at midnight, and it was from them that we have inherited our time-reckoning custom. The Athenians and the Jews (just prior to the crucifixion, at least), finished the day with sunset. The scientists have their "sidereal" and "solar" modes of keeping track of the flight of time, besides a variety of other systems.

Cheese for the Bride.

In Switzerland the orange and myrtle blossoms, those graceful symbols at weddings, and their substitute in Gruyere cheese. On the day of her marriage the bride receives a whole Gruyere cheese, which is religiously preserved in the family. As time goes on various marks and notches are cut into it which serve to record the births, marriages, deaths, etc., occurring in the household and among the relatives. Anyhow it may always serve as provision for a rainy day.

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