

AND POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

A little wicker basket rolls
Along the pavement walk,
And at the sight, the young and old
Begin to laugh and talk.
And wave fair hands, and kisses throw,
And cry: "Look here!" "See there!"
"This way it comes!"—and all because
Sweet Polly takes the air!"

The newsboys run and shout with glee,
And follow on behind,
The coachman and the footman gaze
As if they had a mind
To do the same—the good old priest
Stands still with solemn stare,
As down the shady avenue
Sweet Polly takes the air!

From every window shines a head
Of clustering, golden curls
And every door grows bright with throng
Of merry boys and girls;
The butler and the maid forget
To work—as on the stair
They peep and pry, with curious eye,
When Polly takes the air!

And all the while sweet Polly sits
In dainty gown and hat,
And smiles on one she loves the best,
Her pretty Maltese cat—
And softly coos, when pussy purrs,
Without a thought or care
How all the town turns upside down
When Polly takes the air!

—Zitella Cooke, in Youth's Companion.



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CHAPTER XX.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

Le Fevre never released his hold on my collar till we were out of sight of the house, among the cane. I think that I held back a little.

"Come along," he said brusquely. "I'm as much stirred up as you are about it; but I've got my senses, and you've lost yours. You want to do something desperate and foolish."

"Let me go!" I cried. "I'll kill him." "Come along, I say, you young idiot! What good would it do to kill him? That would only make things worse for you and the girl. You want to help her, don't you?"

"I'll die before I leave her here in that man's power!" I would—

"Yes, I know how you feel. I've got some feeling myself on the subject. I've got a plan, too; but I tell you flatly, Dorris Jewett, if you don't come along with me and quit your crazy notion of taking the girl out of the house by force, with those roughs standing between, I'll go my own way, and leave you to your destruction."

His words calmed me; I ceased to resist, and followed him as he strode through the cane. His hopeful words, his strong confidence in himself put new life into me; I leaned on him as upon a human providence.

He never stopped till he reached the edge of the great swamp, more than a quarter of a mile back of the house. It was overgrown with scrub oak and cypress; festoons of Spanish moss, ivy, and other parasites ran from tree to tree; where the heat had dried the edges of the swamp for many rods, a thick growth of palm bushes had sprung up. A serpent wriggled in at our approach, and a cloud of ravenous mosquitoes gave us a warm greeting.

"We shan't be overheard here," said my companion. "I'll make a smoke to save us from being devoured alive."

He lit a cigar and consumed it with short, emphatic puffs. I watched his face anxiously, and saw that his square under-jaw was set, and that he was thinking hard. Suddenly he put the question to me:

"What do you think of me, anyway, Dorris Jewett?"

A little disconcerted by the abruptness of the question, I presently answered, and told him the exact truth:

"When I first came here, I thought you were rough and cruel to the negroes. Afterward I found out that you were more rough than cruel; and still later, I have known you for a good friend."

"Yes; that's pretty near the truth. Before I tell you my plan, I want you to know enough about me to understand that I am not coming to your help blindfolded. I know the risk, and I'll face it; and you must know it. I told you I was born in Pennsylvania. Ten years and more, I've been in Louisiana. I came down here with a head full of the horrors of slavery, as it had been pictured to me. I suppose the real thing strikes different people from the north in different ways; some might have seen all that I've seen, and be confirmed in their notions of the institution. I haven't been. Contact with the negro in this state, where there are as many of him as there is of the white man, has made me believe that a condition of slavery is a good thing, the only thing for him."

"But Coralie!"

"Hold on; I'm coming to her. Such has been my opinion. In a single day I am brought face to face with the ugliest aspect of the whole problem. I've heard of such things as this. I never knew any such personally. I have supposed that the facts must be distorted and exaggerated. Now, there is no mistake. We know what has happened on this plantation. I won't sicken you by reminding you of what may happen. You'd say, I would say, almost every planter in the La Fourche would agree, that the treatment which that beautiful white girl—I tell you it just as it is—is likely to receive at the hands of her own kin, her half-brother, just as you heard him threaten it—is more than brutal. Sir, it is damnable!"

He stamped his foot in his excitement.

"And the law would permit it?"

"The law would ask just one question: Was her mother a slave? We know what the answer would be in this case. Nothing else would be regarded."

"Must we submit to such a monstrous condition of law?" I cried.

He looked fixedly at me.

"Boy, you've got spirit; you need to be guided, but you're the true stuff. The girl's safety and deliverance are a

thousand times more to you than to me; yet hang me if the fix she's in don't appeal to me in a way that I can't stand. And if you ask me if we shall submit to have Coralie sent to New Orleans and sold like a horse to a condition worse than death I say no! to a good mother that bore me, I won't!"

I passed the words I said to him, the thanks I tried to give him. He cut them all short.

"Never mind that, Dorris. I'm with you, heart and hand; you be guided by me, and we'll save her or—"

He stopped.

"Perhaps you didn't know that if you are caught trying to abduct a slave in Louisiana they'll send you to the Baton Rouge penitentiary for a term of years."

"I did not know it, and don't care for it. Tell me what we shall do."

His own excited feelings found relief in a laugh at my eager recklessness. Rapidly he laid his plans before me. I considered it as he spoke, and saw that it offered a chance of success.

He said that men of the class of Conrad Bostock and his companions, upon such an occasion as this, would be very sure to spend the night over the wine bottle and cards. He proposed to communicate stealthily with Coralie through the faithful house servants, and after midnight get her quietly out of the house and drive to Donaldsonville, taking carriage and ponies from the place. He knew that the Cotton Queen stopped at Donaldsonville about daylight, going up, and that to-morrow was her day. We would go far enough to reach the vicinity of a railroad, short of any of the cities where we might be overtaken by telegraph, and there go ashore.

"We can throw off the pursuit in this way," he said. "We can land at some obscure wood station. It must be this side of Baton Rouge, if the Queen stops there, for there the telegraph can overhaul us, and we will strike across the country to some equally obscure railroad station. I'll defy them to find us when we are clear of the river. I have plenty of money; that and a little adroitness will carry us safe through to Canada within a week."

"Le Fevre, you're a noble fellow. If I ever—"

"Don't bother yourself," he laughed. "We're not there yet."

A convulsion of mirth seized him. He sat down in the grass and shook with laughter.

"You needn't fear I'm going crazy, Dorris. But suppose anyone had said to me three days ago: 'Wash Le Fevre, you think you're a good deal of a southern man, now, don't you? And you think slavery is about the thing for the nigger, don't you? Well, next week you'll be trying to run off a slave to Canada.' Suppose any man had said that to me! I'd a struck him, if he was as big as a mountain. And now look at me!"

"Circumstances change all of us."

"They do, indeed. Now to work. I'll go and feel round among the house people, keeping carefully out of sight. Go into the shade, and stay there till you hear from me. I don't want you with me yet; you're too rash. I'll send one of the boys out here with something to eat. Here's some cigars; these confounded 'skeeters would eat you up alive."

CHAPTER XXI.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

In these concluding chapters of my narrative many details must be omitted. The stress and suspense of the situation at which we have now arrived in its progress are acting upon me somewhat as the real scenes of thirty years ago affected me, and I must go rapidly forward to the close. It may therefore be said that the skill and management of Le Fevre, with the friendly aid of the house servants, put in successful operation the initiative of the plan of escape that he had devised. A little after midnight Coralie and I were in a carriage that had been brought by a roundabout plantation road some distance above the house. Le Fevre took the reins, and drove rapidly toward Donaldsonville.

He had judged rightly as to what the occupation of Conrad Bostock and his boon companions was likely to be on this night. A good account of their roystering, and of the manner in which Coralie's flight was discovered, was afterward furnished to me by one of the negro women who listened in trepidation at the parlor door, anxious for some hint as to what was to become of herself and "the people" of the plantation. The negroes had heard the rumor that the "new maussa" intended to sell them all, and let the

plantation to some one who could stock it; and Bess was endeavoring to secure early information of his real designs.

The new proprietor had discovered the repository of the wine, and a dozen dusty bottles had been brought up. When sufficient of their contents had been drunk to make the party merry, cards were produced, and gambling commenced. There seemed to be plenty of money among them, and the game was continued with varying success till midnight, when Conrad was largely the winner.

The bottle had circulated freely, and the depraved men were ready for any

thing that would yield new excitement.

"Two thousand dollars against that girl!" Gardette shouted.

"Done!" said Bostock.

The cards were dealt, and the others stood close by the table to watch the game. Gardette lost.

"Another chance!" he demanded.

"Yes," said the winner.

This time Gardette won.

"The girl is mine!" he shouted, exultingly.

"We'll play again," Conrad clamored.

"O, no. I'm content. You've won enough, to-night, to stop."

"You'll play again, the girl against two thousand dollars, or you'll fight!" the other insisted.

Both were inflamed with wine, and the excitement of gaming, which is greater than that of wine. Pistols were drawn, and one or both would have fallen; but at this moment their companions intervened and persuaded Gardette, for the sake of peace, to consent to one more game.

RIOT IN KANSAS CITY.

Exciting Experience of an Ex-Priest with a Mob.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 18.—J. V. McNamara, who styles himself "late priest of Rome," delivered a bitter lecture against the Catholic church at Turner hall Sunday night before a small audience. During its progress some one threw a stone, whereupon McNamara drew a revolver, but there was no further trouble. Tuesday night he lectured again at the same place. The hall was packed with 1,200 men, but it was a perfectly quiet and orderly audience when McNamara came on the stage.

He carried a loaded rifle in his hands and a revolver peeped from his coat pocket. Advancing to the footlights he declared that he had taken his life in his hands, but he was willing to sacrifice it for the A. P. A. He "feared no Catholic murderers and hoodlums" he said.

"There is murder in the air," was his dramatic exclamation, as he called upon men with Protestant hearts and nerves of steel to arise. Twelve responded. He directed them to go to the gallery, station themselves at regular intervals, and act promptly when the occasion demanded.

The only real outbreak during the lecture was when a drunken man called McNamara a liar and when a stone came crashing through the window from a mob which was rapidly collecting outside. The lecture lasted until 11 o'clock.

At least 2,000 people had collected on Twelfth and Oak streets during the progress of the lecture. Twenty policemen were about the streets in the immediate vicinity of the scene. The mob was orderly, and there was no violent demonstration of any kind. On Twelfth street the cable cars were constantly passing so that the crowd was kept on the sidewalks, but on Oak street it blocked the thoroughfare.

For forty-five minutes the suspense continued. Then the police, deceived by the passive action of the people, sent for a carriage. As it rattled up to the Twelfth street entrance a policeman ran upstairs, gave a knock agreed upon and McNamara and his wife appeared. The former carried a rifle, the woman had a big revolver before her breast. They hustled into the carriage, which started east on Twelfth street.

As the carriage started one door flew open and a man jumped into the street and smashed the glass with his cane. In a moment both the occupants fired point blank into the crowd, one with a rifle, the other with a revolver. Instantly there was a wild yell and a shower of stones and canes and bricksbats fell upon the carriage. Half a block farther east McNamara and his wife again shot. A dozen pistol shots this time answered. A few scattering ones had been heard before, but this time there was a volley. The driver was hit by a bullet and slightly wounded in the side. A stone also hit him and he dropped the reins, the horses running wildly. It was this probably that saved the life of McNamara and his wife.

The team dashed north on Holmes street and soon distanced the mob. McNamara and his wife crouching in the bottom of the carriage, which was almost a total wreck. The driver soon picked himself up from the footboard, got his horses under control and drove the couple to the Midland hotel. A portion of the mob learned that McNamara had been stopping with a relative at Tenth and Holmes and going there they smashed the windows at long range, a man with a rifle holding them from entering and razing the house.

A large number of people were injured in the riot, but they were spirited away by friends and no names can be learned. Neither is it definitely known if any of the bullets fired from the carriage took effect. McNamara and wife refused to see any one, but claim they are not injured. The driver says they were hit by stones, but he thinks not by bullets. Local A. P. A. men disclaim any connection with the affair.

HEAVY LOSS OF WHEAT.

Millions of Bushels Destroyed in Washington by Rain.

TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 18.—Between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 bushels of wheat have been destroyed in the wheat districts of eastern Washington by continued rains. In 1892 the yield from that district was 12,000,000. In 1893 the acreage was increased, and it was expected the yield would reach 15,000,000 bushels. A party of large wheat land owners have returned from the wheat belt and report that the farmers would have been better off if they had not planted any wheat last year. Many thousands of bushels rotted in the field, but the rains have continued up to date and have flooded the granaries and destroyed most of what was harvested and rendered the roads impassable.

A 14-YEAR-OLD HERO.

Johnny Crow Rescues Six Little Children from a Nevada River.

CARSON, Nev., Jan. 18.—Three children, while playing on the ice on Carson river at Brunswick Mill, 5 miles from here, broke through, and three playmates, in trying to rescue them, went in also. Johnny Crow, 14 years old, jumped in and rescued five, the other child going under the ice. He dived after it, swimming 40 feet under the ice, and when he came up with it was nearly worn out.

Robbed the Safe.

ZANESVILLE, O., Jan. 18.—At an early hour three masked men entered the soap factory of Schultz & Co., overpowered Watchman Day and, after binding and gagging him, threw him in a closet. The safe in the office was then blown open and \$8,800 in checks, \$200 in money and a diamond ring were taken. The robbers then made their escape.

Helena's Queer Bid.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 18.—This city wants the Corbett-Mitchell fight and its cattlemen have offered 3,000 2-year-olds as an inducement.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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