Sallie Rhett Roman (1844-1921): A New Orleans Woman Writer.

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SALLIE RHETT ROMAN (1844-1921): A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN WRITER

VOLUME I

A Dissertation
Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy

in

The Department of English

by

Nancy Dixon
B.A., University of New Orleans, 1988
M.A., University of New Orleans, 1991
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In the research methods course for my master's degree at the University of New Orleans, my professor, Dr. Reinecke, included an extra credit question on the exam that read, "Who is S.R.R.?" We all scrambled around frantically and finally came up with Sallie Rhett Roman. That was my introduction to Roman and to her career at the Times Democrat, and I have Dr. Reinecke to thank. I was very interested in this rather anonymous writer, and Dr. Reinecke suggested that she would make a very interesting thesis subject. Little did I know that I would be spending the next six years studying Roman's life and works, and aside from Dr. Reinecke, who also helped to translate some of the New Orleans French sayings and identify some of the more colorful names and places, there are many others without whose help this project could not have been completed.

First I want to thank my dissertation committee and Emily Toth for all their assistance on this project. I especially want to thank Gaines Foster for his help with Louisiana history and Peggy Prenshaw, my committee chair, for all her support and guidance in this and many other projects throughout my career at LSU. For my co-chair, Veronica Makowsky, whose prompt responses to my seemingly endless letters and phone calls made the distance from here
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During my research on Roman, I have been fortunate enough to meet many of her relatives and others interested in the Roman and Rhett families. My aunt, Pauline Collins, tracked down Charles and Nora Roman of Columbia, South Carolina, who were kind enough to lend me two boxes of Sallie's papers that her grandson Charles inherited after his father's death. My dissertation could not have been written without their generous loan. I also want to thank Alicia Rhett of Charleston, South Carolina and Harry Rhett and his daughter Leslie Crosby of Huntsville, Alabama for taking the time to show me their family papers and to share many interesting stories about the Rhett family. The South Carolina Historical Society in Charleston was also very generous with their time and materials which greatly facilitated my research.

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Finally, I want to thank my friends and colleagues: David Mazel for his translation of so much of the French that I could not master, Jeff Walker for his photograph of Cabanocey, Laurie Arnston for all her help in Huntsville, Catherine Williamson for Perdido Key, Rob Hale and Janet Wondra for their friendship and support, and Tater Tewkesbury for always reminding me to look for the moonlight and magnolias.

None of this could have been accomplished without the love and support of my parents Jim and Patty Dixon and my sisters and brothers Katie, Polly, Jay, and John and, above all, my faithful and loving companion, Hap.
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ABSTRACT

Sallie Rhett Roman was a New Orleans writer who contributed political editorials and works of fiction to the *New Orleans Times Democrat* for nearly twenty years beginning in 1891. She was a culturally-aware intellectual woman of the nineteenth century, and her works offer a clearer picture of the political, cultural, and historical post-Reconstruction South. In my extensive scholarly investigation of Roman's work, I began to realize that it was not enough to write about her life and works without making the primary texts, which are hidden away on microfilm in the rare book rooms of South Louisiana, accessible to scholars of Southern U.S., Louisiana, and U.S. women's history and literature. Thus, I have undertaken to produce a scholarly edition of selected materials in addition to completing a critical text on Roman. My extensive introduction to this edition includes critical analyses of her nonfiction and fiction as well as a section on Roman's biographical background.

Roman's editorials evince a deep concern with politics, which stemmed from her having grown up as the daughter of South Carolina senator, Robert Barnwell Rhett. Roman lamented the fact that the Republican politicians of the day were not more like her father and her father-in-
law, the former governor of Louisiana, André Bienvenu Roman.

Many of her editorials address concerns which carry over into her fiction, such as the importance of education and devotion to family. Her stories about the young aristocratic class of New Orleans, of which she was once a member, are often didactic and cautionary. She also employs many elements of local color and popular culture in her fiction.

In my scholarly edition of representative samples from Roman’s editorials and fiction, I am able to depict her growth as a writer. My introduction establishes the critical connections between her engaging life and her writing. I situate her work and life historically, and examine her writing alongside that of other, better-known writers contemporary to her. Finally, the project includes the first complete bibliography of Roman’s works.
Sarah [Sallie] Rhett Roman (1844-1921) was born into a wealthy, political planter family of South Carolina and married into a wealthy, political planter family of Louisiana. Her husband's, father's, and father-in-law's political careers have all been recorded to some degree by biographers and historians, yet Sallie Roman's noteworthy career has largely been neglected, a career that in fact is more richly revealing of her political beliefs and the cultural and historical era in which she lived than any secondary source.

Roman was born and married into a planter household of the kind historian Elizabeth Fox-Genovese discusses in her analysis of the gender roles within antebellum southern households: "[M]en represented those families and households in the larger worlds of politics and warfare, or, to reverse matters, women belonged within families and households under the governance and protection of their men."¹ The gender roles within Roman's household were no exception. Roman's earliest role model, her mother, Elizabeth Rhett, spent many lonely nights writing to her husband lamenting his absence as he promoted his political career, but her place was at home on the plantation. Fox-Genovese goes on to say that "women had no business to bear arms and no place in politics."² Roman never could have
suspected while she was being groomed as a plantation mistress that she would later, as a single mother of ten, begin her career as a political editorialist for one of the largest newspapers in the South and do so out of necessity.

Although Roman's mother died when she was only eight, she otherwise had a happy and typical childhood as the daughter of one of the most prominent politicians of Charleston, South Carolina, Robert Barnwell Rhett. After her marriage in 1863 to Alfred Roman, the son of Louisiana Governor André Bienvenu Roman, she went on to lead the sort of life that Fox-Genovese says was characteristic of women of her social standing: "[G]racious and delicate, she was to devote herself to charm and nurture within the circle of her own household." As noted in The Girls of the Sixties, Roman was a brilliant socialite with her "at homes," her Paris fashions, and her "'loge'. . . at the celebrated old French Opera House." After the Civil War, women of the South could no longer take their roles in society for granted. In her book, Gender, Race and Region in the Writings of Grace King, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Kate Chopin, Helen Taylor states that "the expectations with which women had been reared, that they would be cared for and supported economically, were now revealed as precarious. . . . and the class alliance between bourgeois women, which they had previously taken for granted, was now seen to be nonexistent."
Upon Sallie Roman's initial move to Louisiana, she enjoyed the fashionable life to which she was accustomed, but many factors led to her family's eventual impoverishment, forcing her husband to beg for a position with the Louisiana Lottery Company in order to feed and clothe his family. First, there were two successive crevasses upriver in St. James Parish that claimed much of the sugar fields from which Alfred Roman and his family received a substantial income. Secondly, from 1877 to 1880 Alfred Roman had been appointed to two consecutive judgeships in New Orleans by Bourbon governors Francis T. Nicholls and Louis Alfred Wiltz, respectively, but by the time of Nicholls' reelection in 1888 his allegiance to the Bourbon-Lottery-Ring faction had shifted, and he and Alfred Roman had parted ways politically. Not only could Alfred Roman no longer hope for an appointed governmental position, but the corrupt Louisiana Lottery had also fallen on hard times. Reconstruction had taken its toll on the Roman family. By the late 1880s, when Alfred Roman's private practice had become almost nonexistent, Sallie and four of their children would enter the work force.

Roman was typical of the postbellum Louisiana women writers whom Taylor describes as "white . . . daughters of wealthy professional men or planters; all had been given considerable education at home in their fathers' libraries. . . . many had positive encouragement in their writing from
members of their family, including husbands who often provided publishing contacts." Although Roman began working for the newspaper in 1891 out of financial necessity, she did receive her husband's support, and his longtime political connections with Maj. E. A. Burke, the owner of the Times Democrat, undoubtedly helped her secure a position with the newspaper.

Sallie Roman's early editorials praised the Bourbon-Lottery-Ring politicians, of whom the paper's owner Maj. Burke was a prominent member, and lamented the fact that they were no longer in power, while extolling former high-minded politicians like her father and father-in-law. Roman did not announce to the public her identity as author of the political editorials, although it was the usual practice of the time for editorialists to use rather anonymous signatures or none at all. She signed her early pieces simply S. R.

Two years after she started with the newspaper, she began to write short fiction primarily concerned with the young aristocratic class of New Orleans of which she was once a shining member, and she began to pen her works, S. Rhett Roman. Roman could be considered a local colorist as she capitalizes on the exotic in New Orleans and the surrounding area, as did many of her peers. Her early fiction is didactic, warning the fashionable young men, and especially young women, to concern themselves with more
than just the dictates of propriety, to be more serious and spiritual about life and the harsh turns that fortune can take. She certainly knew first hand of the cruel twists of fate, and probably wished that she had been better prepared for her life as a single mother and primary provider for a family of ten in post-Reconstruction New Orleans.

Although Roman never received the renown of Kate Chopin or Grace King, she is an accomplished writer familiar with many of the popular literary genres of the time. In her introduction to *Louisiana Women Writers*, Barbara Ewell states that "[l]esser writers . . . can provide valuable cultural data, enriching our understanding of an era, as well as offer glimpses of technique and purpose that their more skillful peers better conceal." In fact, much of Roman's work succeeds in doing just that. Her writing style, often didactic and cautionary, her portrayal of women, and her concern with the political issues of the time all serve to better inform us of the turn-of-the-century South, which, in connection with her interesting life, makes her a worthy subject.
INTRODUCTION

Biographical Background

Sallie Rhett Roman was born Sarah Taylor Rhett in Washington D. C. on February 3, 1844. Her mother, Elizabeth Washington Burnet (1809-1852), daughter of Andrew William Burnet and Elizabeth Washington DeSaussure, was orphaned and reared by her mother’s brother, W. H. DeSaussure, a Huguenot Chancellor from Lausanne, Switzerland. Roman’s father, Robert Barnwell Rhett (1800-1876), was an eminent statesman from Beaufort, South Carolina, who was born Robert Barnwell Smith. In 1837, at the urging of his brothers, his family changed their name from Smith to the more notable Rhett after their distinguished colonial ancestor, Colonel William Rhett. Colonel Rhett, at the time of his death in 1722, served as Governor General of the Bahama Islands and was renowned for his exploits against pirates.

While Roman’s mother was reared by her uncle, Laura White writes in her biography, Robert Barnwell Rhett: Father of Secession, that "family tradition ascribes much of his [Robert B. Rhett’s] rearing" to his maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Barnwell Gough, of Beaufort, South Carolina." Surrogate parents figured prominently in the family history, and when Roman began to write, she drew on her personal experience for many of her fictional female
characters who are orphaned and, while in search of their true identities, are reared by one parental figure, most often a father figure.

One of Robert Rhett’s lifelong friends, Benjamin F. Perry, felt that Rhett and his wife Elizabeth complemented each other. In *Reminiscences of Public Men*, he writes, "Mrs. Rhett was the opposite of her husband. She was a most amiable, mild and gentle lady, very beautiful and intelligent. He was all passion, excitement and fire." And White states that "her influence over him had been . . . potent," although her private letters to him indicate that he evaded this influence by leaving the domestic sphere. Robert Rhett was often away from home on political business, and Elizabeth Rhett was left with the children at "Oakland," their South Carolina plantation home on the Ashepoo River. In 1851 she wrote a rather touching letter to her husband, lamenting the fact that she was not more like Rhett’s niece by marriage, Matilda: "Oh! If you had bestowed upon me the loving tenderness, and gentle fostering which I really required, and my nature yearned for, when we were first married, I might now have had some of her [Cousin Matilda] grace and softness," but then she went on to apologize for blaming him and for being "a woman of a sorrowful spirit who seeks excuses for herself," and calls his letters "precious testimonials of [his] affection." On February 22 of that same year Elizabeth
Rhett writes to her husband: "I wonder if you remembered yesterday, that it was the anniversary of our wedding?" Elizabeth Rhett was apparently lonely for adult companionship much of the time, particularly for that of her husband. She stayed pregnant with their twelve children virtually from the time they were married in 1827 until she died of complications from childbirth on December 14, 1852. That is not to say that R. B. Rhett was not a loving husband and father but perhaps that she often suffered bouts of depression from having to spend so much time rearing their children alone—except for the help of some of their 190 slaves. Sallie Roman may have recalled the depression that her mother sometimes suffered during her marriage to Rhett and for that reason allowed her female characters to lead more fulfilling and adventurous lives before marriage.

Despite his frequent absences, R. B. Rhett also found comfort in imagining his home life. In 1842 when he was in Congress in Washington D. C., where Sallie was born, he wrote a very sentimental poem to his wife:

How oft at evening turn my eyes to thee,  
As, on the blue sky, distant lifts thy spire,  
O prick my horse for home, and joyful flee  
From you dark dome, where burns contentious fire  
Emblem of peace! of bliss without alloy!  
I come where kind affection spreads her bowers,  
And heart to heart can tell its silent joy,  
And children's smiles renew my wasted powers."

He would continue to think of the Federal government as a "dark dome" and a place of "contentious fire" throughout
his political career, and his daughter Sallie would grow up to share a similar view.

Of Robert and Elizabeth Rhett's twelve children, Sallie was the ninth. While R. B. Rhett was away from home, the children often corresponded with him. When Sallie was seven-years-old, she dictated a letter to her mother telling her father how much she missed him, and her older brothers and sisters often included news about Sallie in their letters to their father. Everyone seemed quite taken with little Sallie. Her older sister Mary wrote to her father in 1851 that "Sally [sic] has quite charmed cousins Charlie and Matilda [Rhett's nephew and his wife] and they call her . . . 'the dearest girl in the world.'"19

A year before Elizabeth Burnet Rhett died she wrote to Rhett imploring him to hire a French governess for the children: "You must not allow old English prejudices to govern you--taking it for granted that all French people are infidels and impostors."20 Robert Rhett's sentiments are remarkable, since his wife's family originated in Lorraine, France and Lausanne, Switzerland. The French governess was hired and stayed on to tutor the children of R. B. Rhett's second marriage as well.21 Many, if not all, of the children learned to speak and write in French, including Sallie, which was undoubtedly to her advantage in her marriage to a French-speaking Creole and her subsequent move to Louisiana. And several years later, in a short
biographical paragraph that appeared in *The Congress of Women*, Sallie, though she had been a published writer for over ten years, was praised because "her knowledge of French and music is most thorough," which is a typical tribute to women of the time.\(^2\)

The children often wrote to their father asking him to send them books from Charleston, one of which, ordered soon after the governess was hired, was the French version of Stephanie Felicite Genlis' *Tales of the Castle*.\(^2\) Sallie was schooled at home, and some of the other books she and her siblings ordered from their father included arithmetic handbooks, history books, and popular novels and etiquette guides of the day, such as William Hickling Prescott's *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, Agnes Strickland's *Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England*, stories by Hans Christian Andersen, Dickens' *A Child's History of England* and *Hard Times*, Lewis Gaylord Clark's *Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*, and Donald Grant Mitchell's (*Ik Marvel*) *Reveries of a Bachelor: Or a Book of the Heart*.\(^2\) The books that the family ordered sometimes held practical applications as well. Sallie's oldest brother, Robert Barnwell Rhett Jr., once requested a book entitled *Surgery and the Diseases of Females* to help him contend with the severe case of hemorrhoids that he contracted from sitting in the saddle for so long.\(^2\)
The children’s list of books is hardly remarkable for the time; the fiction of Genlis, Dickens, and Mitchell was wildly popular, and both Genlis and Mitchell seemed to have influenced Sallie’s writing. Genlis’s novel, *Tales of the Castle*, is a five volume work subtitled *Stories of Instruction and Delight*, whose purpose is to reveal that the road to happiness is one of virtue and charity toward others, a road that Roman’s female protagonists often take. Some thirty years later, Roman fashions one of her short stories, "A Rainy Afternoon" (January 12, 1896), on Mitchell’s novel, complete with fireplace and the bachelor pondering the benefits of bachelorhood over marriage and family life.

Roman’s mother died when she was only eight, and her father was left with eleven children to rear, six of whom were under the age of sixteen. It was no surprise that he soon remarried. His second wife, Catherine Herbert Dent of Maryland, was the daughter of his late wife’s first cousin. They married in 1854 and had three more children, two of whom died in infancy. White says of Dent that "her cheerful and affectionate devotion did much to lighten the trials and bitter hardship of his later life, but the rare and spiritual quality of the first union could scarcely repeat itself." In fact, Catherine and R. B. Rhett did not spend the last four years of his life together; while she remained in South Carolina, he moved in with Sallie and
her husband on their plantation home in Vacherie, Louisiana, where he died. And although the children seemed to be fond of their stepmother, they continued to address her as "Cousin Kate," and she never replaced their loving mother. The plight of motherless children who live with their fathers or father figures would become a recurring theme in Sallie Roman's longer fiction and one that surely paralleled her own life.

In 1851, the year before Sallie's mother died, when Sallie was seven, her father purchased a large, handsome home that still stands in Charleston on the corner of Vanderhorst and Thomas Streets. The following year Rhett retired from the U. S. Senate when his attempts to bring about the secession of South Carolina had once again failed. During this period of retirement from political life, Rhett's personal business affairs flourished. He purchased a rice plantation in the Altahama district of Georgia, and at this time owned 306 slaves who worked the Ashepoo plantation and 16 who maintained his residence in Charleston.

Elizabeth Rhett often wrote to her husband news of the various visitors to the plantation, their primary residence during Sallie's childhood, but weddings, holidays, and parties often took the family to Charleston. Steven Stowe in "City, Country, and the Feminine Voice," which examines the country-and-city theme in the writing of Carline
Gilman, Mary Boykin Chesnut, and Susan Petigru King, claims that this practice of moving between the country and the city—in this case Charleston—was typical of the planter class and that "the changing experience of city and country in a woman's life was a context for thinking about herself and her social place. . . . the gay season was a time that . . . mixed sexuality with social class, self-display with strict convention." The city was also the place where young women and men could meet their future mates.

These women writers were not alone in recognizing the significant role that the social whirl of Charleston played in young women's lives. In one of Elizabeth Rhett's letters to her husband she bemoans the fact that her oldest daughter, Mary, is going to Charleston to attend a wedding but will be staying only four days, "hardly worth her while," but she goes on to state "I remember well, what I felt, in going to Mrs. Daniel's wedding, when exactly her age, [and] therefore I will not disappoint her. . . . old people are too apt to forget the feelings of youth." Sallie Roman often went on to address these feelings of youth in her fiction. Her heroines migrate from the country to the city when on the verge of womanhood, just as she and her sisters did growing up in South Carolina.

While growing into womanhood Sallie moved between the family plantation home and Charleston, and after her marriage between the Roman sugar plantation and New
Orleans. The city-country theme is apparent in her fiction, and two of her most fully developed characters, Tonie and Follette, are both reared in the Louisiana countryside, yet go on to marry wealthy, urbane bachelors from New Orleans. Stowe writes: "More than an entertaining rhetorical device . . . the theme of contrast between city and country helped define the values, routines, and common sense concepts that lent substance to the woman's sphere and made it habitable." In fact, her older sister Mary's interests differed noticeably from those of Sallie. Mary was far more concerned with the goings-on in Charleston, and while seven-year-old Sallie wrote to her father of their garden and horseback riding, her sister Mary, fifteen, requested Graham's and Godey's fashion magazines and spoke of upcoming parties in Charleston.

The letters to Rhett from his daughters in the years preceding the Civil war were typical of young society women: requests for new dress fabric—Elise, Sallie's older sister, wanted some chintz and calico for spring dresses, and Sallie wanted some white spotted muslin—and notes describing daily life on the plantation—they had planted seeds in the garden and were progressing in their lessons. Sallie also wrote to thank him for some earrings that he had sent her, though she could not wear them because her ears were not "bored." In 1855 Elise wrote to her father
telling him that she would write more often but they were at lessons all day long, and Aunt Eliza (Rhett's sister) makes them practice piano every evening in order to become accustomed to playing for people. Yet hardly one letter was written to Robert Rhett from their Ashepoo plantation over the years (beginning with the letters from Elizabeth to her husband during the late 1840s) that did not mention the political situation of Charleston and the South, and requests for copies of the local newspaper (The Mercury) were unending.

Although their interest in politics may have been exceptional, the young women were still being groomed for marriage. By the time the war broke out, Sallie's older sister, Mary, had married her first husband, John Vanderhorst of a prominent Charleston family. Sallie, too, by the beginning of the Civil War, had reached a suitable age for marriage, and in Charleston on September 14, 1863, she married Col. Alfred Roman of Louisiana.

Sallie's brother, Alfred Rhett, was the officer in command of Fort Sumter, with whom Alfred Roman, as Inspector General of South Carolina, would have had much contact. Alfred Rhett was likely to have introduced the two. Although Robert Barnwell Rhett's fortune was not all lost by the time Sallie and Alfred married, his oldest son, Robert Barnwell Rhett Jr., had suffered a series of setbacks on his farm, and, according to Eric Walther
author of *The Fire-Eaters*, the junior Rhett quipped to one of his brothers that "the only way out of his financial troubles was if 'one of you loafers marries a rich girl quick and lends me some money.'" As the outcome of the War was looking more and more grim, Sallie's father probably would have wanted her to be "well married" also, and the Roman family was still one of the wealthiest families in Louisiana. Alfred needed a wife to care for his children.

Alfred Roman (1824-1892) was the second son of André Bienvenu Roman, originally from Opelousas, Louisiana, and Aimee Parent of St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana. Andre Roman was the first Creole governor of Louisiana and the first governor to serve two terms. By the term "Creole" I mean that he was native to the state and of French descent, which many Creoles regarded as a mark of superiority over their American counterparts. Roman owned 369 slaves and a large sugar plantation on the Mississippi River in rural St. James parish, which he named Cabanocey, a Choctaw word meaning mallard's roost, because most of the 7,300 acres of the plantation were part of the original settlement of St. James parish originally called Cabahannocer. The Roman plantation is described in "An Old Lady's Gossip," an anonymous short story about life on the Aime and Roman plantations in Vacherie, Louisiana:

... a regular one-story plantation house, square built on brick posts, ten feet from
the ground with a broad flight of steps going up in front. There was a central hall, with a curved mantel-piece, and an open fire. All of the rooms opened out into this hall, the doors of which were open but curtained. There were many beautiful trees about the house, principally the acacia, so lovely when in blossom. This house was very plain. . . .

The author asserts that the "house was very plain" but only in comparison to the more "beautiful and more modern home . . . on the Valcour Aime plantation." Unfortunately, the Roman plantation is no longer standing; it was claimed by the Mississippi River in the early 1900s. The neighboring plantations were quite formidable homes. Oak Alley, owned by A. B. Roman's brother Jacques Telesphore Roman, remains one of the most splendid plantation homes not only in Louisiana but in the entire South. Nearby, only five miles downriver, was one of the richest plantations in Louisiana at the time, sometimes referred to as Le Petit Versailles because of the spectacular garden cultivated by its owner, A. B. Roman's brother-in-law, Valcour Aime.

Sallie was Roman's second wife. In 1849, Allred had married his first cousin, Felicie Aime (1825-1858), the youngest daughter of Valcour Aime and André Roman's sister, Josephine Roman Aime. Having grown up on neighboring plantations, the bride and groom had known each other all their lives. In 1852 Valcour Aime's 9,500 acre plantation was self-sufficient and self-contained, boasted a work force of 215 slaves, and was valued at 700,000 dollars; he
was reputedly the wealthiest man in the South. Clayton Rand, author of *Who Built the South*, claims that Valcour Aime "once won a bet with an epicure by serving a complete dinner from the produce of his plantation, including in the menu fish, game, fruits, nuts, wine, coffee and even cigars." Valcour Aime was renowned for his lavish entertaining, and all four of his daughters were married at *Petit Versailles*, a place that Rand describes as an "earthly paradise." The Aime-Roman wedding was a spectacular affair that took place in the elaborate gardens of Valcour Aime's plantation, as described in "An Old Lady's Gossip":

The whole place was a blaze of light. The guests were led out into the garden and soon heard the sound of water... they were charmed to see a real cascade rushing over the rocks, brilliantly lighted. They walked through this beautiful garden, round an artificial mountain with bridges over the stream, which was carried all through the garden. A winding path to the top of the mountain led to a Chinese Pagoda. There were flowers, flowers everywhere.

The inside of the plantation house was just as splendid:

After wandering in this maze of flowery beauty the guests were led back to the dining room where fruit, confectionery, all sorts of delicious cake and wines, were spread... The staircase was banked with flowering plants, and the room in which the wedding took place was decorated with sugar cane and green corn. The chimney-piece, from ceiling to hearth, was mosaic of flowers. The little altar, also covered with flowers, was placed in front of this mosaic background, and here the Priest performed the ceremony.
Felicie was noted for her feminine beauty, and many of the descendants of Valcour Aime still idealize her today.

Her husband, Alfred Roman, had been a student at Jefferson College, which his father helped found, in St. James Parish when the institute was destroyed by fire. Consequently, he did not receive his degree, but he was still admitted to the bar when he was twenty-one. He practiced in New Orleans for one year before returning to St. James parish to enter into a law partnership with his cousin, J. J. Roman. For three years he remained in the partnership, during which time he married Felicie Aime, and then, from 1851 to 1853, he practiced alone. He then retired from law, and for the next two years worked to support his family in the sugar cane business on Richbend plantation, which was owned by Valcour Aime and situated upriver from Oak Alley adjoining his father's plantation. Alfred Roman must have benefitted from his father-in-law's success in the business and his own father's knowledge. A. B. Roman, during his governorship, established experimental agricultural stations throughout the state in order to improve, among other things, the refining and granulation of Louisiana sugar cane. One such station was put into effect on Valcour Aime's plantation and was more successful than they ever anticipated.

Up until the Civil War both the Romans and the Aimes would remain wealthy and prominent families in Louisiana,
but all that would change. In 1855 Alfred Roman resumed his law practice, but in 1858 he went to France with Felicie and their three children, André, Lucie, and Clara, seeking a more healthful environment for his ailing son, André. Ironically, in 1858, while living in Paris, it was the mother Felicie Roman, and not the child, who fell ill and died. Lucie also died young, and Clara died in New Orleans in 1865 at the age of twenty. André lived with Alfred and Sallie well into adulthood.

After his return from Paris, shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War, Alfred Roman organized the "Chasseurs de St. Jacques," a cavalry regiment, but he was informed by Governor Thomas Moore that infantry was more in demand than cavalry in Louisiana, so the company readily became the 18th Louisiana Infantry, and Alfred Roman became a Lieutenant Colonel in that company. Roman led the 18th Louisiana regiment in the Battle of Shiloh, 1862, after the commanding officer, General Alfred Mouton, had been wounded. In October of that year Roman was named Inspector-General, Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. In April of 1864, General Beauregard noted that Lt. Col. Roman was "fully deserving of promotion to the rank of Colonel; he commanded with distinction the 18th Louisiana regiment at Shiloh, and has done excellent service in the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida," and requested that Roman be appointed Inspector-
General of his General Staff, a position he maintained until the end of the war."

Alfred Roman met Sallie Rhett while stationed in South Carolina, as noted, probably through her brother, Alfred Rhett or possibly through her father. Their fathers were, at the very least, political acquaintances; both attended the Confederate Congress in Montgomery before the war and had known of each other for years, though not always as allies. André Roman, in his first inaugural address in 1831, denounced the "nullifiers of South Carolina," a party led by Sallie's father."

Sallie and Alfred did not marry under the best of circumstances. Their marriage ceremony, which was to have been performed in Charleston, was postponed at least once because of an attack on that city. Apparently, there were some objections to their marrying during such volatile times, and her father wrote to her in Aiken, South Carolina, where she, her siblings, and her stepmother resided after fleeing Charleston at the onset of the war. R. B. Rhett tried to quell her misgivings, while at the same time noting that the objections were not altogether unfounded: "The times are very unpropitious for marrying or giving in marriage, yet if you two desire to end your engagement by marriage, I do not think others ought to object. It is chiefly your affair. But your marriage must be very private."
Rhett was also concerned with her conversion from Episcopalianism to Catholicism and advised her "to take communion now in Aiken at the first opportunity which offers." He also told her that "when an opportunity offers hereafter, have yourself confirmed." Not only is this an indication that he approved of the match between Sallie and Col. Roman, but that he was aware of the dictates of the Catholic church, that she receive the sacraments of communion and confirmation before she could be married in the church, and Sallie did embrace Catholicism until her death in 1921. Their wedding, however, which finally took place in Charleston on September 14, 1863, was far from the auspicious occasion that Alfred Roman celebrated with his first wife some fifteen years before.

Although Sallie’s mother was of French descent, Sallie was not a Louisiana Creole as was Felicie, Alfred’s first wife (and first cousin), but Sallie and Alfred still had much in common. Their fathers were two of the most prominent politicians of the antebellum South. Both Sallie and Alfred spoke French, and grew up on plantation homes from which the social worlds of Charleston and New Orleans, respectively, were easily accessible. And both their family fortunes were destroyed during the war. But Sallie was only nineteen-years-old and leaving her large and close-knit family for the first time in her life to come live in Louisiana.
Sallie was uprooted and moved to Louisiana to become part of a family whom she barely knew. One of their friends put it best in his journal entry: "This young woman, separated from her family by the events of a revolution, and transplanted suddenly into the midst of a family that she hadn’t time to become acquainted with, must necessarily feel a profound and also brusque change." Although all of Alfred’s friends spoke highly of Sallie, mentioning her charm, intelligence, and "sweetness of character," she was not the idealized beauty that his first wife was. In 1866, a Lt. Girardin warned that their marriage would not be like Alfred’s first to Felicie:

Alfred should be happy in his second life as a husband. Differently perhaps than in the first half of his life, because the more the human spirit is easily tricked and of a vigorous nature, the more it sees things of this world in their true points of view. That is, without the illusions of youth, because of a mature age, he no longer sees anything positively. The man of 42 years can no longer be happy in the fashion of the man of 25.

His relationship with Sallie would differ from his with Felicie, and in fact, may have better suited him at the time. In a journal entry dated February 2, 1858, Alfred writes of Felicie that he wished her to have "more steadfastness in her ideas and actions," and hoped that she "was Christian enough not to thwart the designs of God," and finally, that she "should identify herself . . . with my views, my ideas, and my people." Sallie seemed to be
more serious minded and less frivolous than Felicie, as post-war circumstances dictated, and it seems that Alfred and Sallie were very happy. Sallie did at least espouse many of his political views, as manifested in her editorials. They also shared common interests in literature. Alfred, like Sallie, wrote editorial pieces for local newspapers, but he wrote plays for a local theater as well.

After Lee’s surrender, the Romans returned to St. James parish, where Alfred hoped to revitalize Richbend and the Roman sugar plantation in an attempt to recoup some of the family fortune that had been lost during the war. But according to the somewhat dramatic account provided by the authors of *Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Louisiana*, his hopes were dashed:

. . . two successive crevasses occurring on a neighboring plantation swept away that hope with the turbulent waters which laid waste the fair sugar fields and the beautiful grounds of the plantation home, carrying with them broken fortunes, and leaving behind the wreckage and debris of irretrievable misfortune.60

Sallie tried to ingratiate herself into the Roman family very early on, for in 1867 her older sister Elise wrote to R. B. Rhett after the birth of Sallie’s first son:

Sallie’s little boy was named Robert after you. Edmund is only a second name added, because they feared to pain Alfred’s mother by calling him Robert, because that was the name of a son who died. Afterwards they found out that the old lady was disappointed at his not being called Robert, and Sallie is quite anxious now that he should be called so; everyone unfortunately has
Sallie was successful, and their son went on to be called Robert.

Between 1865 and 1886 Sallie and Alfred had eleven children, ten of whom lived into adulthood. The early years of their marriage were spent on the sugar plantation in St. James parish, during which time Sallie maintained regular correspondence with her family, often inviting them to come visit. In 1872 her oldest brother, R. B. Rhett Jr. moved to New Orleans to edit the Picayune, and her father joined him that same year. Although R. B. Rhett Jr. stayed in Louisiana for only one year, her father lived with Sallie and Alfred in St. James parish where he remained until his death in 1876. While living with Sallie and Alfred, R. B. Rhett wrote often to his wife, Catherine, about the oppressive heat and the sickening mosquitoes, both of which had to be formidable obstacles for Sallie to overcome as well.

By the mid-1870s, the family sugar plantation could no longer provide the necessary support for their, already, eight children, and Alfred finally returned to practicing law. In 1877 the family moved to New Orleans when Alfred was named Clerk of the State Supreme Court by Governor Francis T. Nicholls, and in 1879-1880 Governor Louis Alfred Wiltz appointed him judge of the criminal court of New Orleans, a position he held for eight years. Roman was
noted for his honesty, impartiality, and incorruptibility as a judge, but by the time Nicholls was reelected in 1888, he and Roman had parted ways politically, and Roman had to step down as judge of the criminal court. During this time Sallie seemed to have her hands full with raising their children, but she and several of her children would work outside the home even before her husband died.

André, Sallie's stepson, was the editor and proprietor of the *Courier de La Louisianne* in 1880 when he moved in with Sallie and Alfred and undoubtedly contributed financially. By 1886 their oldest sons, James and Robert, were also working as clerks to help ends meet, and their third son George joined them in 1888, but their meager clerical salaries were hardly enough to support a family of twelve.

By 1888, although Alfred had again set up a private law practice, and four of their sons were employed, the family had fallen on very hard times. In October of that year Alfred wrote to Gen. P. T. Beauregard telling him that he had only two legal cases and had not been paid for either and that he had "sold all his watches, old jewels, old furniture, old paintings; and thanks to these sacrifices, thanks also to the charity of two or three friends--of strangers one might say--I've been able to pay part of my back rent and to buy, each day, what we need not to die of hunger." The family, including Alfred's first
son André, was living at 92 Esplanade at the time, a rented house at the edge of the French Quarter. Alfred also told Beauregard that he could not afford a winter suit nor shoes for his children. Alfred wanted him to ask John Morris, the president of the Louisiana Lottery, to send him the financial assistance that he had promised—he was asking for a handout. Sallie probably never imagined this day back on Oakland plantation during her seemingly idyllic childhood.

Alfred also mentioned in the letter that he had sent an article to Mr. Rice an editor at the North American Review, entitled "Mr. G. W. Cable and the Negro Question," and wanted Beauregard to put in a good word for him. And though Alfred said that his "response [to Cable] would do some good for the South and to the truth," what he really needed was the money. So it seems that out of necessity Sallie began to publish her works on a regular basis, and for money, and early in 1891 her editorials began to appear weekly in the Times Democrat.

Sallie's earliest writing for a public audience, however, had not been directed toward commercial ends. As a member of the Quarante Club, an exclusive literary club for New Orleans women, she wrote and presented papers at some of the club meetings, one entitled "Corneille and the Drama of The Cid" in February of 1890, and one on Massillon the following month. But she knew that she could profit
from her writing, for her husband had contributed articles to the Daily State and L'Abeille off and on for years, and the last considerable sum that he did receive before his death in 1892 was for Military Operations of General Beauregard published by Harper Brothers. She had also had a keen interest in politics since childhood, so the job of a journalist suited her, and the salary was something that she desperately needed.

Although most of their children were grown or young adults, Alfred Roman's death left Sallie with nothing, and she still had young children to support. The youngest, Charles, was only six. The newspaper was a familiar medium to Sallie Roman, her father and brother Robert, having bought the failing Charleston Mercury in 1857, and Robert editing and owning that paper until 1868. In September of 1872, Robert moved to New Orleans and became editor of the Daily Picayune for one year and then moved back to Charleston, where he edited the Journal of Commerce from 1876 to 1878. Alfred's son by his first marriage, André L. Roman, was editor of the French language L'Abeille in 1875, and proprietor and editor-in-chief of the Courier de la Louisiana in 1879, and in 1887 became the president and editor-in-chief of another French language newspaper, the Trait-d'Union. Alfred Roman was the assistant editor of L'Abeille in New Orleans in 1873, and before the war he also founded and edited a French language weekly in St.
James parish called *L'Autochtone* to further the interests of the Know-Nothin' party which he supported at the time.

Working for a newspaper may not seem a very likely role for a woman of Roman's standing, even one who needed the money, but in 1892 over half of the newspapers in Louisiana had women writers; some were even edited by women. Roman was a prolific letter writer and came from a family of writers and newspapermen, so for her to write for the newspaper seemed a natural solution to her problem.

Reconstruction ended almost fifteen years before Roman began working steadily for the *Times Democrat*, and political power was once again in the hands of the old, white, slaveholding class, which included the Roman family. Finally, in April 1877, Louisiana was the last of the southern states to be "redeemed" by white Democrats, and Alfred Roman, as a member of the Bourbon regime, received a political appointment that year. In a struggle to regain that power in 1874, at the Battle of Liberty Place, Alfred Roman fought as a member of the newly formed White League, a white supremacy para-military group, for the ousting of the Republican Governor William P. Kellogg in an attempt to restore power to the white Democrats of the state. In 1891 a monument was erected at the foot of Canal Street where the Battle of Liberty Place occurred, and thirty years later, just before her death in 1921, Sallie Roman sat on the platform committee that dedicated that monument.
Bourbons, who would lead Louisiana well into the twentieth century, shared a belief in white supremacy, home rule, and limited taxation, although there were many factions of Bourbon rule in Louisiana. Francis T. Nicholls was the first Bourbon Governor of Louisiana elected after Reconstruction in 1877, the year he appointed Alfred as Clerk of the State Supreme Court, but his term was cut short when the new constitution was ratified in 1879. One of the reasons for his ousting was his outspokenness against racial violence, tax fraud by wealthy whites, and the Louisiana Lottery Company, all of which Sallie Roman later supported in her editorials. To say that Roman supported tax fraud requires further explanation which the authors of *Louisiana: A History* provide: "Bourbons . . . were practical people who may or may not have believed what they preached, but . . . were . . . convinced that Louisiana’s whites would tolerate all manner of fraud if it were committed in the name of white solidarity." In fact, Sallie Roman did support the Louisiana Lottery, one of the most corrupt organizations ever to exist in the state.

One of the most powerful Bourbon politicians of the state was Maj. E. A. Burke, who was elected treasurer in 1878. He allied himself with the Louisiana Lottery and with the political machine of New Orleans known as "the Ring." Burke’s Bourbon-Lottery-Ring faction was the one
with which the Romans were affiliated. Moreover, the Times Democrat was founded by Burke, who purchased the Democrat in 1879 and two years later purchased the Times and consolidated the two. As state treasurer under McEnery (nicknamed McLottery) until 1888, Burke fled to Honduras with $1,267,905 in negotiable securities: "[T]hat total . . . makes him the biggest individual thief in Louisiana's political history--a formidable if dubious honor."73 But, according to the writers of Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Louisiana, his intentions for the newspaper were lofty: "As a journalist he labored uninterruptedly for the enlightenment of the people of the South, and to arouse them to an appreciation of the immense resources of their territory, the wise development of which will form a surer basis of wealth than any they have ever yet enjoyed."74 Although Sallie Roman began writing for the newspaper after Burke had already fled the country, her nonfiction pieces were in keeping with Burke's original design.

Politics was a staple of both the Rhett and Roman households, and even the most mundane correspondence contained some sort of political commentary. Laura White, when describing Robert Barnwell Rhett's political convictions of 1826, writes that "the years would bring broader and deeper knowledge and experience and a great development of his intellectual powers, but the patterns of his thinking and believing were now fixed."75 It seems
that Sallie Roman, like her father, had deep political convictions that were "fixed" at an early age, for she addressed many of the same issues that he championed throughout his political career, such as home rule in the South and white supremacy. So, not only were the political views she set forth in her early articles in keeping with Burke's original design for the newspaper, and with those she inherited from her father, but also in keeping with those of her husband and the Bourbon-Lottery-Ring faction.

Since her views were in harmony with those of her male relatives, Roman, as an independent woman who maintained a public role, was able to combine the role of political editorialist with that of wife and mother. It also provided her with an opportunity to air her political beliefs. Roman's editorials provide insight into the political climate of New Orleans, the state of Louisiana, and the entire South during the post-Reconstruction period. Perhaps the greatest significance of her work, however, lies in the fact that, as a woman writing these forceful and often opinionated articles, she entered a public, political realm that ordinarily excluded women.

Richard Gray in Writing the South: Ideas of an American Region says of Bourbon politicians and their supporters that "their interests might have aligned them with the New South . . . but they and their message were given colour and glamour by being wrapped in the pseudo-
aristocratic trappings of the old" and that "someone with a suitably imposing name, redolent of times past . . . was ready to allow that name to be used to restore white supremacy and drive the Republicans back where they belonged." The Roman family had that imposing name, and while Roman often addresses more specific topics, she still maintains the three basic tenets shared by Bourbon politicians discussed earlier: white supremacy, conservative taxation, and home rule. While doing so, she often harks back, unsurprisingly, to those brighter days before the Civil War, which Gray claims is typical of Bourbon supporters: "Like the planters who had fallen victims to the war, never to recover, they might have been lamenting the disappearance of the old system as the one, truly human way in which to live, and so by implication have been castigating the new system of things." Roman's inclination to romanticize the past influences her writing, which is less optimistic yet almost jingoistic, as she praises the citizens, politicians, and natural wealth and beauty of the state.
When writing political editorials for the newspaper, Roman did not sign her full name but simply her initials, S. R. And although anonymity among editorialists was often practiced, since Roman's husband was unemployed, she could hardly advertise the fact that she was now the family breadwinner. Robert Bush, regionalist writer Grace King's biographer, claims that it was not fashionable for women in New Orleans to be affiliated with the newspaper and that King signed her first article for the *Times Democrat* simply "P. G": "[T]hat Grace King did not use her own name was entirely proper for a young woman of New Orleans, where the achievement of newspaper publicity was frowned upon."78 Elizabeth Fox-Genovese states of Louisa McCord, who signed her works L.S.M., that "she never publicly asserted her right as a woman to claim authorship." It is feasible that, like McCord, Roman "sought to inscribe herself in a common culture by abstracting from rather than insisting upon her female identity. . . . [and] thus implicitly identified the status of author as an institutional role rather than as an extension of personal identity."79 Roman and McCord were both women of high social standing and defenders of white supremacy and the subordination of women working in a traditionally male realm, but it is still more
likely that anonymity amongst editorialists was simply the norm.

After her two-year stint as an editorialist, Roman started writing fiction for the newspaper, a much more accepted milieu for a woman of her time, and began to sign her work "S. Rhett" or "S. Rhett Roman." Only in her articles published nationally did she use her full name, Sallie Rhett Roman. She did receive fan mail and responses to her writing, and the two that are included in the Charles Roman papers both begin with the salutation, "Dear Sir," which suggests that her readers assumed her editorials were composed by a man. It is not surprising that neither she nor the newspaper did anything to suggest the contrary since the political issues that she confronted in her editorials were those that typically interested the paper's male readers, and in no way does her writing disclose the fact that she is a woman.

The editorials that appear in this edition illustrate Roman's diverse political and moral interests. Some of the issues that she addresses in her editorials include her opposition to federal intrusion in Louisiana business and industry through tariffs and taxation. She wants to bolster the Louisiana economy from within by capitalizing on the state's natural resources, but she knows that post-war Louisiana lacks the necessary manpower, so she prescribes immigration, and not the employment of the
native black population to accomplish that goal. Roman romantically longs for pre-Civil War politicians, like her father and father-in-law, to lead Louisiana into recovery and does not conceal her displeasure for any of the incumbent Republicans on the national or local level. She is openly biased and wholeheartedly supports the old regime and vilifies the new in her endeavor to rally support for the betterment of the state.

Roman tries to inspire her readers to work for the advancement of the state, to develop its natural resources in order to compete in the world market. She echoes the sentiments of those former advocates of the "New South" pushing for industrialization as "a sort of non-violent continuation of the Civil War." Yet, unlike those advocates of the "New South," Roman is not romancing northern industry and capital in her editorials. She believes that the southern states have the wherewithal to achieve industrial advancement but are lacking the manpower, and immigration can supply that manpower. However, as she states in "Immigration" (May 3, 1891), she is selective and wants only the "good population from the Northwest and from Europe." By "Northwest," Roman means what was then the northwestern United States, from Kansas to Montana. She is even more specific as to what she believes to be the less desirable immigrant and refers to "those criminal Italians," and calls the Chinese "a race
infected with ineradicable vices." Jews she terms "a tenacious, energetic and money-making people," but she explains that those qualities will work to the detriment of the native population by monopolizing industry and capital. Her overt racism, though startling today, is in keeping with the politics that she and the paper embraced.

Even more noticeable in this and the two other articles on immigration, "Farming in the Parish of St. Tammany" (July 12, 1891) and "Louisiana at the World's Fair" (May 8, 1892), is her failure to acknowledge in any way the ex-slave population of Louisiana. She boldly—and inaccurately—asserts in the last article that "the States of the South are entirely free from that pauper class which of late years has accumulated in the East and West," ignoring the black sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and other ex-slaves who remained in the South (not to mention the whites left poor after the war). In her blanket dismissal of blacks in Louisiana she endeavors to portray the state as a new frontier, a land of opportunity devoid of any legacy of slavery. And in "Immigration" when she refers to the urgent need for "a rapid and immediate increase of population" in the state, she is referring to the increase of the white population not the black.

She even states in "Farming in the Parish of St. Tammany" that these immigrants will find "an open field and fair opportunities" to support themselves and their
families. Roman calls on Northern Europeans, "those men of energy and honesty who, in overcrowded sections, find neither opportunity nor scope for their vigorous manhood" and envisions them deriving happiness and fulfillment from the ownership of land in much the same way that St. John de Crevecoeur did a century earlier: "Precious soil. . . . It feeds, it clothes us; from it we draw even a great exuberancy. . . . no wonder that so many Europeans who have never been able to say that such a portion of land was theirs cross the Atlantic to realize that happiness." Indeed, Roman concludes that the singular goal of the Louisiana exhibit in the upcoming Chicago World's Fair should be to induce hard-working white men and women to come to Louisiana for their betterment, but more importantly for the betterment of the state.

In that same article she offers a more cynical look at the native population: "What is lacking in the native born American . . . is that ambition which a contact with others alone can awaken." One might well wonder whether she herself did not possess some such ambition and optimism as a newcomer to Louisiana when she arrived with her husband after the war. Leaving a family who had been ruined as a result of the war, she was a young wife embarking on a new romantic adventure in her move to Louisiana. Roman finds this ambition in the white population of the state, and hardly any race is spared from her attack except the
Louisiana French Creoles, whom she extols as "men and women . . . with virtues of a high courage and an intense patriotism, allied to much culture and integrity" as she does in another editorial entitled "The Home of a Great Creole" (June 19, 1892).

In this encomium, she goes on to espouse the Creole culture and integrity through the example of her father-in-law, André Bienvenu Roman. Roman praises his many accomplishments as governor, the establishment of a state agricultural society and model farms, the implementation of a drainage system in New Orleans, and the founding of Jefferson College in St. James Parish, to name a few. But the real topic of this article is a theme that inspires many of her early editorials, the interference of the Federal government in state politics— in the form of taxation— and the objection to the politicians who support it.

Acts to which Roman objects in her editorials include the McKinley Tariff, the Hatch Anti-Option Bill, the postal bills, and the force bill. Her objection to the McKinley Tariff of 1890 originates simply in the fact that it was a Republican measure that constituted government interference. Joanne Reitano writes in The Tariff Question in the Gilded Age: The Great Debate of 1888 that "[h]istorically, the South opposed protection not only because its economy relied on foreign trade, but also
because tariffs signified the rise of centralized government, [and] the corresponding limitation of state government. The McKinley Tariff did aid Louisiana sugar farmers during an economic depression by providing sugar growers with a two-cent-per-pound bounty, which totalled over thirty million dollars for Louisiana farmers over a four-year period, but it also offered free sugar to consumers. In "Artificial Distinctions" (November 8, 1892) Roman states that "it is observable that the prosperity of the masses has not accrued by the McKinley or other bills, nor is the plain citizen advantaged in any way by their passage." Roman maintained her interest in the Louisiana sugar industry long after her family lost the plantation in Vacherie, and two of her older sons remained in the sugar business well into the twentieth century in various locations throughout the United States and Central America. As a long-standing Democrat, Roman, like many of her party, felt that the tariff raised the overall cost of living by placing prohibitively high duties on foreign goods, thereby preventing the federal and local governments (and the port of New Orleans) from capitalizing on foreign duties. Like her father, Roman was a staunch Democrat and objected so strongly to government interference that she felt the loss of state autonomy outweighed the benefits that the bounty held for sugar cane farmers.
Her objection to the other acts mentioned is much more understandable, and the Hatch Anti-Option bill is also connected with the sugar business. The Hatch bill is somewhat slippery, since it deals with agricultural futures while attempting to distinguish between the futures dealings of the farmer and those of the professional speculator. Ann Fabian explains Hatch's original intent for creating the bill in *Card Sharps, Dream Books, and Bucket Shops*, "Hatch hoped his bill would eliminate the trading in options and privileges . . . that allowed professional speculators to profit from simple changes in prices but would leave untouched the 'forward sales' of actual products by farmers. . . ."76 Cedric Cowing, in his book *Populists, Plungers, and Progressives: A Social History of Stack and Commodity Speculation 1890-1936*, maintains that the most widespread objection to the bill was the prohibitive 10% tax rate.87 However, Roman objected to what she believed was the Federal government's attempt to impose morality on agricultural commerce, which, according to her, was an individual responsibility.

Roman addresses the moral concerns of the Hatch bill in "Material Interest and Morality" (March 8, 1891) without mentioning it by name. She asserts that the leaders of a country or a state should "take cognizance of aught but the monied advantage and the material advancement of those who have intrusted their interests to their keeping," and that
the religious and moral welfare of the population is not their concern. She trusts that if "honor conflicts with pecuniary interests" that the better man will "sacrifice the latter to the former." The Hatch bill never did become law because the 1892 Congress ended before the House and Senate could agree on the constitutionality of the bill.*1

Roman sees the postal bill in much the same way, as a moral imposition on Louisiana citizens. Whereas the McKinley Tariff and the Hatch bill deal with agricultural concerns, the postal bill was created in order to prevent the Lottery from operating through the U. S. mail, effectively crippling what remained of the Louisiana Lottery, and providing a direct affront to the Louisiana politicians whom Roman and the newspaper supported. 8 S I

According to Roman, federal regulation of a local enterprise, such as the Louisiana Lottery, was a way for the North to maintain its economic stranglehold on the South.

In this article, Roman's antagonism for federal interference and black advancement are apparent in her opposition to the force bill, a Republican measure of 1890 which proposed Federal control over elections and voter registration, including that of black voters. The bill was defeated in Congress, but as William Hair states in Bourbonism and Agrarian Protest: Louisiana Politics 1877-1900, it, nonetheless, "summoned up the ghost of military
Reconstruction." Since the majority of the population of St. James Parish was made up of black laborers, Roman opposed the force bill as a way to thwart black advancement and to replace the black labor force with white immigrants "from Europe and the Northwest." She refers to the present condition of the state agricultural system as being at the "caprice and thraldom of scanty labor," meaning black and poor white tenant farmers. Again, Roman wants to safeguard the moral fabric of the state as well as to aid in its economic and political growth but states that "moral education appertains to the pastors and churches" not to the government.

Roman also calls on each man and woman of the state to guard "his own morality." Fox-Genovese states that women writers of Roman’s class often "accepted a discourse predominantly fashioned by men. . . . [and] regularly employed the generics ‘he’ and ‘man’ to represent the aspirations of humanity." Roman’s explicit mention of women is one of the few in all of her editorials. She assigns women a moral responsibility, since, historically, women had been largely responsible for upholding the moral fabric of the South. But Roman was not writing to spur women on. She was writing about political issues that concerned men, and Fox-Genovese goes on to say that these writers "assumed culture to be more a matter of class than of gender. Even if they took second place to their men in
education and intelligence . . . they viewed themselves, together with men of their class, as heirs and custodians of a great Christian civilization." So because of Roman's unfortunate economic status and her fortunate social connections, she was able to enter the political arena from which women were so often excluded.
Nina Baym assesses the formidable work of antebellum women historians in her book, *American Women Writers and the Work of History, 1790-1860*, by saying that "it contributed to the vital intellectual tasks of forging and publicizing national identity by placing the new nation in world history and giving it a history of its own." Roman likewise helped to place the post-Civil War South in world history, not only through her editorials, but through her fiction as well. Throughout her career as a fiction writer, Roman continued to address political and moral issues of the day, including women's right to vote, the hypocrisy of high society, marriage and women's roles outside of marriage, women's independence, the role of the artist in society, the need for Christianity and spiritual fortification, the importance of bloodlines, ancestry, and white supremacy. By reading her fiction, we learn more not only about the post-Reconstruction era, but about Roman as a complex woman and an artist. Her stand on some of these issues is not always predictable and is often contradictory, making the works and the woman even more enigmatic.

Roman's works, however, are not only valuable for their historical enlightenment. She proves that she was very familiar with many different literary genres of the
nineteenth century and, by her inclusion of so much local color and popular culture in her fiction, that she was keenly aware of her audience. The selections here are representative of her growth as a writer throughout her career.

Initially, Roman wrote short cautionary tales, with plots that often revolved around some Gothic spectacle. As she progressed as a writer, her stories became less didactic and heavy-handed. Arguably her best works appeared at the middle of her career with the newspaper, and are what would be called domestic or women’s fiction. In these works she seems less concerned with cautioning her readers and more with simply exposing timely societal ills. Her writing can be flowery and verbose, even in her strongest works, but she becomes more adept at sustaining vivid imagery throughout her longer stories or novellas. By 1910, her last year with the newspaper, she seems to have lost some of her literary ambition and either recycles much of her earlier works or slips into writing short melodramatic pieces, for which the primary end appears to be to entertain her audience.

When she first turned to fiction writing, Roman continued to write about politics, though now she addressed the politics of manners, and by invoking Mrs. Grundy, as she does in her first story entitled "Mrs. Grundy, an Etching" (November 20, 1891), it is apparent that she is
still concerned with upholding proper moral conduct in her writing. Mrs. Grundy is a character from Thomas Morton's *Speed the Plough* (1798) who never actually appears on stage but who comes to be the arbiter of social convention not only in Morton's play but in nineteenth-century United States and Britain as well. Morton's play was wildly popular with the New Orleans audience and was staged there at least seven times from 1818 to 1860. In this story, Aunt Clodie takes on the role of Mrs. Grundy with the New Orleans young elite.

In the opening paragraph, Roman talks of Mrs. Grundy as if she were a real woman and claims that Mrs. Grundy, like Lucretia [sic] Borgia, has been a victim of slander and misrepresentation and must wait until after her death to be truly understood. But according to Hugh Shankland, who in 1987 edited Borgia's love letters to Pietro Bembo, there was a resurgence of interest in—and misinformation about—Borgia in the nineteenth century. Many works were published in the late 1800s about Lucrezia Borgia, including one by Alexandre Dumas entitled *Crimes Celebres* that Roman was likely to have read. The women of the Quarante Club also studied many French plays, so Roman was apt to know "Les Borgia," *Revue de Deux Mondes* by Blaze De Bury that appeared in 1877. By pairing the innocuous Mrs. Grundy with the allegedly diabolical Lucrezia Borgia, Roman
establishes the very satirical tone to which she returns at
the end of the story.

As in much of Roman's early fiction, there are
elements of the Gothic in this story. The one upon which
Roman most heavily relies is the theatrical Gothic element:
the damsel in distress caught in an horrific scene in which
the hero proves his chivalry and daring. Roman's interest
in drama was firmly established. She studied many plays in
her literary clubs, including the complete Shakespeare in
the Quarante Club, and many critics note the literary
influence of Shakespeare on Gothic writers. In Gothic
(Re)Visions: Writing Women as Readers Susan Wolstenholme
writes that "Gothic-marked fiction particularly relies for
its effect on the textual representation of a deliberately
composed staged scene, which assumes an implied spectator.
..." Wolstenholme goes on to say that the Gothic
novel's relation to drama "plays on notions of spectacle.
..." These "spectacles" or "deliberately composed
staged scenes" are essential components of Roman's early
fiction.

In "Mrs. Grundy," at Aunt Clodie's suggestion, ten
fashionable, young, aristocratic men and women decide to
accompany her to St. Louis Cathedral for Christmas Eve
mass. While the young party hails Aunt Clodie's suggestion
as charming, she is hoping "that some pious aspiration
would find a lodgment in the careless hearts of those
votaries of fashion while under the dome of the old mother church that night." Here Roman editorializes on the frivolity of the aristocratic younger generation, which she does often in her fiction, and with authority, since she had at least eight children who were members of that generation. Of course Aunt Clodie's wish does not come to pass. Instead, two of the party, Nathalie and her escort, leave the crowded church to get some air, and decide to take in the festive sights in a carriage ride.

Roman sets up this central scene with a vivid portrayal of the Christmas celebration at Jackson Square, which Roman calls "a democratic affair." In attendance are "the elite of the fine Catholic population . . . the honest artisan and the tired work-woman, the old negro with pious mien, and the colored woman telling her beads." Roman compares the crowd's jostling entrance into the church with the battlefield: "vigor and resoluteness will carry the day on the battlefield, and in a densely packed church." Indeed, in the Catholic sacrament of confirmation, which Roman received prior to marrying Alfred, the young recipient is dubbed a "soldier of God," so Roman's comparison here is appropriate. At the door of the cathedral, a young "wicked 'gamin'" immersed a crab in the marble font where Aunt Clodie dipped her hands in order to make the "sign of the cross, Christianity's symbol." Roman does not regard the sign of the cross as the Catholic
symbol for Christianity, but that of all Christian faiths, and it is the boy off the street who makes a mockery of the Catholic rituals just as the crowd outside the church does of the Christmas Eve celebration with their irreverent "beating of drums, tooting of horns, shouting of processions, and all the mad gayety of a jubilant population at midnight on Christmas Eve."

Roman's readers would have appreciated her depiction of the riotous scene as an element of local color. They also would have understood that the wild "democratic" crowd is much to blame for the calamity that befalls Nathalie and her escort, who end up, after the horses are spooked, careening down Canal Street out of control until Nathalie is knocked unconscious. Roman lauds a caste system in this "democracy," which she later refers to as a "motley" and "riotous" crowd.

It is as if Nathalie and her friend are being punished for leaving the sanctuary of the cathedral and mingling with the commoners, and it is also in the church, or the convent of the Sisters of Charity, where they find safety after their harrowing carriage ride through the French Quarter. When Nathalie strays from these spiritual refuges, she suffers. Roman includes nuns and convents, usually the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in her stories, and they always provide a safe haven for her heroines in distress. Roman is paying tribute to her faith, for she
too found solace in the Catholic Church when she embraced her husband's religion during the upheaval of the Civil War. In "Mrs. Grundy," after Nathalie is knocked unconscious by the shattering glass of the carriage door, she "is ministered to by those practiced and skillful hands" of the Sister of Charity. Although her escort, who remains unnamed throughout the story, is the one who is responsible for stopping the wayward horses, it is ultimately the nun who resurrects Nathalie, symbolizing Catholicism's reward of eternal salvation. It is also the church, or in this case the convent, that gives Nathalie strength, as well as protection from the outside "democratic" world as it does the female characters in so many of her stories.

Nathalie, like so many female protagonists of nineteenth-century women's fiction, needs protection, and as Anne Goodwyn Jones says of southern women in Tomorrow Is Another Day: The Woman Writer in the South, 1859-1936, they need "Christ for salvation and, on earth, the pedestal of male economic support and the protection of the walls of a southern gentleman's home." Nathalie is vulnerable, and her escort finds this vulnerability attractive, so not surprisingly, this story, as so many of Roman's stories, ends in marriage.

Just before Christmas Eve one year later, a "white dinner" is given in honor of the newlyweds, and Aunt Clodie
is again in attendance with a group of young aristocrats urging them to attend the midnight mass at the cathedral. Roman, again, employs a satirical tone when citing the similarities between the ineffectual Aunt Clodie and Mrs. Grundy, as she invokes the latter in the closing line of the story: "Dear Mrs. Grundy, good honest soul, your virtues of reticence and ignorance are not appreciated." Aunt Clodie notes that the young members of her class should spend more time in spiritual fortification and less time on frivolous matters, but she conveniently forgets—or chooses to ignore—the calamity that had befallen Nathalie just one year before. Aunt Clodie also overlooks the fact that even though Nathalie did not spend Christmas Eve inside the cathedral but in a carriage ride through the French Quarter, she was still rewarded with a husband. Social rewards do not always coincide with spiritual rewards, and that, Roman implies, is what is wrong with society. Perhaps Roman is looking back on her life as a young socialite in New Orleans, and now, since she is left to support her large family, regrets that her time was not better spent than on "her exquisite dinners . . . and her gowns." She may be urging other young New Orleans socialites to reconsider their priorities, since wealth and prominence are fleeting.

In two stories published in 1893, Roman continues her examination of the privileged youth of New Orleans and
takes a closer look at fortune's mutability. In "The Madman's Home" (January 22, 1893), Roman draws heavily upon two myths, "Pandora's Box" and the Fall of Adam and Eve, or more precisely, Eve. At the onset Roman paints the idyllic sylvan scene surrounding Bay St. Louis, a popular vacation spot for New Orleanians on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, where "serenity, content, ease and enjoyment were the dominant features of the landscape." But out of these Edenic surroundings springs tragedy.

A group of young aristocrats at a vacation home in this resort are preparing for a picnic on the banks of a nearby forest spring. Dora, "the leader of fashion" and the "daring young spirit of the party" feels that "all picnics are alike" and wants "something unusual to happen." She suggests "a hailstorm, a thunderbolt or a snake," Roman's first allusion to The Fall. Unfortunately, nothing so innocuous occurs; instead the young woman chaperoneing this group is murdered by the madman living in the hut near the picnic site.

The unnamed chaperone is a twenty-four-year-old woman whose husband, simply "L.," is in charge of the team of horses that transports the young men and women to the picnic. L., like the escort in "Mrs. Grundy," is, for the most part, more concerned with the horses than he is with his wife. As they are departing for the picnic, L. sweeps up Dora, and not his wife, to ride with him on his "tandem
of dark bays" and tells the "little woman" to ride in the
less daring wagonette because the horses are "wild today."
The chaperone is immediately marginalized, no longer a
player in this romantic scene now that she is married. In
fact, when the young couples return to the picnic site
after their walk, the chaperone asks "who is engaged," and
states "Don't imagine for an instant that I am going to
chaperonee thirty people at a picnic without one engagement
as a result." No longer a participant in a courtship, she
is seeking companionship in her peripheral role as an
onlooker and matchmaker. Along with her marginalized
position comes boredom and that prompts her to regain
center stage by investigating the mysterious, abandoned
hut--Eve's apple, Pandora's box. It is the only time in
the story that the chaperone captures the attention not
only of her husband, but of all the male characters, for
they follow her after she tosses "back at the others a
reproach of their pusillanimity."

In the bizarre scene that follows the chaperone is
mauled to death by the "raging maniac" within the hut while
her husband, L., "lingered back to look at his horse."
Eugenia DeLamotte in Perils of the Night: A Feminist Study
of Nineteenth-Century Gothic states that in gothic romance
the architecture--in this case the hut--symbolizes the past
or a form of loss, "the loss of an Edenic world associated
with an innocent childhood past, of which the architectural
place is . . . nightmarish" and that it represents a barrier of "what keeps them [the heroines] from the world and what keeps the world from them." The Edenic world that the chaperone has left behind is the one that her charges are now enjoying, and her foray to the hut is an effort to recapture some of that naive sense of adventure that they experience. Roman's peculiar commentary on marriage and young marriageables seems to be that wives should be more content with their roles after marriage, and that husbands should be more attentive to their wives, for it is young Jack and not her husband L. who "caught and drew back the fainting woman" from the hideous monster while L. was tending to the horses. And Dora, once the life of the party, is seen years later alone in the house on the shore "believing that she was instrumental in calling down that awful tragedy" by wishing for some excitement at the picnic. Like Eve and Pandora, neither Dora nor the chaperone is satisfied with her lot, and they are both punished for looking beyond for some relief from the boredom.

"The Madman's Home" is a bizarre tale, although in keeping with the terrifying popular Gothic romance of the time. That it was written early on in her career is evident by her heavy-handed use of foreshadowing and symbolism. Although Roman goes on to write other tragic stories of the privileged class of New Orleans, none,
including the next, "The Sun and the Moon," is quite as horrific as "The Madman's Home."

As in the two preceding stories, the amicable opening scene of "The Sun and the Moon" sets up the tragic tale that follows. Roman's use of the framing technique, a story within a story, lends insight into the concerns of the young aristocrats, in this case women, of whom she writes. Several young women are passing a hot summer afternoon on a veranda in New Orleans, and Dolly states, "I believe the sun has gone daft. He is positively lunatic." Roman is playing on the words of the title and harking back to the "lunacy" of nature in the preceding story. They go on to talk about the mean tricks that the sun and moon can play on people and about naturalists and astrologers to try to explain away the oppressive heat. Dolly exclaims that "astrologers are all dead. . . . they lived in the time of Ptolemy." From here on, the young women's conversation and the story that follows conjure up Ptolemy's theory of *primum mobile* so popular in Shakespeare's time: that the entire universe moved around the earth every twenty-four hours constantly changing position with respect to the fixed stars except the moon, which was the only heavenly body subject to change in its monthly waxing and waning. David Bevington in his introduction to *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* goes on to explain that the moon represented "the boundary between
the unchanging universe and the incessantly changing world," and that "beneath the moon, in the 'sublunary' sphere, all creation was subject to death as a result of Adam's fall from grace; beyond the moon lay perfection." Again Roman deals with the fall, and this time it is a young man who dies one fateful moonlit night.

After the young women finish their lighthearted discussion of the sun and the moon, Mag begins to share some gossip about their friends Dick and Jennie's broken engagement that foreshadows the tragic tale that Frances later tells. Mag considers it her "plain Christian duty" to warn the girls of the dangers lurking in the fallen world ruled by the moon, and, indeed, Jennie loses Dick to another when the moon casts a shadow upon Dick and his companion and puts them in a most compromising position. The idle gossip, when juxtaposed with Frances's story, makes hers all the more tragic.

Finally, the women bribe Frances with trinkets to tell her tragic "tale of the moon," which opens with a description of two old maid sisters who were "dainty and good, chatty and religious, prosy and generous, high-minded and narrow-minded," much like Aunt Clodie and the character she represented, Mrs. Grundy. These sisters were the adoptive parents of their nephew who had "brave . . . gray eyes" and wore a gray cap, suggesting the Confederate dead, and who was to leave for Harvard the following day. The
night before his departure, when he decides to take one last swim in the beautiful river, nature reclaims him before he moves up to the North. The sisters try to save the drowning young man, but they are "helpless and powerless" in their attempts, just as Aunt Clodie is unable to instill a sense of spirituality in her charges in "Mrs. Grundy," and the young men fail to save the chaperone from the madman. The young boy's death is sad, but Roman suggests that it is preferable to moving out of the South, particularly if that move is to the North. Elizabeth Moss states in Domestic Novelists in the Old South: Defenders of Southern Culture that southern domestic writers were "conscious of their responsibilities to their region" and that "they tailored their arguments to suit the tastes of their primarily native-born upper-to middle-class female readers."

That the young boy was saved from moving to the North would have reinforced Roman's attempt at promoting regional harmony, for from a mother's point of view, he would have been lost to her either way.

After Frances' narration, Roman returns to the scene on the veranda where Dolly asks her, "Is that what you call being entertaining?" which is also what some of Roman's readers must have asked after reading "The Madman's Home." Frances threatens to tell "another prank of the moon, worse than that one," but the women want to "stifle her! gag her! put her out! throw a pillow at her!" They do not want to
hear any more of Frances' "freaks and meanness." They would rather sip their "ices and mint juleps" and complain about the heat than look at how treacherous nature can really be. Roman sees Frances' role in the story as much like that of her own as an artist. Just as Frances must expose the truth, no matter how unappealing to her friends, so must Roman educate her readers. She includes Frances, an intelligent narrator, who jolts her audience with her tragic tale and forces them to look at something other than the superficial properties of the sun and the moon.

Roman is not necessarily promoting the independence of women here but urging them to be more thoughtful, serious, and self-reliant. Furthermore, in these first three stories, Roman shows her readers that not everything is what it seems on the surface—a carriage ride, a picturesque hut by a river bank, a moonlit swim—and that everything is subject to change. In her fiction Roman aligns herself with the southern women writers of whom Moss writes: "The independence that the . . . southerners endorsed in their fiction was moral and intellectual; they believed women had the right and the obligation to exercise their consciences and their minds."106 Frances represents the sort of moral and intellectual young woman that Roman would want to encourage.

"The Sun and the Moon" is the last work that Roman signs simply S. R. After two years as a fiction writer
with the newspaper, Roman begins to use her last and maiden names in her signature: S. Rhett Roman. Her husband's death in 1892 undoubtedly influenced her decision to change her signature, since she could no longer embarrass him by her need to write for money. By 1893, although she still wrote a few political articles for the newspaper and for some national publications, she was primarily a fiction contributor to the *Times Democrat*, a job doubtless regarded by many as more suitable for a woman of her standing, yet Roman, or perhaps the newspaper, was still reluctant for the general public to know that she was a woman. When she received a fan letter for her story "'La Misère.' A Midsummer Sketch in New Orleans" (September 9, 1894) addressed to Mr. S. Rhett Roman, she made no attempt to correct the gender misattribution.

"La Misère," misery, is a story about a peculiar New Orleans fruit vendor of that name and his tempestuous past. Roman opens the story asking "Does anyone living in the French Quarter of New Orleans know 'La Misère'?" but she knows that the answer to that question would entail "so indiscreet a delving into dark nooks and closed cupboards, where possibly may lurk many hidden sorrows and ghastly struggles not intended for public view." As in "The Sun and the Moon" and "The Madman's Home," Roman, the artist, is responsible for exposing to the reader what he or she would not see or would rather not know. Here Roman plays
on "La Misère" and goes on to discuss the "heavy catastrophes of thirty years ago," the "misery" of the Civil War.

Roman offers a desolate picture of women in post-Civil War New Orleans in her description that harks back to that of the two aging sisters in "The Sun and the Moon": "a losing battle waged by frail women of old descent, whose puny and heroic efforts were all inadequate to keep away the prowling wolf from the door, now no longer guarded by the quiet sleeper on [the] far off grass-grown battlefield." Drew Gilpin Faust, in "Altars of Sacrifice: Confederate Women and the Narratives of War," discusses the way that women in the South first embraced sacrifice for the "Southern Cause." However, by the end of the war after years of death, destruction, and impoverishment, "the women of the Confederacy found themselves . . . presiding over the disintegration of [their] households and the destruction of that vaunted independence."107 Roman was all too familiar with the devastating consequences of the Civil War, and she was one of those "women of culture and former wealth . . . [who] once wore glittering jewels, gossamer laces and shimmering brocades" whom she goes on to describe. She delivers the same warning in "La Misère" to the belles and beaux of the city that many of her contemporaries do in their short stories, that is, to be prepared for the "evil days to come."
One of those contemporaries, Grace King, addresses the postwar reversal of fortune that befell society belles in her rather dramatic "La Grande Demoiselle." Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets, La Grande Demoiselle, was the heiress among heiresses in New Orleans in 1859, and King writes that "New Orleans was not, as it is now, a one-heiress place, but it may be said that one could find heiresses then as one finds typewriting girls now." King also reinforces the importance of education and notes that Idalie Sainte Foy's "birth exceeded her education," and that her interests lay in the latest Paris fashions and her own coming out and not in her education: "What [she] cared to learn she studied, what she did not she ignored." At least the typewriting girls of whom King writes were skilled, and therefore fortunate, compared to Idalie. Her parents died during the war; their plantation, overrun by "a contingent of troops—a colored company," was burned, and ten years later she resorts to "teaching a public colored school for—it makes one blush to name it—seven dollars and a half a month." Although Idalie’s reversal is more drastic than those that Roman’s heroines experience, King was well aware of how the war changed the lives of many well-to-do women of New Orleans, and like Roman, she underscores the importance of education for women and cautions them about their preoccupation with society’s trappings.
Both Roman and King paint nostalgic pictures of New Orleans before the War. Before turning to her story of "La Misère," Roman describes the city "in days gone by" quite as she does in "Mrs. Grundy," only as much more cosmopolitan, picturesque, and carefree. By 1894, Roman's fiction had been well accepted by her readers, and she began to take more risks in her writing by introducing elements of local color, such as French and black creole dialect. She also sets the story of La Misère's past in a quaint fishing village on the Barataria Bay of pirate Jean Lafitte's fame, a bold setting full of strong independent men and women used to fortify so many of the heroines in her later fiction.

The enigmatic fruit vendor, La Misère, whose "strong melodious voice" chants "des poulets, des dindes, me--lons" from his horse drawn cart down Esplanade Avenue was likely to have been inspired by one of the fruit vendors so common in and near the French Quarter, whose chant Roman was certain to have heard from her house at 93 Esplanade at the corner of Bourbon Street.

La Misère only stops to sell his wares "should it please him to do so," which forces Victoire, a black servant, to run after him pleading with him to sell her some melons for Madame. Roman finally gives a voice to a black character, even though Victoire merely provides comic relief as she chases after La Misère cursing at him for not
stopping. Harris, the black butler in "The Sun and the Moon" who serves ices and mint juleps to the young women, is more typical of the black characters in Roman's fiction, mentioned but never seen. In her later fiction she does include the faithful and wise black servants, though they get little more than a mention.

In this story the people of New Orleans, such as Victoire, are running after "misery" as the young men did during the Civil War some thirty years earlier. La Misère, himself, is running away from not only the people of New Orleans but also from his tragic past.

The Corsican, La Misère, was once an oyster fisherman and captain of the "rakish goelette [schooner]" Colombo at Barataria Bay where his young Sicilian wife "served to excite the curiosity and admiration of all who saw her," but one stormy day she took the Colombo out to the Bay and was never seen again. When the schooner returned without La Misère's wife, a fierce quarrel broke out between the captain and his mate, who was "closely connected with the mysterious disappearance of the dark-eyed young woman." After La Misère impales the mate, a crime for which he is acquitted, he leaves the Bay and turns to selling fruit.

La Misère's wife succumbs to temptation, and as in the case of the chaperone in "The Madman's Home," it costs her her life. She is silenced like Frances, the artist in "The Sun and the Moon," and never again would she "sing at
nightfall, in her native tongue, descriptive . . . of far-off Sicily and the blue waters of the Mediterranean." La Misère, on the other hand, although miserable, becomes a wealthy man, "but occasionally he gives way to prolonged bursts of wild dissipation, during which he recklessly squanders his slowly acquired earnings with a lavish hand." Here and throughout the story, Roman presents La Misère as the stereotypical swarthy Italian sailor.

Roman further develops this swarthy Italian sailor in her work "Follette of Timbalier Island," where she draws on La Misère to create her character Jo Benachi. Helen Taylor, when discussing Ruth McEnery Stuart's depiction of Italians in her fiction, claims that they "have a sinister streak that reflects the distrust of Stuart's class for the "dagos" of her native city." Stuart, like Roman, was from a wealthy, political, planter family, and Taylor notes that there was a "much-publicized hostility between establishment New Orleanians and the Italians . . . in the 1880s and 1890s." When describing Stuart's treatment of Italians in her fiction, Taylor could as easily be discussing Roman's:

[T]he life of the Italian . . . is seen by the author as fundamentally natural and good. Stuart's Italians are in tune with a benevolent natural environment (albeit pretty rough and dirty). She compares sophisticated New Orleans creoles and poor, unsophisticated Gulf-resort dwellers. . . . Stuart's Italians live off the Sea and on fruits and nuts in season."
Even La Misère's being a fisherman and then a fruit vendor fits the stereotype. Roman's use of the stereotypical immigrant is typical of regionalist writing, and these characters appear in much of her fiction. Next, in "La Fortune" (December 8, 1894) Roman turns to a well-respected Cuban lottery vendor.

Two months after "La Misère" appeared in the newspaper, Roman received a letter from one of her readers with the heading, "Dear Sir," praising the story and asking her (him) to write one about "La Fortune." The reader also compared Roman's writing to that of Emile Zola. Roman is flattered that her "poor writings" are likened to those of Zola, "who . . . unquestionably wields the most gorgeous descriptive pen of the period," but she wants to do more than give her "flattering correspondent an accurate description of an unknown individual." Roman is explicitly referring to the fact that she is unfamiliar with the Creole lottery vendor, La Fortune, but at the same time is criticizing Zola's writing. He would probably agree with her criticism, for he claims in The Experimental Novel that "[t]he novelist starts out in search of a truth." Zola also believes that the character is unknown to the writer, that the writer creates the character, or, as he says, "chooses" him or her and then subjects the character to a series of tests:

In short, the whole operation consists of taking facts from nature, then studying the mechanism
of the data by acting on them through a modification of circumstances and environment without ever departing from the laws of nature. At the end there is knowledge, scientific knowledge, of man in his individual and social action. . . .

literature does not exist only in the writer; it is also in the nature which it depicts and the man whom it studies.119

The correspondent noted Roman's use of passion as a powerful "mechanism of nature," to use Zola's words, in "La Misère" and wanted her (him) to put it to the test again in "La Fortune." Even more in keeping with Zola's tenets of naturalism is the fact that Roman is not familiar with the lottery vendor, for it is not the character that interests naturalists as much as it is that character's reaction to "circumstances . . . environment . . . [and] laws of nature."120

Roman retains the male persona assigned to her by the correspondent in the first-person narration that follows, and even reinforces it with "his" stroll to the Pickwick, a very exclusive men's club still located on St. Charles at Canal, but most of the story is related to the narrator by La Fortune himself.121 In fact, the gender assignations from the onset of this story are curious. While the narrator is decidedly male, La Fortune is somewhat androgynous and by the end of the story takes on the role of mother to the "forlorn little waif" who is abandoned by her rogue of a husband.

The narrator first stumbles upon La Fortune speaking in Spanish with a beautiful young woman, who La Fortune
later explains bestowed upon him "this queer name, La Fortune." The narrator notes La Fortune’s sadness after his encounter with the young woman, and La Fortune reveals that his role in the young woman’s life was anything but fortunate. He felt responsible for selling her the lottery ticket that sealed her fate, another example of the Fall, but in this story the lottery ticket represents Eve’s apple.

Like Roman’s "La Misère," and King’s "La Grande Demoiselle," "La Fortune" is about the reversal of fortune, and Roman again alludes to the tragedy of the Civil War:

The battle rages, is won or lost, and some may look down into the depths to gauge the colossal effort or the heroic defeat. Our surface life runs on, with its chat and its laughter; we ‘eat, drink and are merry,’ and no eye has scrutinized all the dead yearnings, the extinct ambitions, the tremulous hope and the bitter deception which lie cold and unburied in the sepulchre of our hearts.

Here the narrator is philosophically pondering La Fortune’s "deep melancholy," but Roman too had to "regret . . . the unrealized opportunity, or the pang of some vanishing hope," in her own life. These lines more than simply characterize the narrator. Roman herself speaks through the narrator, again to warn her young readers of the "thousand and one snares or opportunities, which accident takes pleasure in throwing our way." In this story, Roman seems to be telling her readers simply to be prepared, for "no man can control fate." The beautiful young woman’s
fate was determined when she and her cousin bought two lottery tickets—a game of chance—from La Fortune. If she won, she was to split her winnings with her cousin; if he won, he would also win her hand in marriage. Of course he does win, spends all the money, then casts the beautiful bride aside. Even at the narrator's insistence, La Fortune cannot help but blame himself.

Except for the phallic symbols that Roman continually uses to characterize La Fortune—the ever-present cigar, the Moorish pipes, and the glittering weapons hanging on the wall of his parlor—his actions throughout the story are decidedly feminine and maternal. He cries twice as he is relating the young woman's story to the narrator, is often too moved to speak, and croons "over the forlorn little waif some sweet words of love and comfort." He feels responsible for her, and finally her mother formally bestows that responsibility upon him when she is on her deathbed, which prefigures the surrogate role of old men to young orphan girls in so much of Roman's later fiction. By the end of the story, La Fortune has embraced the maternal role, and when the young woman bursts into his house, interrupting him and the narrator, she wails "Mamman!! Mamman!!" The narrator plays the more typical male role, but Roman may attribute La Fortune's passionate nature to his Latin heritage implicitly suggesting that New Orleans men could benefit from some of this Latin passion, for the
rather heartless narrator simply "closed the door and left them to their sorrow." Roman's use of a dual point of view, the narrator's and La Fortune's, subtly sets up the head versus heart dichotomy not usually assigned to two males.

Roman again uses a first person male narrator in her short story "Kansas" (February 10, 1895), a dramatic account of a disastrous buffalo hunt on the western plains. Carson, whose apt name evokes the frontiersman Kit Carson, is recounting his Kansas experiences to the also aptly named, Blandford at their mens club in New Orleans. After their brief discussion about the cold New Orleans weather, Carson embarks on a tale of heroism and tragedy that leaves one man dead and another, Jack Morton, crippled for life. Roman again tries to imbue one of her male characters—in this case Blandford—with feminine qualities: Blandford complains of the harsh New Orleans weather and prefers "whatever shreds and scraps of civilization there are to be found in our cities of the Atlantic seaboard, or the rural life of the South" to a winter adventure on the plains of Kansas. But Roman's characterization of Blandford exceeds that of simply an effeminate society man, and she implies that he may be a latent homosexual: "Blandford [was] measuring Carson's length of limb, thick iron-gray hair and strong face with admiration." Roman also writes that Blandford was being "initiated by Carson's realistic
story," suggesting his need to be initiated into this sort of male ritual. By naming him Blandford, and assigning him the role of passive observer, Roman is criticizing his inability to act like a conventional male or feel like a conventional female.

Artistic problems arise in this story which illustrate Roman's occasional awkwardness as a writer. One of the Native American guides forecasts the fateful blizzard then leaves the buffalo hunters and remaining guides in the dead of night. Roman has successfully prepared the reader for the catastrophic effect of the blizzard, yet she includes another paragraph of explanation for the reader as an unnecessary interpretation of the guide's forecast. Unfortunately, her awkwardness as a writer extends beyond the exposition of the story and into the climax.

Jack Morton, a mutual friend of Blandford and Carson, is the buffalo hunter whose feats of heroism result in his having both feet amputated. When the hunters finally reach the settlement after being subject to the freezing cold for hours, Jack Morton, who has sacrificed his blanket and overshoes for one of the young hunters, appears to Carson to be dead. Carson urgently pleads with the villagers to try to revive Jack, which they successfully do, but his feet were so frostbitten that they could not be saved. As Carson looks back on the events of that day, he admits to using bad judgment and that "it was a pity that he [Jack]
was brought back to life," all of which makes Jack’s story more pathetic than tragic or heroic.

The characters who take action in Roman’s fiction are the most admirable, but Roman implies that action must be paired with good judgment and that the characters must act according to society’s prescriptions. Her two earlier heroines, Nathalie and the chaperonee, suffer (or die) after acting out of boredom. Likewise, Jack’s sense of adventure causes him to act rashly. He prolongs the hunt and ignores all signs of the imminent storm. In the end, he is as physically incapable of action as Blandford is mentally, but Carson, who admits his own lack of judgment, survives. Roman recognizes human frailty, and as long as her characters do too, they are rewarded.

From 1895 to 1899, Roman continued to produce short pieces for the newspaper, many of which were more noteworthy because of the issues that they addressed than because of Roman’s still unpolished writing style. One such story, "A Bat" (April 7, 1995), although not included in this edition, reveals Roman’s stance against women’s suffrage. Alice, "a dainty, refreshing looking . . .
girl" of twenty is discussing the woman’s vote with Susan, whose "correct tailor-made suit . . . strengthened her masculine argumentativeness." It is obvious from the onset that Roman sides with the winsome Alice, who feels that the voting poll is no place for a woman, and not with the
männisch "reformer" Susan, no doubt a "tribute" to Susan B. Anthony. Alice asks Susan:

"Then you would go to the polls; hustle your way through a crowd of men; rub up against Tom, Dick and Harry; some garlic-eating drayman; be pushed and shoved around, and all just to register a vote which would be counterbalanced by some other heated and exasperated woman's vote, cast on the other side?"

According to Roman, Susan naively believes that men will make way for women at the polls and that "women's interests being identical, most women would vote for the reform measures and candidates." Through her character Alice, Roman attacks the idea of women's solidarity and offers her conclusive argument against the women's vote:

"I see no logical reason to expect that they will vote anymore knowingly or conscientiously than do their honest fathers, husbands and brothers. And as they are usually more persuadable and more apt to be under the influence of some man closely related to them, in whose honesty, judgment and experience they rightly have full confidence, beyond swelling the vote on both sides and adding considerably to the crush at the polls, I don't very well see what we women will effect."

Even here Roman is espousing not only her political beliefs but those of her husband and father as well. According to Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, her stance on women's rights was typical of women of her social class, "who accepted and supported the social system that endowed them with power and privilege," and they have more to do with class than with gender. It is very apparent that Roman supports her characters who act within the prescriptions of society.
Just as the married chaperone in "The Madman's Home" died for not accepting her new role in society, and the able-bodied young man had to drown rather than pursue his education up North, so would these women be rendered powerless at the polls. Her message in her fiction seems to contradict that of her editorials, but Nina Baym contends that women who wrote both history and fiction maintained separate spheres. Baym addresses the issue when discussing Ann Bradstreet's family lyrics and her historical poetry and says that "she is celebrated today for her personal, confessional, and domestic lyrics... [but] the historical Bradstreet was a quite different figure from the one we currently take her for." In Roman's editorials she believes that the people in power are the ones not acting prescriptively, and that is what must be remedied. In "A Bat," Roman consolidates both her editorial and fiction writing, but the storyline is clearly sacrificed for the polemic message.

Roman, however, did not address political issues in most of her stories up to 1899. She continued to write about young members of high-society and further developed the role of the rugged seamen of the Gulf Coast that she introduced in "La Misère." Her writing improved as her works became longer and more complicated. In 1899 she published her first short story on the national level. "'Bastien.' A Xmas in the Great Salt Marshes of
Louisiana," appeared in Outing, a men's sporting magazine, in January of that year.

In "Bastien," Roman nearly duplicates the opening scene of "Kansas," complete with the male narrator, in this case Barton, chatting with his fellow club member, Leveque. The two men, somewhat bored, are searching for ways to avoid the upcoming Christmas festivities. Roman warns against inactivity, for boredom often leads to trouble as is the case in this story and in "The Madman's Home." Barton and Leveque finally decide to go bird shooting in Barataria in order to avoid the Christmas hoopla, and it is there that they meet Bastien the trapper.

Roman quotes Rudyard Kipling in the last line of "Bastien," and she also seems influenced by his characterization of "primitive" men and women in his writing. In Kipling's Captains Courageous, Mrs. Cheyne says of the fisher folk of Gloucester that "[t]hey're most delightful people . . . so friendly and simple too," but her son Harvey responds, "That isn't simpleness, Mama. . . . It's the other thing, that we--that I haven't got." In his article "Captains Courageous and American Empire," Danny Karlin interprets the "other thing" as "heroic individualism," and he describes Disko Troop, the captain of the We're Here, as an "upright, humane, generous lawgiver." Roman similarly describes Bastien as a "big-hearted, generous, splendid old fellow, always ready to
help misfortune." Karlin goes on to say that the name "We're Here" indicates "the values of this [fishing] community—solidarity, self-knowledge, sense of place," the same values that Roman instills in the Baratarian fishers and trappers of "Bastien."\[1\]

Roman credits the Acadian countryside with shaping its inhabitants and says that "it must be the solitary freedom of those boundless windswept prairies which gave [Bastien] his large-hearted nature." Roman's assertion here contradicts those found in her earlier editorials. In "Farming in the Parish of St. Tammany," (1891) she stereotypes the primitive inhabitants of the Louisiana countryside as rude backwoodsmen lacking ambition. Contradictorily, and more in keeping with her description of Bastien, she contends that they boast a "fearless spirit of independence and . . . appreciation of personal worth." Perhaps all the years that she spent in the city and away from the Roman plantation in St. James mellowed her view of these country folk and even helped to romanticize it, but she is also trying to appeal to the large audience for local color fiction.

The plot of "Bastien" is more complicated than those of her early fiction and even involves a murder mystery. Bastien's son Paul is a fugitive after being wrongly accused of murdering his hunting companion, Duval, with whom he was last seen arguing. Although Roman extols the
solidarity of the community, it is finally the urban
lawyer, Barton, who exonerates Paul and reunites him with
his fiancee. Bastien, more than anyone, upholds that
solidarity: "Never had he turned his back on a comrade or
friend in all his life, or failed when called on in the
hour of need, in any and every conjecture, however
perilous." Yet, oddly enough, Barton excludes Bastien from
his elaborate plan to vindicate Paul.

Barton's ingenious plan to establish an alibi for Paul
is successful. That the New Orleans lawyer is the hero of
the story is not accidental and can be seen as a tribute of
sorts to Roman's late husband Alfred, who was a judge of
the criminal court of New Orleans. Alfred Roman was touted
by the writers of *Biographical and Historical Memoirs of
Louisiana* for his notable performance on the bench: "Never
has the criminal bench of New Orleans been adorned by so
fearless, so impartial, and so incorruptible a judge." Roman
could also be using "Bastien" to pay homage to other
lawyers in her family, who include her father, brother, and
father-in-law. The origins of Bastien, the old trapper,
presents a different case, however.

Roman draws on the character La Fortune in her
development of Bastien, who becomes the model for the
father figures in "Tonie" and "Follette of Timbalier
Island" (1900). Like La Fortune, Bastien has a cozy home,
but its decor is decidedly masculine with "guns and arms of
various descriptions hung over the mantel, [and] a number of beautiful skins . . . tacked against the walls like tapestry." Although Bastien, too, is somewhat androgynous, he has a more masculine side to him than La Fortune. Leveque, upon first meeting Bastien exclaims, "What a splendid-looking old fellow! Must have been a soldier," and Barton agrees that with "the grand build of his massive frame and air of strength . . . [he] was a most striking individual." In contrast to this manly description, Bastien was totally comfortable in his domestic role as well: "[H]e lit a lamp, stirred the dying embers of the fire, and put on a kettle to boil, with the quick dexterity of a long habit of housewifery." He was also a devoted father: "Bastien's whole heart and soul were wrapped up in Paul." Roman suggests that men should become more familiar with the typically female role of caretaker and household manager, perhaps as a direct result of her having to undertake the typically male role of sole provider after her husband's death. Although Barton admires Bastien's dexterity in the home and his absolute love for his son, these are the very (feminine) qualities that finally result in his exclusion from the plot to solve the crime. Since this story is primarily concerned with the search for justice, it stands to reason that Roman assigns the case to the more dispassionate and impartial lawyer, Barton.
Roman is concerned with justice in all of her writing, and through the characters Bastien and his son Paul, she illustrates that these simple Acadians are certainly deserving of it; they just do not have the necessary tools to bring it about. Their knowledge of the crime is based solely on empirical evidence. Barton, the educated lawyer from the city, must enter this community finally to discover the truth. Roman wants all men and women to act within their realm or rely on "experts": do not base a marriage on the outcome of a lottery ticket; pay attention to the Native American guides when faced with a blizzard in Kansas; leave it to men to go to the polls; listen to Bastien the trapper when it comes to hunting wild game, and let the lawyer conduct the search for truth and justice.

So many of the elements in Bastien, the androgynous male figure, the vast Acadian countryside and its inhabitants, and urban ennui, prefigure those in Roman's two longest and most accomplished works, "Tonie" and "Follette of Timbalier Island" (1900). "Tonie" appears in ten installments and "Follette" in seven, so they are actually short novels or novellas. Like the nineteenth-century woman's fiction of which Nina Baym writes, these two works "chronicle the 'trials and triumph' . . . of a heroine who, beset with hardships, finds within herself the qualities of intelligence, will, resourcefulness, and
courage sufficient to overcome them." They are also, as Baym later writes in her book *American Women Writers and the Work of History, 1790-1860*, novels about "female character formation" that end, not surprisingly, with the heroines happily married. Roman seems to have drawn on much of the popular literature of the time in creating these works, including Kate Chopin's *A Night in Acadie* (1897), Ruth McEnery Stuart's *The Story of Babette* (1894), Grace King's *Monsieur Motte* (1888), Lafcadio Hearn's *Chita* (1888), and Henry James' *The American* (1875). The works of Chopin, King, Stuart, Hearn, and James were published in the popular periodicals of the time, including *Vogue*, *Harper's*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, and Roman was even more apt to read the works of the first four writers in her own newspaper, the *Times Democrat*. Much of what she owes these writers is found in her description of the picturesque Acadians, her romanticization of the exotic Louisiana countryside, and her punctilious examination of the caste system and ancestry of the aristocracy. She also relies heavily on Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in her plot development in both stories, and even quotes Shakespeare early on in "Tonie."

"Tonie" is the story of a young girl who is reared by her father, Pierre Drouhet de Morillac, on one of the "queer islands, mossy and covered with verdure" in the Louisiana prairie. Likewise, the exiled Miranda and
Prospero live on the idealized island with "lush and lusty . . . grass" and "tawny ground." Roman, too, idealizes the landscape and its inhabitants: "These Acadians seem to find in their isolated lives a restful enjoyment, not obtainable among the contention and fret of the city and town." Bevington's claim that the setting of *The Tempest* "juxtaposes 'real' world with idealized landscape" applies to Roman's work as well. Much of "Tonie" revolves around "the catastrophe which had located the present Pierre Drouhet and his beautiful daughter in the isolation of the great salt marshes, and why they were not in the majestic pile, the old stone castle, towering up on the rugged Brittany coast." Roman relies heavily on Shakespeare when it comes to the circumstances surrounding Drouhet's exile, right down to the conniving brother's betrayal.

Pierre Drouhet's brother, Jeoffroid, was jealous of Pierre's relationship with Tonie's mother, their cousin, and Roman explains that since "both [had] the surging hot blood of their race in their veins," a quarrel ensued. Pierre struck his brother, "he thought unto death--and fled" to Louisiana, where Tonie's mother joined him. Tonie's mother died shortly after she was born, and Drouhet went on to rear Tonie until news of his brother's natural death, almost two decades later, prompted him to reclaim the family title and property. Although Tonie's
motherlessness was in keeping with *The Tempest*, Roman also could have been inspired by her own mother's death when she was only eight years old and her own passage into womanhood under the care of her father. Nina Baym observes that the heroines of nineteenth-century women's fiction are often contrasted to other feminine types, and that "the heroine's mother is such a type. . . . that sinks quickly under life's demands to an early death," making the heroine's "success in life entirely a function of her own efforts and character." Marianne Hirsch agrees with Baym and states in *Mother/Daughter Plot* that in "the conventional nineteenth-century plots of the . . . American tradition the fantasy that controls the female family romance is the . . . heroine's singularity based on a disidentification from the fate of other women, especially mothers."

Indeed, Tonie "disidentifies" with her mother's fate, and her success stems from a combination of her own efforts, her distinguished bloodlines, and her marriage to a wealthy New Orleans lawyer.

The story opens with yet another lawyer on a duck hunting expedition in the marsh, but this one, Jack Hamilton, is lost. Tonie discovers him and brings him back to her father's house. While the urbane Jack Hamilton maintains an adversarial relationship with nature, sailing deeper and deeper into the maze of the marsh, Roman paints Tonie as a true child of nature:
There was an orchard and . . . a broad, sandy poultry yard, whose denizens flocked . . . at Tonie's approach, and there were bronze and white pigeons which settled, cooing, on her shoulders and in the pink palm of her outstretched hand. A brown-eyed cow came forward to be stroked and a toddling calf rubbed its nose against her . . . and all things living seemed to worship Tonie.

Roman creates the image of a female St. Francis of Assisi, but even more striking is the resemblance of this description to that of Sarah Orne Jewett's heroine, Sylvia, in "A White Heron" (1886): "There ain't a foot o' ground she don't know her way over, and the wild creaturs counts her one o' themselves. Squer'ls she'll tame to come an' feed right out o' her hands, and all sorts o' birds." Both Tonie and Sylvia spent time in the city, Tonie at school at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, but both are much more at ease in the countryside. The nuns at the convent even nicknamed Tonie "Fauvette," or little wild one, because she could "handle a boat or a pirogue and . . . shoot and . . . fish just like a boy." But Fauvette also means a reed warbler, and it is her song, which Jack mistakes for "the melancholy wail of some reed bird," that finally leads to his rescue.

When Tonie and Jack return to Pierre Drouhet's home, Jack notices that the room was "luxurious, and there were books and magazines scattered around." One of the books is inscribed "Chateau de Morillac," so just as Prospero is able to keep some of his "linens, stuffs, and necessaries"
and his "lov'd . . . books" from his "own library with volumes that / [he] prize[d] above [his] dukedom," so does Drouhet surround himself with some of the finery from the "old stone castle" in France. Jack gleans from the almost luxurious furnishings of Drouhet's cottage and the book's inscription that he is not a typical Acadian trapper, but a descendent of French nobility. Here Roman, like Chopin, is correctly distinguishing between the French Creoles and the Acadians or Cajuns of Louisiana. Emily Toth states in Kate Chopin that many reviewers of Kate Chopin's works "confused the Acadians (French-speaking refugees from Canada) with Creoles (Louisiana residents of pure French or Spanish ancestry). Emily Toth also includes much of the New York Times review of Chopin's Bayou Folk, wherein the reviewer states that "the Creoles of New-Orleans call the Acadians 'Cajans,' disdainfully." Although the reviewer, unlike Chopin, misspells Cajun, he is correct in his assertion that the Creoles of New Orleans did look with some disdain upon the Acadians of Louisiana. Roman was certainly proud of her husband's heritage and was quick to make the distinction between the Creoles and Acadians in her fiction as well as in her editorials. As far as Tonie is concerned, although Jack initially finds her fetching, it is not until after he espies the Chateau de Morillac seal in the third installment that he declares "none so perfect as . . . little Fauvette, none!" Shortly
thereafter Jack decides to make Tonie his wife, but as is so typical of nineteenth-century women’s fiction, the road to their marriage is a rocky one.

Nina Baym asserts that the heroines of women’s fiction are "developed as a counterstatement to two... feminine types." One, although "[i]nitally pleasing to men... has no power to hold them. The second type... is an apparent opposite to this sad case... the so-called 'belle' who lived for excitement and the admiration of the ballroom in the mistaken belief that such self-gratification was equivalent to power and influence." These two "types" appear in "Tonie" in the characters of Julie Catesby and her sister Maude Sefton, respectively. Maude tries desperately throughout the story to marry her younger sister off to the eligible young Jack Hamilton, and it appears that in the past she had enjoyed some degree of success in her matchmaking endeavors. Maude is described as "that brilliant luminary of the world social," and Jack attends a dinner at her house upon his return from the marsh. Throughout the novel, Maude represents everything that is wrong with high society and the code of propriety. Julie, however, is a bit more problematic. She is, of course, Jack’s partner for dinner, and the narrator asks, "Exquisite of feature, and faultless in manner, was there anything lacking in Julie Catesby to please the most
fastidious?" When Jack is later reunited with Tonie, he answers that question:

That last brilliant dinner--his companion--beautiful--yes--but how the studied repression, the conventional mannerism paled when compared with the magnificent forcefulness, the exquisite gentleness and lights and shadows of feeling which swept over the glorious face before him.

Julie, "less brilliant than Maude," is cast as the victim early in the story. Jack notes at dinner that "[a]ll girls are educated in the same identical rut and routine. The schoolroom, then the ballroom. Propriety and conventionality. It's not their fault if they are all alike."

It is no surprise that Jack chooses Tonie over Julie. Elizabeth Moss states that "[antebellum] southern domestic fiction written by southern women for southern women explored the variety of options available to the female elite." Moss's theory, that southern women writers championed "morally and intellectually autonomous, physically energetic women," certainly seems to apply to Tonie, who not only can hunt and fish like a boy, but also works with Pere David, the priest, teaching the unfortunate Acadian children at the settlement school in the marsh."

When Jack returns for his third visit to Drouhet's cottage, he learns from the Drouhet's black maid, Suzette, that they have disappeared. Suzette helped rear Tonie and
is the typical "black mammy" figure everpresent in the plantation literature of the South. Jack goes to Père David at the settlement and finally discovers the catastrophe that led the Drouhets to the marsh, but he does not discover their whereabouts. All Jack can do is return to New Orleans, hire a detective, and dream about his life with Tonie. Meanwhile, Maude Sefton persuades him to join her, her husband Clarence, and Julie in Norway.

Upon Jack's arrival in Norway, Julie can see that he is troubled and even that he is in love with someone else, someone Maude calls a "barefooted fisherman's daughter, an aborigine living out on some island in the gulf." While Maude remains a "counterstatement" to Tonie, Julie seems to become more of a parallel figure in the story. Julie appreciates the rustic Norwegian villagers and their idyllic surroundings, and she is sensitive and has compassion for Jack even though she is in love with him and he with another. Both the natural settings of the Acadian marsh and the Norwegian coast seem to have revivifying powers—in the Wordsworthian sense—for the two women in this story. When Jack first meets Julie in Norway, he muses:

Julie's free wanderings in the strange solitudes of the narrow, green valleys, the high rugged mountains around and among the simple, stalwart people of the old Norse race under the paling skies of those quiet latitudes, while the impress of nature's grandeur cast a rebuke upon the frivolities of life, had given her a
wonderful beauty and depth of expression not hers some six months earlier.

Of course Julie's transformation is still not enough to keep Jack's mind off of Tonie, and he sees everywhere "a star of radiant hope and joy . . . a beautiful girl . . . waiting for him!" Throughout the novel Jack refers to Tonie as a "bird," an "angel," or a "star," and while Julie rejects the conventions of society and becomes even more like Tonie, Tonie becomes more and more divine. Maude, on the other hand, changes very little. In Norway she longs for the "fleshpots of Egypt, in the shape of a gay rush through Paris shops, hurried orders to tailors . . . and the opening night of the opera. Sarah's 'premiere,' and receptions crowded in among the whirl of other pleasures."

Before they leave Norway for Paris, the Sefton's, and even Julie, expect Jack to propose to her, yet it is only the "deep and silent sympathy he knew he would receive [that] drew him toward her." Jack simply uses Julie to soothe his melancholy over Tonie. Roman paints Jack as obtuse and self-absorbed, much as Henry James does Christopher Newman in The American. John Carlos Rowe, in his essay "The Politics of Innocence in Henry James's The American," criticizes Newman "for his lack of artistic sensitivity, his blunt pragmatism, and his ignorance of the psychological complexity of human relations." But unlike Newman, Jack's ignorance is not a "fatal flaw," for
he marries his beloved Tonie in the end. \textsuperscript{146} Whereas Newman's ignorance of the natural or arbitrary class systems of Europe leads to his losing Claire, Jack's ignorance of such distinctions, once he learns that Pierre Drouhet is the Baron de Morillac, seems to drive him on more diligently, and without, for a moment, thinking that he is not her social equal. It is easier for Jack to ignore such distinctions than it is for Newman, because Jack first knew Pierre Drouhet and Tonie as an American trapper living with his remarkable daughter in the Louisiana marsh.

Finally, in Paris Maude and Julie receive an invitation to a reception hosted by the Comtesse de Honouman for the purpose of introducing her grand niece to the "world social." Maude insists that Jack accompany them because "tout Paris is raving about her already." Of course this niece is Tonie, whom Maude once called an aborigine, and she is furious with Jack for his conduct at the reception once he meets Tonie, but the blow is softened because Tonie is so "highly connected." Maude, to the end, represents the epitome of high society hypocrisy. Jack is rewarded because he loved Tonie even before he was certain of her connections, but Julie, the character with whom Roman seems to identify the most, and the only character who experiences any real growth, is pathetically tossed aside. When Jack is telling Julie and Maude about his
initial encounter with Tonie, "[t]here was a sound of a slight sob . . . coming from Julie's direction, but no one noticed it."

Julie, through no fault of her own, will not find happiness. She is not a hypocrite such as Maude; nor has she had the curious upbringing that led to Tonie's independence and self-reliance; nor, for that matter, does she have the title--and all that comes with it--that Tonie and her father reclaim. Although Roman intends for us to admire Tonie's spunk and compassion, by the end of the novel, because she is such a divine creature who never really descends from her role of "madonna in heaven" to "an angel in the house," our focus and our sympathies turn to Julie. By pairing the two women so closely throughout the novel, Roman is able to point out just how women become trapped in a society that ignores practicality yet condemns frivolity in women. Jack admires Julie's beauty. She had excelled in the "schoolroom, then the ballroom." Even Maude says that "Julie is too perfect," which is why Jack reacts to her with "irritated dissatisfaction" when he muses: "All pretty much the same. Like red or pink roses on a bush. Beautiful, but not much difference between them." Jack admires Julie's perfection and rejects her for it. Through the character Julie, Roman voices her frustrations with women's roles in society and perhaps her frustrations as a writer as well. While raising ten
children, she hardly had time to practice her craft and probably envied her contemporaries who were not reared as conventionally as she, such as Mollie Moore Davis, Grace King, and Kate Chopin, yet who were much more successful. Although the Roman name was still highly regarded by the New Orleans elite, it was her writing, and not her "connections," that allowed her to support her family.

"Tonie" is arguably Roman's strongest work because of the many pairings and the complex and representative characters, such as Julie and Jack. A month after the last installment of "Tonie," the newspaper ran "Follette of Timbalier Island" (September 9-October 21), a more formulaic story in many ways, yet Roman continues to examine the road to womanhood in a male-dominated world.

"Follette" is similar to "Tonie" and even begins with an actual "tempest" on the Louisiana Gulf Coast island of Timbalier, probably inspired by the "great hurricane of 1893" that generated so much literature of the time, including works by Cable and Hearn. In fact, the resemblance between "Follette" and Hearn's Chita, which appeared in the newspaper twelve years earlier, is extraordinary. Both Roman and Hearn criticized the writing of Emile Zola as too pessimistic, and, in response, Hearn sought a style that was "romantic and idealistic," a style to which Roman, too, aspired.
Initially, Roman describes Follette as even more spirited than Tonie with "exuberant spirits, reckless daring, and all that surplus energy which led her so often into difficulties of various kinds and degrees, but through which she emerged usually triumphant." Follette's description foreshadows the inevitable "trials and triumph" that she must endure.

Roman's approach is fatalistic, as the little orphan, Follette, is "thrown by Providence" among the "flotsam and jetsam" of a magnificent Danish ship next to her dead father, who, it is later discovered, was "Thurge Petersen, a Danish merchant of high standing." In this story, as in "Tonie" and so many of her editorials, Roman praises the Nordic races as having an "heroic spirit." Although we learn the identity of Follette's father, her mother does not even get a mention in this work, and the young girl is quickly taken in by an old Acadian fisherman--and surrogate mother--Valsin. Marianne Hirsch claims that "in the nineteenth-century novel, mothers had to be eliminated... so that heroines could have access to plot," and in "Follette," (as in "Tonie") much of the plot revolves around the fact that the heroine is reared by a man and not a woman.150

On this Edenic little island, Valsin teaches Follette how to swim and handle a pirogue, and just as with Tonie, "her free, out-of-door life gave her a singular grace and
... dauntless courage and self-reliance." Valsin gives Follette lessons in practicality, and again Roman's character is fortified by the "sea breezes ... summer and winter sun" of the idyllic Acadian landscape, but the island priest, Pere Dorien, notices "how vastly superior Follette was, how different in race and nature from the sturdy brown-visaged Acadian, Sicilian and half Spanish children of ... that queer isolated little island." Here Roman does not hide her disdain for the Acadians that she and so many of the New Orleans Creoles share, but her description also foreshadows one of the "trials" that Follette must overcome, that of recovering her true ancestry.

When Follette is twelve, Père Dorien advises Valsin and his widowed daughter, Mercelite, who have lovingly reared Follette as their own, to send her to the convent school in New Orleans. They are very reluctant, but he tells them that she is "too beautiful a bird to be caged and held prisoner on this narrow island." Roman uses fishing nets throughout the story to symbolize the island prison, Valsin and Mercelite even have them hanging on their walls at home, which connote, metaphorically speaking, that her fate is woven, as Gilbert and Gubar would say by "patriarchal definitions of [her] sexuality." Gilbert and Gubar also claim that women writers create these metaphoric prisons in order to "solve
As Follette grows into womanhood, she realizes the need to leave Timbalier. Roman describes her fortunate fall, as Valsin tells her she must leave the island to go to the convent in New Orleans: "Follette let her net she held drop on her lap, while she listened, her great eyes fixed on Valsin's face, while a new and growing pain seized hold of her heart."

As Valsin becomes more aware of Follette's passage into womanhood and her growing sexuality, he sees that he must "banish" her from Timbalier. Two things occur that make Valsin painfully aware of Follette's growing sexuality. First Roman introduces Jo Benachi, "the most prosperous fisherman of the island . . . half Greek, half Italian, his black eyes and straight features recalled the old Roman race, and gay reckless and daring, Benachi made more money, and spent more, than all the others." Like Ruth Stuart in The Story of Babette, who first describes the Italian family that kidnaps Babette as fundamentally good, so does Roman describe Benachi, but things would change. Taylor writes of Stuart's Italians that they have "a sinister streak that reflects the distrust of Stuart's class for the 'dagos' of her native city," and Roman shares that distrust. Follette often innocently waits for Benachi's return, but when she turns fourteen, Benachi takes notice of her as a woman and tells her that one day he will make her his wife. Although Follette finds Benachi's
proposal to be a "queer idea," she does throw him a kiss as she runs home to Valsin. When Follette innocently mentions Benachi's proposal to Valsin, he moans in anguish, "My God, I should have sent her away sooner!"

Shortly thereafter, there is another storm, and a group of young New Orleans socialites on a pleasure trip are tossed shipwrecked on the shores of Timbalier, among them "that clever lawyer," Guy Fulton. But it is not Fulton who symbolizes the snake in this island Garden of Eden, but the young women of the party by whom Follette was "charmed and spellbound":

She listened . . . to their airy, clever and low-voiced laughter, noted the indescribable set of their serge yachting suits, saw . . . all the pretty toilette accessories deemed necessary, and suddenly a comprehension came to Follette of the vast distance which lay between their life and that of the simple fisher folks of Timbalier with a force and intensity which stunned her.

Guy Fulton sees Follette's futile struggle to resist temptation, which causes his own fortunate fall, as he feels a "keen if undefined and inexplicable pain." He too tries to resist until he discovers that she is not one of "these primitive savages" but an orphan washed ashore some fourteen years earlier, and he proceeds to "plant seeds of unrest and ambition in that fertile little brain."

Follette forgets all about Jo Benachi and goes off to the convent in New Orleans, yet another metaphorical prison.
Once in the convent, Follette takes the name Joris because she had found it painted on a piece of her father's dismantled ship years ago. She is educated like many of the society women of New Orleans, but she, like Tonie—and unlike Julie—"never loses her dash and spirit." But Follette is still confined, and the surrogate Valsin and Mercelite are replaced by the emasculated Signor Rossetti and the sexless Mere Therese, who want to return her to Valsin "simple-hearted and untainted," but Joris is a woman now. After three years at the convent, Joris must return home, but, as in all Bildungsroman, she is changed and cannot return to the "Garden." Roman clearly presents the options available to the young women of the time, other than marriage. Follette is a "caged bird," and her singing is the pride of the convent, but she cannot go on stage where she will be tempted by "wrong ambitions," and back on the island, even if she were to teach, she would be "cut off from all human intercourse." Joris returns to the island prison where she has no recourse except to marry well or to recover her hidden family fortune; predictably, she does both, but not until she overcomes the dastardly Jo Benachi.

Benachi kidnaps Joris after she returns to Timbalier, so now she is literally imprisoned, and that storyline fits well into Roman's formulaic plot. Baym maintains that the
heroine's triumph over such ordeals secures her passage into womanhood:

Her dilemma, simply, was mistreatment, unfairness, disadvantage, and powerlessness, recurrent injustices occasioned by her status as female and child. The authors' solutions . . . all involve the heroine’s accepting female while rejecting the equation of female with permanent child.154

Thus, unaided, Joris must elude Benachi. Luckily, Valsin's practical lessons proved useful, for Joris had the dagger, that she always carried in case of emergency, when Benachi abducted her. With it, she kept him at bay while on board his ship, and finally used it to escape and flee back to the convent. Joris acts alone and is truly the hero, while the men, Valsin and Guy Fulton, are shut down in their quest for Joris by a faulty piece of machinery on Valsin's boat!

Joris is finally reunited with Valsin, and Guy Fulton will "claim her" as soon as he draws up a will that orders Joris to continue the search for her long lost family, which Guy Fulton had begun, should anything happen to him. He sets up another stipulation, that she return to her family in Denmark and not remain on Timbalier where "terrible dangers surround her." The end of "Follette" is tragically comic. Joris, and not Fulton nor Valsin, was the only one on the island capable of overcoming those "terrible dangers." Luckily she did not have to depend
upon a man, nor on modern technology, for her successful escape.

At first glance, little seems to have changed as far as the males' attitude toward Follette are concerned, and although Fulton is making plans to control her even from beyond the grave, he also realizes that she is no longer a child and that she must return to civilization, "back to her people," and not to the island prison nor the convent. Roman suggests to her readers that marriage is not to be looked upon as another prison, no matter how skeptical we may be of Guy Fulton, particularly because it is a marriage that Follette dreamed about for so long. It is simply the last step on the road to womanhood. Nina Baym explains that the "end of change, finally, is a new woman and, by extension, the reformation of the world immediately around her as this new person calls out different relations and responses from her environment."

The fact that neither Père Dorien, nor Valsin, nor Guy Fulton want Follette to return to either of her metaphorical prisons illustrates that reformation.

Roman's heroines have grown considerably more independent over the years. In "Tonie" and "Follette" we no longer have characters like Nathalie from "Mrs. Grundy," who had to be rescued by her beau. On the contrary, Tonie does the rescuing when she leads Jack Hamilton out of the marsh. Follette is even more independent than Tonie and
has no one but herself on whom to rely when she is kidnapped. Aside from independence and self-reliance, these characters must also be charitable and willing to give back to the community by working for the less fortunate. Both Tonie and Follette teach the children in the rural settlement school, a very acceptable job for a young woman. But most importantly, because of their high social standing, they work only for charity. So to summarize Roman’s picture of the ideal woman, she should be beautiful, strong, independent, intelligent, well-educated—in and out of the classroom, charitable, and well-bred, yet still subservient to men, much more complicated than some of her early shallow debutantes.

Roman continues to write about determined young women who enter—or reenter—the privileged society which had shunned them for so long. Roman remains very class conscious, for her heroines are members of high society but, through no fault of their own, are temporarily excluded. Once the "murder" of Tonie’s uncle is solved, she is eagerly embraced by the aristocracy of New Orleans and Paris. Likewise, Guy Fulton discovers that Follette’s father was a wealthy Danish merchant, so she too is accepted by the New Orleans upper class. In 1903, "To See the Carnival" (March 1, 1903) and its sequel, "Alma’s Guest," (March 22, 1903) appear in the newspaper, and in these stories Roman addresses society’s ostracization of a
once wealthy New Orleans family who has fallen on hard times after the Civil War, something that she experienced firsthand.

In the three years between the appearance of "Follette" and "To See the Carnival," Roman returned to writing shorter and fewer serialized stories, many of them to coincide with various holidays: "All Saints' Day in the Old St. Louis Cemetery" (November 2, 1902), "Marie Martine’s Easter" (April 6, 1902), and "1903" (January 4, 1903), to name a few. In "To See the Carnival" Roman offers a glimpse of the turn-of-the-century Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans. Most striking is the fact that the New Orleans carnival celebration, complete with balls, costumes, and revelers, has changed very little over the last century.

Alma, the poor "country cousin" from Bayou Teche, is even more independent and self-reliant than Roman’s other heroines, Tonie and Follette. She leases out a one-hundred-acre sugar cane farm and manages the household that she shares with her aunt Euphemie D’Aumont, Alma’s caretaker since the death of her parents. Again, Roman was able to draw on her own experience, for she too was sent to live with her aunt, Eliza, her father’s sister, after the death of her mother. The D’Aumont household consists of only the library and an adjoining bedroom of the family plantation home; Alma is forced to lease the remainder of
the home to a neighbor whose own plantation burned down. Alma is saving the rent that she collects from her tenants to one day restore her aunt to the old family homestead.

Aunt Euphemie cannot stop dwelling on "past glories," and she thinks that Alma is wasting her youth as a "plodding farmer." Euphemie wants Alma to spend what is left of the carnival season with their wealthy, New Orleans socialite cousin, Emma Willoughby. Emma, who has just returned from Europe, writes to Euphemie that she would be delighted to have Alma come to carnival:

In Europe a woman of my age is considered essential in society. They give tone and brilliancy. I had forgotten that over here in my own dear country lovely and naive debutantes crowd the charming rooms, and that the only chance for us elders to get a glimpse of the world and its ways is to be a chaperone. So your suggestion is thrice welcome, my dear Euphemie.

Roman was fifty nine when this story was published, and she was probably feeling some of this same neglect. In 1894, Roman’s daughters, Jeanne and Marguerite, were listed in the society section of the Times Democrat as having assisted at one of Mollie Moore Davis’s "at homes," but Sallie’s name was conspicuously missing from the guest list. Roman also addressed the marginalization of older married women in "The Madman’s Home," implying that there is not much of a social life for these women after marriage.
Predictably, Alma goes to New Orleans for carnival and is the toast of the town. From here on, Roman's story is simply a variation of "Cinderella." As Alma is leaving the Comus Ball, Emma's snobbish son, John Willoughby, who has purposely been avoiding his "country cousin," spots Alma and instantly falls in love with her. As Alma is returning to Teche the next morning, the two are not introduced, but they are again thrown together when Emma finally persuades John to go to Teche in order to fetch Alma and return to New Orleans in time for the spring season.

From as far back as "Mrs. Grundy," Roman has thrown some almost insurmountable hurdle in her heroines' paths, and, more often than not, it is the male characters who must rescue the helpless young women. These heroics usually signify the end of what little independence the protagonists have enjoyed up to that point. But in works such as "Tonie" and "Follette of Timbalier Island," as Roman's characters and storylines became more complicated, her protagonists had to rely on their own resourcefulness in these dire situations. Follette actually draws on her experience with knives and pirogues in order to escape Jo Benachi. Alma, on the other hand, is able to manage a farm and take care of herself and her aging aunt, but she cannot manage her mare, Brown Bess. John rescues Alma and the uncontrollable horse, and by so doing, symbolizes the end of Alma's independent life. She has to have a man to look
after her; she is not able to care for herself after all. John immediately wires his mother, and the last line of the story reads, "Engaged to Alma. John." Roman was able to understand Alma’s being "rescued" from the life of a single working woman.

Roman’s conclusion is in keeping with the "Cinderella" fairy tale, and as Nina Baym writes of nineteenth-century woman’s fiction, the heroine’s "role is precisely analogous to the unrecognized or undervalued youths of fairy tales who perform dazzling exploits and win a place for themselves in the land of happy endings." Most readers and writers of nineteenth-century fiction believed that marriage did constitute a "happy ending," and Roman was no exception, but that marriage had to be based on love. Marriage concludes a young woman’s passage from childhood to adulthood, but on the way she must learn to act independently. With this new-found independence, Roman’s heroines will not lose themselves in marriage, but will become more (but not completely) equal partners.

The final—and more melodramatic—story in this edition, "A Wedding in Spring," (April 7, 1907) also ends in marriage, but it is not a "happy ending."

At the opening of the story, Roman describes an antebellum paradise that sounds very much like Natchez, Mississippi. Corola Penryn, a veritable flower petal as her first name suggests, is reluctantly preparing to marry
the wealthy and fashionable Lawrence Barrington. In her reluctance we detect that this is not an earthly paradise, but, again, a fallen world.

Thematically, this story is much like Roman's earlier fiction. As in "La Misere," she addresses fate and the reversal of fortune. Corola's first young fiance accidentally kills himself with his rifle when he is out squirrel hunting with his dog, Lady Sarah. Corola is distraught for years and cannot bear to look at the dog. She goes abroad for some time, and upon returning, decides to marry Lawrence Barrington. But, like the marriage based on a game of chance in "La Fortune," this one too will be a loveless one. However, where this story differs from her earlier works is in the fact that it is told from the consciousness of the dog, Lady Sarah.

Lady Sarah is a recurring character in Roman's fiction. Two of her earlier Lady Sarah stories, "Lady Sarah" (September 7, 1902) and "Lady Sarah's Message," (November 1, 1903) are very much like "A Wedding in Spring" in that they are each about a young woman whose is distraught over the death of her lover but must go on, and each is told from the consciousness of the dog. However, in "A Wedding in Spring" Roman provides a more complete background of the two young lovers and the tragedy that occurred.
Needless to say, it is odd that Roman chooses to tell the story from the dog's consciousness. She names the dog after herself, and in many ways Lady Sarah is more of the heroine in this story than Corola. Corola, who was "as palely exquisite as Parian marble," turns to stone, metaphorically speaking, just before she is to walk down the aisle; whereas Lady Sarah immediately senses the mistake that Corola is about to make. The dog muses, "How long and dull and empty the years will be without him! Better to be by his side under the dews of night and the bright stars." Lady Sarah's role in this story harks back to Frances' role in "The Sun and the Moon." Both Frances and Lady Sarah maintain privileged positions of observation. They, like Roman the artist, are responsible for educating the reading audience. Whereas Corola is almost frozen in time, again about to be married, Lady Sarah, as a dog, enjoys the freedom of movement that escapes Corola, the same freedom of movement that Roman as a mature widow and writer enjoys. From the dog's standpoint, we learn what the humans in the story do not, that Corola does not love Lawrence Barrington and that she would be better off not marrying him. By now it is apparent that Roman sees loveless marriages as disastrous. By telling this story from the dog's consciousness, Roman hooks her audience before going on to address more serious themes.
Although Roman's later fiction still addresses the themes that interested her throughout her writing career, marriage, independence, and fate, sentimentality seems to be her primary aim in this story. No longer does she employ the long exposition, complicated plot, and well-rounded characters of her earlier fiction: her best work is behind her.

Roman's works continue to appear in the newspaper until March 8, 1910, but they are primarily recycled works. Some of the works are simply reprints, but many of them are retitled, either by the newspaper or by Roman herself, such as "A Bat," (April 7, 1995) which in 1909 is entitled "Woman's Suffrage: The Right to Vote" (March 28). Interestingly, Roman changes the characters' names in some of the stories and simply changes the locale in others, from the Louisiana coast to the mountains where she had since moved, which, in the end, may have interested her more than her readers.\(^\text{157}\)

Nonetheless, Roman's career as a writer was a remarkable one. By reading, and rereading, her works we can accomplish what Ewell calls the "fundamental task of feminist criticism," that is "'re-vision': seeing again what has been written, recognizing what has been lost by unseeing eyes."\(^\text{158}\) The fact that Roman wrote for the newspaper makes this 're-vision' even more relevant because she reached a wide audience, and she did so weekly for
almost twenty years, while raising ten children. Roman was read by a larger audience over a longer period of time than any of her more famous contemporaries. And as Ewell goes on to say, it is the recovery of writers like Roman who "foster a broader appreciation for an overlooked literary tradition of the past, but also . . . reclaim a diversity that is crucial if we are to redefine our culture flexibly enough to face the challenges of our future."159
During Roman's years with the newspaper, before and after her husband's death, she remained active in the community. On April 18, 1895, she helped to organize a woman's edition of the Daily States newspaper, with all proceeds donated to the aid and relief of the House of Good Shepherd. Roman was held in high esteem by many writers and historians of the New Orleans community, most notably Charles Gayarre, one of the leading Louisiana historians of the time. In 1890, she worked with Frank Howard, son of Charles D. Howard of the Charles D. Howard Memorial Library, in procuring essays, books, and documents from Gayarre for the initial collection of the Howard Library, now the Tulane University Howard-Tilton Memorial Library.

In 1893, Roman attended the Congress of Women at the Chicago World Exposition, where she was in the company of such notable women as Susan B. Anthony and Martha R. Field (Catherine Cole). Mrs. Potter Palmer outlines the goals of the Congress of Women in her inaugural address given at the opening of the Woman's Building at the Exposition on May 1, 1893:

The absence of a just and general appreciation of the truth concerning the position and status of women has caused us to call special attention to it and to make a point of attempting to create, by means of the Exposition, a well defined public sentiment.
in regard to their rights and duties, and the propriety of their becoming not only self-supporting, but able to assist in maintaining their families when necessary." 

Although Roman did not address this issue in the paper she delivered at the Exposition, she certainly felt passionately enough about women's economic marginalization to attend the Women's Congress and show her support alongside longstanding suffragettes like Susan B. Anthony with whom she did not ideologically see eye to eye.

Anthony delivered two lectures at the Congress. One, entitled "Woman's Influence versus Political Power," was a plea for equal rights for women, and the other, "Benefits of Organization," urged women to unite in the struggle for equal rights by demanding recognition from the law-making bodies of the country. Roman would not have agreed with the overall need for equal rights for women as is evident in her writing, but the overriding goal of the Women's Congress, economic equality for women, was something that she must have struggled to achieve for herself throughout her career.

Roman's paper, "Possibilities of the Southern States," did not address the woman question at all. Even at the Women's Congress she still avoided using a feminine persona as she did in much of her fiction. Instead, she discussed the South's recovery since the Civil War and the vast wealth of natural resources in the Southern States. However, her primary aim was to stress the importance of
constructing a canal through the isthmus of Nicaragua so that the rest of the world, as well as the South, could benefit from the riches of the region. Roman was honored to attend the Congress of Women as a representative of Louisiana and wrote several fictional accounts of the extraordinary time she spent while in Chicago.

In 1907, Roman moved with her sons Charles and Alfred to Asheville, North Carolina, where she remained for three years before moving with her son Charles and her daughter Jeanne to Columbia, South Carolina. Her son Alfred continued managing sugar mills in Michigan, Colorado, California, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic. Charles sometimes joined him, and along with her son Rhett, who had joined the Armed Forces, the three young men sent their mother money for her support. Although Roman continued to write, as evidenced by the bundles of research material and rejection letters in the Charles Roman Collection, it is obvious that after 1910, she was no longer making a living from her writing. Perhaps she no longer wanted the demanding weekly schedule that she maintained at the Times Democrat, and she surely did not have the faithful audience in South Carolina that she had built over the years in New Orleans.

Aside from the mostly recycled stories that appeared in the Times Democrat, the articles that she did write after moving from New Orleans were nonfiction pieces much
like her early editorials. One article that Roman wrote in 1910, about the mountains of western North Carolina, was rejected by M. V. Richards, a land and industrial agent with the Southern Railway Company, as too descriptive of "scenery and natural attractions" for their paper "The Southern Field." He assured her that it was more suitable for their Passenger Department.166

After moving back to South Carolina, Roman wrote an article entitled "The Menace of the Boll Weevil" citing the world-wide destruction at the hands of this pest and calling on the U.S. Government to "offer a proper inducement, fifty-thousand dollars" for the eradication of this varmint.167

Finally, the only other article of hers that remains is one entitled "Commercial Importance of Improved Municipal works."168 Roman is still concerned with securing "good and enlightened city government," many of the things that she praised her father-in-law for in "Home of a Great Creole," (1892) specifically, "better paving, better lighting, better service, sewerage, and drainage, the construction and beautification of parks and public squares, and those other public works essential for the well-being of modern cities." She calls on civic leaders to look to European cities, particularly Budapest, as a model for implementing these improvements.
Although there is no evidence that Roman continued to write fiction after 1910, it appears that until her death she was concerned with not only producing written work, but producing that work in order to effect change. She also remained civically active in her community and was one of the founding members and corresponding secretary of "The Girls of the Sixties," founded in 1917, just four years before her death. Her membership in that women's club and her return to editorial writing suggest that she was feeling more comfortable in looking to the past rather than the future.169

The women's club was composed of women "who had been girls or very young women during the Confederate War," and was organized in order to "render service to the American soldier in the World War I."170 Although the "social and literary features of their meetings became dominant," with each meeting ending with "the members standing and singing 'Dixie,'" they also had more serious duties, such as knitting vests, mittens, mufflers, "wristlets," and sponges for the troops overseas. They organized a community club for the troops at nearby Fort Jackson and visited the hospital there, and they also adopted two thirteen-year-old French boys whom they supported during the course of the War.

Unfortunately, Roman's final years, from her son Rhett's death, May 13, 1919 to her own, November 3, 1921,
were spent in an ongoing struggle with the U.S. Treasury Department trying to secure Rhett's military life insurance benefits. Rhett died two years after being honorably discharged from the military for a physical disability, and Roman claimed him as her sole means of support. 171 Although her sons Charles and Alfred and her sister Elise also sent her money, she undoubtedly needed the fifty-six-dollar monthly insurance check, and after much difficulty, she did finally secure it.

Roman and her youngest son Charles had little luck on their own in securing Rhett's benefits from the Treasury Department, and they finally hired a lawyer, C. C. Calhoun, to expedite matters. Calhoun was not at all like Roman's husband Alfred, who was noted for his fairness on the bench. Nor was he like the fictitious Barton of "Bastien," who was in search of truth and justice, and he was even worse than Roman's Guy Fulton of "Follette of Timbalier Island." Calhoun was simply interested in his own personal gain, and he charged Roman 500 dollars for his efforts in securing the insurance benefits, 497 dollars above the maximum legal fee for such cases. 172

Roman, like so many women of her time, was again relying on a man for support. Her father died and left her nothing as did her husband. After her son's death she was finally entitled to a small monthly remittance, but the lawyer that she trusted to handle her case tried to steal
almost a year's worth of her only means of income. In her writing Roman espoused women's dependence upon men and rewarded those characters who acted within society's prescriptions, but ironically the men in her life continually failed her, and when she acted according to society's dictates, she was anything but rewarded. In fact, Roman seemed to prosper more after she left the typical woman's sphere and entered the marketplace. Up until her death Roman, no matter how unwittingly, continued to struggle for the "rights . . . duties, and the propriety of women" in the workplace, the central goal of the Chicago Congress of Women that she had attended some thirty years earlier." Yet she was representative of the many women who supported the traditional sexual politics of the day despite all evidence to the contrary.

Endnotes


2. Fox-Genovese 195.

3. Fox-Genovese 196.


6. Taylor 23.

8. At the time South Carolina's legal system consisted of both equity and common law courts, and William DeSaussure was a chancellor, or judge, in the equity courts of the state. For more on South Carolina's early legal system see Lacy Ford, "James Petigru: The Last South Carolina Federalist," Intellectual Life in Antebellum Charleston, eds. Michael O'Brien and David Moltke-Hansen (Knoxville: U of Tennessee P, 1986).

10. According to Laura A. White, Robert Barnwell Rhett's biographer, the Rhett Genealogy was handwritten by Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr., but Alicia Rhett of Charleston, says that her father, Edmund Rhett, claimed that the ledger was handwritten by Sallie Rhett Roman. Harry Rhett, Jr. of Huntsville, Alabama has the papers of his grandfather, Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr., and most of the correspondence in that collection concerns the gathering of information for the genealogy. Nor does the handwriting resemble the few available samples of Sallie's, so it is more likely that the manuscript was indeed written by Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr. There are several copies of this genealogy, but the one used in compiling this edition was in the possession of Sallie Rhett Roman when she died in 1921 and is now in the possession of her grandson, Charles Roman of Columbia, South Carolina. There is also one at the Caroliniana Library in Columbia, South Carolina, and one that Alicia Rhett donated to the South Carolina Historical Society in Charleston, South Carolina.


13. White 134.


16. Rhett Genealogy 37. The last child she bore on November 28, 1852, was a son who died the following day, and she died two weeks later on December 14, 1852.

17. White 135.
Little is known about the French governess, although there exists a letter from Luise Mearner of Burgundy, France, to R. B. Rhett asking for more money. She also mentions that she had received a letter from Sallie in French, and she apparently stayed with the family for some time because she went on to tutor Rhett’s children by his second marriage as well. Robert Barnwell Rhett Papers.


Stephanie Felicite du Crest de Saint-Abain, comtesse de Genlis (1746-1830), wrote popular novels and educational tracts and letters to Napoleon on literature and politics and was also read by Mary Boykin Chesnut. C. Vann Woodward, ed., Mary Chesnut’s Civil War (New Haven: Yale UP, 1981) n. 390.

The list of books can be found in the Robert Barnwell Rhett Papers.

Robert Barnwell Rhett Papers.


Robert Barnwell Rhett Papers.

Stowe 296.

Robert Barnwell Rhett Papers.

Robert Barnwell Rhett Papers.
34. John Vanderhorst died, and Mary married John W. Lewis in 1869. Mary died childless in 1872, and her younger sister, Elise, married John Lewis and had three children. Sallie's other older sister, Caroline died young, and her other younger sister, Anne (Nannie) died of scarlet fever in Charleston in 1861. Rhett Genealogy.

35. Alfred Rhett became the officer in command of Fort Sumter after killing his own superior and the commanding officer at the time, Col. W. R. Calhoun, in a duel in 1862. Gen. Beauregard, for whom Alfred Roman served as aide-de-camp, promoted Rhett even under these scandalous circumstances. Rhett Papers.


37. There is more dispute over the meaning of the word "creole" than perhaps any other word used to refer to Louisianians, and volumes have been written to help define the term. For one of the most insightful discussions of "creole" see Arnold R. Hirsch and Joseph Logsdon, Creole New Orleans: Race and Americanization (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1992).


40. Willink 383.


42. Estelle M. Fortier Cochran, The Fortier Families and Allied Families (New Orleans: privately printed, 1963) 57. The Valcour Aime plantation was destroyed by a fire in about 1920.


44. Rand 96-7.

45. Willink 384-5.


48. For more on Richbend see letter entitled "Zephyr, f.m.c. buys Zaire" included in the Jacques Telesphore Roman papers owned by Peter Patout, dated June 16, 1847. The original J. T. Roman papers are located at the Howard-Tilton Library at Tulane University in Special Collections. See also Estelle M. Fortier Cochran, *The Fortier Families and Allied Families* (New Orleans: privately printed, 1963) 91.


50. Fortier 390.


55. This letter was in the possession of Sallie Roman when she died and is held by Charles Roman, Sallie’s grandson, of Columbia, South Carolina, who has very kindly lent me all that remains of Sallie’s correspondence. Hereafter, references are to the Charles Roman Collection.


59. This letter, written by Alfred Roman, is found in one of two handwritten Roman family journals included in the Charles Roman Collection (no date).
60. Although the authors do not provide the dates on which the crevasses occurred, they do describe the spring of 1874 as "a season of suffering and disappointment in Lower Louisiana" due to extensive flooding, and shortly thereafter, in 1877, Roman was awarded a judgeship by Governor Nicholls. Goodspeed Publishing Co. Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Louisiana Vol. 2 (Chicago: Goodspeed, 1892) 2 vols. 14, 349.


62. Aimee Roman (b. October 1864, d. August 1865); Elise Felicie Louise Roman (b. March 12, 1866); Robert Edmund Roman (b. October 16, 1867); James Alfred Roman (b. May 1869); George Michael Roman (b. August 25, 1870); Jeanne Lucie DeSaussure Roman (b. September 20, 1872); Marguerite Aimee Lucia Claudia Roman (b. March 17, 1874); Alfred Roman (b. April 16, 1876); Sallie Roman (b. September 18, 1877); Edmund Rhett Roman (b. December 18, 1878); Charles Gustave Roman (b. November 24, 1886). Alfred also had three children by his first marriage. Andre Roman (b. August 17, 1852); Clara Roman died at around the age of twenty in 1875, and Lucie Roman died in infancy. This information was found in the Rhett Genealogy, the Archdiocese of Baton Rouge, and the Archdiocese of New Orleans.

63. White 242.

64. Alfred Roman Papers, 1 letter, 1888, Special Collections, Howard-Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University. Translated from the French by David Mazel.

65. Alfred writes to Beauregard that he leaves it up to Mr. Rice's sole discretion as to the price of the article.

66. Quarante Club Papers, Special Collections, Howard-Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University. For more on the Quarante Club see Lillian Brewster Sauer, Women's Clubs of New Orleans (New Orleans: privately printed, 1930). Mrs. Sauer explains that the Quarante strictly limited itself to 40 members, including Grace King and Ruth McEnery Stuart, and that the club followed a rigid participation requirement for the 20 yearly meetings. Each member had to contribute a paper every two years. Jean Baptiste Massillon (1663-1742) was a French preacher and eloquent orator.

67. Thomas Ewing Dabney, One Hundred Great Years: The Story of the "Times-Picayune" from its Founding to 1940 (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1944) n. 255.


71. Wall 215.

72. Wall 214.

73. Wall 223.


75. White 13.


77. Gray 90.


79. Fox-Genovese 245.


84. Hair 246. Reitano 129.


88. Cowing 258.

89. Wall 225, 226. In 1890 the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the postal bill, and in 1892 the Louisiana Lottery Democrats withdrew their support for the Lottery gubernatorial candidate John McEnery, who was thus defeated by Murphy Foster. Also that year, the Lottery was forced to move to Honduras, where it continued to operate through the mail.

90. Hair 39n, 232.

91. Fox-Genovese 288-89.

92. Fox-Genovese 289.


98. Wolstenholme 7.

99. According to Dr. George Reineke, a Louisiana historian, the crab in the holy water font is an old New Orleans urban myth, one that he heard from his grandfather.

100. In Roman's two longest short stories, "Tonie" and "
Follette of Timbalier Island," her heroines are educated at the convent school, as were the heroines in the works of her better-known contemporaries, Grace King and Ruth McEnery Stuart, with whose works Roman was familiar. Not only were King's and Stuart's works also published in the *Times Democrat*, but they were members of the Quarante Club as well.


102. McMaster 142.


106. Moss 25.


108. Grace King, "La Grande Demoiselle," *Balcony Stories* (1892; New York: Macmillan, 1925) 23. Typewriters were marketed in New Orleans in 1874, but did not really create a stir until the mid to late 1800s. According to Thomas Ewing Dabney, "the typewriter was one of the largest doors that admitted women into the business world, after experience had proved the groundlessness of the fears that the female body and mind would collapse under the strain of this machinery." Dabney 295.


110. King 29, 34.

111. Margo Culley writes that Barataria is "an area of marshlands and islands stretching sixty miles south from New Orleans to Barataria Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. The area abounded with legends of pirateering, smuggling and buried treasure." Kate Chopin talks of Barataria in *The

112. *La Misère* is chanting "chickens, turkeys, melons." Still today in some areas of New Orleans, particularly some of the older creole or black sections of town, fruit vendors drive around selling their wares. Now, of course, they have public address systems mounted on the top of their trucks, but the tradition is still alive.


114. Taylor 119. The hostility culminated in a mob riot in New Orleans in 1891 that received international attention. Nineteen recent immigrant Italians were tried for the murder of Police Chief David Hennessy, who, upon entering office had mounted a campaign to clean up Italian organized crime in the city. Six of them were acquitted, and a jury failed to convict the remainder, but a mob of outraged citizens stormed the Parish Prison and shot or hanged eleven of the alleged Mafia members. Alfred Hirsch, personal interview, 27 October 1987.

115. Taylor 118.

116. To this day, most of the fruit vendors in New Orleans are Italian-Americans.

117. Roman was undoubtedly familiar with Zola's works, and since the Romans had inherited a loge box at the Grand Opera House, she also might have seen the dramatization of his novel *L'Assommoir*, or *Drink*, which premiered there in 1880. Kendall 558.


120. Zola 5.


122. "A Bat" is not included in this edition because the
typesetting is such that words, sentences, and even complete paragraphs are missing. Although the issue that Roman addresses in the story is significant, the errors render it too confusing for the reader, and there is no other source to consult for corrections.

123. The basis for "A Bat" seems to be an article found in the Charles Roman Collection entitled "Observations and Comment" by James Callaway. There is no date nor running title, so it is difficult to determine the place or time of publication. The article supports the anti-suffrage stance taken by the Georgia Association Opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

124. Fox-Genovese 243.


130. "Tonie" (June 3, 1900) is the first installment of ten in a serialized short novel. The other installments include "The Drifting Mists of the Marshes" (June 10), "Pierre Drouhet's Cottage on the Knoll" (June 17), "Wanderings" (June 24), "Counter Currents: Whither?" (July 1), "Fauvette" (July 8), "The Village on the Lake Shore" (July 15), "Rocks and Precipices" (July 22), "Homeward" (July 29), and "The Drifting Mists of the Marshes" (August 5). For purposes of ease and clarity, I will refer to them collectively as "Tonie." "Follette of Timbalier Island" (September 9, 1900) is the first of seven installments, the rest of which are "Follette of Timbalier" (September 16), "Follette of Timbalier" (September 23), "The Taming of the Sea Gull" (September 30), "The Falcon" (October 7), "Southward" (October 14), and "Back to Timbalier Island" (October 21). I will refer to them collectively as "Follette."


141. Toth 225.


143. Elizabeth Moss 35-36.

144. Kendall 559, 586. Sarah Bernhardt opened her first New Orleans appearance at the Grand Opera House on February 6,
1881, in *Frou-Frou*, and she appeared often over the next nineteen years.


146. Rowe 70.


148. Wall 316.


150. Marianne Hirsch 129.

151. Gilbert and Gubar 94.

152. Gilbert and Gubar 87.

153. Taylor 119.


156. Baym *Woman's Fiction* 11.

157. The characters that appear in "The Return of Pere Ansleme's Boutac" (October 8, 1899) are renamed in the retitled story, "Among the Antiques" (October 18, 1903 and January 30, 1910). "In the Sand Dunes" (June 24, 1906) becomes "Hermit of the Sand Dunes" (July 19, 1908) and finally "A Hermit of the Mountains" (June 6, 1908).

158. Ewell and Brown 12.

159. Ewell and Brown 3.

160. Charles Roman Collection.

161. Charles Gayarre Papers, March 12, 1890, Special Collections, Howard-Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University.

162. Mrs. Potter Palmer, "Address Delivered by Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, on the Occasion of the Opening of the Woman’s Building, May 1st,


165. Two stories that Roman's wrote about the Chicago Exposition which appeared in the Times Democrat are "An Exposition Adventure and Its Outcome" (September 29, 1901) and "At the Exposition" (April 13, 1902).

166. Charles Roman Collection. The rejection letter remains, but unfortunately, the article itself no longer exists.

167. Charles Roman Collection. Although there is no year on this article, simply June 25, the heading reads the Charles-Edwards Apartments, which is where Roman lived in Columbia.

168. Charles Roman Collection. No date.

169. Her headstone even reads Sarah Taylor Rhett and not Sarah Rhett Roman. See illustration.

170. McMaster 5.

171. None of Roman's surviving descendants know how or where Rhett died, but my father, Col. James T. Dixon, an expert on World War I, claims that the two most common causes of death for military personnel during that time were from the enormous flu epidemic that broke out in Europe or as a result of poisonous gas attacks overseas.

172. Charles Roman Collection. Calhoun's fee was five-hundred dollars, but according to the Treasury Department, lawyers were not legally allowed to charge more than three dollars for services rendered in this type of legal affair. The Treasury Department notified Roman of the appropriate fee, but she read the $3.00 as $300.00 and asked Calhoun for a 200 dollar reimbursement. The Treasury Department noticed her error and sent another note with the amount "three dollars" written out. Roman probably thought that the first amount was a typo. It was probably difficult for her to believe that a lawyer could take advantage of someone to that extent. After finally being awarded the
fifty-six dollar monthly allotment, she had to petition to make it retroactive, from the time of his discharge in 1917 and not from the time of Rhett's death in 1919. She was the sole beneficiary of Rhett's insurance policy until 1930, but as she got older, she wanted the checks increased to eighty dollars per month, and finally petitioned to receive the remainder in one lump sum, presumably so she could leave it to her children, as she was the only legal recipient. Both requests were denied, but she did receive a full refund from Calhoun and the fifty six dollars a month until her death.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Robert Barnwell Rhett
Elise Burnet and Elise Rhett
Rhett home in Charleston
Roman Plantation, Cabanocey
Sallie Rhett Roman
Sallie Roman's home, Columbia, South Carolina
Sallie Roman's headstone, Columbia, South Carolina
TEXTUAL EDITING POLICY

Included in this selected edition of Roman's works are six editorials which appeared in the New Orleans Times Democrat in 1891 and 1892 and eleven works of fiction, ten of which appeared in the same newspaper from 1892 to 1907. "'Bastien.' A X-mas in the Great Salt Marshes of Louisiana" was the only work in this edition to appear in a National publication, Outing magazine (January 1899). I selected these works in order to provide a representative sampling of Roman's writing.

Although Roman wrote a variety of political editorials throughout most of her career, I chose to include her early editorials in this edition because they are more revealing of the issues that concerned her over the two years when she was active solely as an editorialist. These editorials also serve as an introduction to her fiction since many of the issues that she addresses, such as immigration, the need for Christianity, the importance of bloodlines, ancestry, and women's roles in society, also appear in her fiction as well.

The fiction selections in this edition begin with three short cautionary tales, "Mrs. Grundy" (November 1892), "The Madman's Home" (January 1893), and "The Sun and the Moon" (July 1893). By the time that "La Misère" appeared in 1894, Roman has improved as a writer and is
better able to please her audience by including dialect and other elements of local color in her writing. Her best and longest works, "Tonie" and "Follette of Timbalier Island," even though they appear in 1900, ten years before Roman’s career with the newspaper ends, could be considered Roman’s masterpieces. They are novellas with complicated plot and character development, and both are bildungsroman that trace the heroine’s passage into womanhood. Since many of the works that appeared in the newspaper after 1907 are simply recycled, I chose to conclude with "A Wedding in Spring" (April 1907), which also illustrates the fact that Roman’s best work is behind her.

Since I do not have any holograph manuscripts or typescripts of these works, I have transcribed them directly from the newspaper or journal in which they appeared. I have kept technical editing to a minimum. Some of the errors that I have corrected are undoubtedly Roman’s, but most of the errors are in spelling and punctuation due to faulty typesetting, and those I have corrected silently. I have provided quotation marks or italics where they were missing and corrected many of the spelling errors: however, I also chose not to alter many of the words whose spelling seems non-standard today, such as "gayly" instead of "gaily." Characters’ names often changed throughout a story, so I chose the spelling of the name most consistent with the version most frequently
printed in the text. I have translated the French in footnotes, where I also include any explanation for erroneous quotations on Roman’s part and identification of lesser known persons or places. All else I have left as it was printed.
EDITORIALS

Immigration
(May 3, 1891)

A rapid and immediate increase of population is what is now most needed throughout the Southern States. As this cannot be attained with sufficient rapidity by the ordinary birth rate, immigration becomes of paramount importance. Mr. Skiff, of Colorado, in his recent speech before the Kansas convention, was absolutely right in asserting that the multifold resources of the Western and Southern States demand and can support a dense population.¹

To develop resources, to bring about competition and to center wealth in any locality, population is the first requisite. From the forced diversity of pursuits and the necessity to arrive at perfectness in all manner of artisan labor, which the competition thus evolved must bring about, civilization of a high order results. For all those

¹Roman is writing of the Kansas State Convention of August 13, 1890 where reform candidates, backed by various agricultural alliances in the state, were nominated to oust the incumbent Republicans, and shortly thereafter the People's Party of Kansas was formed. For more on this convention see Clanton, O. Gene. Kansas Populism: Ideas and Men. Lawrence: U of Kansas P, 1969. Clanton states that "unfortunately, either a detailed description of this first convention does not exist or it eluded [his] search" (n. 263). I too have not been successful in finding such a description of the convention nor a copy of Mr. Skiff's speech.
adjuncts which wealth demands must be of easy attainment, and the compensation to the workmen for their creation becomes ample.

It should therefore be the aim and effort of those who exert an influence over public affairs to use every exertion to bring the State a tide of good population from the Northwest and from Europe.

That this immigration should be examined and sifted, in order that the criminal, and the dregs of European cities be eliminated, is most evident. In fact, the recent trouble in the City of New Orleans, with those criminal Italians who left their country to locate here, is, in part, due to our careless and unwise laws controlling immigration, through which any and every class, grade and nationality, have been invited by the United States, to locate and establish a domicile in this country.

The necessity for immigration is patent. But a wise discrimination as to the materials imported is equally necessary. The experience of California with the flood of Chinese population, which deluged the Pacific coast, and the herculean efforts required by her representatives in Congress to correct in part the evil thus adduced should not be disregarded. there the small good resulting from a partial lowering of wages and the obtainment of efficient service in some avocations did not compensate for the disastrous effect of the permanent establishment in the
State of a diseased and irresponsible population, who could compete with the American element, and to their detriment. The terrible revelations made in Congress of the deterioration likely to result from the contact of the native lower classes with a race infected with ineradicable vices finally produced its effect, and laws were passed prohibiting the landing of Chinese immigrants on the shores of the United States. Nor would it be advisable to throw open our ports, without discrimination, to a wholesale immigration of that Hebrew population being now discarded by Russia. Before doing so it is worthwhile to reflect on the causes of the repellant attitude of the Russian government toward this race, as explained by that eminent representative Jewish gentleman whose views and opinions on the subject were recently published in a London journal. He most distinctly stated that the prohibition of Russia to admit Hebrews to any profession or to any government position was induced "by the fear of their gradually acquiring too much importance and power, their population having enormously accrued during the past decade, and especially on account of their known capacity to accumulate wealth." To a certain extent this dread on the part of Russia was highly complimentary to the Hebrew race. And it may possibly be that in superior moral qualities and civilization the Hebrew may surpass the Russian, but from the standpoint of a Russian statesman and public official,
whose highest duty is to guard the interests of the native population of his own country, there could be in the face of this possibility, but one course to pursue—that which Russia adopted: a gradual elimination of what was feared to be a dangerous element.

That men of vast learning and of the brightest moral attributes are to be found among the Hebrew race, and that individually they deserve and command our warm friendship, does not alter the fact that, being a tenacious, energetic and money-making people, infected with the strongest race proclivities, their sojourn in a locality while it may mean wealth and importance to them, may also mean a monopoly to themselves of certain industries and trades to the exclusion and detriment of the native population.

The immigrant population needed to help people in the Southern States, and notably Louisiana, should be composed of farmers, mechanics, and factory operatives, and all that class upon whom an honest poverty serves as a spur to industrious labor and a frugal life. With such an element ignorance of any special work or trade is easily overcome, and, if imported to a country where the government protects all honest endeavor, an ambition is soon aroused which fructifies and produces a well-to-do and thriving class.

Nor need there be any fear of overpopulation. An increase of production creates an increase in demand. And a greater prosperity causes an additional outlay of money
and a desire for luxury which always expands, sometimes disproportionately, in a thriving center where money is plentiful.

Two admirable institutions were founded in this State by Gov. S. D. McEnery. They are the Immigration Bureau and the Experiment Station.

The Immigration Bureau was firmly established, and had begun to effect the object so much desired by the farmers and planters of the rural districts. An admirable agricultural monthly magazine was the attached to the bureau. Its showing of the infinite resources of Louisiana, of her advantages of climate and of soil was attracting the attention of that very class of energetic farmers and mechanics whose advent was hoped for and needed throughout the State. Had this Immigration Bureau continued under the management of its founders, and also the finely edited and illustrated journal which worked in connection with it, much would have been already accomplished. An intelligent and hardworking class would have been brought into our towns and parishes, whose presence would not only have given an impetus to various industries, but would have served as a check to the exorbitant pretensions and demands of laborers, farmhands and operatives who, through a knowledge of the scarcity of labor, attempt to control and impose on their employers.
The establishment of an experiment station was also a patriotic and wise effort on the part of Gov. McEnery. Through its instrumentality the planters of the State may learn to follow scientific methods, by which labor can be economized, a quadruple result be obtained from the soil and a variety of products attempted, formerly supposed to belong to other lands and to other climates.

It is, indeed, the hope of the people of this State that in a near future, when all fear of perennial inundations will have ceased to distress the public mind, the Immigration Bureau will again be in active operation and, with wiser laws controlling the importation of immigrants, will effect the good for which it was originally created.
Farming in the Parish of St. Tammany

(July 12, 1891)

It is a matter of satisfaction that those immigrants recently brought to the part of New Orleans by the French steamship Dupuy de Lorne are of a very desirable class of farmers and artisans, mostly all from France, who have been influenced to come to the United States and to Louisiana by relatives settled here, who are prosperous and successful in their various trades and avocations.\(^2\)

The essential features to attract immigrants of the better sort to any given town or locality must be, first, a salubrious climate, then the belief that they will find there an open field and fair opportunities through which they may make a support for themselves and their families, with the added hope of being able to accumulate a surplus beyond the every day necessities. This is the class of immigrants which benefit and improve the native population among which they settle, and from whom they derive in turn that spirit of honest independence, characteristic of the

\(^2\)The steamship Dupuy de Lorne arrived in New Orleans on March 31, 1891 from L'Havre, France via Antwerp, Belgium. On board were six farmers from Germany, twenty four laborers from France, one boot maker, one photographer, one blacksmith, one carpenter, two clerks, and the rest of the manifest was made up of wives, children, servants, and cooks. Passenger List for the Port of New Orleans, Louisiana State Archives.
rural population scattered throughout all the various States.

The European farmer, peasant and artisan, who will break away from those natural ties which bind a man to his birthplace, must realize that his energies and capacities can be utilized to better advantage elsewhere, and must be endowed with a certain courage and ambition when he determines to take passage on an immigrant ship to seek his fortune in a distant land. If, therefore, upon reaching his destination he finds a salubrious climate, a friendly and congenial population, a fertile soil, ample room for the expansion of his energies and a fair remuneration for his toil, a spirit of hopeful content will be evoked, and a courage sufficient to cope with the difficulties of the workingman's life will naturally ensue.

What is lacking in the native born American, the rude inhabitants of those broad stretches of healthful pine forest lands, which cover a large portion of the Southern States, and which are admirably adapted in every respect to the immigrant, is that ambition which a contact with others alone can awaken through the comparison thus forcibly drawn between his primitive knowledge and the more extensive learning of others, of his possessions and the superiority of those owned by the new comer. The isolation of the backwoodsman keeps him ignorantly contented with what he has, usually the reproduction of what his fathers had
before him. But give him as close neighbor, a German or a French peasant, who has brought with him from over the seas different ideas and a more varied knowledge, adduced by the daily friction of a populous center and, also, those frugal habits, born of the extreme poverty of those of his order in Europe, and the American will gain valuable information and new ambitions, while at the same time the European will imbibe that fearless spirit of independence and thus appreciation of personal worth, which the freedom of life under our form of government has rendered universal.

No better location for immigrants can be found the world over than in the beautiful pine land region of the parish of St. Tammany. The East Louisiana Railroad joins it by a few hours' ride to the City of New Orleans, and thus gives the farmer living there a rapid outlet for his crops, whatever they might be. The climate of this portion of the State of Louisiana is beyond compare for health. The country is slightly rolling, and is intersected by streams and springs of mineral water, which in part accounts for the extreme salubrity of that whole region.

Up to this date, the farming which has been carried on throughout this parish and the adjoining ones—all equally advantageous—has not been scientific, but desultory, and according to old methods and traditions, often faulty and irrational, but the results obtained, have nevertheless surpassed all expectations. The diversity of crops
attempted, both in grain and in fruits always with profit, is most astonishing. The farmers and cultivators located there are mostly German and French immigrants, totally ignorant of the improved methods of agriculture, but who have grown into prosperous and well-to-do land owners through their courageous exertions, and owing to the good soil, easy growth of their crops of grain and fruit, and also to the good market open to them for their products.

The infinite resources of the parish of St. Tammany have not yet been appreciated by outsiders, nor have they begun to be utilized, except superficially.

It has been ascertained—and this by the most crude methods of culture—that cane, rice, cotton, corn and fodder, are crops which can be grown there with a good profit to the farmer. The soil being light, the cultivation of cane there requires one tenth of the amount of labor and number of hands requisite on the heavy rich alluvial lands bordering the Mississippi. The use of a moderate amount of fertilizers will produce admirable results without detracting from the farmer's profit.

For the culture of rice, the slight depression between the low hills or ridges forms a natural basin in which the rain waters can be stored by means of small levees, sufficiently long to retain there an adequate moisture, through which the rice will grow, fructify, fill and mellow, thus producing the most perfect seed rice sold on
this market. For weight, size and brilliancy of enameling, the seed rice grown in the parish of St. Tammany is perfect.

Some Japanese fodder, lately grown by a French farmer, commanded the highest price on the market.

As a fruit growing section, St. Tammany is still more remarkable. It would require but a moderate amount of capital, energy and knowledge to raise there grapes in competition with California, and to manufacture wine equal to any. Being in close proximity to a good home market, it were reasonable to suppose that the profit would compensate the venture. In agricultural undertakings an easy outlet is the greatest of all considerations. There are a number of beautiful, though small, vineyards dotted over the parish, mostly owned by French and German immigrants. these men reached this country poor and destitute, and now look with pride on their rough but commodious cottages, the prosperous surroundings of the small farm their industry has acquired and stocked within the space of some ten or twenty years. St. Tammany is the ideal home for the immigrant. Nor is agriculture its only attraction.

The advantages for stock raising in this fine locality are most superior. Even under the most primitive mode of treatment the sheep, cattle and hogs which roam at will through the woods, owing to the climate, water and grazing, are superior to those of many other portions of the State.
With systematic management, the sowing of certain grasses for pasturage during the winter months and with the bestowal of that care and attention given to their animals by the stockraisers of the Northwest, there is no doubt that the finest breeds could be raised on these lands at a much smaller cost that is requisite in other and colder localities. It was in a knowledge of this fact that the fine racing stables and stock farm of Mr. Samory were located in St. Tammany.\(^3\) Nothing can surpass the beauty or health of his animals, obtained at an inferior outlay of capital.

The establishment of dairy farms on thoroughly scientific principals would deflect and absorb to our home market and farmers all that profitable trade which now goes to support the Jersey creameries in the North. To compete successfully, the production must be either superior or equal in quality at an inferior price. Therefore, a dairy farm established in St. Tammany, to be profitable, must be a reproduction of the Jersey farm, in the perfection of its cattle, and in its manufacturing appliances.

Should the State of Louisiana emerge from her present unhappy condition and come under able and patriotic guidance, which is the prayer and hope of her people, St. Tammany and the adjoining section of country will soon grow

\(^3\)A Mr. Henry Samory, livestock auctioneer, appears in the 1880 Census as a resident of New Orleans. The 1890 Census was destroyed by fire.
into a flourishing condition. Another and a wiser State administration will obtain for this healthful region the tide of immigration she needs. The increased importance given by an increase of population will attract capital, railroad syndicates, etc., and thus success will locate wealth there permanently.

This parish has time and again given to the State as Senators, Representatives and judges men of conspicuous ability and of high moral endowments. In casting about for able and single-hearted leaders and servants the people of the State should not overlook St. Tammany. There are some men there who would adorn any office, nor would they hold it for personal gratification, but for the loftier satisfaction of aiding in the advancement and the improvement of this State and section.

The coming political campaign is of the gravest import to all the parishes, to none more so than to St. Tammany. Her resources are of infinite value and variety. Should the control of the finances and general welfare of the State be placed in the hands of a man of brains, who will realize that political economy, or the care of material interests, is not compatible with the fantastic theories of what should be the morality of one's neighbor, and who will honestly strive to help the people of the parishes to grow prosperous and rich by a wholesome administration of the
resources of this State, then St. Tammany may look with confident to a future of both wealth and importance.
Louisiana at the World’s Fair

(May 8, 1892)

The practical utility of demonstrating through the great advertising medium of an exposition the advantages offered to investment; the inducements tendered to the artisan, working man and emigrant; the benefit to be derived by the capitalist, and the general enlightenment to be disseminated was clearly understood by European nations, when they inaugurated this sagacious method of exhibiting to the world their manufactures, products, arts and sciences, and their individual advanced civilizations. The multiform attractions of an exposition cover and obscure, to the pleasure-seeker and unusual visitor, the "raison d’être" of its existence, which is solely to aid under a seductive form, the advance of the various industries, either commercial, industrial or agricultural, of that country which has sagaciously and lavishly spent its millions to group and display for universal inspection whatever it may possess of genius, invention, skill and enterprise, of learning and of knowledge.

Were it not for the return to be gained in an increase of prosperity, an exposition would be a useless expenditure of vanity and money, and would serve only to create an overbearing arrogance or an hostility toward some superior neighbor. But the great and impressive lessons taught by
the exposition of magnificent works of art, of the
inventions of mechanical genius, of superior artists labor,
of improved and scientific agriculture and of an infinity
of new roads to varied knowledge, through the agglomeration
of the exhibits made are of superior value to a nation and
accomplish, in the space of a few short months, a rapid
advance otherwise only obtainable during the lifetime of
one or more generations.

In order to aspire and to advance, a knowledge of what
others have accomplished is necessary. Every improvement
reached is by means of a strain of fundamental knowledge,
which served often unconsciously as a stepping stone to its
possessor. Even the invention of genius has had some
guidance from the accomplishments of others, however
inferior in thought and productiveness. Those peoples must
ever remain primitive who lived isolated, shut off from the
opportunity to learn from others through observation,
comparison and imitation. The surest method by which to
arouse an ambition which will fructify into healthy action
is to throw open wide the portals of an exposition, where
the work done by man in all its highest perfection is
displayed to the wondering gaze of millions, thereby
encouraging, teaching and stimulating to new and heretofore
undreamed of efforts. The display of opportunity for the
capital and investment is also a result attained with
surety.
The magnificent preparations now being made for the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 by the powerful and wealthy Northwest and Eastern States should give rise to grave and anxious endeavor on the part of the less favored and prosperous Southern States, who would also take their share of this great opportunity.

The aim being to demonstrate the advantages, attractions and peculiar superiority of each locality, no effort should be spared to bring out conspicuously all those salient points upon which the credit of each State and people depend. Agriculturally and commercially the Southern States could stand well before the eyes of the world, and their mineral wealth, of enormous value and variety, can also compete advantageously with that of other parts of the Union. Although manufacturing interests have done well in the South, principally in the State of Georgia, yet for variety and beauty of workmanship, the East far outstrips this section. The control of enormous capital was located there in large cities, and the competition of a dense population, however deplorable in its grind on the toiler, will give to the East the opportunity to display with pride, a diversity of industries and manufactures, admirable in finish and beauty.

Where the States of the South can appear to advantage is in the great inducements they offer to the immigrant and
to the capitalist. In depicting faithfully the broad and limitless field lying open for the enterprise and energy of the honest toiler, agriculturist and farmer, the splendid remuneration awaiting the stock raiser and fruit grower, and the great benefit to be adduced by the shipper, the exporter and the merchant. Here particularly the South’s advantage could be impressed upon the world, and it should be shown that direct trade with foreign countries, in cereals, compressed beef, cotton and other products, through the deep sea ports of New Orleans, Velasco, Charleston and Savannah, will give good and substantial returns to the capitalist, ship owner and merchant, who would realize the superior economy of cheaper handling and shorter haulage through these routes. An instance in illustration would be of interest.

The crowded population of Great Britain, and the absorption of the people in manufactures, to the restriction of food production—which has also been curtailed by lack of space—has caused the building up of a lucrative trade with United States in Texas and Western compressed beef. Carloads of this fine meat, admirably prepared and packed, and run by railroad a distance of from 400 to 600 miles, from the West, to the port of New York at heavy onerous freight rates, to be thence taken across the ocean to England. The same shipment can be made at one-half the cost from the splendid sea port of Velasco, Tex.,
and presumably with nearly as great advantage from that of New Orleans.

If the commissioners from the Southern States are authorized to present such facts as these to the intelligent capitalist at the World's Fair, enormous benefits will accrue to this section from the impetus and increase of trade thereby brought about.

Although deficient in capital, and consequently unprogressive in many ways, the States of the South are entirely free from that pauper class which of late years has accumulated in the East and West, and whose bitter poverty and hopeless condition have evolved a socialism verging on anarchy, destined to produce in a near future political problems of a most complex nature, whose solution is threatening an undefined. It were an easy matter to represent at the World's Fair the home awaiting here in the cotton and rice fields, in the truck farm and the stock ranch, those men of energy and honesty who, in overcrowded sections, find neither opportunity nor scope for their vigorous manhood. How pleasant the task to demonstrate to the eager and depressed working man that in the healthy pine regions of St. Tammany both French and German settlers, arriving forlorn and penniless, by their industry alone, without either knowledge or training, have grown into prosperous land owners, whose roof-tree will shelter an old age of comfort and surcease from toil, and to whose
door-sill the grim spectre of want and irredeemable misery has never crossed.

New York with her millions may make an exhibit from her splendid School of Mining Engineers, the only thoroughly equipped institution of the kind in the United States, but which is inferior to that of Freibourg, in Germany. The South may exhibit a profusion and wealth of minerals which must tempt enterprise to invest in and develop the splendid natural advantages there located.

Were it possible to again collect together and transport to Chicago the beautiful and historic "Creole exhibit," which proved so fascinating to the visitor at the Exposition held here in 1884-5, that would, indeed, redound to the credit of the State, although it would not advance her monied interests, for it bore testimony to and described a race of cultured men and women of high birth and high principles, whom any country would feel proud to claim and to honor. But the jewels, medals, swords and portraits, which graced that fine exhibit, were all heirlooms of an old and proud population. They have gone back to their owners, the descendants of those who in the primitive days of the colony were wealthy scions of French and Spanish nobility—man and women with the faults of humanity, but with the virtues of a high courage and an intense patriotism, allied to much culture and integrity, as the history of those early times proclaims.
At the World's Fair the State of Louisiana should present herself in most advantageous and attractive guise. Should her exhibits faithfully portray her civilization, her commercial and agricultural advantages, much benefit will accrue to her, and immigration, invested capital and an increase of prosperity will result. That she needs some extraneous aid all will admit who are conversant with her present most unsatisfactory financial condition. Whether those who are now at the head of her political affairs possess the ability to conduct her triumphantly through the many difficulties now in her path remains to be seen. The World's Fair gives her people a splendid opportunity, which should be utilized for her fair fame and her lasting benefit.
There are few men of any nationality to whom the application of this epithet would not be derisive, whose trivialities and palpable defects, even when allied to much intellect would not stand out in grotesque contrast with an implied elevation, to them unattainable and remote. Not only must the mental attributes be of a superior order, but they must accompany a breadth and strength of character, belonging only to the exceptional few, produced by nature at long intervals of time, and whose life accomplishments throw a lustre upon their people and country and force admiration of a race capable of producing a type so noble and so rare. For tradition and training have somewhat to do in modeling and forming those traits which, developing under the heat of lofty thoughts and aspirations, crystalize into actions far beyond the ordinary comprehension. The beneficent aims and their resultant effects are sometimes felt and understood only when the great heart and teeming brain from which they emanated have passed beyond the ceaseless appreciation or jealous detraction of contemporaries and companions.

There can be no better gauge of the intrinsic worth of a nation than the production among them of men of marked superiority. Therefore the claim of their nationality is
ever maintained with pride, be they inventor, author or statesman, from the proof made by the existence of such striking individualities of much merit and many capabilities in the race itself. Nor is decadence more perceptible than when marked by a dearth of great examples and leaders, whose very absence bespeaks a paucity of birth and superiority, and a consequent downward tendency in civilization—for a nation becomes great through its leaders, and the wealth which builds up its power and prosperity is the direct result of their great endowments.

The contemporary history of these United States shows unmistakably a mediocrity of intellect and character alarming and deplorable among the present leaders of the several national parties, which divide and rule the country. None of them possess transcendent talent or any of the elements of greatness. The National Republican Convention has just selected Mr. Harrison as their most prominent candidate for the Presidency. The country at large does not accord to Mr. Harrison any superior ability, nor does his character inspire veneration. A keen and intelligent member of that party stated to the writer that "Mr. Blaine is a man of ability, but is neither true nor reliable." Mr. Cleveland, probably the most prominent Democrat, although a man of strong determination and good

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4 James G. Blaine, (1830-1893) an American statesman, served as Secretary of State under James Garfield 1881, and under Benjamin Harrison 1889-1892.
intentions, is not a statesman, as the various errors of his presidential career testified. None of the party leaders now prominently before the country can compare favorably with those of the first European powers, nor with the men who controlled the destinies of these States in former years. The clearly defective legislation by Congress of the years, and the unsatisfactory condition and sentiment of the people, particularly West and East, is proof of the verity of this assertion. Nor should a sensitive national party prevent its full acknowledgement. The present century will close on a chaotic condition of affairs in this country, commercial and political, the direct result of poor statesmanship, and the mediocrity, among the national leaders, who have resorted to a short­sighted policy for party success, failing signally in that salient trait of all truly great leaders, the power to look beyond, and measure accordingly, the results of present action. The element of greatness is everywhere lacking, and the American States have now passed under the deepening shadow of an undefined and unrestrained despotic party government. In the hurried and reckless race to make millions through monopolies, syndicates and trusts, and capricious and partisan legislation, the old landmarks have been obliterated of a purely Democratic republic, and a perilous condition of suppressed discontent prevails.
In glancing over a graceful description of the parish of St. James, which appeared recently in one of our city papers, the thought was naturally evolved that some twenty-five years ago there had lived in that parish a man whose personality and public life were alike remarkable—one whose unalterable firmness of character, loftiness and purity of alms and views was allied to ability of the very first order, and to a sagacious and reflective mind which made of him throughout his noble career the counselor of all, and gave to his public utterances and policy a weight and a force ever irresistible and triumphant. André Bienvenu Roman was at the age of twenty-two Speaker of the House of Representatives; at thirty was elected Governor of the State of Louisiana, and re-elected to that office four years later in acknowledgment of his conspicuously brilliant administration; was unanimously elected to the Senate of the United States, and at the close of his life was appointed by the Confederate States government one of the three commissioners sent to Washington in 1862 to negotiate terms of peace with the Federal Cabinet. He was without doubt, the ablest Creole that fine and cultured race has thus far produced, and yet it is on history that the Creoles of this State have ever shown pre-eminent in the field and in the forum, and have stood conspicuously at the head of the learned professions and of letters. From the hearthstone of his wealthy and typical home in the
parish of St. James radiated the all-pervading influence of his strong intellect, wielding an absolute power throughout the State, all the more singular that his stern and inflexible nature could never bend to either solicit or acquire popular favor.

The pioneer in all things is ever most remarkable. So with Gov. Roman. Imbued with a patriotism whose fires lay hidden under a lofty and cold reserve of manner, he worked for and established those institutions upon which rested the development and prosperity of his State. Himself a profound scholar, he founded Jefferson College, in the Parish of St. James, exerting for that end to the utmost his influence as Governor, to obtain an appropriation from the Legislature, and to complete the amount necessary his name headed the subscription list circulated with a large amount. His aim and endeavor was to see established within the State a college of equal merit with Princeton or Yale. When its portals were thrown open, with professors drawn from the royal colleges of France and England, the worthy youth of the State flocked to Jefferson College, and Gov. Roman's ambition seemed brought to fruition. After events destroyed this fair promise, and the ecclesiastical institution which now occupies the building is but a faint shadow of the original great college.

In the view of the fact that the prosperity of the State rests on her agricultural interests, Gov. Roman
caused to be established a model farm, for the experiments in scientific methods of culture, similar in its scope to the experiment station now in operation in Audubon Park, whose inestimable value is acknowledged by the agriculturist in his hard and ever precarious struggle for success.

Again, with a view to improve the sanitary condition of the City of New Orleans, and by so doing, give her opportunities for enlarging her trade and commerce, Gov. Roman crossed over to Holland, there to study the system of drainage employed, and upon his return caused to be erected the drainage machines now in use with the system of canals attached. Nor was any remuneration for so signal a service ever sought or accepted. It was through his strenuous and brilliant efforts pending the session of the constitutional convention of 18-- , of which he was a member, and in opposition to Randal Hunt, Benjamin and other conspicuous men of that day, that he caused the charter of the great Citizen's Bank, then extinct, to be reaffirmed, thus saving from impending ruin a large number of the most prominent
planters of the State and the bank itself. This was accomplished without the thought of personal benefit.

Perhaps one action of a life admirable, patriotic and pure in all particulars, is more specially deserving of admiration as exemplifying a generosity and self-renunciation which form the component parts of true greatness. Without an opponent, and by unanimous consent Gov. Roman was elected to the Senate of the United States. A man of noble ambition and independent fortune, and proud of the lofty ascendancy he had acquired throughout his State, this was a splendid crowning of a splendid career. To have accepted the gift of his State was his heart's desire. But, for the pathetic reason that ambition thus gratified would have fall like a blow in his quiet fireside, causing either separation or a displacement

Roman is referring to Randell Hunt, (1807-1892) a lawyer and orator, who was a native of South Carolina and moved to New Orleans at a young age. At the outbreak of the Civil War defended the Union and opposed the Secession movement. He was the president of Tulane University, then the University of Louisiana, from 1867-1884. Judah P. Benjamin (1811-1884) U.S. Senator 1842-1861, Attorney General of the Confederacy, Acting Secretary of War, and Secretary of State under President Jefferson Davis. M'Caleb, Thomas, ed. The Louisiana Book: Selections from the Literature of the State. New Orleans: R. F. Straughan, 1894. 135. Roman is referring to the convention of 1844-1845 which was called to make up a new state constitution to replace the Constitution of 1812. According to the writers of Louisiana: A History, although a few reforms were instituted as a result of that convention, the Citizens Bank of New Orleans, run by the wealthy planters and law makers of the state, was given free rein and privileges that other banks were not. Wall, Bennett, ed. Louisiana: A History. Arlington Heights, Illinois: Forum Press, 1984. 119.
painful and obnoxious to others, Gov. Roman, doubtless with a heavy heart, declined the Senatorship. Twice he was elected over his refusal, and the Legislature only acquiesced with profound regret in the loss of their most trusted servant, when his resolution was known to be irrevocable. A sacrifice so noble, which must have drawn tears of blood from the brilliant statesman in all the vigor of a superb manhood, is surely the nearest approach to greatness conceivable to the limited understanding of man.

In these days of boundless pretension, shallow desires and general mediocrity, it were sufficient to find an intellect as fine, a spirit as independent, and moral traits as free from blemish as were those which made up the character of André Bienvenu Roman. With crude and senseless hast, postal bills, anti-option laws and force bills are rashly thrust by Congress upon the country, destroying the prosperity and the unity of these States. Men of no merit and less morality, imbued only with a personal greed, manipulate elections and clutch with indecent haste the illicit reward of their infamy, thus attained.

Monuments by public subscription are erected, but the gray dust of oblivion gathers undisturbed on the marble mausoleum in which rests in untroubled peace, in the old cemetery of St. James, what was once mortal of André
Bienvenu Roman, a great Creole, a man of old and honest descent, who was the pride of his State, and who should ever remain that of his race.
Mr. Stevenson states that "the greatest power conferred upon human governments is that of taxation." and that "all the great struggles of the past for a broader political liberty have looked toward the limitation of this power of the right to tax." Nor can the correctness of this assertion be controverted; for it is plain that the criterion of wise government lies in the mode and measure of the taxation imposed. As the making and the retaining of wealth is the foundation of the civilized life of all communities, which expand and flourish in proportion to the capital there is owned and circulated, so the form of government is admirable or defective inasmuch as it rests lightly or heavily on the prosperity of the masses. No general success is possible where the industries and avocations of the people lie under onerous taxation; and the histories of all nations stand in proof that to obtain a flourishing condition of the middle and working classes, the backbone of a country, the government controlling them must draw lightly through taxation from their resources. The contentions which have induced an improvement in the general condition of humanity and the civilization of today

\[Adlai Stevenson (1835-1914), an American statesman, served as Vice President under Grover Cleveland 1893-1897.\]
have been those of the working masses to make and to protect their money from the spoilation of the ruler and the powerful. To the armed struggles of the earlier epochs succeeded the political revolutions of a later period; and at the close of this century—in attack upon and defense of the same rights—great political parties oppose each other and strive for supremacy in legislative assemblies. Attempted encroachments on varied moneyed interests, and resistance by those whose prosperity is thereby imperiled, forms the sum total of all political issues. Indeed, the story of the human race can be very simply told. How to make money, and how to resist any injurious or tyrannical interference which would prevent its accumulation, forms the resume of all efforts and all ambitions. When others exist they are among a class possessed of monetary means whose thoughts and endeavors, having leisure and opportunity, turn into other channels. The aim and effort of the people must, therefore, be to force the light taxation by protest and resistance against the passage of such laws as will put upon them, directly or indirectly, a burden disproportionate to their earnings.

Mr. Stevenson says: "Whenever the power of taxation is used to draw tribute from the many for the benefit of the few, or when part of the people are oppressed in order that the remainder may prosper unduly, equality is lost sight of, injustice hardens into precedent, which is used
to excuse new exactions, and there arise artificial distinctions which the beneficiaries come to look upon in due time as vested rights, sacred to themselves."

How to abate the "artificial distinctions" built up by recent legislation has now become a grave problem to the States of this Union. Congressional enactments for years past have all been in favor of sections, corporations and syndicates, through measures which openly advocated their dangerous pretensions, or gave the desired benefit under cover of a false plea of the general welfare or of a protection to the morals of the American people. But it is observable that the prosperity of the masses has not accrued by the McKinley or other bills, nor is the plain citizen advantaged in any way by their passage. Mr. Stevenson says: "It is plain that our present inequitable system of tariff taxation has promoted the growth of such conditions in our land." After giving due praise to the industry and enterprise of the people, and to our friendly climate, he adds: "Here is enjoyed the highest development of political liberty."

To this last assertion, however, a dissentient doubt arises to the critical observer, and the question forces itself as to the causes which produce the great and

7The McKinley Tariff, 1890 provided consumers with free sugar and paid a bounty to sugar farmers. For further discussion of this and other bills to which Roman refers see "Critical Analysis of Editorials," pages 39-43 above.
increasingly portentous labor strikes all through the various States of this Union, more particularly in the East and Northwest. It must be conceded that there is a new and foreboding spirit of discontent among the Western farmers and working classes which would surely not exist if "the highest development" of liberty and prosperity reigned among us. The tone and attitude of the press of the "Third" or People's party should be taken into account for a just appreciation of the political situation of the country.¹ Through its alliances it is plainly evident that hostile and revolutionary feeling is slowly but surely growing in certain portions of the country, which portend anxious and troublous times in a near future. No man of any perspicacity or knowledge of public affairs, and of the gathering weight of a rolling grievance in the popular mind, can afford to placidly ignore symptoms thus clearly defined in our body politic, nor fail to seek for some palliative for ills so threatening, nor ignore the fact that the eminently intelligent and energetic American people, if hampered and galled beyond endurance by injudicious legislation, which accumulates millions to the

¹In the presidential election of 1892, the People's Party, led by candidate James B. Weaver of Iowa, advocated economic reform. "Third Party" leaders successfully challenged the traditional two-party leaders in the following states in the early 1890s: South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Texas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Kansas. Clanton, O. Gene. Kansas Populism: Ideas and Men. Lawrence: U of Kansas P, 1969. 95.
rich, and places heavy taxation on the masses, will inevitably grow restive and menacing, and unless swerved from their purpose by a statesmanlike policy, will plunge forward to a sweeping and revolutionary catastrophe.

One of the ablest organs of the People's party, in commenting on the Columbian World's Fair celebration, says: "The deep-seated discontent of our producing classes is well evidenced then by their failure to participate in these general rejoicings, by the inertness with which they view the present national self-glorification, by the bitterness with which turn from figures of speech showing a general prosperity, to contemplate the more literal figures which show their own increasing poverty and the growing dependency of the class of which they constitute a part."

And a Montana journal, The Age, in reply to the suggestion of a Chicago Republican paper, that the school children, from all parts of the country, be selected to carry the American flag at their celebrations, for the reason that anything that creates interest in the flag begets a patriotic love and principles which, in turn, promote and maintain the only reliable and saving elements of the republic, adds the following:

"Would it not be well, if the scheme is carried out, to select a little girl from one of the sweating dens of Boston, another from one of the factories in New York, a little boy out of the mines in Pennsylvania, a waif from
the streets of San Francisco, a child of a convict miner in Tennessee, a plow boy from a mortgaged Dakota farm and so on? Each child could then point to the flag it carried and say, 'Look at me. I am the product of the laws this flag stands for.' But you may say, 'those are not school children.' True; but they are of school age. The fact that their parents are unable to eke out an existence without the slavish labor of those children would aid in illustrating the beneficent working of the laws the flag represents. That would create much more interest in the flag and fill the patriotic soul with pride."

None may doubt but that it is artificial distinctions in legislation which has brought the American Union into its present perilous position. There is, however, a strong conservative element throughout the country, supported by a powerful and enlightened press whose aim is to protect the multifarious interests of the people of this great country. By a support of those principles which made the republic when founded truly admirable, and by a cautious and statesmanlike readjustment of those laws which affect taxation and the prosperity of the masses, a new lease may be issued for the national life of these States. Otherwise, none may predict the outcome of popular discontent against arrogant assumption, nor foresee the end of a struggle between clashing interests, where invincible courage, determination and brains will oppose each other
and contend for the mastery. The attitude of the people in the present congressional and presidential elections will decide their fate, and that of the republic.
Material Interests and Morality
(March 8, 1891)

The practical aspect, the question of where the gain lies and whether a loss may be compensated in other directions is, to the wise, over the first consideration. Here is the criterion which alone should guide in the control of public affairs. All other ground of conduct is bad diplomacy and positive mismanagement.

In private life it may happen that honor conflicts with pecuniary interests; in which case a man, being master of his own life, should sacrifice the latter to the former, if he aspires to any superiority. But no such case can ever occur in the public affairs of a people, a country, or a State, for the plain and obvious reason that the men selected to manage these affairs have no right whatever to take cognizance of aught but the monied advantage and the material advancement of those who have intrusted their interests to their keeping. The religious and moral welfare of the population, beyond an upholding of the criminal laws and general morality, is not their concern; nor should they attempt dictation on these points.

This thought—the care of material interests—has been the basis of governmental action by the most civilized and enlightened nations of the world, as is proven by their unhesitating attempt to take violent possession, when
possible, of a profitable territory; to faithlessly break or to treacherously make treaties to the exclusive advantage of their own nationality; to extend their commercial relations regardless of the rights or of the interests of others, and, in fact, to act on the sole principle that to aggrandize the importance and wealth of their own country is, for the men in control of its affairs, the first and most patriotic duty. These acts of theft and of injustice, reprovable from a moral standpoint, are termed diplomacy, and are upheld and applauded as the proper and rightful duty of all wise governments.

England points with pride to those sagacious leaders who wrested her present possessions in India from the hands of the French, thus pouring into her home markets inexhaustible sources of wealth. Her forcible possession of the rich lands of the South of Africa, from a moral standpoint, was equally blamable, and from a diplomatic one, most admirable. France, Spain and Germany, in their lives as nations, have committed and do still commit huge thefts and iniquities for their individual advantage. And if the United States have thus far refrained from infringing on the foreign rights of other nations, it is because there was at home ample territory to people and resources to develop without trespassing on those of adjoining neighbors; not at all from any superior moral
sense, as the faithless treatment of the Indians stands in proof.

Indeed, the late war between the States grew out of the antagonistic interests of the two sections. It was their pecuniary interests, which their respective leaders thought it right to aggrandize on one side, to guard and protect on the other. Hence the conflict.

These extreme cases are mentioned to illustrate that rule of action—care of the material interests—which prevails in other countries, which experience approves, and which should hold good in the management of the affairs of each State of this Union.

The duty and province of each Governor and State Legislature is solely to see to it that the prosperity of the State be fostered and cared for by every legitimate effort. That an unhealthy idea should urge them to sacrifice the moneyed interests of their State with a view to extend the morality of the people or to raise them to a higher plane of spirituality, is an outrage and should not be tolerated. It is an insolent assumption of power, coupled with a flaunting arrogance, which a free people should resent and put down. Moral education appertains to the pastors and churches. What the delegates of the people have to do in their legislative halls and elsewhere is to obtain for them every possible advantage by which they may prosper and grow rich.
Should the political faction known in Louisiana as the Anti-Lottery party attempt to pervert by persuasion the public officials of the State from their plain duty—that of aiding and advancing the prosperity of the State, and consequently of those who clothed them with the responsibility of looking after their pecuniary affairs—such action should be denounced as inimical to the best interests of Louisiana, and as a dereliction from their duty as honest citizens.

There are two things essential to the well-being of this State: good levees and immigration. The levees are the keystone to her future prosperity. Immigrants will seek, above all, a salubrious region. These rich alluvial lands, if constantly inundated, will not remain healthy; nor can they be thickly populated. If secure from the floods, it were an easy matter to bring here a strong tide of immigration from Europe and the Northwest. Our great agricultural products, cotton, sugar and rice, would then be secure from the caprice and thraldom of scanty labor. These lands would then rise to their normal value, and factories would be established to utilize and work up these crops. With an increase in population, representation in Congress would likewise be added to, and the political importance of the State of Louisiana, as a rich and powerful component part of the Union, would be assured. Nor is this point one of least importance. The future
holds in store for this confederation of States much that is now but faintly optioned.

It requires only an ordinary intellect to appreciate what the position of the State will be should this dangerous and personal political faction prevail, and cut off the only opportunity which will ever be offered to Louisiana to securely build her levees; that of chartering the Louisiana Lottery Company for a yearly payment of $1,250,000. The mental picture of her desolated lands, devoid of human habitation, her ruined financial condition, and the small consideration her representatives will command in the national councils, as voicing the demands of a poor and broken down member of the Union, too insignificant to deserve attention, is so grievous and so threatening as to startle the public mind and brush away the dangerous film of sentimental absurdity with which this faction has endeavored to blind the common sense of the people. Their attempt to force the citizens of this State to refuse the legitimate opportunity offered to close a moneied transaction by which their future prosperity and importance would be secured, is as audacious and reprovable as would be an attempt on the part of a fanatical party in England to restore to the nations of India those possessions in the East wrested from them by force and fraud. It were easy to imagine the outcry of the merchants, the bankers, and of the whole population of
England, were such a wild and absurd thing to be proposed on the ground of morality.

The prosperity of this State is of as keen an interest to each man living in it as is that of England to the English, for it touches the moneyed interests of each. But we have not the sterling, plain common sense of the English. We are more impulsive and more easily influenced by high sounding theories. Nor do we realize that their hollowness is apt to hide corrupt ambition.

We should appreciate that the only care of men clothed with official power should be to look after the moneyed interests of the State, and work for her protection and prosperity. Nor should any trifling with these interests be permitted. Too much is at stake for this generation and the succeeding ones.

A stern public opinion, based on these plain rules of common sense, which govern other States and other countries, should prevail here. And those officials who would decimate this State by the folly of their endeavor, should be checked and should meet with the disapproval and contempt the misconception of their public duty deserves, and the suicidal policy they advocate would entail. The material interests of the State is their sole concern. Each man and woman in Louisiana can honestly and carefully guard his own morality—a morality which ranks with that of the most cultured and Christian centers throughout the
civilized world. Let the interests of the State thrive as does her morality, and there will be cause for much rejoicing.
A Dissertation
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in

The Department of English

by
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M.A., University of New Orleans, 1991
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Of all historical characters who have been misunderstood and slandered, and have stood before the frowning gaze of the public in perverted guise, none have more right to complain of unjust treatment than patient, simple-minded Mrs. Grundy. Lucretia Borgia for centuries lay under the ban of reproval, caused by an erroneous knowledge of her life and idiosyncrasies. It remained for the historian and painstaking investigator of to-day to subvert the calumnies concerning her and to show to the surprised world of modern thought that Lucretia Borgia was not the repulsive, crime-laden woman as depicted, but was as angelic in virtue as in beauty. Her death in the full bloom of her exquisite womanhood, according to recent data, left her husband disconsolate, and the needy poor, within the reach of her great munificence inconsolable for the curtailment of her young and beneficent life. And so, among other companions of misrepresentations, scattered over the records of nations, Mrs. Grundy must possess her soul in patience and await the far off epoch when her real characteristics of forbearance and gentle ignorance will supersede those now ruthlessly attributed to her of a
prying curiosity and a harsh censoriousness, which would know all things and condone none.

The suggestion was hailed as charming to cloak and accompany Aunt Clodie to midnight mass, that bright, cold Christmas Eve night. The cathedral was not far distant, the stars gleamed glittering and cold and the streets were gay with the joyous hurry and rush of the pleasure seekers, mingled with the boisterous youth of the city. There was also the promise of exquisite song to precede the chiming of the bells, whose midnight clamor would commemorate the advent, upon His sorrowing career, of that grand martyr, who had, through His instrument of torture—the cross—implanted the seed of humanitarianism among the cruel nations of the earth. To hear the plaintive tenor voice of the first singer of the French opera ring through the aisles and pillars of the old cathedral, aided by the roll of the organ, the deep tones of the violoncello and the pathetic song of the violin was inducement enough for the gay party assembled in that luxurious drawing-room to risk the turmoil of the streets of the French quarter on Christmas Eve. Aunt Clodie scanned the laughing faces with a sigh and a hope that some pious aspiration would find a lodgment in the careless hearts of those votaries of fashion while under the dome of the old mother church that night. Furs and cloaks were donned, and sauntering leisurely up Chartres street the entrance was soon reached
of those tail gates then flung open to the throng, through whose portals had passed, joyously and in sorrow, the trend of succeeding generations for more than two centuries.

Midnight mass at the St. Louis Cathedral is a democratic affair. A good representation of the elite of the fine Catholic population of the city is ever present; so is the honest artisan and tired work-woman, the old negro with pious mien, and the colored woman telling her beads. Nor is the ubiquitous ragged street boy absent. All pleasantly jostle each other, to push through the throng gathered for the impressive ceremony. Aunt Clodie and her escort of ten formed a large party to penetrate easily the crowded doorways. But vigor and resoluteness will carry the day on battlefield, and in a densely packed church. The deep marble font was successfully reached, into which, with pious intent Aunt Clodie dipped her finger tips to make the sign of the cross, Christianity’s symbol. But all her social training could not muffle the scream evoked by the sharp clutch upon her slender fingers of the crab some wicked "gamin" had immersed in the marble basin.9 In the confusion which ensued, when the "Suisse," clad in his scarlet and gold uniform, armed with his tall staff of office and clothed in indignation at so unbecoming a joke, had with many threatenings, expelled some irresponsible

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9According to Louisiana historian George Reinecke, the crab in the holy water font is an old New Orleans urban myth.
urchins, while the culprit enjoyed the scene, Aunt Clodie and some of her party were separated. Her loveliest charge, Nathalie, with her escort, were passed into a side aisle, resistance being unavailing; for just then the organ pealed forth its grand invitation to prayer, and all sensibilities, if not all hearts were subdued and moved by the flood of solemn melody, flung and wafted through the groined roof and aisles up to the chancel, where the archbishop and his suite were kneeling. Then, in answer to their responsive chant, there slowly floated out the soft, high tenor notes of a great singer, and the pathos and beauty of the hymn thus chanted was so great as to realize Aunt Clodie's faint hope, both in the lovely young woman and the young man of ultra fashion. An undefined awakening through loftier thoughts pervaded for a moment their emotions, forming a most perfect prayer, under Bishop Newton's admirable definition.

But the crowd was dense, the after ceremony long, and the incense, wreathing lightly through the church, oppressive to Nathalie. A whispered consultation resulted in their exit through a side door, where they would wait outside in the clear starlight for their companions.

On Christmas Eve night no amount of attempted repression can quell the turbulence of the motley crowd, suppress the firecracker, abolish the noisy "boom," or prevent the blowing of trumpets and horns, which, when
confined in certain localities, make a pandemonium appalling, if laughable. To wait, standing, while the cold north wind swept from the river over the open garden and shrubbery of Jackson Square seemed chilly and tedious. The laughing, riotous crowd streamed through Chartres street toward Canal, while a carriage, drawn by two handsome, impatient grays, pulled up close to the sidewalk, their irritated driver waiting for a momentary lull in the fusillade of firecrackers which lined the open space ahead. "Jump in; we'll drive to Canal, see the fun and dash home before Aunt Clodie had finished saying her beads." The stars glittered and shimmered, a keen gust ruffled the soft wavy curls, the small feet were deathly cold in their gray suede shoes, the carriage offered a charming shelter. And so, "opportunity," that grim master of humanity, won the fight by his adroit and matchless strategy. For his play upon the wavering decision, the passionate desire, the blind impetuosity, just when all defenses are down, and soul and heart lie open to attack, will ever sweep reason and reflection into the rushing stream of fate. The strong emerge with a bitter experience and many wounds; but the powerless, crushed, mutilated and bleeding, succumb.

The grays dashed off with the slamming of the carriage door, and the wind gathered as it past the rippling laugh of enjoyment at the executed "escapade," and mingled its silvery tone with the rapid bent of the horses' hoofs.
Chartres, Royal and Bourbon were all ablaze with firecrackers, and the braying horns, shouting and laughter added to the excitement of the horses and the alarm of the coachman. The two occupants, one wholly charmed, the other somewhat nervous at the unusual situation, were too pleasantly engrossed in that brilliant "badinage" which highly cultivated society renders easy and habitual to its votaries, to note aught but their own present enjoyment, until the carriage deflected into a side street, dark and unfrequented. To an inquiry as to the reason, it was explained by the driver that the absence of noise would quiet his team. But the dark street was oppressive to Nathalie, who imagined that the voice of her handsome companion had taken on too protecting a tone, and whose assiduous care for her comfort, marked a shade too much of warmth. So, at her imperious request, the horses were again turned toward Canal, where they emerged amid a blaze of light, the beating of drums, tooting of horns, shouting of processions, and all the mad gayety of a jubilant population at midnight on Christmas Eve. The terrified grays snorted, swerved and paused. One reared, while his companion cowered down trembling. Then both made one mad plunge forward which scattered the lookers on, and dashed straight on toward the unknown.

The first endeavor of Nathalie's companion was to soothe her frantic fears and gently obtain release from the
small hands which had caught an imploring hold on his arm. To climb to the driver's assistance seemed like an abandonment of the terrified woman, whose agitation increased with the growing speed of the flying horses. To restrain her from a frantic attempt to dash open the door and spring out required both persuasive eloquence and a restraining hand. As the maddened rush of the horses carried them forward the street grew more and more quiet, and they were soon beyond the noise and bustle of the crowd on Canal, and it seemed just possible that after awhile, exhaustion supervening, they might be pulled up when nearing the outskirts of the city. But a wagonette of riotous revelers crossing just ahead renewed their terror. Another mad plunge. The carriage swayed to one side; a shout from the coachman—and the grays tore down to the right into a broad, quiet thoroughfare which the faint, scattering electric lights failed to render distinct. To add to the distress of the situation, just as they swept round the corner Nathalie dashed forward against the door. A crash of broken glass, a slight cry, as her horrified companion drew her back, then she sank cold and lifeless on the cushions. Then flashed through the brain of that unhappy young man the recollection of the instantaneous death of Nathalie's father from heart failure, supervening on some sudden strong emotion. Cold beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he snatched a lantern and examined
that beautiful face and noted the small stream of blood which trickled slowly from above the blue-veined temple. Nor could he tell, through his agitation and bewilderment, whether or not her heart still beat. Cushioning gently the pretty curls on his rolled up overcoat, and closing tight the door as he sprung out to aid in checking the racing horses, he saw the reins caught on the dashboard and the coachman's seat empty. Cautiously climbing into it and gathering up the lines, he realized that the horses were badly blown from their terrific speed, and that the street lying on the outskirts of the city was unpaved and heavy from recent rains. Being very much of a horseman, he now knew he could shortly have them well in hand. So guiding their mad course with what care the dim light afforded, soothing them with voice and slowly mastering them with a steady, strong hand, their frantic pace was gradually subdued. An imperious, powerful pull on their bits finally brought them panting, trembling and covered with foam, to a dead standstill, just at the gate of a tall, many-windowed building. Academy, hospital, or what? To spring rapidly to the sidewalk, and still holding the reins, to ring loud, clamorously and continuously at the bell, was the work of a few seconds; but endless seemed the time before a footstep was heard approaching. Then the dark-robbed figure of a Sister of Charity revealed the nature of the structure, which was a convent. A rapid explanation of his distress
and a prayer for immediate aid brought the sister to the carriage, where the still lifeless figure of the young girl lay on the seat. An exclamation of wonder at her beauty and horror at her condition accompanied a loud call for more help.

When brought tenderly out of the cold and ministered to by those practiced and skillful hands, the brown eyes of the reigning belle of the season opened and the soft bloom on the rounded cheeks again revived. Nor was the slight wound from the broken glass of consequence. So the Sisters hastened to reassure the gentleman, still standing in agonized expectation and keeping guard over the now quiet horses, that "his charming wife had recovered and was most anxious to be taken home." A sigh of intense relief was naturally followed by "D---d brutes! I'd like to give you ten more miles of running under the lash!" But notwithstanding this vicious apostrophe, a sincere admiration was elicited for those really superb animals, sold but recently at a sacrifice for just such a freak and frolic.

It was about 3 in the morning. The light of the stars was extinguished by drifting, tossing clouds. Heavy drops of a winter's rain were beginning to fall as a dilapidated one-horse cab pulled up before the front door of Nathalie's handsome home. Some hours before, with a serene conviction that, tired of waking, that young woman had gone back to
her luxurious fireside, Aunt Clodie had smilingly bade "good-night" to the gay party on her door steps. So the home folks were the only agitated witnesses of the shabby cab's arrival with its tired occupants.

No, there were no wedding bells, satin robe and orange blossoms in New Orleans as a consequence of that Christmas Eve. But New York witnessed next fall a great wedding, in which the principal figure was Nathalie, matchless in her loveliness. It is not on record that the groom had ever been run away with by wild and unmanageable horses.

On the 23rd of December in New Orleans, a "white dinner" was given in their honor, where the glitter of silver and cut glass mingling with the pure white of chrysanthemums, snow drops and fleecy lace made a rarely perfect background for the beautiful woman, robed in peach blossom pink, who presided. Just as the "Plombiere" and "Tutti-frutti" proclaimed that the aristocratic dinner was drawing to a close, a well modulated voice was heard to say, with emphasis and conviction: "I am surprised that you young ladies never make up parties to go to the St. Louis Cathedral on Christmas Eve to midnight mass. The music is truly sublime. I always go. But I have never in my life met any lady of my acquaintance there. It is a mistake. You should all go."

Dear Mrs. Grundy, good honest soul, your virtues of reticence and ignorance are not appreciated.
The Madman’s Home

(January 22, 1893)

Stretching out, a broad expanse of rippling water, swept the Bay of St. Louis against the pale, faint lines of Cat Island lying toward the southward, and down on either side, where the fringe of the dark pine forests melted into the distance. The soft wind tossed and curled the wavelets and scattered their crests of foam, throwing them murmuring and discontented up on the white sand of the shore. Some occasional fleecy cloud would obscure the brilliancy of the afternoon sun, casting its shadow over the changeable tides and deepening momentarily their tints, until brushed by the breezes toward the westward, the joyous waters would resume their dance and reflected blue, with the restless and varying monotony of the ocean. Along the shore, located with a mistrust of the autumnal sweep of wind and wave, backward beyond their perfidious reach, spread numberless white villas, gay in their summer apparel, behind the velvet of their green swards and the clustering flowers of their gardens, while the lace curtains of windows and doors and the awning of their deep piazzas swayed back and forth with the varying puffs which came from over the water. Serenity, content, ease and enjoyment were the dominant features of the landscape on that peaceful afternoon of an early spring day.
On the broad porch of a conspicuously handsome residence whose supporting columns were covered with creepers and vines, stood a party of young people evidently preparing for some rural excursion.

"I want something unusual to happen," said the daring young spirit of the group. "Either a hailstorm, a thunderbolt or a snake."

"I'd prefer the thunderbolt any day to the snake," said Claire. "Where do you want the snake?"

"Oh, anywhere," answered Dora lightly; "on somebody's hat or in the hamper."

"Let it be on the hat, Miss Dora. Let it be on the hat, but not among the chicken pie and champagne," said Jack imploringly.

"You must define the size and the extent of the emotion you desire, Miss Dora," said Tom, who had recently graduated at the bar. "Perhaps we may accommodate you. Wouldn't a general smash-up do?"

"Well," said Dora, lazily swaying to and fro in the hammock, which she pushed with the tip of her pretty patent leather low-quarter, while pulling on her gloves. "All Picnics are alike. We'll drive out there, wander about in the woods, drink that horrid, 'soi-disant,' mineral water. I'm sure its bad taste comes from the rusty tin cup; then some of you will flirt, and some will yawn; we

10"So-called" mineral water.
girls will all get horribly sun-burnt, then we'll eat dinner and come home tired of each other and cross. Of course later on we will say, 'What a charming picnic we had last week!' and we'll believe it too."

"Oh you cynic!" said Em, throwing some roses at her. "You just stay at home, and let us enjoy without you, the 'far niente'" of the sylvan scenes.

"Yes, Miss Em," murmured Tom. "You and I will just have ever so good a time. You'll let me say all you would not listen to in the moonlight, and we'll come home, engaged and happy, just to show Miss Dora how completely mistaken she is about the enjoyment of picnics."

Em's somewhat embarrassed laugh was covered by the appearance of the chaperone, a dainty apparition in lavender and lace, whose attempt at a severely imposing air was belied by her laughing brown eyes, lovely face and waving golden hair, which proclaimed that her twenty-four summers had been all joy, and as free from restraint as would be the large party she was to supervise during those pleasant afternoon hours, under the deepening shades of the forest. New arrivals added to the noise and laughter, until the chaperone's husband brought a shade more of discipline among them, when he wheeled round the carriage drive, and stopped his tandem of dark bays, fretting and

"From the Italian "dolce farniente" meaning sweet indolence."
champing, just at the foot of the marble steps. L____ was a capital whip, and drew up with an air which proclaimed his knowledge of the fact.

"Jump up, Miss Dora. We'll lead the van," he exclaimed, stretching down to help her in. "These horses are wild today. You had better go in the wagonette, little woman"--turning to the pretty chaperone, who, while gathering up her dress to escape the wheel, cast a look half laughing, half reproachful, at the handsome turn-out. Or maybe at the handsome husband.

The various wagonettes, filled with much bustle and noise, while the traditional mule cart, containing Cato and the hampers followed, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," which, sometimes, to certain ears, fails of merriment, and sounds a melancholy ring, prophetic of the coming shadows.

The location selected was perfect. A spring, clear and bubbling, ran down the ravine, where the shafts of sunlight threw glints and gleams through the thick foliage on the tangled, odorous mat of brown needles chopped from the surrounding pines. A spread of soft green moss close around the basin, hid the moisture that fed their vivid color, treacherously causing many a mishap, when some dainty foot, trusting the fair surface, would sink into the hidden ooze--and beyond the rear edge of the wood spread the waters of the Bay, back from the narrow beach, while a
solitary hut, dark, lonely and deserted, stood in the background.

The party alighted and dispersed, the leader of fashion, under the pink reflection of her sunshade, sauntering with her late partner at the Masquerade Ball in New Orleans, gayly chatted and gathered the blossoms of dogwood and jasmine as she passed, content with the charm of the forest, her companion, and the knowledge that pate de foie and Chablis awaited their return. The hours sped light and joyous, with their immutable march toward the inevitable, until a bugle note, soft and clear, sounded the rally of forces round the spring. Then from seashore, glade and woodland the wanderers stragglingly returned, with the laughter and hurry, bringing with them ferns and flowers, and a strong desire to gauge Cato's discretion by the contents of his baskets.

The pretty chaperone laughingly investigated the incomers while leaning back languidly against the trunk of an oak at whose foot she was resting on a carriage rug, while she hung a shawl over a projecting bough to protect her from the stream of sunlight which seemed to revel amid the beautiful waves of her ruddy hair.

"Come all and answer to the roll call," she said. "Who fell in the water, who got scratched by the briers, who quarreled and who is engaged. Don't imagine for an instant that I am going to chaperone thirty people at a
picnic without one engagement as a result. My professional reputation demands as much, so, who is it? speak up."

"May it please your highness, I'm engaged," said Em's companion, stepping forward and twisting his soft felt in approved, faithful, pleasant style.

"Miss Em accepted me when she crossed the log over the brook. She said she accepted my help, but me and my help are one and the same thing!"

When Em's protest and the general merriment had subsided, the pretty chaperone said inquiringly:

"What is that hut out there? It is a queer looking thing. What do you suppose is in it?"

"Oh, I guess the charcoal burners built it to put their axes and barrows in. Of course, no one ever occupied it, for there is no chimney. It is merely a box, and a gloomy looking box at that. We'll investigate it like true Americans after dinner," said the lawyer. "The American mind is essentially inquisitive. We will unearth the mystery."

"Take care you don't unearth a nest of rattlesnakes," said someone, while pouring out a glass of champagne.

"Here's where your sensation may come in, Miss Dora," said Tom. "Thus far the unkind fates have spared us the hailstorm and the thunderbolt, but they may gratify us at the last moment by giving us the snake."
So the gay talk continued as the sun sank in the west, and the woods began to assume the mysterious gloom of twilight.

"Who can tell the name of that nocturnal bird," asked L___, as a curious weird note rang through the trees.

"Bird? You mean beast," said Jack. "I know it well. It is the cry of the jaguar when ravenously hungry and dangerous."

"Let's eat all in sight," said a voice. "When Miss Dora wanted a sensation, she never mentioned the jaguar."

"Don't hurry," said Jack. "He's ten miles off. Plenty of time."

"I believe it comes from behind that hut," said the chaperone springing up. "We must investigate."

"Oh no, we mustn't," sang out several voices. But gathering up her gloves and flowers, and tossing back at the others a reproach of their pusillanimity, she walked toward the queer black hut, followed by L___, Tom, the lawyer, and Jack. Again the wild note sounded through the woods, shrill and menacing. An undefined feeling of uneasiness passed over the gay throng, now preparing for the return home, while L___'s groom had considerable trouble to steady his wheeler, who had reared and plunged at the repetition of the cry, while the leader was almost as restive.
The hut, about eight feet in length, had no opening on the side toward the spring, nor at the two ends; so the explorers walked round, conjecturing as to the object of so singular a structure. One small aperture, about a foot square, was visible, about five feet from the ground, on the farther side, which omitted a nauseating odor.

"I positively haven't the courage to look through the hole," said pretty Mrs L___, turning from it.

"Great Scott! Look there!" said the lawyer suddenly, as he grasped Jack, who was leaning against the hut.

"God Almighty!" exclaimed Jack as he sprang back. "Don't let her see man!" But it was too late. The hideous grimacing face, with snarling and fang-like teeth, long matted beard, blood-shot, protruding eyes and lolling tongue, was thrust far out to within a few inches of the beautiful face, now turned toward it, transfixed and motionless with terror, while a claw, similar to that of a beast, was stretched out, in its raging, ravenous effort to tear and rend those fair features. With an exclamation of horror L___, who had lingered to look back at his horse, now sprang forward and dashed aside the awful thing, while Jack caught and drew back the fainting woman. As cry after cry, hoarse, unearthly, exultant and wild, issued from the hut of the raging maniac, who now dashed himself from side to side of his horrible cage, men of the party, alarmed and aghast, rushed forward while L___ bore back in his arms the
lifeless form of his young wife. She was tenderly placed on the cushions of the wagonette, but all efforts seemed unavailing to revive her to consciousness. While wending their way back hurriedly and sadly to her home, there came hoarse and muffled by the distance the jeering shouts of the maniac.

The handsome house near the rippling waters was lit up all through the night, and there was throughout its rooms and hallways the mournful bustle which desperate illness induces. But with the gray dawn of day, quiet and despair settled over all. L__, wifeless and childless, stood looking dumbly on the lovely face, now white and serene, while the anguish of an unutterable solitude pressed upon every pore of his being.

And now, the stone house, with its garlanded porch and garden of jasmine and roses, has passed into other hands. Dora shudders when the recollection of her fatal wish occurs to her, half believing that she was instrumental in calling down that awful tragedy. Time has partially swept with its effacing fingers some of the anguish of that hour to one now living in a far-distant country. But the maniac still rends with yellow fangs the food brought to the aperture of his cage by inhuman hands, howls by night to the quivering shafts of moonlight, whispers to the rustling trees, and peering through the chinks and crevices of his
log hut, jibes and jabbers to the winter storms. A hideous wreck; left by careless humanity, he lives a prisoner in his hut near the babbling spring and the sparkling blue waters of the Bay St. Louis.
"I believe the sun has gone daft. He is positively lunatic," said Dolly, as she fanned violently, while opening the lace at the throat of her mull wrapper and rocking agitatedly in her white wicker chair.

"Daft? Not he. I know the sun of old. The moon too, for that matter. I haven't been a planter's daughter without acquiring some expensive knowledge. If there is any mean trick either of them can possibly play you, just count on them doing it," said Camille, with an air of placid conviction.

"Yes, nothing is the matter with the sun," remarked Mag. "He has just been having a misunderstanding with the moon, and man-like, is taking it out on us down here. Did you ever see a man ring the bell and 'go for' the servant who answered it just because his groom has just told him his pet mare has gone lame? Well, that's the sun's reason for broiling us to death just at this present time."

"If you all know the sun as I do, you would be surprised at nothing he may or may not do," said Camille, in her sweet drawl.

"A naturalist could tell you that he obeys immutable laws of nature as Nutby did in his 'History of
Civilization." He declared it is uncivilized to put up prayers in churches for rain or sunshine. But that's all nonsense. I know the sun too well to believe he follows any laws at all. He obeys nothing but his own 'cussedness.'"

"I don't think naturalists know much about the sun and moon. Don't they attend to snakes and grasshoppers and such things?" said timid Cora.

"Well then, astrologers," said Camille airily.

"Neither. Astrologers are all dead. They lived in the time of Ptolemy," said Dolly sententiously.

"Here, girls. Can't some of you do something to Doll? If she keeps on being so dreadfully scholarly and airish, she will put the finishing touch to us this cool summer day, and I want to live long enough for that game of tennis on Saturday," said Mag, fluttering a fan with her slippered feet up on the sofa.

"So you shall, dear child," put in Camille. "If the good sun will let you. But there's no telling what cantankerous feat he proposes to perform between now and then. I'll tell you an instance, girls. I'll never forget that pet cane father had imported from Cuba and was trying to grow in his vegetable garden on our place in St. James, to see how it would compare to the cane in the fields.

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12 As far as I can determine, it is more likely that Roman is referring to P. Austin Nutall's *Classical and Archeological Dictionary*. London: Whittaker & Co., 1840.
Well, the sun just refused to shine on it, and that was all about it. Nothing could persuade him to do it. From early morning he would blaze and smile over the corn and vegetables all around. And then every time he reached that patch of cane he would duck under a cloud. You should have seen father's face at each performance. He was so aggravated finally that he had the whole thing plowed up."

"Why, that's a mere circumstance to what the moon can do," remarked Mag, who was somewhat of a philosopher. "For downright treachery and false dealing commend me to the shining moon. Did you all hear what she did for Dick Dearing last week?"

"No," from an animated chorus of voices.

"Well, I think it my plain Christian duty to tell you girls, so that it may serve you all as a moral and a warning, and a lesson," said Mag impressively. "After this don't you ever forget that whenever there is moonlight there is of necessity a shadow somewhat close by, and don't you put your arms behind or around anyone without looking out to see what that shadow is doing on the wall back of you or on the white fence alongside of you, for if you feel that your arms are only comfortable in that position, then just wait until the man you expect to be soon engaged to has gone beyond the pale of the moonbeams and the shadows!"

When the laughter had subsided Frances, the poetess of the party, a beautiful, willowy girl, said:
"But what happened to Dick? I like Dick."

"So do I, and so do—others alas! You see, Dick is so sweet-tempered and chivalrous that he has to be nice to everybody. And Jennie Waring was foolish enough to think that because he is in love with her, and they are half engaged. Dick mustn’t be 'gracious and amiable,' as her friend gracefully put it, to any other pretty girl. Jennie is nice, but unsophisticated. Well, after the boat race the other evening Dick had been dancing with Nan Coulon. You all know what a pretty girl Nan is, much more taking to my mind than Jennie. So they had been walking in the grounds to cool off, I suppose, and they stopped to finish their chat close to the garden fence. Just as Jennie comes along with her escort, out comes the moon’s full blaze from behind a cloud and shines right on Dick’s arm and Nan’s breast, and the shadow on the fence told the tale! Dick says it’s a false calumny, but since then he and Jennie are not on speaking terms, and he is engaged to Nan. Now, girls, what do you think of that for a moonlight trick?"

This appeal was followed by more laughter.

"If you all propose to tell tales, histories and romanced, just wait for the ices and mint juleps I told Harris to bring us. Aunt Sophie had ordered iced tea, but took the thermometer at 140. Something has to be done to protect life and reason." "Ices and tea are insufficient," said Dolly, still rocking and fanning.
Pending the languid bustle attendant on the arrival of her ices and mint juleps, Frances preserved her pensive mien until Dolly, noticing it, attacked her.

"Frances has a thrilling tale which she will not tell us. Let's bribe her. Francesca, I'll give you a lock of my hair and my St. Joseph if you enliven us with your story." "I'll give you my boating party next week for your pensive tale," said Mag.

"I have something better than that. I'll give you that souvenir spoon John Hartman is going to bring me from St. Petersburg next year," said Cora bashfully.

"I can top that," said Camille, when the laughter had subsided. "I'll give you the end of a mummy's nose, which Mr. Cramer has promised to bring me from Egypt, if he ever gets there and gets back."

Frances had taken out her silver-clasped notebook and duly registered these alluring promises.

"Perhaps, girls, after learning my tale of the moon you will withdraw your lavish offers. However, here goes." Then settling her dainty white-robed person comfortably in her reclining chair, she began.

They lived in a handsome, old-fashioned brick house, with a white-columned porch, and vine-covered piazzas, resting close by the banks of the beautiful river; and they were surely the sweetest pair of loving old maid sisters you ever saw. Dainty and good, chatty and religious, prosy
and generous, high-minded and narrow-minded, every one [sic] liked and respected them. Together they traveled around to take comfort and relief to the sick people of the parish; were ever generous and modest over the good they accomplished. So their quiet waters of the picturesque stream, until the advent of their nephew, a boy of twelve, produced an upheaval in their quaint and methodical ways. Tradition said the lad’s father had been very dear to the younger of the two, until he had married the eldest sister. The boy was now an orphan, and being tall and strong for his age, with the bright, brave look in his gray eyes they both knew so well, was welcomed to their hearts, and was soon ensconced as an idol in their lonely, loving hearts. And as he grew toward manhood, each year the tender fibers and heartstrings of the sweet old maids turned closer and tighter around the gay, turbulent, high-spirited lad.

Summer was drawing to its close that year. The tangled jasmine and climbing roses throw out a lavish generosity, their sweetest perfumes as the dews of night gathered, while the evening breezes wafted the aromatic scent from the great pine forests over the white houses of the village and the softly running river.

That special day the sweet old sisters had been in a bustle of sad excitement, for their lad was to leave that night for the North, to prepare for his entrance to Harvard. His trunks, packed with loving care, now stood in
the hallway, while his satchel and overcoat lay on a chair near by. At noon the surrey would take him through the grand pine woods to the boat landing come six miles away. The fast flowing river, running picturesque and beautiful between its embowered banks, had ever been the lad's favorite playground. Many were the gay and pleasant hours he had spent in its cool rippling waters with the other boys of the village. This evening its murmuring current irresistibly wooed him for one last joyous plunge and swim. Tossing gayly his gray cap in the lap of his aunt s they sat in the twilight under the deep vine-covered porch, and snatching some towels as he ran through the house, he said laughingly: "Only one more last swim, Aunt Ellen." He ran down the bluff to the water's edge, and the gay rune he blithely caroled was floated back by the breeze, sweet and clear, bringing a soft smile to the gentle faces under the clambering white roses of the porch.

Night gathered slowly, and his song had long since ceased, but the lad did not return. Growing anxious with the chill presentment of evil, the old maids wandered restlessly through the house, then sent the butler to see why he delayed so long. Then quick agitated calls for help from the river's edge brought their flying footsteps down to the river's brink. The moon struggling between broken and fitful clouds showed the two anguished women the boy's form at some distance sank low in the water, fighting hard
against the swift, dark current, while each panting stroke brought him but a few inches nearer the green bank where they stood helpless and powerless, and from whose sloping side rose the white bluff crowned with the lovely garden so familiar to his aching eyes; the flowing river was rippled by the night breezes, laden with the perfume of the narcissus and roses growing close around the old homestead of his happy youth.

Wading far out in the water and extending an oar picked up on the bank, Aunt Ellen frantically implored the handsome youth to make one more struggle to reach and grasp it. But lower and lower sank his head, more grasping grew each sobbing breath, and fainter grew each stroke as strength and life were leaving him. The moon struck full on the handsome face, the drawn lips and the great gray eyes, now distended with pain and anguish. Just as he reached forward with a supreme effort to grasp the outstretched oar her light was extinguished by a heavy cloud, and a wail of hopeless agony swept over the river. It was caught up and answered in peal after peal of hopeless distress by those on the shore who vainly endeavored to save their dying boy.

When the moon again swept out, serene and bright, the dark current of the river ran down toward the bend, with nothing on its surface to break the stream of dazzling light now sent across its waters by the effulgent moon, nor
was he ever found. The sweet old maids, aged, and broken, never sit where they can see the winding river, and the path down the bluff is overgrown by weeds and grasses, for no one has trodden it since that night. The trunk and satchel have been put away unpacked, and Aunt Ellen keeps in her drawer, folded in lavender leaves, a boys gray cap, along with a miniature in ivory of a handsome man, the lad’s father. The flowers bloom as of yore in the old-fashioned garden, the winds revel in the pine forests, and the moon throws upon the old house and the broken-hearted sisters her calm and effulgent beams.

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"Great Scott! Is that what you call being entertaining, Frances?" said Dolly surreptitiously, wiping her eyes with the embroidered doily lying on the table. "Girls, whenever we want to be particularly festive we will invite Frances, and get her to tell some enlivening tale. To be worked up to this pitch of jollity is the positively entrancing.

"I take back my souvenir spoon from St. Petersburg," said Mag.

"Frances, you better believe you won’t get my mummy’s nose from Egypt," said Camille, wrathfully. "Why, I’ve got the blues for at least ten days."

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13This graphic design, which signifies a time or scene shift, is retained from the printed story and does not represent any omission.
"She's simply hateful," said Camille, trying to munch a bonbon, while a big tear fell over her pink cheek.

"I'll tell you another prank of the moon, worse than that one, if you want to hear it," said the poetess serenely.

"Stifle her! Gag her! Put her out! Throw a pillow at her! Give her some Huyler's!" shrieked a chorus of irate voices. Then when the confusion had subsided—

"Girls," said Dolly, sedately, "The sun and the moon are notorious frauds. They are deceptive, treacherous and sneaky. Never trust either of them, and keep as clear of them as you possibly can. And don't let us ever listen to Frances when she kindly volunteers to tell us of their freaks and meanness. The sun and the moon are bad enough; but Frances is worse!" Kissing her tenderly.

"Huyler's are candies that come individually wrapped in a decorative tin and were thought to contain curative properties.
"La Misère."

A Midsummer Sketch in New Orleans

(September 9, 1894)

Does anyone living in the French Quarter of New Orleans know "La Misère?"

A very proper silence should greet so improper a question. So indiscreet a delving into dark nooks and closed cupboards, where possibly may lurk many hidden sorrows and ghastly struggles not intended for public view.

And pending the pause which should follow on this inquiry quite a dramatic picture may arise before the imagination of those distressful days which reigned in many a handsome dwelling of the old part of the city after the heavy catastrophes of thirty years ago.

"La Misère!"

The very sound of the word causes the silhouette to grow distinct, of frequent and despairing efforts carried on behind closed shutters, and a proud reticence in presence of a desolated hearthstone. A losing battle waged by frail women of old descent, whose puny and heroic efforts were all inadequate to keep away the prowling wolf from the door, now no longer guarded by the quiet sleeper on far off grass-grown battlefield, lying at rest under the sullen wintry rain, the hot, unmerciful rays of the summer
sun, and the pitying sighs of the soft spring breezes of night.

Know "La Misère?"

Those dark-eyed, oval-faced women of culture and former wealth, bearing some historic name, perhaps d-Orgendis, or De la Freniere, once wore glittering jewels, gossamer laces and shimmering brocades, to enhance their dreamy beauty as they rested all serene in their nonchalant grace, nor dreamed of the evil days to come. And the Creole gentleman of that epoch, a graduate of Louis le Grand, or l'Ecole Polytechnique, or perhaps just returned from the quaint classrooms of Heidelberg, knew but the sound of that word, when driving through the lamplit streets of the old town, to alight before the portal of the French Opera House, he throwing the reins to some liveried groom, gaily doing something to greet his lovely acquaintance just passing in to loge or baignoire.15

No. It is fair to say, in days gone by, very little acquaintance was had in the gay City of New Orleans with that repulsive fellow, La Misère.

The Italian organ grinder, picturesque in red cap and broad, colored belt, would saunter gaily along feeding with

15The loge is a first tier theater box. The baignoire is a ground floor theater box, so named because it is shaped like a bathtub or "baignoire."
nuts a wistiti\textsuperscript{16} perched on his shoulder. Some Turk or Tunisian, in fez and long military looking costume, would offer his artistic embroideries and Persian silks to the passer-by with a mien of cheerful indifference and a total lack of anxiety, which argued well for his prosperity and contentment. While the Spanish cigar and cigarette vendor, from his coin of vantage at the junction of street and avenue, would lean idly on his counter to look with good humor at the passing throng, for he knew well that the day would be one of profit to him.

So "La Misère" was little known down in New Orleans in those years of the past. And to-day? Is La Misère often met with in that fair and attractive metropolis lying at the water’s edge?

The old quasi-foreign city sits and watches the silent flow of the river, whose turbid waters will still roll sullen and majestic toward the Gulf for long ages to come, while she ponders over the ceaseless efforts of each passing generation to accomplish some poor impress upon time which may remain as a memento of their ephemeral existence; as some pale reminder of their extinct and obliterated ambitions.

Who knows La Misère?

\textsuperscript{16}Local New Orleans French for marmoset, and, according to George Reinecke, also used to refer to a little shrunken looking person. Standard French spelling is "ouistiti."
Well, truly, if not restrained by a sense of ruffled dignity, that such rude intrusion be made into private sorrows and defeats, many a dweller in the pleasant town could now answer sadly in the affirmative.

"Des poulets, des dindes, me--lons!"17 sings a strong melodious voice, through whose long drawn intonation of the last syllables of his indistinct street cry there is nevertheless perceptible a melodious note.

"Madame, voila, La Misère," calls a tidy and stout colored cook, as she hurries through an alleyway to stop La Misère, who is leisurely driving his cart down Esplanade Avenue.

Perched on a rickety vehicle, and going slowly along the broad shady street is this very respectable individual, despite his uncommon name, who is widely known and much patronized. Of half-French, half-Spanish origin, his real name has been long forgotten and discarded, though he is a daily visitor to the old foreign districts of the city, where his coming is welcomed in many a charming Creole household.

La Misère's horse, old and gray, but well cared for, slowly drags the rumbling cart behind him with an independent mien, doubtless the result of long years of close companionship with his queer master, who declines to pull up or hold for either prayer or entreaty, stormy

17"Chickens, turkeys, melons."
reproach or the menace of a withdrawal of all patronage, if just then he be taking his fragrant load of French melons to some fair "cliente" living on a distant street. "Grand Route St. Jean," perhaps."

"Des poulets, des dindes, me--lons!" again sounded distinct and persuasive down the street.

"You no hear, La Misère? Madame call you!" repeats the shrill voice of the fine-looking cook, standing in an open gateway, which, through the peculiar construction of this part of New Orleans, like the handsome, richly carved front door of the dwelling to which it belongs, opens directly on Esplanade Avenue.

The comely Creole cook, shading her eyes from the hot rays of the morning sun, waxes irate and perturbed, for she had left madame's breakfast chocolate on the fire when she had run out to stop this erratic La Misère, now tranquilly and with an ostentatious disregard of her imperious call, going up the street out toward the bayou.

"La Misère, you no hear? Madame want des melons!" rang out the tone with rising and impotent wrath. For her experience represented to Victoire the chocolate burning and madame's consequent and just indignation.

But--"Des poulets, des dindes, me--

"Grand Route St. John is located in the Mid-City area of New Orleans near Bayou St. John."
And La Misère, his felt hat worn aggressively over his thick black curls, now turning slightly gray, his flannel shirt carelessly open at his muscular throat, went slowly up the street, took a look of complete indifference as to madame's desire for melons, or her cook's wrath.

At sight of the receding gray horse and the vanishing wagon, with its piled up fragrant melons, the hot, anxious and indignant Victoire's remnant of patience fairly gave way. Raising her shrill tones yet a key higher, and making good use of her robust lungs, she called after him:

"C'est bon, La Misère! Tu verras! Canaille, va!"19 then ran in while the gate snapped viciously behind her.

Turning with a short laugh and careless nod, La Misère called back his conviction, sincere and ironical, and worded in a comprehensive jumble of Spanish and French, that on the very next day, when he would stop at madame's back gate, should it please him to do so, Victoire would gladly purchase, not only some of his ripe and fragrant melons, but also those "tortues des pinieres,"20 which he would bring with him, unless he concluded to sell them to some one more polite than Victoire before reaching Esplanade Avenue and madame's gate.

19"Fine La Misère! Go, you scoundrel, go!"

20Pine woods turtles, were used for making turtle soup, still a favorite dish of New Orleanians today.
"Des poulets, des dindes, me--lons!" again rang out faintly in the distance as his cart rumbled on.

Not that this aristocratic vendor of fruit and game proposed to heed any request or injunction to stop and sell; but merely with a view to inform his many friends and acquaintances that he was somewhere in their neighborhood that pleasant summer morning.

Every one in the French Quarter of the city would tell you that they very well knew La Misère, his lumbering cart, choice melons, and capricious, independent ways.

But one or two only could relate that fine-looking, brawny peddler, whose harsh voice and bold independence would forcibly strike the observer, had once been captain of a rakish goelette, which for some years had plied a successful oyster trade between New Orleans and Barataria Bay.

Then your informer—a fisherman from Corsica—would go on to relate, cautiously and in a lowered voice, that years ago the pretty young Sicilian wife of this schooner captain, wearing with a charming and coquettish grace the velvet bodice, coral beads and unusual peasant costume of her country, which served to excite the curiosity and admiration of all who saw her, went on her husband’s

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21 Schooner.

22 Barataria Bay, south of New Orleans, is notorious as the home of Pirate Jean Lafitte.
goelette one stormy winter day out to the Bay of Barataria, and to the islands beyond, never again returning to the city. Nor was she ever afterward seen in or around New Orleans. When the storm had ceased and the boat had come into her usual anchorage in the Old Basin the pretty young wife who had gone out with her was no longer on board.

A fierce and desperate quarrel which broke out shortly afterward between the captain of the Colombo and his mate in which the latter was killed by being thrown on a projecting piece of iron—although the courts held that his slayer had not intended his death, and therefore had acquitted him—was by all who knew them closely connected with the mysterious disappearance of the dark-eyed young woman, who could speak but little English, and had few acquaintances in this country.

And the recollection still remains down by the Old Basin, among the shifting cosmopolitan population living in those queer tenement houses which run around an open interior courtyard of the plaintive songs she would sing at nightfall, in her native tongue, descriptive, she said of far-off Sicily and the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

To the few who ventured to question him it was assured by her husband, who now bore a settled gloom that nothing could dispel, that she had gone back on an out-going ship to her native country— to Sicily or elsewhere. Certain it is, her soft, Italian face and picturesque costume were
never again seen in the streets of New Orleans, nor her mellow voice heard singing the sweet cantatas to her mandolin, either on the deck of the Colombo or in the crowded old courtyard when the evening shades gathered.

The goelette Colombo was sold, and its captain and owner, after years of a mute and impenetrable despair, which he kept locked within his breast, became a vendor of fruit about the outskirts of the French part of town. Then gradually he extended his wandering trade, until he grew to be a familiar figure, and his street cry; "Des poulets, des dindes, me--lons!" was daily expected and watched for on the larger thoroughfares.

It is asserted that La Misère, whose name is a reminiscence of his gloom and despair of those evil days, owns much money, which he keeps hid in his room. But occasionally he gives way to prolonged bursts of wild dissipation, during which he recklessly squanders his slowly acquired earnings with a lavish hand. And it is predicted by those living around him that his fierce dictatorial temper, despite much unexpected and fitful generosity, will surely bring him to grief some day, either by a burglar's deed or the bitter enmity of those who fear his ferocity and courage, even when they have profited by his erratic benefits.

If a close scrutiny were given to the muscular figure, stern expression on the rugged, handsome face, dark and
unhappy eye and expression of La Misère, or an examination made of his powerful length of limb and the deep lines of care stamped on his face, a comprehension would easily be gained of the breadth and depth of misery into which that reckless, passionate soul must once have been plunged.

But who may gauge what was the extent of his misery, when he furled the white sails of the Colombo at the wharf of the Old Basin after she had made her last disastrous trip to Barataria Bay?

For he knew that never again would he sail over the murmuring waters, ruffled by the soft breezes of the calm summer nights under the bright, full radiance of the stars, would never steer this swift goelette out over the dancing stretch of the moonlit bay, while the mellow voice of his brown-eyed young wife sang to him the plaintive peasant songs of Sicily and life seemed joyous and free, all unclouded by crime and sorrow.

His present name, "La Misère," was chosen by himself. He is known by no other.

So this fruit vendor, through whose veins runs the blood of those adventurous seamen of former centuries, mingled with that of the fiery Latin race, with its grand generosities and wild impulses, is quite an enigma to all as he slowly drives his old gray horse down Esplanade Avenue in the early morning hours. The cheery sunshine falls on his worn but still handsome face, over his dark
hair, partially streaked with gray, and bringing into relief the powerful figure and deep furrows on cheek and brow, while peeping curiously into the depths of those great sombre eyes to try and discover the secret of their sorrow. Of that gloom which dates back to the last untoward cruise of the Colombo, out to the beautiful Bay of Barataria and the clustering islands lying bright and serene beyond.

Who knows? La Misere has perhaps climbed in anguish up the steep sides of some awful Calvary, of some great human misery, whose suffering was enhanced by crime and an unceaseless remorse.

"De poulets, des dindes, me--lons!" echoes the deep sonorous voice of La Misere as he passes slowly down under the flickering shadows of the trees on Esplanade Avenue.

Indeed, many are acquainted with La Misere in the quaint old City of New Orleans.
La Fortune
(December 8, 1894)

A letter was brought by the mail carrier some short time ago, addressed to Mr. S. Rhett Roman, care of the Times-Democrat. It said:

"Dear Sir--Would you mind my making a request to you? We always look out for your stories in The Sunday Times-Democrat, and we all liked the one called 'La Misère' so much. The description was like some of Zola's S'était al nature! Now, there is a man who has always sold Havana Lottery tickets here. He is called 'La Fortune.' If you will write us a story about him I am sure it will be very charming and we will be delighted. Your great admirer, ------ ------."

Certainly my dear madam; with the utmost pleasure. Never having bought a lottery ticket, however, I must candidly state that I have no personal acquaintance with the lottery vendor in question, who bears the euphonious pseudonym of "La Fortune." But, under the impetus of praise, which likens my poor writings to those of Zola--who, with Bourget, unquestionably wields the most gorgeous descriptive pen of the period, I feel inspired to venture upon a very much more difficult undertaking than that of giving to my flattering correspondent an accurate description of an unknown individual. If, then, I am
everflorid, discoursive, too minute and emphatic, let the iniquities of style in the forthcoming sketch be accredited to an unwise endeavor to climb up to the unattainable heights of Zola, in the hope that "La Fortune" may also be considered "al nature."

Small and thin, apparently over sixty years of age, having a slight stoop, bright brown eyes, an emaciated face, firm mouth and a smile most genial, which flashes out unexpectedly when he ventilates some quaint expression, some queer idea or bold sophism, La Fortune, an original and agreeable cosmopolitan, has long been well known in the French quarter of the City of New Orleans. His small office in the days of open lottery selling was always well "achalande."23 by all classes. La Fortune's career in that peculiar line of business he had selected has extended over half a century, according to his assertion, and was hereditary, as both his father and grandfather sold lottery tickets before him. Of mixed origin, he speaks Spanish and French equally well, and both as fluently as English. With a varied experience, brought from many localities, with much discernment, some passionate prejudices, a strict and most scrupulous honesty, he is both unique and entertaining, and when chatting in the evening over his glass of hot rum punch, mellowed with a slice of orange, whose pleasing effect seemed to be heightened by a fine

23Well patronized.
Havana, La Fortune, as I occasionally realized, is truly a companion worth cultivating, for few can divulge such rarely curious anecdotes or recall more pathetic reminiscences than he. A student of Pascal and Du Maurier, of Voltaire and Rousseau, and a great reader of the novelists and poets of to-day, La Fortune is both a philosopher and a most original raconteur, whose broad generosity is not in accord with the cynical views he is wont to express.

But recently, and just after dark had come on and while our lingering summer was so reluctantly departing, I was strolling up Bourbon street on my way to the Pickwick,24 when I observed La Fortune standing near an open alleyway talking in Spanish to a pretty, brown-eyed little maiden. Although not understanding a word of what was being said between them, I paused to catch the musical intonations of that musical tongue, which caused me to note that La Fortune wore a troubled and grieved look, while the thin brown hand he had placed on her luxuriant curls trembled visibly. Without noticing that I was near by, he drew from his pocket what looked to me like a small roll of bank notes, thrust them into the child’s hand, pushed her gently into the alley and closed the gate behind her.

Turning slowly to walk down the street, I saw him make a

24 An exclusive New Orleans men’s club still in operation today.
furtive motion of the hand across his eyes. Was it to brush away a tear? Catching sight of me he advanced quickly, as if glad to be relieved by a companionship from some importunate and persistent thought.

"You saw her? Yes, she is very pretty," he answered as we both moved on. "But not as pretty as her mother. She was beautiful."

"Spanish evidently," I said. "Was? Is she not beautiful still? The child is quite young."

"I cannot say," he answered. "I have not seen her for years. She is a Spanish Creole, and---"

"She is dying." I made an effort to break the pause which ensued as a deep melancholy had spread over La Fortune's usually sarcastic and worn face. For of what value are poor and insignificant words or trite sympathy, for when the soul is battling with sorrow, with regret for the unrealized opportunity, or the pang of some vanishing hope. The absolute solitude in which is enw rapt our intimate lives is, perhaps, after all, our greatest solace.

The battle rages, is won or is lost, and some may look down into the depths to gauge the colossal effort or the heroic defeat. Our surface life runs on, with its chat and its laughter; we "eat, drink and are merry," and no eye has scrutinized all the dead yearnings, the extinct ambitions, the tremulous hope and the bitter deception which lie cold and unburied in the sepulchre of our hearts.
Thus I ruminated as we strolled silently down the lamp-lit street toward La Fortune’s room.

"Beautiful, you say? Then, of course, she has had a sad history, now culminating, I see, in the usual ‘denouement’ which seems to be fate’s cruel jest with humanity," I remarked as we passed down a deep veranda to reach his rooms. But the heat and clamor of the fight he was waging with himself were still too fierce in him to heed or answer my words.

When ensconced in his bright and pleasant parlor, with the cheer of a fire in the grate whose flickering flames danced and wavered on his exotic surroundings, the blended colorings and Moorish pipes, the steel of the glittering weapons hung on the wall, but half revealed by the dim light of the lamp turned low, La Fortune lit his cigar, and slowly said (having possibly won of his unseen enemy some short reprieve from the acuteness of his heartache):

"Yes; truly beautiful. Did I ever tell you how I was given this queer name, La Fortune? She gave it to me. She and her mother had spent the winter in Havana, her father had died when she was but a child, and when I came to New Orleans she was the first person to greet me. Felicita is her name."

"She lived quite near to my small office," continued La Fortune, "and would come about once a month to buy a ticket from me. She would enter like a bright sunbeam, and
always laughingly said, "Je viens chercher la fortune." One afternoon she brought her cousin with her and called to me in her soft, silvery voice as she entered, 'La fortune! La fortune! This evening you must give it to me, or to my cousin; then we will divide.' "But," he said, "if my ticket wins, Felicita, will you promise to walk up the center aisle of the cathedral with me to the music of 'Mendelssohn's March?'" and he caught hold of her hand. "Certes oui," she answered, laughing brightly. I had placed two tickets on a table in front of them, but a gust of wind from the open door blew them on the floor. I picked them up and said to her, "One of these two will surely bring you la fortune, pretty one." She eagerly stretched out to grasp one, but he stopped her, detaining her hand and saying: "We will each take one; and if mine wins, remember, I will hold you to your promise, Felicita." The face of the young man did not please me, for underneath his pleasant and suave manner, I could plainly detect a hard ferocity and a calculating cruelty, born, doubtless, in him, from some of his forefathers: those old sea rovers, who had pillaged and sacked in days gone by palaces of Incas, had tortured and put to death the Peruvians and Mexicans defending their homes. As I looked at him a shudder of apprehension seized me. "Here's my hand on it," said Felicita, her sweet face radiant and joyous, as she

25"I come seeking my fortune."
gave him her hand. They each took a ticket, Felicita hesitating long over her choice. A queer presentiment urged me to snatch from her the one she at last selected, for I could have sworn that the other would bring that fortune she longed for, poor, little, pretty Felicita! and I felt a curious presentiment that with it and her destiny in the hands of her dark-eyed cousin, would come upon her a troupe of hideous misfortunes to hound her to her death."

The fire had burned to a bed of dull red coals; the broad band of white moonlight streaming in on us paled the dim light of the lamp, throwing gray, fantastic shadows over the curiously embossed weapons which hung on the wall, on the tall Persian pipes and the mellow coloring of the room, all brought from tropical climes.

"No man can control fate, my dear fellow," I said at last. "We are all apt to imagine, with our usual blustering vanity, that we make or mar our own fortunes, without taking into account the thousand and one snares or opportunities, which accident takes pleasure in throwing our way."

"Yes," answered La Fortune. "When Pelletan asserted 'Le hazard c'est l'homme d'affaire du bon Dieu,'"26 he said flippantly, "what was a great truth, if well understood.

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26"Pure chance is the lord's businessman." Translated from French by Dr. George Reinecke. Charles Camille Pelletan, a French writer, journalist, and politician (1846–no date).
The accident of a storm may decide the victory to an armed host, and the delay of a mail train may give or take away a fortune to the merchant. In recalling the incidents of that sad evening I have tried to console myself with the assurance that it was fate, and now I, who put that special ticket into the cruel keeping of Felicita's cousin, along with that poor child's happiness, which he ruthlessly scattered to the four winds of heaven in the space of a few short years. The ticket he took from her, that fall afternoon, drew $50,000. I remember it all so well. It was just such an evening as this--cool and bright, with a shiver in the air which sent the blood tingling through the veins of youth in pleasant anticipation of the exhilarating winter days to come. Felicita, little dreaming of the bitter cost to her of the promise she had given when buying those tickets, some three months later, radiant and happy, went up the aisle of the cathedral, divinely perfect in her gossamer white attire, while the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march rang through the old church. None had ever seen a more beautiful or sweeter bride. He was a handsome man. But closely watching him, as they passed up to the altar together, my heart grew heavy with a sore misgiving, when I noted the glitter of those black eyes and the relentless look of that hard and sinister mouth. To my ears that wedding march was the saddest music I had ever listened to, and its strains have haunted me. They went
abroad to live, and I lost sight of them for years. Some few months ago the little girl you saw me with brought me a few lines, feebly traced by her mother, who had come back to New Orleans to die. She was penniless, abandoned and broken-hearted."

The pale moonlight had slowly retreated while La Fortune was telling me this sorrowful tale, and now lay in a faint white line across the angle of the floor. From the river a breeze had arisen, which swept over the deep veranda and sighed as it passed humming down the street. The stillness of the room seemed to her a chill hand on heart and spirits.

"And the child?" I queried, as with a furtive gesture of the hand La Fortune again brushed away the idle tear of a withered old cynic, whose life had been spent in selling lottery tickets and in doing kindly and noble deeds.

"The child will come to me," he said, simply. "This wearisome name of La Fortune I owe to the incident of the sale of that ticket. I have been called La Fortune ever since by most of my acquaintances. The only gift fortune will ever have given to me will be the care of that little girl you saw, when her lovely mother will have breathed her last sigh in a world too cruel for her sweet existence."

Again the wind swept sighingly down the street, and the room grew dim and silent.
"La Fortune!" he resumed slowly. "A name which stabs to my heart like a keen-edged knife!"

"Ah, well, old man, at least she partially favors the poor little solitary child in making you her protector," I said as I rose to go.

Just then there came to us the sound of hurrying light feet, the door of the room was thrown open, and a childish figure, fair-headed and forlorn, with a wild look of anguish and terror on her lovely face, which was all pale and drawn with sorrow, dashed in with one long wail of "Mamman!! Mamman!!" She threw herself into La Fortune's open arms, repeating with a gasp and sob her plaintive and useless call.

And as that queer old cosmopolitan, La Fortune, that vendor of lottery tickets, that cynic, who quoted from Pelletan and studied Voltaire; who held erratic views of customs and religions, drew the forlorn little head to his breast, pressed tenderly his withered cheek to the tangled curls, and crooned over the forlorn little waif some sweet words of love and comfort, I closed the door softly and left them to their sorrow.
"Bosh, Man! You don't know what cold is," said Carson, throwing aside his paper and looking through his window, out beyond Blandford, who stood warming himself before the blazing fire. A cold, driving rain was falling outside, which blurred the electric lamps as they stretched down the street through the gathering evening mists.

"How's that?" asked Blandford, drawing up a chair and settling comfortably, as a gust of wind dashed the falling sleet against the window panes.

"A Cambridge man," he continued, "ought to have some sort of acquaintance with snow and ice, not to mention the fact of a winter or two abroad being an education in that sort of thing. I should imagine that London and Berlin give a pretty fair sample of what real cold weather is in December and January."

"Not necessarily," answered Carson. "If you are protected from the cold by Brussels carpets and heaters and furs and woolens, you can know nothing whatever of the effects of cold on the human system."

"Well, I never sat in a doorway in a snowstorm until the snow had piled up around me and I froze to death, like the beggar boy in the story book," said Blandford, cheerfully; "but still I feel justified in calling this a
very cold evening for New Orleans. If you had driven in an open break from the races through the rain, instead of drowsing by the fire, you would probably conclude, as I did, that the weather is decidedly cold."

"Ever been caught in a snowstorm out on the plains in Kansas?" asked Carson, drawing his chair closer in to the blazing flickering coal.

"Surely not," said Blandford, decisively, "Kansas and the wilds of the West generally never had any attractions for me. I prefer whatever shreds and scraps of civilization there are to be found in our cities of the Atlantic seaboard, or the rural life of the South. Don’t like blizzards in winter and droughts in summer."

"There’s some mighty fine sport to be had out hunting in the Northwest," said Carson, reflectively.

"Mighty fine, if you are not caught in a snowstorm on the prairies while after it," answered Blandford.

"Exactly," said Carson. "That was just my case. I remember we made up our minds—Jack Morton and I—to try a shooting tour through Kansas in the latter part of the summer, instead of going East, as we had first proposed doing. Did you ever meet Jack?"

"No, but I’ve heard of him, poor devil, often enough," said Blandford.

"Well, Jack was a splendid fellow. The best man to have along when travelling on any kind of expedition," said
Carson, musingly, evidently going back in memory to some old scene. "He was always in a good humor, and never knocked up, owing to his powerful physique. I suppose Jack was always ready for any and everything, and was as jolly as he was game. The most fastidious fellow in the world at home, but when out on the plains or hunting in the Rockies he was stoically indifferent to any amount of hardship and privation. Once outside the pale of civilized life he could put up with any amount of discomforts and never lose his temper or growl over any mishap or discomfort. Yes, indeed, Jack was a great old boy; so generous and magnanimous, too. It would have been better for him, poor fellow, if he had put aside his quixotic generosity on the occasion of that expedition of ours and had sensibly followed the principle which seems to rule today— that of 'each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.'

Did I ever tell you about our hunt on the Kansas plains?"

"Never," said Blandford, poking the fire and lighting a cigar. "I have heard that Morton met with his accident out in the West, but never knew you were along with him at the time."

"Well, this was how it all happened," said Carson with a sorrowful ring in his voice. "We had been having fine sport, camping out on the plains and shooting all sorts of game, and were just about thinking of coming back home when one of our Indian guides came into camp late in the
evening, and told us there was a herd of buffaloes to the north of us, and that we could have a fine buffalo hunt the next day, if we desired it. Of course we did. There were two or three Indians in our party, and there was, unfortunately, one young lad, a fine-looking fellow of about fourteen, the son of a recent settler in Kansas, who had moved there from some other state. We had stopped at this man's house for one night, on our way out, and the boy was so wild to join us when he learned we were after game, and seemed to have taken such a fancy to Morton that Jack laughingly told his father to let him come along, and he would take care of him.

"He was called Seph, I remember, and his mother was very reluctant to let him go.

"Well, we agreed to try the buffaloes, and looked after our horses with special care that night, had the Indian cook prepare double rations, and stretched out before our campfire with orders to be waked before daybreak. The weather had been variable and peculiar for the past few days, and there was a gray ashen hue in the atmosphere I didn't like. Out on the horizon to the northwest a low bank of dark clouds had gathered, and as night set in it seemed to us they were rising and stretching ominously over the plains. I saw one of our Indian hunters scan the sky narrowly and mutter something in Quapaw. I asked him what he was saying. Pointing
southward he said, 'Snow.' I should have had sense enough to have insisted on our giving up the buffalo hunt, and should have urged upon Jack the wisdom of starting back across the plains, especially having the boy along with us. But it was so early in the season I thought if it did snow it would only be a light riffle, nothing that could present any danger.

"At daybreak we set off in the direction pointed out by our Indian guide, riding rapidly but cautiously in single file. We left two of the Indians with our tents, baggage and pack mules, and I noticed that the fellow who had said 'snow' had deserted us during the night, the others pretending to know nothing about him. This bothered me, as showing the fellow was in earnest as to the possibility of a storm, and had cleared out to get back in time to the nearest settlement before it broke. So I made Jack promise that we would not push on too far, but would turn bridle at noon sharp, even if close to the buffalo herd."

Carson paused, stirred the fire, and sat leaning forward, holding the poker in his hand and clearly seeing in the dancing flames and ruddy light the far wind-swept plains of Kansas, with their occasional clump of trees and the storm clouds heavy and menacing on the sky line of the horizon to the northward.
"Seph was wild with excitement," he continued. "So eager to ride fast and catch up with the herd that he wanted to discard his blanket and knapsack so as to ride light; but Jack wouldn't let him. Fortunately the day dawned dull and gray and intensely still, while we saw in the far distance a dark moving line, clearly the buffalo herd. With a shout, Jack rode rapidly forward, with Seph following close by his side. It took us some hours of hard riding to come up with them, and when we did the hour of the day and the possibilities of danger from a snowstorm had been clear forgotten by us all. Our Indian scout was as excited and reckless as any of us.

"We finally caught up with them and dashed in on the rear of their moving column. We had a pretty hot skirmish with a young bull, which we killed finally; Jack shot a heifer and Seph shot wildly at everything. Then the herd swept thundering by and beyond us, and the first thing I realized when I pulled up my jaded and panting horse was that it was snowing and was growing darker and darker momentarily. I shouted to Jack, who seemed, like myself, to realize the situation, and was coming up with Seph, disregarding the lad's entreaties to make another dash at the vanishing herd. I pulled out my watch. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon."

"Nothing I like better than to hear an animated description of somebody's hunting adventures," said
Blandford, lazily flicking the ashes from his cigar, "when the fellow is to be trusted. Yours is good. I seem quite to realize what you must have experienced out there in Kansas that afternoon. But I don't envy you. Never did I see the fun of undergoing so much fatigue and danger, with the wild idea that it was sport. Tastes differ. To me a race track represents sport, not being buried alive in a snowstorm on some mountain side or plain. I suppose that's what happened to your party?"

"Buried alive in the snow? Yes, that was about it," said Carson musingly, evidently seeing snowflakes in the firelight. "When we pulled up, on the advice of the Indian scout, to give our horses a few minutes' breathing spell, we did not stop to cook anything, but just took some hardtack and brandy, rubbed down the nags, saddled them, and turned to ride back across the desolate stretch of plains in the hope of beating and getting ahead of the storm.

"It was not blowing at all. The air was intensely still, while it grew colder and colder and the snow fell heavier and faster and thicker, until you couldn't see three feet in front of you.

"It was awful, I tell you! Those are the occasions when you can judge what a man's made of. Jack was great. He took command of the party, cheered us up by his indomitable pluck and serene assurances that we would pull
out all right; laughed over it as if we were out on a lark and not riding for life, and when our guide threw himself down in the snow, covering his head with his blanket, saying it was no use to fight with death, Jack forced him to get back on his horse, gave him some whiskey and made him ride on ahead of us.

"Of course, by our compass we were going south. But where we were, at what distance from our camp, or how far from the village we had passed through the day before, none of us knew."

"Pretty tough," said Blandford, measuring Carson's length of limb, thick iron-gray hair and strong face with admiration.

"Well, we rode on slowly in this way," continued Carson, "for what seemed to me a whole day. In reality it was, I suppose, about four or five hours. Our horses were dead beat, and poor Seph, who had struggled manfully to keep up heart and courage under the blinding snow and fearful cold, was reeling in his saddle. He finally pulled up short, and with a sob in his voice said it was no use; we might go on without him and leave him in the snow, for he could go no farther. The poor lad was on the eve of fainting, or going off into that dead sleep which follows the preliminary agonies of being frozen to death. His voice was so low we could hardly hear him. I myself was so far gone I could only fumble around for my flask and
provision pouch and force a little stimulant and food into his mouth as I bent over him where he lay on his horse.

"With an oath of despair and regret Jack jumped down and fumbled around for some little time. What he was doing I could not see. Then he called to me to move forward, which I did. The Indian guide had disappeared, and I have always believed his bones have been lying out on the plains for many a year, for we never heard of him afterward."

Carson paused and gently struck the burning coal with the poker he held in a slow beat, which must have kept him in memory with the muffled tread of his jaded horses through the blinding snow on that far away September afternoon in Kansas.

Blandford also said nothing. Possibly he was being initiated by Carson's realistic story into the sufferings experienced by that party of hunters as they moved forward under the soft and cruel snowflakes, steadily keeping up around them, to form a downy bed and to cushion their last quiet slumbers.

"I must have drowsed for some time, just letting my horse (a powerful animal) plod on at will. In truth, how I kept in the saddle has always been a mystery to me. I was aroused finally by Jack shaking me violently. I could just understand that we were almost somewhere, and that I must get down, which I did. Then, as I sank in the snow, I felt a saddle thrust under my head and Seph's body put close up
to mine. A blanket was thrown over me and I seemed to see the horses standing close in front. I was dimly aware that the snow had ceased falling. Then I lost all consciousness.

"The next thing I knew I found myself in front of a blazing fire, wrapped up in hot blankets, with a man rubbing my bare feet with snow, to cause circulation. I saw Seph on a mattress near by, and he was apparently sleeping soundly. A faint color had come back to his pallid face, and he looked as if he was pretty near all right again. I sat up in bed, and looked around for Jack."

"Well, he was not dead," said Blandford, to break the long pause which ensued. "That I know."

"No," answered Carson slowly. "Jack was not dead. But I often thought it an awful pity he was brought back to life. When I first saw him lying there, without his blanket or his overshoes, I certainly thought him stone dead. So did the people around. I jumped up and prayed and entreated them to try to restore him, I being too weak to do anything. But they shook their heads, and said it was no use. I was so wild and insistent, however, that they set to work to revive him. It was his iron constitution which pulled him through, poor fellow, and it was his splendid heroism and self-sacrifice which was the cause of his being the helpless cripple he remained afterward."
"How was that?" queried Blandford.

"This way," said Carson sadly. "In all that terrible cold Jack took off his blanket and wrapped it around Seph, and put on the half-frozen boy his own leggings and overshoes. Then he gave him all the brandy he had left in his flask to keep life in him. We had nearly reached the village, when Jack felt his strength failing. He halted us, as I told you, and rode into the village we had almost reached to send help back to us. Then he fell, apparently dead.

"Yes, he was brought back to life, poor old boy, but his feet were so terrifically frost bitten they had to be both amputated, and he remained the shattered and miserable invalid you heard of. Jack was the only man I have ever met capable of such an heroic act of self-sacrifice."

The ashes fell softly, and the ruddy coal settled further down in the grate. The driving sleet pelted on the plate-glass of the window, as a sweep of wind brushed down the street.

"That's a great showing for a nineteenth-century society man," said Blandford, reflectively, "and it confirms me in my opinion, that if you want the best quality of grit and heroism, you must look for it among the bloods."

"There's a deal of heroism to be met with in life," said Carson, as he rose to go. "Lots of suffering and lots
of uncomplaining heroism. But I never saw any so great as was poor Jack Morton's. Hope I haven't bored you with my reminiscences."

"Why, man, you made me forget how cold it is," said Blandford, putting on his overcoat as they walked through the hallway of the club. "And you have confirmed me in my idea that hunting is poor sport, at least in September on the plains of Kansas. Lord, but it's cold!"
"Say, Leveque, where are you going to spend Christmas?" I asked, as we sat smoking together at the club one cold, bleak afternoon.

"Dunno," said Dick, with lazy discontent. "Hate all this jollification business, these Christmas and New Year celebrations. Having no family fireside, I feel rather out of it."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, then," I said, having ruminated and evolved an idea. Like Leveque, I was rather out of it this year, my folks being abroad. "We'll go bird shooting, you and I, out at Barataria. You don't mind roughing it, I suppose? I rather like that sort of thing myself, once in a while. It acts like a bracer, after too much office work, civilization, truffles and Cliquot."

"Good," said Leveque, straightening up with an air of some little interest. "I'm a right good shot at snipe and quail. One of the jolliest summers I ever spent was camping out in northwest Canada."

"The deuce! Then you know how to paddle a pirogue?" I asked.

"Do I? Like a Nez Perce man," answered Leveque, with increasing liveliness. "How do you get to Barataria? I

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27A type of champagne.
thought Barataria was a bay, and one would have to take a fishing smack or schooner to get there."

"No," I explained; "we'll cross at the Jackson street ferry, get boats from the fisher folks on the other side of the river, and paddle our way down the old Company's Canal. It will take about six hours' hard, steady work, but we will finally get at the best hunting ground imaginable for duck and snipe."

"All right," said Leveque, with animation; "when will we start?"

"To-morrow afternoon at four sharp. I'll call for you here," I answered.

And so I did. The evening was cold and bright, and everything seemed propitious for a few days of glorious sport.

I had warned Leveque not to bring his man or any extensive trappings along, but just a few provisions, as I was doing--cigars and a brandy flask--and trust to old Bastien, the trapper, to whose house I was taking him, to feast us on whatever game we would bring back at nightfall.

Dick had declared himself charmed, so we started off that December afternoon in high spirits, blue flannel shirts, rough clothes and water-proof boots, glad to be rid

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28 The Company's Canal to which Roman is referring was on the West Bank of the Mississippi across the river from the uptown region of New Orleans and flowed into Bayou Segnette where the marshland begins.
temporarily of the city, its clanging electric bells and boisterous Christmas pleasures.

We selected two good canoes; had them scientifically packed with a few necessaries. Our guns lay packed in leather cases and we had ammunition enough to last for a month's sport out in the great prairies and forests of southern Louisiana.

Leveque and I were in for a good time as we shot off down the canal. We sped along past Grandes Coquilles, those curious shell mounds near the old deserted Zeringue sugar plantation; then by Deadman’s Point, so named because of a murder some years ago; past Cabanage Francais and through a gloomy swamp, with tall cypress and magnolia trees, swaying moss and hooting owls, until finally we reached the borders of the great salt marshes.

The canal before us cut straight like a knife through the heart of the vast, undulating prairie, gradually dwindling into a thin, black thread between the tall rushes, which grow on either side in one thick, continuous stretch of shaded greens and browns.

On that December afternoon the browns predominated, although the setting sun cast a glow here and a fleck of color there, as it sank behind a mass of flaming clouds.

29The Zeringue sugar plantation was located just north of the Company’s Canal.

30I have not been able to locate Deadman’s Point nor Cabanage Francais, but a "caban" is a sailor’s pilot coat.
Sweeping across this unbroken expanse, unbroken except for a small clump of trees in the far distance and the crumbling parapets of old Fort Henry, lying near the borders of the lake, a light wind ruffled the dark water as our pirogues sped along under the even strokes of our long-handled paddles.

A faint mist was rolling up from the horizon, for the short winter afternoon was drawing rapidly to a close, but a distinct paling in the sky suggested that the moon would soon throw her cold, uncertain smile over the tall swaying reeds and the immensity of the solitudes around.

There was something wonderfully restful, I thought, in the silence which enveloped us as we moved steadily forward, with an occasional remark, a jest, or a snatch of song from Dick, who had a good baritone voice and some knowledge of music, while the sough of the wind made a monotonous accompaniment to his singing.

The shrill call of a startled blackbird, plover or sandpiper, as it flew upward in alarm at sounds so unusual, was the only interruption to the still, brooding quiet of the night.

"Say, Barton, where do you suppose this canal leads to? My belief is it runs straight out into the Pacific Ocean. See any likelihood of our getting to the end of it"

"As far as I can determine, there was no Ft. Henry. Perhaps Roman changed the name of Ft. St. Philip or Ft. Jackson."
before next year, or to our getting to any stopping place before daybreak to-morrow morning?" queried Dick, finally, suspending his paddle in mid-air, and mopping his face cautiously and with a due regard to the equilibrium of his unreliable canoe.

The night was clear, frosty and cold, but sixteen miles of continuous paddling is good exercise, and is apt to get a man into a comfortable glow.

"Oh, yes," I said reassuringly, letting my canoe drift also. "Look ahead down yonder at that clump of trees. There's a house among them where an old trapper and hunter lives. We'll halt there, and get supper and a good bed."

"Great Scott, man!" said Dick aghast. "Why, that's about thirty miles away! It's in the very center of the prairie. We won't reach those trees for hours."

"By eleven o'clock," I answered. "I've come out here time and again and know all about it."

We resumed our work, and Leveque began to whistle a Mexican march, in tune to the regular dip and gurgle of our paddles.

"Some other fellow is out for duck and snipe shooting besides ourselves," remarked Dick, between the snatches of his tune.

"How do you know that?" I asked in surprise.

"Because while we were resting just now, I heard the faint beat of his paddle behind us," said Dick.
Yes, now that my attention was aroused, I seemed to hear something of the kind, by straining to catch and distinguish the few noises perceptible in the silence of the star-lit night.

"There he comes, just as I said," remarked Dick, looking cautiously backward.

Gliding forward and gradually gaining on us, came a long, slender canoe. It was occupied by a man wearing a felt hat pushed down low over his face, a man young and muscular, apparently, for he outstripped us in the vigor of his strokes, and yet we were skilled paddlers and pretty good athletes.

"Looks as if he was trying to win a race, or, perhaps, somebody is after him," remarked Dick, lighting a cigar, when the slender pirogue had caught up and slid past us, while the man bent determinedly at his work.

For some little time we could discern his boat like a moving shadow glide between the salt rushes; then it vanished suddenly, turning, we supposed, into some one of the winding branches which intersect the great prairies in all directions, making of them a splendid hunting ground for game of various kinds.

"Entrez, messieurs, entrez," said Bastien, with hearty hospitality, holding aloft his lantern so that its light could guide us up the rough wooden steps of his queer house, when we finally got there, some hours later.
It shone full on Bastien, so that Dick, who had never seen him, said to me in a surprised undertone, as we entered a small room in which a fire still smoldered on the hearth:

"Why, what a splendid-looking old fellow! Must have been a soldier."

And certainly old Bastien the trapper, with his close-cut gray hair, searching brown eyes (which would blaze with anger or shine with a pleasant mirth, as the occasion arose), broad forehead and firm-set mouth, the grand build of his massive frame and air of strength, in spite of accumulating years, was a most striking-looking individual.

The thought always occurred to me when I was with Bastien that it must be the solitary freedom of those boundless windswept prairies which gave him his large-hearted nature. Perhaps the blue vault of heaven seemed so close and unmarred by man's small obstructions, that pure and honest thoughts and words grew to be natural to one living out here. For who could detract and slander and falsify, burn with envy, scramble and contend for gold under these great, tranquil skies, before the voiceless majesty of these silent regions?

"La chasse est bonne en çe moment," 2 Bastien continued cheerily, as he lit a lamp, stirred the dying embers of the fire, and put on a kettle to boil, with the

2"The hunting is good right now."
quick dexterity of a long habit of housewifery, while a
genial smile temporarily effaced some deep lines of care
and sorrow which seamed his face.

To bring out lemons, glasses, gin and sugar, then
swing up a hammock on two hooks screwed into the woodwork
of the room, throw clean blankets on the bed from which our
hasty call had evidently just aroused him, was the work of
but a few minutes for Bastien.

Nor would he listen to my suggestion that I sleep in
his big cane-bottom rocker in front of the fire until
daybreak.

"You will take my bed, que diable," he said with
kindly decision, "and I will sleep in the grenier.\(^3\) It
will not be the first, neither the last time, that Bastien
will bivouac in his blanket. I will call you at daybreak,
messieurs, when I go to set my traps."

I selected the hammock and Dick took the bed, and,
thanks to our trip down Harvey's Canal,\(^4\) we were soon fast
asleep.

Truly, Bastien's rude cabin was a cozy enough nest.

Guns and arms of various descriptions hung over the
broad mantel, a number of beautiful skins of the spotted

\(^3\)Loft.

\(^4\)The Harvey Canal was downriver from the Company's
Canal, across the river from the French Quarter, and flowed
into Bayou Barataria. The Harvey Canal now flows into the
Intercoastal Canal.
panther, badger, wildcat and wolverine were tacked against the walls like tapestry, while deerskins made pretty rugs over the bare floor, and a tall old-fashioned bahut of oak gave quite an air to the small room.

I don’t know what aroused me some hours later—the low growl of Bastien’s big setter, I suppose—but I suddenly awoke, and, looking up, my gaze went through the unshuttered window, before which my hammock was swung, straight out into the night.

The moon shone bright and clear, and the oak trees, which grew tall and luxuriant on this small oasis in the prairie, were clustered at the back of Bastien’s cabin, leaving an unobstructed view of vast marshes stretching out down to the horizon.

Was it imagination, or did I hear a guarded step outside?

"Couche toi, Fauvette! Couche toi, bonne bete!" I heard a man’s voice whisper softly and persuasively to the Irish setter on the porch, who, from a growl of distrust, now lapsed into a joyous whine, which the owner of the voice seemed to try to soothe and moderate.

Some friend of old Bastien, I thought, who does not wish to disturb him at this late hour of the night.

"Lie down, little beast! Lie down good dog!"

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Just then a face peered in through the window panes. It was surmounted by a felt hat pulled down low over the eyes.

The man in the pirogue, I mentally ejaculated. He must have cut through some winding creek to get here, instead of coming straight down the canal.

By this time the moon was shining with such brilliancy and intensity that I could distinguish his features, as if in broad daylight.

Good heavens! Why, he was the living image of old Bastien, only younger. His hair was brown instead of white, and he had none of those deep furrows which gave a look of suppressed sorrow to Bastien's noble face.

For no one in all the country-side was so much loved and looked up to as Bastien, the old Acadian trapper—a big-hearted, generous, splendid old fellow, always ready to help misfortune, who would walk twenty miles to get a toy for a sick child, or give his last cent to relieve the want of another.

Who so honest and fearless and so true—qualities which always seem to go together—as Bastien? Never had he turned his back on a comrade or friend in all his life, or failed when called on in the hour of need, in any and every conjuncture, however perilous.

His son, I had been told, a wild, joyous, erratic, handsome young fellow, had disappeared some time ago.
It was the anxiety caused by his turbulent career, and final disappearance, which had traced those sad lines on his father's face.

For Bastien's whole heart and soul were wrapped up in Paul; and when the boy's hunting companion was found dead, with a bullet through his heart, the day after they had started out together across the prairies on a hunting expedition, and Paul had never come home, there were reasons why the presumption of foul play should find some credence.

But old Bastien said he knew his boy too well to doubt him. He said that young Duval's death had surely been accidental, and that his son would one day come and vindicate himself.

There had been a warrant out for Paul's arrest, but, although it was believed the lad was in hiding with the fishermen down on Barataria Bay, he had never been traced.

It crossed my mind like a flash that the peering figure whose voice the startled dog so soon recognized must be Paul, and that it was he who had passed us on the canal. If so, his evident intention was to see his father, for what purpose I could only surmise.

Slipping cautiously and silently out, I motioned for silence with my finger.
Paul, for it was he, whispered some assurance to the dog and led the way into the thick black shadows which veiled the back of the house.

He told me the story of his flight, his life among the fishermen, and that he was here to-night to say good-bye to Bastien, before the officers who were on his track would come up with him, he said.

"Not a single witness, you say? You believe that Duval must have tripped and fallen, his gun going off and shooting him? You had had a quarrel down at the station, and had parted in anger, as the men there knew?" I queried, reflectively. "You only heard of it yourself through a fisherman the next day? Where were you all that night?"

The silence around remained deep and unbroken. The melancholy sighing of the wind in the marshes, and Fauvette the setter's deep breathing, as she slept with her head resting confidingly on Paul's knee, were the only sounds perceptible.

There was a glisten in Paul's brown eyes, but his mouth was firm-set like his father's, in spite of his troubled look.

A light broke on me.

"She is a very pretty child; I remember her well," I said, slowly lighting a cigar with silent caution. For I had more than once in former years stopped at her father's small fisher hut. He was a blind old fisherman, living on
the borders of Lake Katawache, twenty miles away, and I remembered how Nanette’s photograph was hung up in Paul’s room. I had heard they were soon to be married.

Paul gave a great start at my words, then turned squarely facing me, putting his hand gently but firmly on my knee.

It required a very superficial knowledge of life to have reached the deduction I had drawn, or to further conclude that Nanette was wrapped up in the fine-looking, attractive lad before me.

"Does she know?" I queried.

"She believes it is true," said Paul, slowly and resolutely.

"How’s that?" I asked, taken aback.

"It had to be," said Paul steadily, "else she would have come forward to try to help. She sees few people beyond the fisher folks down at the lake, and she knows not much, my poor little Nanette. So I had to deceive her, you understand, monsieur."

Does Dame Nature, I thought, in her strange caprice, preach chivalry with the silent breezes of these solitudes? And from the blue, unclouded vault of heaven does she pour down tender, heroic devotion into the hearts of her lonely settlers—sentiments which are befogged by the thick smoke of our crowded cities and the restless turmoil of their
inhabitants in the ceaseless grind and pursuit after wealth, which absorbs thought, heart, and energy?

"Poor old Père!" said Paul, with a half sob. "Would that I could let him know that his son is not red-handed! But, monsieur," he added solemnly, "I have trusted to you honor. No one must know, on account of little Nanette, who is motherless."

I felt certain that, had I the opportunity, I could unravel the mystery; but to obtain this it was clear Paul must not be captured. It was better to avoid a long and expensive defense and the pain of ignominy of imprisonment, at least until I had investigated the evidence at Lake Katawache. If, after that, I was satisfied Paul was guilty, why, of course, he must take his chance, and in all probability he would be ultimately captured. At present I did not intend he should be if I could compass his escape.

I thought I could, and, with the aid of Leveque, the details were soon arranged. Bastien was to be kept in ignorance, and Leveque and I would start out for one day's sport. When in a place of perfect seclusion Paul could join us, don my clothes and paddle away with Leveque as his companion in the day's sport; meanwhile I would return and entertain the officers who would, in all probability, so Paul thought, arrive ere midday.

At daybreak, Bastien softly prepared some inimitable black coffee and broiled bacon and eggs; then called us for
our day's sport, in blissful ignorance of our interview with his son or our project.

"Down the winding creek toward the lake," he said, while getting ready his own pirogue and tackle, "you will find wild duck thick and plentiful, teal and mallard, and, deeper in the prairie, snipe and woodcock abound. But stay not late; the day is cold and raw. Au revoir, messieurs!"

The change was soon effected. Leveque and Paul disappeared, leaving me to shoot, but the story and the excitement had spoiled my zest for sport. Besides, the solitude of those lagoons and lonely marshes was not cheering. I was glad to paddle back to Bastien's cozy cottage toward noon.

"Tiens! your friend has left you?" said Bastien in surprise, when he joined me.

"Yes," I said nonchalantly; "had to go back on some pressing business he had forgotten. I went half-way back down the canal with him to keep him company, then turned off after duck, as you see. Aren't they beauties?" I tossed some half-dozen teal and other birds on the porch, from the bottom of my canoe.

"Hello! Who comes here?" queried Bastien, leaving his inspection of my game to look curiously down the canal at a four-oared boat which was approaching.
A dark frown settled on his handsome face, and an ominous fire burned in his great brown eyes as the glint of the sun shone on some police uniforms.

The boat swung up to the steps, the oars were shipped, and three officers sprang out.

Bastien never moved.

Neither did I, except to light a cigar, the first I had smoked since morning, for a man cannot paddle a pirogue, shoot duck and smoke, all at the same time.

"I'm sorry, Bastien," said the corporal, "but I must arrest him, you know. Better tell the boy to come along with us quietly. We know he's here."

"My son has never been here," said old Bastien, proudly. "If he had, you may be sure I would have gone with him to the first magistrate, and spared you the trouble of coming after him, corporal. My boy is innocent. Paul n'a jamais été un assassin."³⁶

"All right. Men, search the premises," said the officer gruffly, shrugging his shoulders.

Then turning to me:

"Have you and your friends been here long?" he asked.

"I hardly see how that can interest you," I said.

"But I've no objection to answering your question. We came yesterday." Then I gathered up the game, and moved off

³⁶"Paul could never be a murderer."
toward the kitchen, the officer following me. "Your friends went back to the city to-day?" he said.

"Yes," I answered; "you must have passed them in the canal. Two gentlemen in a skiff, one in a blue hunting suit, the other in gray."

Alas, my extra suit, which I would fain have exchanged for the present moist and muddy apparel I was wearing.

Nor could that astute official guess that Paul's worn and shabby clothes lay wrapped around a brick in twenty feet of water at the foot of Bastien's wooden steps.

Ten minutes was ample time to search the few buildings on Bastien's small inland island.

"Rather a nuisance to take this long row for nothing," I suggested, as the men grouped around the porch and got back discomfited into their boat.

"I envy you not, messieurs," said old Bastien, with stern contempt, leaning against his door-post, with folded arms. "Yours is a sad metier—to hunt men. When you track and hound down a criminal, it is cruel work. But to try to snare and entrap an innocent lad—bah!"

And he turned scornfully on his heel and went indoors.

As the boat shot off, "Good afternoon," I called politely. "You have a long row of it down Harvey's Canal. Pretty tiresome, isn't it?"

"Bastien," I said, as we sat at supper before a steaming roasted mallard, baked trout, potatoes, and one of
the bottles Leveque's man had put in his pirogue, "take me
down early to-morrow to the fishing settlement on Lake
Katawache. I'd like to visit it for special reasons."

"Certes," said Bastien, "avec plaisir."

I was glad to get him away from his cabin to soothe
some of his silent, gnawing grief, which gave so pathetic a
gloom to this strong, fine face, albeit no complaint issued
from his lips.

"You will see there little Nanette, a pretty child who
was ever fond of Paul, mon fils," he said, as we approached
the few scattering houses which formed the settlement on
the lake shore. "She was to be his wife," he added with a
stifled sigh.

Joyous and pathetic was Nanette's cry when she saw old
Bastien. Then she fell to sore weeping, plying Bastien
with hurried questions as to Paul.

"Where was he? Why came he never any more?" But
twice had she seen Paul in the past. Once he was gay and
joyous, and had given her the pretty ring she wore.

Then, when he came a few days later, he was in deep
grief, and said he was accused of killing his friend Duval,
and would never see her, Nanette, again.

But Nanette would not believe he had done so evil a
thing, and would wait for him ever and ever, to be his wife
some day when he would come back.
Nanette had prayed to the Virgin, and knew she would in her goodness help Paul.

"Can you recall the evening when he was so gay and joyous?" I asked.

"Truly," said Nanette, for never since then had her heart been light.

It was on the evening of May the 31st, the chapel being just completed and Monsieur le Cure had service there for the first time. Every one had brought flowers for the Virgin's altar, and it was Paul who had swung the bell for vespers. Then they had had a dance on the beach by the water, and Paul had helped the fishermen with their boats and tackle, and long before daybreak they all had set sail for the Chandeleur Islands.

They told her that Paul had jumped in his pirogue when the fishermen left, and had gone home at daybreak.

"The 31st of May, you say?" I asked slowly.

"Yes," she said with decision, but with a puzzled look, unconscious of the import of the testimony she was giving. "It was the 31st of May, for we crowned the Virgin that evening, and Paul rang the bell, as Monsieur le Cure will tell you."

Old Bastien took Nanette in his arms, and blessed her over and over again, showering words of loving affection on her pretty head.
"Said I not, monsieur, my boy is innocent of the black deed? Paul a murderer! Know I not the lad's heart?"

"A noble boy, Bastien," I said, "and wholly innocent, as we will easily prove, by the testimony of his little fiancee and that of Monsieur le Cure, and the fishermen who went out to the Barataria Bay and the Chandeleur Islands at daybreak on the 31st of May."

"Then," said Bastien, taking my hands in both of his, which trembled with emotion, "you knew, monsieur, but you could not speak—and you came here——"

"Yes," I nodded, "to make his little sweetheart save him. You will shortly have Paul back with you in your windswept prairie, Pere Bastien, but first we will celebrate a gay wedding."

But Bastien could only wring my hand in answer and turn aside to wipe away the tears of joy which ran down his furrowed cheeks.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"That's all very well for you," said Leveque, spitefully, and with an injured air, as we shook hands at the club some days later. "You had way the best of that expedition. Splendid sport out on those prairies, fine shooting, and lots of game. I had to paddle back to the city to save that handsome fellow Paul from arrest. I missed all the fun and got right into the thick of the Christmas festivities here in town. Found three
invitations to Christmas dinner waiting for me, made three 
enemies by declining them; could get nothing at home, 
because my cook and butler were naturally out enjoying 
themselves, and ate a beastly meal all by myself, at a 
restaurant!

"The next time we go out snipe shooting together, old 
boy, if there is any tragedy around loose, you’ll do the 
heroic and I’ll do the snipe shooting."

"All right," I said; "we’ll take a run up Harvey’s 
Canal early next month. We shall be in time for the 
wedding, Dick; besides, February’s fine for woodcock. I’ll 
undertake to let old Bastien know we’re coming."

"Good," said Leveque, approvingly, and we went, but, 
as Rudyard Kipling says, "that is another story."
"Great Scott!" Hamilton said in dismay, resting his long paddles horizontally on the edge of his pirogue and looking anxiously around as his boat slid smoothly and rapidly over the dark water of the bayou, being still propelled rapidly forward by his last vigorous stroke. A marsh hen flew up from the thick weeds some few yards ahead with a shrill cry as the moving shadow of himself and his boat flung obliquely by the long shafts of the setting sun fell over the curving line of the bank and startled her from her quiet afternoon supper, while an otter slipped with a soft splash into the water.

But for the ever-ceaseless rustling murmur of the vast stretch of prairie marsh around as the winds from the Gulf swept over it, absolute silence reigned abroad, now that the dip and gurgle of Hamilton's paddles no longer broke the stillness of the late February afternoon.

Overhead the evening sky was paling from gorgeous scarlets and purples into softer tints like those on the breast of a pigeon, and faintly from some far distant point came the call of some belated ducks, hurrying to their night's rest, that seductive, delusive call, responsible for Jack Hamilton's present very unpleasant predicament.
For the salt marshes which lie along the Gulf shore and stretch back for hundreds of miles in their quiet immensity, are intersected by deep, narrow streams, which wind and twist with curious caprice, some emptying into the Old Company or Cabanage canals, others meandering off, none can tell whither. They present the aspect of a vast undulating sea, in which an occasional mound, rising high above the dead level around and ensconced by trees, sturdy oaks and elms, serves the purpose of affording shelter, often a permanent home, to the hunters and "trappers" who frequent them.

Queer islands, mossy and covered with verdure, which offer ideal inducements for a good day's sport, but are nevertheless desolate and isolated places to live on, cut off, as they are, from the rest of the busy world.

A singular sturdy set of men inhabit these great lonely marshes. Simple and honest, often as shy as the game it is their avocation to pursue, silent and uncommunicative as are the billowy prairies among which they hunt and set their traps—for the prairies have and hold their secrets—these Acadians seem to find in their isolated lives a restful enjoyment, not obtainable among the contention and fret of the city and town.

"Great Scott!" Hamilton again exclaimed, ruefully, while drawing with all due caution a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his heated face.
For an Indian pirogue is a skittish contraption, liable to upset on very small provocation, as Hamilton well knew.

Some few days before, when he saw Buckley and David Kirkwood had agreed to take a late train and run out to their fishing club, near English Lookout for a Sunday of duck and snipe shooting, the plan had presented great fascination as offering relief from the pressure of business cares, interspersed with those arduous social duties which belong to the winter months in New Orleans.

They met on the train, in jovial good humor, and the ride out was only of three hours' duration.

A late supper, on which Ambroise had expended both conscience and genius, good wines and yarns over which time and imagination had cast a nebulous and uncertain glow; a night's sleep, rocked by silence and the imperceptible ripple of the tide around the piling of the clubhouse; an early call for coffee and breakfast just as the dawn was breaking over the great, lonely marshes, while the keen, cold salt air of a glorious winter morning made the blood tingle, were combined elements promising an excellent day's sport.

"Say, fellows! I'm after grouse and snipe. You can have the ducks," cheerfully declared Buckley, while taking his seat with the proper caution in his canoe and seeing that his gun and cartridges were all right.
"Why not partridges?" sarcastically queried Hamilton. "Do you expect to find grouse in the bog of these marshes?"

"Shows how much you know about Louisiana sport. Of course, I'll find grouse. Know just where to get 'em, too" responded Buckley, sweeping off with a fine stroke, which meant twenty miles to the hour.

"Teal and canvas-back are good enough for me," declared Hamilton, following with less haste, but equal determination.

"Dinner at 1 sharp," called out Kirkwood. "Now you fellows had better be on time. Keep straight on to your right. I'm going down toward the Gulf."

"Better tell the gentlemen not to leave the canal, sir," suggested Ambroise, chef and butler at the clubhouse, than whom there was none better.

For Ambroise's "Poisson a la regence," in which figured truffles, mushrooms, white wine, shrimps, celery and numberless other ingredients, was of national reputation, and constituted of itself quite a sufficient inducement to visit the picturesque fishing club, perched high above the water, on the edge of that ideal hunting ground, the great salt marsh along the Gulf coast.

"Say, fellows! stick to the canal!" shouted Kirkwood after the two fast disappearing canoes.

How glorious was the cold, crisp air. How invigorating the long, silent strokes down the canal. How
exhilarating the swift sweep of the pirogues over the dark, still waters, while the faint light of the rising sun in the reddening east tinged the browns and dull greens of the great marshes into a golden radiance.

Even a very poor shot, when game is so plentiful, will accomplish something. So, although pretty rusty with their rifles, Hamilton and Buckley had a most creditable assortment of game in the bottom of their dugouts after some hours of continuous sport.

Then came to Jack Hamilton the arrogant ambition, the insidious temptation to outdo his fellow-sportsmen, and with it his own undoing.

As is generally the case when virtue goes astray, opportunity slipped in and did the business. "Opportunity, thy guilt is great!" declared Shakespeare, and humanity has coincided in the wise saying ever since.

A mile or two in advance of Buckley, while skirting close along the rustling bank, Hamilton paused and looked around.

There was no more game in sight either up or down the dwindling line of the canal, and no crack of gun or rifle had rung out for over three-quarters of an hour.

To his left a dark, sinuous, deep branch of water ran off into the very heart of the prairie, and the faint call of some water fowl came from it like a distinct invitation on the cold, bright air, for the hours had sped and noon had come.

With a vigorous stroke Hamilton obeyed the summons and turning, glided into the lagoon, led on farther and farther by the game he found on its waters and along its banks.

Urged by his unwise and vain ambition, he went forward gleefully, only calling a halt hours later, when the pangs of hunger and a recollection of Ambroise's culinary art brought to his mind Kirkwood's warning to be punctual for dinner.

"The devil!" Hamilton said, turning and swiftly retracing his route.

Yes, but which branch should he follow? There were two opening out before him in opposite directions. Hamilton could not for the life of him tell by which one he had come.

"This one, of course," Jack decided, pushing boldly into the stream which ran to the right.

But after an hour of vigorous paddling Jack paused in dismay, awakening to a realization that he had never seen this sinuous bayou before, and that he was lost in the center of those strange, wonderful, oppressive solitudes
familiar only to some few professional hunters who frequent them.

Cautiously shipping his paddles, Hamilton had recourse to his flask and a small package of sandwiches Ambroise had had the sense and forethought to add to the outfit of the canoe early that morning.

It must lead somewhere, Hamilton concluded, when, refreshed and encouraged, he resumed his paddle, while remembering with a shudder that his ammunition was all spent, not a cartridge left!

That was six hours ago.

And when Jack finally rested from his labors, he was dead beat, worn out and exhausted, hungry enough to eat raw one of the beautiful teals lying in the bottom of the boat among a heap of other game, and awestruck by the thought that he was wandering in the intricacies of the vast marshes, whose solid line of thick impenetrable reeds towered six feet above his head on either side, obstructing him from view, and shutting him in as within a wall, while only a narrow channel of dark, winding water opened before and behind him. While the chill of the air and the lengthening shafts of the sun spoke of declining day.

"Well, this is a h--l of a predicament!" Hamilton said aloud, resting on his oars.

Of course, search parties would be sent out to find him, he remembered, bracing up.
He might run his pirogue up against the bank somewhere and see if he could find a landing and a decent foothold.

But common sense warned him against any such folly. Once afoot within the bewilderment of these sinister marshes, on treacherous soil and among fathomless bogs, his fate would be sealed for all time, nor would he ever be traced--except by the flight of buzzards.

Hamilton shuddered.

Yes, the afternoon was growing late, and the wind was rising, and soughing through these hideous marshes, with a mocking persistency.

If he were in a flat-bottom boat, anything but this beastly pirogue, why he could stretch out and rest, even if he had to drift all night.

But caution warned Jack against any attempt of the kind, for the ominous look of the black water around disclosed its treacherous depth and the sudden darkening of the short winter day gave a dreary gloom to the narrow waterway he was following.

Jack Hamilton recalled to mind how only last year a pleasure yacht had been driven by storm on the Gulf and wrecked on the coastline, and all of those aboard had presumably wandered off into these very marshes in a desperate and futile effort to save themselves.
"Oh d--n it!" said Jack, again mopping his forehead, on which beads of perspiration lay, and resuming his paddle.

Deeper into the heart of the majestic solitudes his swift-moving boat glided, impelled forward by the stroke of a nervous arm, and a brain anxious and foreboding evil, for thick and black shadows fell like a pall over the solitudes, obscuring all things, for night had come, cold, voiceless, pitiless night.

Jack wondered how many days and nights the gay, light-hearted pleasure party had wandered in these awful marshes before a last oblivion blotted out their agonies.

The rustling reeds towering above him held the mystery and their awful secret.

Jack paused as the horror of the thought came to him, that they may have wandered along the winding bank he was following.

A faint and distinct sound struck his ear.

Was it the melancholy wail of some reed bird?

It came again, remote and vague, floating toward him, and then again more distinct and human; or was it an angel's call?

Jack held his breath in an unspeakable suspense.

Again it reverberated through the still night air, in high, clear notes, some song or chant in the far distance.
Plying his paddle with desperate energy, Jack raised his voice in an answering hello which seemed to him was loud enough and desperate enough to wake the dead, to arouse from their last slumbers those poor wanderers whose bones lay whitening, perhaps, close at hand, under the waving, whispering reeds.

Silence followed, while Jack strained every nerve and muscle to shorten the distance between him and the owner of that voice, and a cold fear shook him that he, or she, might be alarmed at the strangeness of his wild call, and might refuse to answer, and slip off in the night and darkness.

Jack was about to renew his call with the full force of his lungs, when far down the bayou a boat appeared, coming swiftly toward him.

The evening shadows lay already so thick around that Hamilton could not distinguish who his rescuer might be, whether man or woman.

It was only when the canoe shooting swiftly through the water came alongside of his did he realize that its occupant was a young girl.

She was bareheaded, and the sleeves of her crimson flannel shirt waist were rolled up above the elbow.

And in spite of Jack’s immense relief from the horrors of a desperate position, one which had looked ominously hopeless some few moments before, and the waning twilight,
which obscured everything, Jack saw and promptly realized that his rescuer was singularly handsome, that she had great, fearless hazel eyes, and that her arms were splendid in their tapering development.

She had calculated her distance with the precision of an experienced huntsman, and her canoe, slowly slacking its velocity, ran alongside of Jack's, where she held it, with her paddles at backwater, motionless.

"Who are you? How did you come here?" she queried, with a grave, simple imperiousness, and Jack noted how mellow and rich was her voice.

When Hamilton explained she uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Do you know how far away you are from your fishing club?" she asked.

Jack declared his belief that he was on the other side of the earth, at which she laughed.

"You are over sixty miles away," she said, inviting him by a gesture and a few words to follow her as she turned and went slowly back.

It was only when Hamilton resumed his paddles that he understood how completely exhausted he was.

"My father lives over there," his rescuer said, indicating by a nod of her shapely head a clump of trees Hamilton now noticed for the first time. "We will take a short cut," she continued, encouragingly, seeing Jack's
white face and judging by his short strokes of his worn-out condition.

In a quarter of an hour they reached a high knoll, covering some acres, on which perched a cottage under a group of spreading trees.

Jack's guide took the precaution to call out in her young, mellow voice before they reached the wooden steps leading down to the water's edge.

A stalwart, gray-haired man came quickly out, and stood waiting as the canoes glided up, and she explained rapidly.

"Hello, stranger! Out all day? Here's a hand. Pretty bad business wandering around in these bayous and lagoons. Come in by the fire."

Jack did not afterward very well remember how he got out of his pirogue and into a big easy armchair by the side of a cherry log fire in an open fireplace, where he eventually found himself, while his host plied him with a hot drink, in which Scotch whisky predominated.

When a full comprehension came to Jack he saw towering over him the gray-haired hunter, who looked down with kindly brown eyes, while on his handsome daughter's face the look was repeated, mingled with a certain compassionateness.
Jack Hamilton revived, sprang up with confused apologies, but was glad to be forced back into his seat by a gentle but determined hand.

"You should not have left Cabanage Canal, young man. These marshes are dangerous. You might never have found your way out. Many a hunter has strayed and been lost among them," said Pierre Drouhet, the trapper.

"Sit still and rest. We will have supper; then I will row you back to the clubhouse by a short cut."

The owner of the honest brown compassionate eyes left the room and Jack Hamilton sank into a restful doze, while the fire crackled on the hearth and only the sough of the wind outside disturbed the peaceful quiet of the cottage.

It was quite night when a hand on his shoulder aroused him. Sitting up with a start, Jack found a supper table luxuriously and prettily set, the room bright and cheery and his rescuer standing by the table looking at him.

"Yours has been a long fast and a dangerous boat ride," said his host.

Jack Hamilton, as they sat and chatted at that hospitable board and looked at the face before him, thought that after all Providence was not so unkindly as he had deemed her a short while before.

"Une fameuse chance, jeune homme!" commented Drouhet, the trapper, when listening to Jack's recital of

38"What splendid luck, young man."
his wanderings, he explained that Tonie, his daughter, had through some strange caprice gone out to look after his beaver traps that evening down the lonely and unfrequented bayou, where she found Jack, and that had he wandered farther in the prairie that night his would have been an unknown and unrevealed fate.

The room was comfortable, almost luxurious, and there were books and magazines scattered around. Tonie had been educated at a convent in the city, her father explained with a touch of pride. Besides being singularly handsome, there was a wonderful charm of freshness and sweetness about the trapper's young daughter, Jack thought, as they lingered chatting on the porch after supper, while her father was getting out his boat and oars, and he lit his cigar at her invitation.

"I'll get you there in two hours' time," Drouhet said, refusing to give Jack an oar. "The moon is rising, and the row will be pleasant."

"Get a wrap and come on, Miss Tonie," Jack urged.

She flushed and hesitated, but at a nod from her father ran in, and coming back with a hooded cloak, which made an admirable frame for the face looking laughingly out, stepped lightly in the boat. Comfortably seated in the stern with Tonie, his wretched pirogue in tow, and Drouhet rowing with long powerful strokes down the dark, straight canal, while the moonlight fell in strange,
fantastic radiance over the immensity of the great marshes on either side, Jack thought he had never in all his life enjoyed a scene or a situation quite so intensely. His companion's voice was sweet and mellow, and her laugh joyous, and when Jack sang a plaintive serenade because the scene was so majestically beautiful, he thought a light mist obscured her splendid eyes, making them as pathetic as the gorgeous moonlit scene.

"Here we are. Nous sommes arrives,"39 said Drouhet, as their boat swept up to the fishing club, where there was a number of boats and people and considerable excitement.

"May I go back to see you?" asked Jack in a low, hurried voice, shaking hands long and warmly. "You know you saved my life."

Antonia drew her hand away, and resolutely shook her head.

"I will get you to take me out hunting very soon, to make better acquaintance with your prairie," Jack said to the trapper, as his boat pushed off, cutting short his thanks, while he was being greeted by a wild clamor from Buckley, Kirkwood and others, gathered to discuss plans for his rescue.

Jack explained, shook hands all around, listened with equanimity to the torrent of abuse poured on him, and

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39 "We have arrived."
watched the boat dwindling off in the moonlit distance and the slender figure sitting in the bow.

Jack Hamilton answered questions, and explained how hospitably he had been treated by that fine fellow, Drouhet, and all the while he was wondering if he would ever again see so fine and sweet a face.

"Say, Jack, you had a devil of a time," said Kirkwood as they sat down to a 12 p.m. supper.

(To be continued)
Drifting Mists of the Marshes

(June 10, 1900)

Hamilton stood looking idly out of the club window.
Evidently some evening engagement would shortly claim him, as indicated by his apparel and white carnation.

The late spring afternoon had drifted to the verge of night, and the animation in the street outside indicated a general move on the part of the public to the Lake Shore, or to some park or summer resort, for an evening of pleasure.

Mrs. Clarence Sefton's dinner—a parting dinner given to a certain number of her choicest acquaintances before flitting abroad for the summer—should have presented inducement enough to give Jack a cheerful mien, for hers were invitations much sought after, that piquante and charming hostess discriminating with a ruthless cruelty, which many envied, but few dared to imitate.

Health, beauty, her husband's importance in finance and in State affairs, and an inexhaustible fund of light-hearted spirits conduced to give utter and absolute independence to Maude Sefton, that brilliant luminary of the world social, a freedom which she enjoyed to the full.

"Do you realize that you are drifting into detestable old bachelor moroseness?" Mrs. Sefton had remarked to Jack, some few weeks before, looking at him with a calm and
shrewd scrutiny, as they sat on the deck of the Au Revoir, Dalton’s yacht, and cruised across the lake.

"Thought you sympathized with that state of mind. After all, it’s your fault, you know," Jack answered.

At which insinuation Mrs. Sefton laughed, but was not deceived.

"What in the world is the matter with Jack Hamilton? I must marry that boy off to Julie, or he will fall into bad ways. Let himself be caught by that red-haired Cameron girl," she declared the next day to her dearest friend, Margery Broughton.

"Wall Street," suggested Mrs. Broughton, from the pages of "Town Topics."

"Wall Street? No, indeed. I know Jack. It’s some girl. I must look after him."

"Can’t he take care of himself? Thirty years of experience, and a lot of money, ought to make a man self-supporting," suggested Margery, not much interested.

"Not when Eliza Cameron is around," declared Mrs. Sefton with decision.

"Jack is ridiculously tender-hearted, in spite of his terrible campaigning and tiger shooting, and what the men say of him. And he has such lofty ideals and high-flown ideas about women, he would never see through Liza or her wiles."
"So you want to marry him to Julie? Better leave him alone. She's on those lines herself," Margery said, sitting comfortably among her cushions and yawning gently.

The dinner to which Jack Hamilton was going, that late spring evening, was an outcome of the above conversation.

Why Jack should look so abstractedly at the people passing up and down the sidewalk or gaze so gloomily down the long vista of the electric-lit street, seemed strange, for the cleverly worded note summoning him hinted plainly that his partner for the evening would be that very handsome and much-sought-after girl, Julie, Mrs. Sefton's sister, over whom society raved, and who took her triumphs with an unconscious grace and indifference which gave an added charm to her other attractions.

Less brilliant than Maude, there was a wonderful sweetness about Julie Catesby to which all succumbed, Jack included, up to a certain point.

"There's not a girl in society who can touch her," he had declared enthusiastically last winter.

"Julie, dearie, look your charming best tonight," Mrs. Sefton said gaily, inspecting with her critical eye of long habit a shimmering mass of lace and pale pink lying on a lounge which constituted Julie's gown.

"Conquest! No, indeed," declared Mrs. Sefton scornfully, sauntering off to put herself in her maid's hands.

"to do honor to my last and farewell dinner, you goose."

But Julie knew better.

Then Julie looked at the reflection of a slim young girl who looked back at her from the depths of a mirror, and there was uncertainty and a shade of deep anxiety in her long lashed blue eyes and the slight droop of a sensitive mouth.

She gave a start when Ann's subdued voice suggested that it was growing late.

Jack stood abstractedly at his club window.

A carriage was waiting for him outside, but there was no hurry. Very bad form to reach a house before the prescribed minute indicated by one's dinner invitation.

The electric cars crossed and recrossed each other, the boulevard was brilliant and animated, people were flocking toward an adjoining theatre, Dalton's drag went by going out to the lake, a mandolin orchestra was playing in a roof garden over the way, but what Hamilton saw was not the streets of a big city at that time of the evening, when pleasure supersedes the toil of the day, but a great expanse of solitary marshes across which a blue heron was

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40Ann is identified later as the Sefton's maid.
winging its silent flight, and what he heard was not the clang of the electric cars.

Thick reeds swayed and rustled around him and towered overhead on either side, and the dark waters of a bayou ran off in a great winding curve and disappeared in the faint light of a winter afternoon.

The air was chill and stars were coming out overhead, throwing a pale radiance abroad. But for the eternal whisper of the marshes, silence reigned.

With what grace and precision she handled her canoe as it swept toward him!

Hers was a magnificent face. How fearless and beautiful were her great hazel eyes, and what a marvelous pose was hers, as she sat erect, turning her shapely head toward him!"

"Clock struck eight, sir," said a respectful voice at his elbow.

"Carriage waiting at the door some time, sir." Jack gave a start, and turning, went down stairs, recognizing the propriety of the interruption.

"Drive quickly," he ordered, jumping in and slamming the door.

Julie had, intentionally or not, followed her worldly sister's advice, and was certainly at her best tonight.

Perhaps the peach blossom color of her gown gave her the flush which heightened her beauty, or was it some
undefined and unwonted excitement which added a brilliancy to her eyes and a touch of feeling to her face not habitual to it?

Exquisite of feature, and faultless in manner, was there anything lacking in Julie Catesby to please the most fastidious?

"Julie is too perfect. She wants waking up. She and Jack must fall in love with each other. Jack is adorable," Mrs. Clarence Sefton had declared.

"Leave 'em alone, young woman. You've heard of dynamite explosions?" cautioned her husband.

But it was quite regardless of his warning as to possible terrific results that Maude Sefton gave her dinner and assigned Julie to Jack Hamilton that evening, toward the close of May, a short while before the Cunarder, on which they had taken passage for five pleasant months of idle wandering abroad, was to leave her wharf.

Mrs. Sefton's entertainment was, as usual, an admirable combination of well selected guests, culinary art carried to its highest degree of perfection, decorations perfect, and wines—well, Clarence Sefton was nothing if not a connoisseur of pale sherries and golden Madeiras, of Tokay and Chambertin and other rare vintage, and those more frivolous "crus" which Americans, almost as much as Russians affect.

"These "crus" are sweet dessert wines."
A good deal of gayety and wit, therefore, circled around Mr. and Mrs. Sefton's board, tossed back and forth and played with; but Julie seemed less free-hearted than usual.

"All girls are educated in the same identical rut and routine. The schoolroom, then the ballroom. Propriety and conventionality. It's not their fault if they are all alike," was Jack Hamilton's dissatisfied comment, while saying pretty things to his beautiful neighbor, and getting through the courses Maude's chef had expended his genius upon, in dilatory fashion.

"Humph! something is radically wrong with Jack. He can't be such a fool as to let that Cameron girl get a hold on him!" thought his clever hostess, noting his overstrained gaiety, and the growing, if veiled, depression of his companion. With a distressed impatience, she was surprised at herself.

"Dynamite! That horrid Clarence had said dynamite!"

She would carry Jack off with them, and he should wander in their company, or in Julie's rather, through old cathedrals and ancient ruins, Swiss villages and German towns, Tuscany, and romance-inspiring Italy.

If needs be, they would abjure the busy haunts of the ordinary tourist and would go into Norway and Sweden, among the solitary fiords, those great valleys, those rifts in
the rocks Maude had often read descriptions of, but had no inclination whatever to become personally acquainted with.

Nevertheless, Jack Hamilton's and Julie's happiness were at stake, and an acutely developed sagacity distinctly whispered that the solitude of those regions was the counter course to pursue if "Liza" Cameron and her vicious determination to capture Jack were to be met and successfully combatted.

"He shall come with us, or join us. Clarence will manage it," Mrs. Sefton's clever brain declared, while she broke lances with her right-hand neighbor, a former ambassador to the Court of Russia, whose delight at her witticisms almost interfered with his proper appreciation of the turbot before him.

"All pretty much the same. Like red or pink roses on a bush. Beautiful, but not much difference between them," mentally commented Hamilton, with an irritated dissatisfaction, while discussing Mascagni's latest opera with Julie.

"Oh, how heartless he can be!" thought Julie, despairingly.

A dinner, even when prolonged unduly, like all other things, comes finally to an end.

It was a curious sensation of relief that overtook Hamilton when the men sat smoking, and Clarence Sefton remarked that the cognac dated from the thirties, and he
felt at liberty to keep silent and look out through the open doors at the garden beyond, while politics superseded idler talk, and the diplomat who had been at school in the court of Russia monopolized the conversation, hinting at strange undercurrents of influences and ambitions which sway rulers and produce those queer results which astound the world.

The ex-ambassador ran on, and through the vista Hamilton saw a face of great and wistful beauty looking out from a half drawn hood—saw her splendid hazel eyes and auburn hair, on which the lamp light had glinted—felt the rush of salt winds as they swept across the marshes, while the pungent odors of the sea and of the pine forests came so distinct that he drew a long breath.

"Sir Henry Barksdale confirmed me in my suspicion—" said the diplomat, while the butler, in an undertone, delivered a message in his ear.

"The ladies would be glad if he would join them out on the porch."

The fetters of conventionality only gall when we ourselves get out of the jog trot of every day life and shift into romanticism.

Throwing away his half-burnt cigar, Hamilton, with a suppressed impatience, arose from his armchair and the study of a girl's face made up of mists and memory and a
strange longing, and following Harris, joined Mrs. Sefton and Julie, who lingered, although their guests had gone.

"Have you any distinct plans for the summer" queried Maude lightly, who, without advantage of diplomatic training under a Czar, had considerable finesse.

"None," said Jack, turning to shake hands freely with Julie, having expressed himself freely as to his very charming evening.

"Why not go abroad? Would you not like to visit Norway and those queer northern countries?"

"Immensely. I had not thought of it. Of course, I’ll go somewhere," answered Jack.

"We have a delightful trip mapped out. Stockholm and all sorts of places."

"Your own party?" urged Maude smiling brightly.

There was a pause. Then Jack recovering declared he would be delighted if he would arrange so as to get away.

"That will be ever so nice. You said you were bound for somewhere, so you may just as well join your wanderings to ours. Meet us in New York, or Paris, and we’ll explore together. It’s all Clarence’s idea to cruise along that northern coast for a few weeks. It will be novel if nothing more."

"So very glad you have promised to share the dangers with us if not the joys. Good-by, Jack, I will drop you a
line when we reach New York. What a charming night. Au Revoir!

Jack Hamilton drove home perplexed. To be snapped up and committed to join the Sefton party for a summer trip through Norway and Sweden was embarrassing to the last degree. Not for the world would he offend those old-time friends, and having declared he had no plans if he were to draw back Maude would be deeply offended, for that imperious young dictator was in the habit of seeing her invitations run after and accepted with great eagerness.

Julie, too. She might construe his hesitation.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Hamilton as he went up the stairway and opened his front door with a latch key. But when ensconced in a big reading chair, with the window open and the night breezes blowing in, an irresistible longing took possession of Jack.

"Pack my valise and your case, Johnson. I’ll take a run out to the fishing club for a day or two. No, I won’t need you. I’ll leave by the 10:30 train. Be back? Oh, you may expect me any evening. I’ll wire."

Jack Hamilton went to bed when the hours were small. And when on the train the next day, speeding off to English Lookout, a curious exhilaration made his pulses beat in time with the rumble of the fast express. The clubhouse was cool, trim and deserted, only Ambroise, in white cap and apron, to welcome him. The day was glorious, the great
sweep of marshes magnificent in the lighter coloring of its spring attire; the salt breeze blew fresh from the Gulf, and so keen was Jack Hamilton's impatience to run down Cabanage Canal to Pierre Drouhet's cottage on the knoll in the heart of the prairie that he could hardly wait for the dinner Ambroise hurried to prepare.

"Be sure you stick to the canal, sir. Keep right straight along. There's a sign post Mr. Drouhet put up after you left—where Bayou Tortue crosses the canal," Ambroise explained while putting Jack's rifle in a pirogue and steadying it alongside the boathouse steps.

Jack got lightly and cautiously in, and his paddles gurgled in the water and the canoe shot forward.

"I'll follow the canal; never fear. If I'm not back tonight don't be uneasy. I'll stay over with Drouhet to go out fishing."

"All right, sir," called back Ambroise.

Jack Hamilton went swiftly forward, and he could have sung aloud with pleasurable excitement as the solitude and grandeur of the scene enwrapped him, and he pictured how Tonie would greet him after these two long months.

The sun was setting as he came up to Pierre Drouhet, the trapper's home, and its last rays fell obliquely on Tonie standing on the wooden steps.
She had thought to greet her father, and hers was a sharp cry of glad surprise as the pirogue ran up and Jack Hamilton sprang out.

The May evening was warm, and her simple white gown showed the extreme beauty of her face and form and coloring far more than had her former severe winter costume.

The sun falling over her deepened her soft flesh, added to the glint in her hair and revealed the wondrous light in her eyes.

"I've come back," Jack said with a slight pant in his voice, as he held her hands in greeting.

"Pere is out. He will be back soon. I am glad you have come," she answered with a wavering smile of welcome.

Jack fastened his pirogue and they went up the steps together, and Hamilton, forgetting he had done so already, took her hands in greeting.

The world seemed one glorious embodiment of peace and joy inexpressible.

"The mists of the marshes brought you back. They always do," Tonie said, as they paused on the threshold.

(To be continued)
"It's an age since I've seen you," Jack Hamilton said.

The remark was trite and showed no special brilliancy, and for the purpose of opening a conversation was little better than the traditional comment on the weather, wet or dry, as the case may be. But there was a certain vibration in Jack's voice and the words pleased Tonie--pleased her with an unreasoning intensity, as a wave of color which swept over her fine face testified, while she turned and looked smingly at Jack, with a bright, frank, honest look.

"Do two months and three days make an age? What do ten years make?"

So Tonie had also kept count of the lapse of time, of how the dull days and slow weeks had gone by, Hamilton noted with a feeling of triumph.

For it was precisely two months and three days since that memorable evening at the close of February, when she had come to his rescue in the winding, darkening, intricate bayou, where he was surely drifting to eternity, and had piloted him safely back to the haven of rest where he now stood.

Since then spring had come, and Antonia's rose vines were all in bud, preparing to fling the scent of their
bloom over the porch where they clambered, among the
petunias and sweet peas of the garden, and to riot, with
the salt breezes as they swept in from the Gulf.

"Ten years? Ten years make an eternity—sometimes. A
dull, hideous eternity, when they represent—separation,"
Jack said looking with unconscious fixity at the beautiful
girl before him.

"What very queer ideas of time you seem to have,"
Tonie said, turning abruptly away. "You are not much at
figures, are you? Neither am I. When I was at the dear
old Sacre Coeur Convent I was never on time for anything.
Pere's bad bringing up here, I suppose. Poor Soeur Agnes
used to shake her head in despair. They all called me
'Fauvette' on that account. That, and because I was
always singing."

Tonie led the way in. The room so vividly stamped on
Hamilton's memory wore a different aspect. No ashwood fire
burned on the brass andirons, and the warm, bright curtains
were replaced by thin white hangings. Flowers stood on
table and mantel and bloomed in boxes in the windows, and
bamboo chairs and mattings gave it a look as fresh as the
spring afternoon outside.

The rustling marshes kept up their eternal murmur, and
from somewhere a droning song in minor tones, one of those

42 'Little wild one and also reed warbler.
plaintive negro chants, could be heard, with the monotonous beat of a pestle in a stone mortar.

Otherwise, a restful peace hung over Pierre Drouhet's cottage in the heart of the great salt marshes, a stillness and an ideal remoteness from the jar and turmoil of life, as subtle and entertaining as the breath of the pea vines around.

"That’s Suzette, our cook. My old nurse. She's making 'sacamite.' Do you know what that is?" asked Tonie.

Jack Hamilton drew a long breath of deepest content, as the sights and sounds of this quaint and lovely spot enveloped him with their charm. Taking the big armchair Tonie offered, he declared gaily he knew not the meaning of the strange word, never having heard it before.

"It’s Indian. It means 'big hominy,' and you shall have some for supper," explained Tonie, while lighting a spirit lamp, set among a pretty tea service on a table.

"You must be tired, and I am going to give you some tea. A queer sailor--from Ceylon, he said. I'm sure he was a smuggler--gave Pere some that is wonderful. It has no color. But it’s good. He declared it was the Emperor’s tea. You shall have some in five minutes; then we can go rowing out to meet Pere down the Canal--or you can smoke on the porch, and wait here for him, and Suzette's supper."
Jack thought he abhorred tea. He had been known to characterize tea drinking at odd hours of the day as idiotic, senseless and ruinous to the nerves.

He had incensed his aunt Tabitha by his unseemly remarks of that nature.

But in life as well as in grammar we find that circumstances alter cases.

Ensconced comfortably in Pierre Drouhet's big bamboo chair in that restful room, chatting gaily with a slim, beautiful girl in white, where a glorious view was visible through the open doorway and windows, a great rolling prairie, a dark blue sky overhead, Cabanage Canal, running off in a long, narrowing line, until lost in the immensity of the distant, light clouds drifting westward, and a golden radiance over all things, the sweet call of a distant water fowl, sounding soft and plaintive, and Tonie bent in charming absorption over her tea things, until the bubble of her small brass kettle proclaimed that the end was near, Jack Hamilton thought tea-making a fine art, and a cup of colorless tea at 5 o'clock in the afternoon truly a charming and commendable custom.

"Perhaps you would not drink it if you saw the terrible-looking old Malay who gave it to Pere. He stayed here two or three days. He looked like a deserter from some ship and he wore the queerest weapons."
"Were you not afraid to have such a character around? This is a solitary place," Hamilton said, treating the Emperor's tea with respect, while noting the splendid ease and grace with which Tonie moved and her complete unconsciousness of her own uncommon beauty.

"Afraid? Of course not. I never was afraid in my life," she said, laughingly.

And Jack readily believed it, noting the firm, rounded chin and the flash of light in her hazel-gray eyes and the proud self-reliance of her manner.

"Truly a magnificent woman," Jack thought.

"You see, I have always been Pere's companion until I went to the convent. He took me with him wherever he went—fishing, hunting and excursions. I had my storm coat, and we would go sometimes down to the Gulf, cruising for several days sometimes through the prairies to Lake Maurepas, so I learned to handle a boat or a pirogue and to shoot and to fish just like a boy. I never dared tell half of my accomplishments and adventures at the convent. Poor Soeur Agnes thought I was wild enough as it was."

"That was why they called you Fauvette—a beautiful name. I know you can sing. Your singing is like an angel's, not a bird's. It was your glorious voice that saved my life," Jack said, as he put his cup down empty.

They moved toward the porch, and Tonie invited him to an inspection of their small domain.
Calling Suzette with a sweet imperiousness, she gave directions for supper, as the gentleman from the city was to be their guest that evening. Jack thought old Suzette eyed him with anxious disfavor as they went together down the garden path, shading her old eyes from the sun with her hand as she watched them.

There was an orchard and a trickling spring, some magnificent live oaks, a trim garden and a broad, sandy poultry yard, whose denizens flocked, hurrying and scurrying at Tonie’s approach, and there were bronze and white pigeons which settled, cooing, on her shoulders and in the pink palm of her outstretched hand. A brown-eyed cow came forward to be stroked, and a toddling calf rubbed its nose against her, and a big Gordon setter, which had been asleep on the porch, followed her around with a dumb devotion most unmistakable, and all things living seemed to worship Tonie, who had a word and caress for all.

They sauntered about the "farm," as Tonie laughingly called Pierre Drouhet’s few acres of rich high land, perched in the center of the vast sea of surrounding prairie; then, coming back to the cottage sat on the steps leading from the porch down to the water, where the boats and pirogues were fastened, to await Pierre’s coming. The sun was setting, and the lights and shadows of that ideal hour added beauty to the calm serenity of the departing day.
Sitting there, and listening to the soughing of the Gulf breezes in the marshes, Jack questioned gently, and Tonie told with the frank pleasure of one glad of a congenial companion to whom to unfold her thoughts, of the hopes and desires, sometimes restless, which filled her young life. The simple beauty and singular nobility of a nature which towered above all smallnesses, which knew none of the hideous jealousies and envyings that so commonly disfigure and mar, one on broad and beautiful lines, unconscious of its own strength and perfection, stood revealed to Hamilton, and stirred a passionate admiration within his breast.

"Why do you go there so often?" Jack queried, as Tonie described her almost daily journeyings to a small village of Acadian fisheries on the borders of the lake.

"To teach the children and to help them," Tonie answered simply. "Why, poor old Marie Marcella has been bedridden for years. What would she do without constant care and help?" And then there is a poor little cripple--who would look after him if she did not? How would Père David get on with his sick and with the children who had to be prepared for their first communion each year if she did not assist and do her part?

It was very hard on Père David to come so great a distance to that forlorn little settlement, and he was not very strong. So he left his instructions with her, and she
looked after the sick and the children and the bedridden. Once every two weeks Pere David says mass in the village chapel.

Of course, they were rough and uncouth and the men sometimes quarrelsome and dangerous. Jean Cahiet was killed, stabbed in the heart, last year.

But Tonie said, with a quiet smile, that she was not at all afraid. They all loved her. Everyone knew her, and her father, who was always helping and doing good to the trappers and fishermen, who lived scattered along the Gulf coast and on the edge of the marshes.

Jack listened and led Tonie on to describe her life, and wondered that so close to a big city an existence so romantically isolated could be led.

"Little Fauvette, do you know that yours is a beautiful life?" he said, gently.

Tonie laughed and looked at him with a pleased surprised, while gently stroking the Gordon setter's head as he thrust it between them.

"It is a very simple life. Who would not do all the good possible to help others?" she answered, smilingly.

Old Suzette came out to see if Pierre Drouhet's pirogue was not yet in sight down the canal.

"Pas encore, Soeur Anne," Tonie said to her, gaily.

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41 "Not yet, Sister Anne."
Jack thought the shade of uneasiness on Suzette's kindly, wrinkled old face had more to do with him than with the late arrival of the master of the cottage, for Tonie said his hours were irregular; that they never knew when he would get home. Sometimes he had to go great distances; that he owned a sand schooner which piled out to Cat Island, and an oyster boat, which went to Barataria; then to the city.

"Do you never go to the city, Fauvette?" Jack asked, and he, too, began to stroke Monarch's head.

"Very, very seldom. Sometimes to do a little shopping." Tonie said she always stayed at the convent for the few days she was in town.

"No, they had no relations at all in this country; possibly some in France."

The sun had long since set and the paling evening light was sinking swiftly into night.

Over the great marshes light floating mists had gathered, which the salt breezes blew hither and thither. A calm stillness was abroad. Jack's companion was a most beautiful girl; the noblest he had ever known, and Hamilton determined that no one should rob him of his happiness if he could compass it.

"See there! They brought you back--those floating mists. All the fisher folks say if you accidentally spend
a night in the marshes the mists will entice you back again. They drew you here tonight."

"Was it the mists, ma belle?" said Jack, with a deep tenderness, "or was it the strong desire of a man's heart and soul?--the unutterably longing--"

Tonie snatched her hand away and sprang up, and Monarch, the Gordon setter, looked up astonished.

"Le voila qui arrive, mam'selle," said Suzette, coming forward, a tone of relief in her voice, and pointing to a swiftly advancing shadow on the dark water of the canal.

"You are fanciful. It was only the spell of the mists," Tonie said slowly, turning resolutely to Hamilton and looking full at him from the proud depths of her magnificent eyes.

A call ringing cheerily from over the water prevented Jack's answer, one which Tonie answered with a mellow, ringing note, and Pierre Drouhet's pirogue glided swiftly up to the steps.

"So you found your way back? After game again? Glad to see you," said Pierre, shaking hands heartily with Hamilton.

"Hope my daughter treated you well. Did she give you any of that Marigny cognac? Tea! Good Lord! Enough to poison you. Come in. We'll make our own ice. Have to be

""There, he's arrived."
self-supporting out here. It's pretty remote from
civilization. Tonie, fillette, get the lemons.

"Down, Monarch; down, old boy."

No wonder hers was a noble face. So was her father's. 
French? One would hardly believe it, his English was
so good.

Acadian? Jack Hamilton could not think so. There was
something distinctive which precluded the idea.

The same splendid vitality belonged to the father and
daughter, and there was a strength of purpose and will and
a large-hearted nobility, Jack noticed, while they chatted
together, an indulgent way of condoning faults and foibles
conspicuously in both.

Tonie was called out by Suzette and Jack stood idly
fluttering the pages of an old volume which lay on a table,
while Pierre was busy with his decanters and ice at the
sideboard.

It was a very old book, and on the flyleaf was written
in a crabbed hand, "Pierre Drouhet de Morillac."

Coming forward with Jack's glass, the trapper saw him
looking at the name.

He paused, and with a slight flush and laugh
explained.

"An old fellow who once lived in a rambling old house,
on the Brittany coast. We have always been sailors and
rovers in my family. I came to America young," he said briefly.

Jack Hamilton had also read "Chateau de Morillac," written on the flyleaf.

Jack closed the book, and mentioned having once passed through that picturesque country and admired it.

And during the rest of that glorious spring evening, all through their desultory talk, in which Tonie joined gaily, Jack was wondering what was the catastrophe which had located the present Pierre Drouhet and his beautiful daughter in the isolation of the great salt marshes, and why they were not in the majestic pile, the old stone castle, towering up on the rugged Brittany coast, at whose feet the Atlantic thundered and over which winter storms had hurtled for centuries.

"We have a guest chamber and you must occupy it. I'll take you out fishing at daybreak, and if you are in no hurry to get back to the city stay on, and Tonie will take you to visit her village. I must go down the coast tomorrow," said Pierre Drouhet with hearty hospitality when Jack rose to go.

"Miss Tonie, your treacherous, floating mists have thrown me on your hands, you see, so you must treat me with compassion. I'll stay with pleasure," said Jack, shaking hands warmly.
Tonie's laugh was gay and sweet as she said good night.

"Ah, little Fauvette! beautiful, free bird, how could I ever bear to lose you?" thought Jack Hamilton, as leaning on his open window in the late night hours he heard the soft lapping of the water on the steps, felt the breath of the salt breeze blowing in from the Gulf, saw the vast expanse of desolate marshes around, while a great stillness enwrapt him.

A picture of other scenes, gay, brilliant and animated, and of other faces arose before him.

"None so perfect as yours, little Fauvette, none! none!" he whispered.

(To be continued)
Dawn was creeping over the marshes cool and gray, when a light tap at Hamilton's door summoned him.

"We'll run out to the Gulf for a few hours' fishing, then you can find your way back for breakfast while I go on to the Pass. There's a matter of business I must look after. If you are not afraid of the distance and the sun, Tonie can take you to the village by the lake shore."

"They are a queer lot who live there--Portuguese, Sicilians and Acadians. They have a jargon of their own, and they are lazy and ignorant, sometimes vicious, but generally good tempered. They are good sailors. Tonie does what she pleases with them. She's started a kindergarten. She and Père David worked like beavers until they had a chapel built. Père David began by christening the whole population, old and young, down to the babies," Pierre Drouhet said with a cheery laugh, then they stood on the porch, and Suzette poured out coffee, while he got two pirogues ready.

Jumping in, they went swiftly through a short cut out to the Gulf, while the reddening east gave promise of an unclouded May day and the first rays of the sun chased away the floating mists and shadows of night.
A deep curve, it ran into the coast line and was shut in by the green wall of the marshes, and the deep unruffled waters were a favorite resort for red fish and pompano, as Jack Hamilton soon discovered.

The hours sped, until Drouhet exclaimed, looking at his watch: "Time's up, I'm afraid, my young friend. You'll get back just in time. Keep straight on, then turn to your right. Tomorrow we can do a little shooting, if you say so."

Jack hauled in his line with alacrity, and turning, shot back toward the cottage—Tonie's home—his pulses tingling and a great joy and contentment glowing within.

She stood waiting on the steps.

"I thought you had gone off with Père to the Pass and had forgotten breakfast."

Jack sprang out and shook hands, thinking that Tonie, in her trim sailor suit, her face as fresh and sweet as a dew-drenched flower, was still more beautiful than his dreams had pictured her.

She waited while he lifted his fish basket, then calling Suzette, they went in together.

Perhaps it was the absolute contrast of the present hour with the usual hurried conditions of Hamilton's life, the calm, restfulness, the stillness pervading all things in Pierre Drouhet's cottage which created so ineffable a charm for Jack.
A morning paper lay on a table, but he threw it aside, its presence jarring the idyllic conditions of the hour.

Silently Jack thanked heaven that neither mail nor telegram could reach him; that there were no sweet-scented notes, no invitations to be answered, no orders to be sent to the florist, no pressing business to attend to, at least, that he was aware of; that the ties and fetters of that autocrat, Mrs. Grundy,4 5 were temporarily loosened, and, above all, that the tedium of a summer trip up the rugged coast of Norway was still three months off—in the dim distance—perhaps.

"Shall I tell you what to do with them?" queried Tonie, helping Jack to cream on his fruit.

They were at table, and Suzette stood by, anxious, but attractive, like a watchdog, so Jack thought.

"With what?" he asked, surprised.

"With those troublesome thoughts," she said, with a sweet, winsome smile. "Shake them off. That's what I do. 'La vie est un rude combat,' Pere David always tells me. Un combat! That's not so hard. One can always conquer in a tussle with fate and circumstance."

"But not to be able to fight! To have one's hands tied, bound and fettered! Ah! Why, then, one must—endure! The faint-hearted and the poor-spirited only

4 5 A character in Thomas Morton’s play, Speed the Plough. For more on Mrs. Grundy see pages 46-47 of this dissertation.
complain, when there is no redress. Who could stoop to vain regret? To useless longings?"

"No one, when the sun shines as it does today, and there is so much to do," she added brightly. "Suzette, is the basket ready? We must hurry. I always take odds and ends to the children, and they will be expecting me today."

They went out, and while her light two-oared boat was being made ready by Suzette, who was a very good sailor herself, Tonie fed the pigeons on the porch and chatted gaily.

And Jack, his cigar lit, a dreamy contentment pervading him, his eyes feasting on what seemed to him the fairest sight in the world, wondered musingly at the depth and strength of Tonie’s nature; at her brilliancy and splendid development; at the simplicity and dignity of a manner which would grace any drawing room, and so drifted unconsciously into perilous waters, those cross-currents of life which, swirling along, either bear safely past sunken reef and rock or dash their plaything, bruised unto death, against pitiless and immutable conditions.

Of course, Jack took the oars, while Tonie, facing him, held the tiller.

The day was ideal, a light breeze rippled the water, the sky was cloudless, all nature seemed to rejoice, and Jack’s spirits rose with each stroke of the oars.
The distance seemed short. When emerging from the canal into the lake Tonie guided the boat up to a sloping beach and a rude wooden platform, where a number of fishing smacks were fastened.

The village (her village, Pierre called it), was made up of scattered huts and cottages, spread out before them, picturesque and irregular under clustering shade trees.

With shouts of delight a number of urchins, who had been playing in the sand, ran down to the beach to greet Tonie, dashing into the water to welcome her and fasten her boat to the piling.

Smiling brightly, and speaking to them in their queer and incomprehensible patois, with pretty, gentle words. Tonie jumped lightly ashore, letting them lift out the basket, each one clamoring to hold it as they walked up the road.

Barefooted and ragged, tanned and browned by the sun and the sea breezes, swarthy or blue-eyed, they all looked up at Tonie as at some divinity, and although Jack could not understand what was being said, he plainly guessed at the encouragement or reproof contained in her rich undertones, and could see how strong was her influence on the small crowd trooping along before them.

A small cottage, which served Père David as a presbytery when he visited the village, stood alongside of the sunlit chapel.
Today its door and windows were open and Père David stood, the sun accentuating his white hair and the stoop of his shoulders, peering out across the lake, his hand shading his eyes, clearly waiting and watching for Tonie.

Coming forward to the garden gate to welcome her, Père David looked with surprise at Tonie's companion, and Jack thought also with the same disfavor noticeable in old Suzette.

"My father's friend, Père, Mr. Hamilton, who has come for a few days' fishing and is much pleased with our prairie life. I promised to show him your village. I told him of your school and of your poor, and how clever you were to have a wayside station built, so that the fishermen could send their catch to market every day. He is much interested," Tonie explained as they went up the path to the cottage.

Père David, with a gentle, deprecatory wave of the hand, disclaimed all merit, and invited Jack to enter and share their modest dinner, prepared evidently with care for Tonie, as Jack could see, for there were flowers and berries on the small table.

"I will make my rounds and then I will come back. Stay here, Père, I will not be long. I know you are tired. Stay and explain your plan about planting the oyster beds."

She went off with the children, and Jack drew up a chair by Père David's side and, questioning him, learned of
his ambitious hope and desire to make the village a small seaport on the lakeshore, to see the children of its queer and uncouth inhabitants Christianized and educated and poverty erased from that remote hamlet.

And Pére David, his heart opened by Jack Hamilton’s evident interest, spoke of Antonia as of an angel of light. Told of her ministrations, of her grand courage when illness swept over the little community, of her tireless efforts, and ascribed to her the redemption of those poor fisher folks from saddest depths of ignorance, and squalor, and sin, to the better life of today.

And so speaking, a furtive tear fell slowly down over Pére David’s withered cheek, which he hastily brushed aside.

"One of God’s angels of light on earth, Monsieur," Pére David said. "When I am gone I pray that a kind Providence will allow her to continue her good work."

"But I am nearing the narrow confines," Pére David continued sadly, "and Pierre Drouhet is far advanced on the journey of life, and I dare not question the future for Antonia. My heart misgives me. She has no relatives in this country--none. She is alone. If Pierre Drouhet be taken from her where will she go? And you may have noticed, Monsieur, that the child is rarely beautiful?"

Jack Hamilton’s heart went out with passionate gratitude to the kindly old priest.
Laying his hand on his he said: "If it comforts you, let me assure you that she shall not be left friendless. That, claiming to be hers and her father's friend, should misfortune befall, she will not be abandoned, not so long as I draw the breath of life."

Long and earnestly the aged priest scrutinized Jack's face, and his lips quivered while a look of great joy grew in his faded eyes.

"I believe you, my son. I accept your assurance," he said solemnly, after a long pause. "She is of all things dear to my heart. The dread of her abandonment when I am gone, should her father also be taken away, has been a bitter, haunting fear, from which you have relieved me. I thank you."

Silence fell between them, and Jack guessed that Père David was praying silently while the depth of his emotion showed what had been the extent of his anguished dread. The noise of children's voices came down the road and Tonie, with her noisy escort, stopped at the garden gate. Jack noticed that their clothes were new and their faces clean. Stooping, Tonie kissed and dismissed them with pleasant words. They went off leisurely, while she came quickly up the pathway, her fair face flushed and earnest.

"Maria Marcella is easier, Père, and poor little Jean is getting on famously with his drawing."
She ran over her duties of her day's work to Père David, while Jack drew apart, until they were summoned in to the dinner prepared with so much pride for Antonia's coming.

She is like a ray of sunlight from heaven, thought Jack, as he watched her sweet, gentle ministrations on Père David; saw the glance of pride and pleasure with which he followed her every movement and noted her gracious kindliness to the old Acadian woman who waited on them.

"Here's your café, Père; now we will hear vespers, and hurry back home," Tonie said.

So Jack and Tonie went into the chapel, where the villagers had gathered, and Père David said his evening service.

At its close Tonie sang a Latin chant in her glorious voice, each note vibrating and pulsating through Jack's brain and heart.

Père David's service over, he came with them down to the beach, and there was a look of deep contentment on his face as Jack's oars dipped in the water and their boat shot off.

"Adieu, Père," Tonie called out.

Silence fell, broken only by the dip and gurgle of Jack's oars.

"It was very, very kind of you. Your gift will help Père David to build his little school house. Margot showed
it to me. You have made him very happy—and me," Tonie said.

"Old Margot was very indiscreet," Jack answered laughingly and flushing slightly. "Please do not credit me with good action. If you are pleased, Fauvette, I have accomplished more than I hoped for."

"I--am--deeply--pleased," Tonie said slowly.

Jack pressed his lips together to keep back words which welled up impetuous and glowing, and rowed on in silence across the lake to the darkening canal, for the afternoon was waning. Their visit to the village had been a protracted one that day.

The May evening had fulfilled the promise of its dawn, and the westering sun, gorgeous in purple and gold, was casting long shadows and lights across the vast whispering expanse of the marshes.

Gaily and idly Tonie began to question Jack as to the doings of that brilliant world of fashion of which he was so conspicuous a member, and of which she knew nothing.

Jack's face darkened.

They were hateful and incongruous, those other scenes and other faces. That last brilliant dinner table--his companion--beautiful--yes--but how the studied repression, the conventional mannerisms paled when compared with the magnificent forcefulness, the exquisite gentleness and the
lights and shadows of feeling which swept over the glorious face before him.

"There is a queer little book of memoirs on father's shelf," he heard Tonie saying when he came back from his obstructed wanderings to the reality of the moment.

"It was written by Antonia, an ancestress. I was named after her."

"Who was she? A wit or a sage?"

"Both, I imagine," Tonie answered, bending forward, for day was declining and the narrow waters of the canal were darkening.

"She died Lady Superior of a convent."

"Very little worth in that," commented Jack, dryly.

"Ah! that was her wisdom. The worth was when she was a brilliant lady in waiting as the French court in the turbulent days of Henri II. She must have been a gay and debonnaire dame, from all accounts."

"What was her name?" queried Jack with lazy interest.

"The Duchess of Morillac. But she died in a convent. Perhaps I will follow her example," Tonie said, musingly.

Jack poised his oars, and the boat slid forward with a long sweep.

"You go into a convent! You, with your splendid vitality and beauty! What nonsense! Don't say anything so silly. You shall commit no such folly!" Jack said, roughly.
Tonie laughed a little drearily.

"Why should I not take refuge in a convent? Madame la Duchesse did. It is very peaceful there. I have promised pere, if ever cruel misfortune should take him from me, to enter a convent. It will be a haven of rest."

Jack stifled a violent exclamation which sounded strangely profane, and shipping his oars, stepped over to where Tonie sat.

"You shall not, little Fauvette! You shut up in a convent! Why, you would beat your wings against the bars, and your great, warm heart would break. You would pine and die. How could you bear to be caged, you beautiful wild bird, after your free and unfettered life in these magnificent prairies? How could you--"

But he was cut short by a sharp cry.

"Stop! Oh hush!" she said, hoarsely.

Her great eyes were widely open and her face had blanched. There was dread and anguish written on every feature. She covered her face with her hands, and the boat drifted.

So that was the terror ahead for her, one more poignant than Pere David's fear, because hers was so rare and splendid a vitality. It meant death in life.

Leaning forward, Jack gently drew her hands away and held them fast in both of his.
"Not so long as I live, sweetheart," he whispered. "Not so long as I can stretch out an arm to shield and protect you, you glorious and beautiful little Fauvette."

A long call echoed down the canal, and Pierre Drouhet's pirogue bore down on them.

"Hello! I thought you might have gone astray again. You are an hour late. What kept you, fillette? Come on. Dinner's waiting. I got back from the Pass an hour ago. Don't want to hurry you, Hamilton, but turtle soup is good—when it's hot.

(To be continued)
Mrs. Maude Sefton, 43600 __________ Avenue, New York City: "Detained by imperative business. Awfully sorry. Will join you abroad. Letter explains. HAMILTON."

Maude Sefton let the yellow envelope she had just torn open drop in her lap, and leaning back, looked intently out through the open window at the other side of the room.

Her straight eyebrows drew into a slight frown and her handsome mouth closed with lines of determination not usual to its mobile and riant expression, for she was not pleased.

Mrs. Clarence Sefton, that charming autocrat of ultra fashion, that all-powerful magnate in the world social, who had throned, triumphant during quite a number of seasons in various capitals of the Old and New World, had two loves in her life, Julie, her sister, and Clarence, her husband.

She was devotedly attached to the latter, gay and clever butterfly that she was, and no jar or friction had vulgarly obtruded during the six years of the pleasurable existence they had "pilgrimed" together, as she described it, for no unwise or medieval restraints had they inflicted on each other.

Sefton's club and fishing cruises were not frowned upon; his smokers and bachelor dinners were envied, not
reproved, while Maude's erratic dashes to a far distant
city to spend a week or two in an old homestead, where
Julie, her other love, lived, when not wandering elsewhere
with an elderly aunt, were cheerfully approved of by
Sefton, and whatever itinerary she might select for the
summer months was blindly subscribed to by him.

Her dinners and receptions were applauded; her
extravagances as to everything summed up in that one
fateful word, "chiffons," were looked upon with placid
approval, as the natural proclivities of a handsome young
American woman of fashion, who knows how to do things well.

There was an appreciative fellow-felling on his part,
for Sefton owned a yacht, and Gordon setters which won
prizes at bench shows.

"We'll drive tandem, little woman, you and I, free and
easy, and not too much harness," Clarence Sefton has
suggested.

"Good! I'll be leader," gaily acquiesced Maude.

That agreement was entered into during the honeymoon
period, and Maude had "led" ever since, with credit to
herself, and to Sefton's entire satisfaction.

So the Sefton menage was looked upon as a rarely
successful venture in the market matrimonial, although
there were the jealous and the envious--whom we always have
with us--like the poor--watching for future cyclones, with
wise shakings of the head.
"So extravagant! It's bound to end badly!" declared Mrs. Norriston sadly.

"Divorce, of course," Jane Waring asserted, at which Margery, Mrs. Broughton, Maude's dearest friend, laughed with cynical pleasure.

The very charming room, pale blue Renaissance, and mirrors, where Mrs. Sefton sat, ruminating over Hamilton's disagreeable and disappointing dispatch, showed distinct signs of speedy flitting.

Traveling cases stood around open, and costly raiment, like summer clouds, were piled on all sides, while the packer, with professional precision, assisted by Ann, Mrs. Sefton's maid, was deftly at work, a continuous rustle of scented paper being the only sounds just then audible.

Perhaps the fact that her mouth was a temporary pin cushion accounted in part for the silence of the room.

A frou-frou of silk down the hall and a quick light step preceded the drawing of the summer hangings and Julie's entrance.

"Still packing! How dreadful! Why, mine were through ages ago!"

"Do come away, dearie! Let's go to the library and have tea. I'm so tired! The idea of a charity concert in this heat! One hundred unfortunates, packed into Anna Pendleton's drawing rooms, at the close of May--barbarous!"
"We were so depressed and stifled none of us could scare up a conversation, much less enthusiasm. Even that hateful thing, Eliza Cameron, was for once subdued. She managed to drawl out that she had good reason to know Jack Hamilton would never go abroad this summer. She located next to me and looked mysterious and talked about that detestable brother of hers, and an excursion he has been on down in the Gulf, and of his meeting queer people. He's still in New Orleans. I wonder what she meant? Something mean and nasty, of course. Why she picked me out for a listener I can't imagine."

Julie tiredly pulled off her slim gray gloves, drew out her long jewel-headed pins which fastened a combination of lace and flowers termed by Girot a spring hat, to the rich waves of her hair, slipped out of her elaborate gown with Ann's help, and into something ethereal and light, and turned a lovely rather wistful face to Maude, who still sat lazily leaning back in her lounging chair, intently watching Julie, instead of the ornate facade of her neighbor's house across the way.

Putting the telegram into her pocket, Maude got up and linked Julie's arm in hers with a calm grace, while giving some last directions as to furs, laces and jewels, then led that weary attendant at the charity gathering that hot May afternoon toward a cool library on the other side of the big house, formerly Sefton's uncle's room, which
constituted one of Maude's several pied-a-terre, that erratic young woman insisting that a family residence was a charming place to come back to occasionally, but not to be buried alive in indefinitely.

The butler brought notes and letters along with the tea things, and there were roses from the florist, whose breath spread like a sigh through the room.

"Who from?" asked Maude with a slight frown.

But only Julie's name was on the card.

A warm blush spread over Julie's face as she bent down and buried it among the cool moist leaves.

"Of course, it's Jack Hamilton. He must have telegraphed," said Maude lightly.

But there was anxiety and considerable anger in that young woman's heart.

"What did Jack mean by so rudely breaking his engagement? Imperative business! Stuff! She had written him to join them in New York. Clarence had retained his stateroom on the Cunarder. They were to leave in two days' time. He should have been there tonight. Instead of which—and to send flowers to Julie! It was exasperating!"

"What precious nonsense did that spiteful cat, Liza Cameron, tell you about Jack?" she queried, lazily, after a pause, while reaching for the sugar bowl.

"Oh, it was not much; only that he was not going abroad. She hinted—oh, well, you know, dear, how Liza can
insinuate anything and everything. Of course, I never whispered he was to join our party. Imagine her face when she hears of it!"

Julie laughed and settled comfortably among the sofa cushions, with a sigh of fatigue and content, her roses on one side, a tabouret and her cup on the other.

"He ought to be here tonight," she said, with drowsy content.

Silence fell over the old oak-paneled room, so restful and stately, the rumble from the street coming in subdued fashion through the thick walls, and the sage warning Clarence had given, as to the danger of trifling with dynamite came back to Maude's memory with exasperating distinctness.

"Was there ever, anywhere in the wide world, a sweeter, a more lovely or a more noble girl than Julie," thought Maude, looking with jealous love at the slender figure as she lay back on the sofa, her long lids closed over their deep blue eyes, a faint smile hovering around her lips, a languid grace enwrapping her, while Jack Hamilton's roses lay heavy and moist on her white gown. How absurd to break her heart for such a man!

"He's not worth it! Poor little Julie! Poor child!" thought Maude, distressed and furious. For none knew

"A small portable stand."
better than she did how clinging and faithful Julie was, how true and steadfast, how clinging in her affections.

Well Maude Sefton was not going to allow her plans to go astray, not if a little diplomacy would help it. Julie's happiness should not be wrecked by any temporary foolish misunderstanding.

Jack Hamilton had always been more or less in love with Julie. He would certainly realize his immense good fortune if that spiteful Liza Cameron, or some other meddler, did not interfere.

He and Julie must be left to each other while they wandered through the solitudes of the Norway coast or explored the urfrequented valleys and fjords of those strange barren lands.

By the close of the summer all would be right between them.

So Maude made up her mind to accept his excuse, to explain matters pleasantly to Julie and to hold Jack to his engagement to meet them in Paris for the northern tour.

Moving softly so as not to disturb the pretty, tired sleeper, Maude Sefton went to her desk and dashed off a few lines. Mr. Fulton Hamilton, Boston Club,\(^4\) New Orleans: "Sorry you are detained. Join us in Paris. Will cable address. We leave tomorrow."

\(^4\)Another exclusive men's club that still exists in New Orleans today.
"Tell Mr. Sefton to send this off at once," she said in a low voice to Harris, who answered her summons.

"Was that the bell? Has he come?" exclaimed Julie, starting up.

* * * * * * * * * *

Insensibly Hamilton drifted into the pleasant habit of hurrying through his work and correspondence Friday afternoon to take the late fast express and run out to the fishing club near English Lookout, to come back to the city Monday morning.

Ambroise always expected him; his pirogue was there close to his steps in readiness, and a perfect familiarity with the route made the distance down Cabanage canal and through the short cut across the prairie to Pierre Drouhet's cottage seem shorter each time he swept rapidly over it in his light canoe skimming like a swallow under the impetus of his impatient, eager strokes.

And there was always someone waiting on the steps at the water's edge to greet him--someone whose eyes shone like stars as he came up, who would stretch out a white hand which he held lingeringly. Someone whose mellow, vibrant tones and words of welcome would ring and echo through his heart and memory during the succeeding days of absence until he heard them once again.

How ideal were those long, sweet, quiet evenings, when they sat on the porch, sometimes chatting with Pierre
Drouhet, oftentimes alone, interrupted only by old Suzette, who would bring light refreshments, and linger until Tonie gently and gaily sent her off.

How restful and enchanting those desultory talks during which Jack, released from the necessity of conventional compliments, learned to gauge the depth and breadth of a rarely fine nature, and of an intellect vigorous and responsive to every suggestion, while the pure, untroubled simplicity of one untainted by the world cast a luster over her beautiful, proud face, adding a thousandfold to its perfection.

So spring drifted by and merged into the early days of summer. And still Jack Hamilton lingered.

After all, it mattered but little to him what the cause had been which had forced Pierre Drouhet to live in exile and in hiding in the great salt marshes. That was his secret, and Jack Hamilton preferred not to know it. Whatever the cause, it was a blessed one, even if crime lay behind it, for it had planted that wild rose of beauty, Antonia, on a wooded knoll of the prairies and had kept her there, unspotted by the world--Jack almost had the fatuous conceit to believe for his sole and special benefit.

That Pierre Drouhet would never again claim his name De Morillac or his heritage, the great stone pile which towered on the rugged cliffs of Brittany, over which the sea waves flew and the salt sprays dashed at whose feet the
eternal thunder of the Atlantic surges rolled, was plainly evident. But how did that affect Antonia? Surely no more magnificent descendant of a stern and valiant race had ever lived to grace a sordid world that this young girl, living her unselfish life of infinite good deeds among the fisher folks of the Gulf shore, aloof from the envyings and jealousies, the evil-speaking and evil-thinking, which enter into the daily life of all.

And in this gay, rambling, desultory gossippings during the long summer evenings on the porch, Jack discovered that while her knowledge of life was only taken from books, her love was varied and extensive, for her friends were the thinkers and writers of the past and present, a noble company to frequent and be on familiar terms with.

"Tell me of your gay world and its brilliant inhabitants," she said one night.

It was early June, and Pierre Drouhet sat inside reading his papers and letters near a shaded lamp, while Tonie and Jack, on the broad wooden steps which led down to the water, had been discussing gaily their plans for the morrow.

"I will not. It's a world of effort and insincerity, and the women in it are not near as brilliant and as beautiful as you are, Fauvette," Jack said calmly.

At which Tonie laughed light-heartedly.
"It is a very charming world, because it teaches people to say charming things, even when they are insincere," she answered composedly.

"Well, this isn't insincere. It's the truth. You don't know how beautiful you are, Fauvette. And as to being good, you are an angel on earth. Ask your old priest, Father David."

Tonie laughed with merry incredulity, and a flush like the roseate light of the sky at dawn—a hue Jack had learned to love and watch for—rose slowly to her face, while she turned and looked full at her companion.

"You must not tell me all those pretty things. Not that I'll believe them, but—I will get used to them, and when you are gone—and I—have left this grand old prairie, this home of my childhood, I will remember your words—and—will miss them."

It was the first time Tonie had ever alluded to a possible separation, or to the future, since the fateful day when, coming back from the village on the coast, she told him of her promise to go into a convent should her father leave her.

Her words struck like a knife into Jack's heart.

"You are not going away?" he asked, turning abruptly and holding her hand tight in his.

"I don't know—not just yet. Pere was saying—"
"You shall not leave me, little Fauvette! Never! Never, if I can help it! Will you not stay with me—always? Let me watch over you—and protect you? Ah, Fauvette! Beautiful wild bird! If you only knew how you fill every nook and corner of my heart; how you alone are my every waking and sleeping thought—"

But Tonie sprang up with a low cry of anguish and stood facing him.

"I will not listen," she panted. "Oh, I must not hear you!" You will forget me—later—but I--"

Tonie paused, and slowly her sweet face paled, her agitation died away, and a steady light grew in her splendid eyes. A little smile, proud and pathetic, flitted across her lips and she left her hands in Jack's warm grasp.

"We were both playing at being in society, were we not? We forgot we are out in the prairies; that the sweet old moon, not an electric light, is shining above us. We'll think no more of it, you and I, will we? Père wants us. Come."

"Not until I have your answer, little Fauvette," Jack said, drawing her gently to him, while holding back a wild rush of words, fearing to startle her, for her soul seemed to Jack like some deep, calm, untroubled lake.

"I'm not much of a fellow, God knows, Fauvette. But if you care for me a little bit and will take me I will
live only for you and your happiness, sweetheart. We will go down to your little village, Fauvette. Père David's chapel will look like paradise if it were lit up and filled with white flowers. Fauvette! Fauvette! say you will stay with me--always--in life and--beyond!"

But Tonie tore herself free and, turning, placed both her beautiful strong hands on his shoulders.

Looking straight up at Jack she said: "Your voice will ring in my ears for time and eternity. Yours! yours! yours--none other. But we must part."

Swiftly she left him, and Jack staggered back.

The water lapped and gurgled around the piling of the steps; the reeds rustled their dismal song as if murmuring against the cruelties of fate, a pale radiance fell over all things, the great stretch of the prairies spread lonely and desolate before him, and Jack felt what the anguish of all those long coming years would by without Fauvette.

"Never! I will not lose her!" he said warmly.

(To be continued)
Well, the smoldering fire had burst forth into consuming flame, and Jack Hamilton, by the light of its fierce intensity, saw life under a different aspect.

Some things paled into complete insignificance, others took on a rugged, majestic importance, towering over everyday ambitions, absorbing thought, hope and aspiration, to the exclusion of all else.

Hamilton sat and reread, for the fortieth time, a clever, bright, gossipy letter just received from No. 12 Avenue Poissonniere, Paris.

It described many pleasant visits to historic places; wanderings through museums and art galleries and ancient churches; evenings at the opera, and finally, with picturesque warmth, a ball at the Russian embassy, where Julie, too lovely to be described, had carried off the honors of the evening.

"Les Americaines sont tout bonnement adorables!"4® had been old Prince Kouraguine's enthusiastic comment, so Maude Sefton gaily wrote, while losing his heart—or was it his wicked cynical old head? to that fair and placidly indifferent girl.

4®"Americans are just too adorable."
"We have but three more weeks to disport ourselves in this dear, delightful modern Babylon. Then ho! for the rocky solitudes of Norway, economy and boredom!

"And a good thing too. Clarence declares he has mortgaged his paternal acres, and that lovely old ancestral home I'm so fond of in New York. He says it's all on account of my extravagance, as if a few poor dresses and bonnets and bibelots could do so much damage.

"That reminds me--and I'll whisper it to you--Clarence, poor boy, has been driving out daily to Longchamps with that horrid amusing scamp, Deno Waring--you know he's an attache of the legation now--and when they come back my husband generally wears a dejected look and avoids the subject of races. So do I.

"So if you have any philanthropy or regard for the future financial condition and welfare of your friends, you must fly to the rescue. Clarence needs you.

"By taking the steamer of the 20th you will catch us just a few days before we start on our pilgrimage north.

"Au revoir. I will greet you in the light of a deliverer. Clarence is--Dieu sait ou." Julie sends messages--or would if she were not receiving the prince, who has just called. These Cossacks are queer people. Very dangerous. Faithfully, MAUDE SEFTON"

Jack Hamilton laughed grimly.

49"God knows where."
After all, only a conceited prig would imagine any perils in connection with so charming and cordial an invitation. To be one of a gay party to climb the mountainous cliffs and sail along the picturesque shore lines of the Norway coast would entail nothing beyond getting through the hot months pleasantly.

It was most flattering to be urged by charming Mrs. Sefton. He would write her a warm letter of thanks. It was not possible, he mused, they would let that sweet child fall into the grasp of that Russian beast.

What was he to tell her? He and Fauvette had come to no understanding last Sunday night. He had not had another opportunity to speak to her alone, nor to Pierre Drouhet, for Pere David and an elderly French scientist, a graduate of Sorbonne, had spent the evening and night at the cottage, and he had left with them at dawn the next day.

But Jack had poured out on paper, when he and the stars were the only watchers and a deep stillness rested over all things, the fervent hopes and longings which burned so impetuously within him, and surely the eloquence of his strong pleadings would show Fauvette that there was no question of parting, no possibility of any hideous wrenching asunder. He intended to claim her and keep her. Not until the inexorable old reaper would step in between them in the far distant and dim future would he part from her, and then it would not be for long.
"Think of it, Fauvette! Years and years of ineffable bliss! Of a beautiful, unclouded happiness!" Jack had written.

Placing his letter on the book she had been reading, he warned old Suzette before leaving to give it to Tonie when she would come into the cool, sweet room.

Jack knew how the slanting rays of the early sun would illumine all things, the waving dew-drenched marshes of the prairies, the old cedars and tea roses, the convolvulus and mignonette, and how gloriously fair she would look, her calm, sweet presence casting a great flood of revivifying sunshine over all things.

And while he was back again in the hot, dusty city attending to the shipping of grain and cotton, idling discontentedly at the club, or taking a late fish dinner with friends out at the Lake, bored by a clever operetta or speculations as to the short cotton crop, and the latest on dit of the world which was his, how peacefully the hours would speed for Fauvette.

Jack hoped with jealous discontent that he would come in for at least a small share of her thoughts, and he had warned her he would be back Saturday afternoon for the set purpose of seeing Pierre Drouhet and with his consent someone dearer to him than life.

The steamer on the 20th? Jack mused. He would have ample time to run down to the cottage on the knoll. He
persuaded Tonie to let him choose a ring for her, some single stone of great beauty, something a little symbolical of the simple grandeur of her nature.

Then he would write to Maude Sefton and to Clarence, instead of crossing over to join them.

They could easily fill his place and complete their party for the two months' excursionizing in the mountains.

Jack wondered if Prince Kouraguine would be one of them, and it gave him an uneasy pang. He remembered what good friends Julie and he had always been. How sweet she was. How her face would brighten, and soften, when greeting him. And certainly Julie was a beautiful girl, even if her society manners made her often inscrutable, sometimes artificial.

Of course they would all be absurdly antagonistic on hearing this news.

Jack could see in his mind's eye Maude Sefton's raised eyebrows, and faint, well bred exclamation of surprised disapproval. Perhaps of disdain. The tale would go abroad that he was going to marry a fisherman's daughter.

Oyster boats, goelettes and sand schooners would be in the public mind when his engagement would become known.

Jack flushed shyly and laughed.

As if he cared! Only, he winced at the thought of his beautiful Fauvette, that grand creature being so absurdly misrepresented.
There could be no question of claiming the De Morillac descent, and baronial coat-of-arms.

Pierre Drouhet’s reasons for discarding them, and living the obscure life of a fisherman and trapper in the lonely salt marshes of the Gulf coast were imperious evidently, and set the seal of silence on his lips.

But what did it matter to him, and to Tonie?

What did matter, and what was of supremest importance for all the years to come, however, was—her acceptance of his name.

At the thought Jack Hamilton was seized with a mighty yearning to take the evening train to the Gulf shore, run out to English Lookout, and the fishing club—and it was with a powerful effort he curbed his impatience and waited.

Saturday came at last, and Jack’s thoughts and desires flew ahead of the flying train, and but one uneasy thought marred his excellent joy, Tonie’s silence, for she had not written even the few words he had craved.

"I kept your pirogue, sir. A party of gentlemen came and the wanted it, but I said you were sure to be here," Ambroise explained, as Hamilton went up the clubhouse steps.

"Of course," said Jack with a slight frown. "I’ll not wait for dinner. Just get it ready, will you? Thanks."

Ambroise seemed as if about to say something, then checked himself.
"Apres tout--c'est pas mon affaire," he muttered, looking with friendly interest after Jack Hamilton's quickly receding boat as he sped down Cabanage Canal, while the glorious summer afternoon was drawing to a close.

It was quite dark when Hamilton, passing through the short cut, a route he now knew by heart, swept rapidly toward Pierre Drouhet's cottage. Fauvette's home under the centenary oaks of the knoll.

Jack leaned far forward to discern the slender, graceful figure always waiting for him on the steps. How her beautiful face would light up! What a glorious welcome lay in the depths of those magnificent eyes!

"Part from her! Part from Fauvette!" Jack laughed at the absurdity of the thought. She had said it under the impulse of pride. The pride of the old Norman blood which coursed through her veins, and because, loving obscure and unknown, she drew back from the thought of taking his name without avowing to the world that her father, who, fisherman though he was, could claim as his heritage a towering castle on a rock-bound coast. Over its gateway stood baronial arms of M. de Morillac's cut into the old granite hatchments, and the crest a soaring falcon, with a broken wing.

Jack had learned this through Tonie, who had told him with a simple directness and confidence, not alluding to

50"After all--it is none of my business."
the strange mode of their present life, although he felt
sure she knew the cause, for between father and daughter
there was a bond of love and confidence built on a
knowledge of each other’s worth, which nothing could shake
or overcome.

Jack looked eagerly forward through the growing gloom
of the evening, but there was no gleam of white on the
porch steps.

The dark, still water ran up and stopped, then wound
off around the curve of the knoll.

A sharp pang of keenest disappointment shot through
Jack Hamilton’s heart, and an amazed dread seized his soul.

Nor was there any light in the cottage.

White to the lips, Jack swept up to the small landing
and sprang out.

The front door was closed, and silence reigned. Nor
was Monarch, Tonie’s Gordon setter and faithful companion,
asleep on the door mat.

Dashing round to the little courtyard at the back of
the house, so gaily animated always with Tonie’s pets,
where the bronze colored pigeons fluttered and cooed, Jack
found Suzette sitting solitary, croning over a small fire,
her old face furrowed with grief.

Looking around, her eyes glowed with a somber fury
when she saw him.
"What has happened, Suzette? Tonie? Where is she?"

Jack asked, pantingly.

The old woman looked at him with eyes in which grief and fury were mingled and kept silent.

"Where is Pierre Drouhet? Where is Tonie? Have they gone? Speak?" Jack said, imperiously, his voice hoarse with anguish and passionate disappointment.

"Aye--they have gone. Gone forever--and it's you--you--who drove them away, curse you!" old Suzette said, slowly, in her queer patois.

"Gone? Where?" asked Jack, unable to understand the immensity of the disaster.

"They have gone! gone! gone! I do not know where--nor will you--ever! They will not come back--never--Ale! Ale! Ale!--"

Old Suzette threw her apron over her head, and rocking back and forth, crooned out her grief in broken words, in which mingled fierce curses on Jack, who, she said, was the cause of her desolate bereavement, and who had crept into Tonie's sunlit home to banish her from it.

"Ale! Ale! Ale!" moaned the old woman.

"My God," said Jack, wiping his brow with a shaking hand, as he sat down on a stone bench near Suzette.

Then he began, after a pause, to soothe and entreat the poor creature, trying to instill a hope that she would surely see her young mistress, the light of her eyes, ere
long, and questioning to find some clue to the whereabouts of Pierre the Trappeur and Tonie, who was to have been his betrothed that night.

"Non! non! Jamais, never will these old eyes see that bonny face again!"

Jack thought his own heart would break as a realization came to him that no one—not even Pere David, so Suzette told him brokenly—knew where Pierre Drouhet had gone with his daughter.

It was last Monday evening; Tonie took only a few things with her, but she had given money, enough for Suzette's needs for the next few years she would live, Suzette said, and Tonie—there were tears running down her face, and she had kissed her! Again Suzette rocked and crooned with monotonous grief and would not be comforted.

"Courage, Suzette. I will find her and bring her back," Jack said, rising slowly to go.

But Suzette shook her head and thrust back Jack's hand and proffered gift.

Leaving her crouched over her fire, with her wail—"Ale! ale! ale!"—ringing in his ears, Jack Hamilton went back to the front of the cottage, sat on the step where Tonie stood to welcome him with her glorious smile as his boat ran blithely up over the dark still water. The night was calm, while a melancholy radiance fell over all things, and the gurgle and lapping of the water around the boat
steps were the only sounds which disturbed the quiet serenity of the still night air.

That she should have gone, left him without warning, without a line, without one word--and forever! Impossible! Little Fauvette, with her great, tender, compassionate heart, could not be so cruel--could not plunge him into such bitter despair! Had he not held her for one short moment, and had she not said that for all time his words would ring in her ears? Yes. But she said they had to part.

"My God!" Jack murmured.

The faint gurgle and lapping of the water underneath the steps seemed to answer him and accentuate the silence and desolation around him.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This time the ball was at the American legation, given in honor of that beautiful American heiress, Julie, brilliant Mrs. Clarence Sefton's sister, who had created such a sensation at the Russian fete a month ago. And when Maude swept slowly in the drawing room, where Julie stood, arrayed in shimmering white, herself radiant and bewitching, through credit to her husband, as she modestly told him she always tried to be with Felice's assistance, she thought she had never seen Julie look so entirely lovely.
The wistful melancholy which had grown habitual to the fair face was an added charm, it giving a deeper note to her beauty.

"As perfect as a snowflake," Clarence remarked, while putting on his gloves and surveying them both critically. "What do you call that?" You are a stunning little woman," he remarked, surveying Maude through his eyeglasses.

"'That,' as you call it, is Venice point, sixteenth century," explained Mrs. Sefton, admiring her slim, beautiful figure, reflected in the glass, and the laughing face which laughed back at her.

"I see," said Sefton. "Part of that mortgage. Do hold on to K. We may need him one of these days."

At which Maude laughed gaily.

"Well, Snow Drop, I suppose this is to be the prince's wind up," Clarence said, putting his wife's wrap carefully around her. "Beastly fellow, Kouraguine. Wouldn't have a thing to do with him if I were you."

At which Julie smiled reassuringly as they went downstairs.

"I had a letter from Jack Hamilton. That absurd romance of Liza Cameron, that he had fallen in love with a barefooted fisherman's daughter, an aborigine living out on some island in the Gulf, is, of course, a fabrication out of whole cloth. Liza's such a liar! He's coming over. Will join us at Bergen, and give Paris the go by. Jack
Hamilton is just the sort of man to adore precipices and rocks, solitude! B-r-r-r! said Maude Sefton with a shudder.

Julie leaned back in her carriage as it rolled rapidly off to the embassy ball.

There was a glow in her heart and a light in her eyes, and her whole world seemed to be singing a joyous paean.

(To be continued)
"Entrez, Monsieur," Père David said, holding open the garden gate.

Added to its habitual patient serenity, there was a visible depression, a stern sadness, which Jack Hamilton had not before seen on the furrowed face of the old priest.

Silently they walked together up the narrow path to the small portico, between the flower beds and borders of carnations planted by Tonie and tended at each one of her visits with gay and painstaking solicitude.

The waters of Lake Maurepas rippled idle with a ceaseless splash on the white sand of the winding, narrow beach, which sloped down in front of Père David's cottage, and the splash and regular dip of oars came distinct on the still summer air, as Benachi, a Sicilian fisherman, passed down the channel, going to look after his nets and lines before the sun would set.

A group of barefooted urchins who had been out crabbing in the shallow water went noisily along the edge of the lake, paused on seeing Hamilton with Père David, whispered to each other, and then scurried by, their voices dying off in the distance.

The small village, with its rude constructions, its weather-beaten hovels and broken fences, and its air of
remoteness and poverty, which had seemed so picturesque and attractive to Hamilton some weeks before when he visited it with Tonie, now under the shifting light of a cloudy, uncertain summer evening seemed melancholy, bare and forlorn.

Only the small chapel of the presbytery and its garden, had a trim kept look; the absence of the men, who were all out fishing, and their fishing boats and goelettes which had been grouped along the shore when he was there last, giving a desolate air of abandonment to the place.

The keel of some rotting craft, wrecked long years ago, stood out from the encroaching sands near the water's edge, and one or two broken pirogues and canoes, drawn up for repairs or thrown her and abandoned as having served their time and been worsted in their long tussle with wind and water, gave an added note of melancholy to the scene.

"I came to entreat you to tell me where Pierre Drouhet has gone with his daughter," Jack said abruptly, taking a seat on a wooden bench at the silent invitation given him by a wave of Père David's hands, as he too sat tiredly down.

"Why do you wish to know?" asked Père David after a pause.

Why? Because I came to Pierre Drouhet's house yesterday to ask his consent to our marriage, and--I found them gone."
Jack looked white and stern, and his eyes flashed with pain and anger.  
"Gone! Without one word! Not one syllable from Tonie! And yet she knew—"
Jack paused and compressed his lips, and Père David's keen scrutiny softened perceptibly into a kindly sympathy which was his by nature and long habit.
"The house was closed--Suzette was still there. They have been gone for days. She told me she did not know why or where they went. So I have come to you. Of course, I must and will find them. I will not give up Tonie--never!"
The old priest turned his gaze away from Jack's resolute, agitated, anguished face, and looked out across the placid waters of the small lake, at the great marshes and the dark line of the far distant forest, a beautiful landscape, over which an infinite peace seemed to reign, in sharp contrast to the surging disquietude of the human heart alongside, and of his own rebellious discontent at the bereavement which had fallen on him, throwing so dark a gloom over the declining years of his life.
Père David sighed heavily for his own and his companion's sorrow.
"Mon fils," he said wearily, "Why Pierre Drouhet deemed it necessary to leave his safe retreat and take his daughter Antonia with him, I do know. But where they have gone--how far, to what busy haunt, or to what obscure
corner of the world they have sought refuge—I know not! All that I could obtain from him was a promise that in the years to come I will have news of them if all is well."

Silence fell between them, and Jack felt as if the gloom of the dying day was shutting out all the light from his life, as it was closing down on the vast solitudes around with nature’s inexorable flatness.

"May I ask you to tell me what was Pierre Drouhet’s reason?" he asked finally.

Père David looked sadly at his companion, for, although his acquaintance with sorrow and sin was great through a lifetime of pastoral ministrations, greater still was his love of humanity and his sympathy with the sufferings which make part and parcel of human existence.

It seemed a strange and cruel perversion of fate that the handsome young fellow by his side, whose pathway had evidently been smoothed by fortune’s favors, whose ambitions were gratified, and on whom prosperity had showered limitless favors, should have set his heart on the unattainable treasure with so passionate an eagerness, for the old priest was well versed in interpreting hidden emotions, and the anguish tearing at Jack’s heartstrings was evident.

Insensibily Jack began to tell his patient listener of his grief and bitter disappointment at finding Tonie gone, and the house on the knoll deserted. Of the one hope which
pervaded his waking and sleeping thoughts, of the few ties which surrounded him, of his life of ease and pleasure and of the crowning joy which Antonia would be to him, Tonie with her splendid nature and unsurpassable beauty, and Jack added with simple forcefulness that he intended to seek her from one end of the earth to the other until he could once more find her and drink in happiness through her presence.

"I will not live without her," Jack said, his voice hoarse with grief and passion. "What would the days and years be to me if I am not to see her again? Of what value? I would rather know her dead--those lips and eyes closed for all time--than to think of her living caged in some somber convent or among others, and lost to me!"

"Hush, my son! Talk not with such wicked violence," said Pere David, reproachfully. "Life is checkered with griefs and joys, and our dearest hopes are often snatched from us. But time softens our keenest griefs and sorrows, ennobles where there is true worth"

"I, like you, mon fils, had built a fair castle of hope and anticipation for you and for Antonia. I had dreamed of a peaceful home, whose reflected joys would have given a deep contentment to this worn heart, and whose affection for the old priest and friend would glorify his latest steps down the declining pathway of life."

"It was the comforting thought of my old age, Monsieur, and the one glorious as yon Western sky, when the
sun sets fair, that Antonia would not be left to the
buffets of the world, but would find in you a loyal and
fitting protector."

"It required but little knowledge of the human heart,
to read aright the tale, as old as that of life itself,
which was being told over again by you, who in the
springtime of your gracious youth, nor could I be
reconciled to the thought that Antonia, with her wondrous
vitality and grand sympathies, with all things in nature
having been reared to a life of roving unfettered freedom
by some mistaken views might be placed within the
instructions and confines of that beautiful convent life,
which is one of holy peacefulness, Monsieur, to most, but
not to a free and soaring bird, like Tonie."

It eased the pain in Jack's heart, to sit still and
listen to Père David's words, which holding a less fevered
and impassioned grief than his, portrayed one nearly as
deep, at Tonie's disappearance from the cottage on the
knoll, and from out his life.

But Jack Hamilton had no idea of accepting as definite
and final, his separation from Tonie, and so he told Père
David, asking his aid in the quest he intended to start out
on.

The old priest shook his head slowly, in incredulous
hopelessness.
"You have made no inquiry Monsieur, as to her father, the Baron de Morillac's strange mode of life, and the reason which prompted him to seclude himself in the vast prairies, where you met him and his daughter. The secret is his, not mine, nevertheless, for Antonia's sake, and because I will not let unjust suspicion fall across her pathway, and darken it needlessly, I will assure you, Monsieur, that was not crime which drove Pierre Drouhet in exile from home and country there, but a bitter quarrel between him and his eldest brother, now dead, gone to answer before a just judge, for his cruel conduct toward and impulsive, but most generous-hearted youth.

"They grew up to early manhood, side by side in an ancestral home on the rugged coast of Brittany, both having the surging hot blood of their race in their veins.

"Nearby lived Antonia's mother, their cousin.

"It was the wicked and unbridled jealously of Jeoffroid the elder, which, eating into heart and conscience, wrought the cruel mischief and Pierre's undoing.

"They quarreled. Pierre, goaded beyond endurance, struck his brother—he thought unto death—and fled.

"But she joined him, and they were married.

"Having lived all his boyhood days on the sea, Pierre came out to America, a sailor before the mast, and she followed.
"I have known them, Monsieur, ever since they first came to the beautiful Gulf shore, and Pierre, believing himself a murderer, kept aloof from all men, and gained his livelihood as a fisherman.

"He built that cottage in the heart of the great marshes; there Antonia was born, and a great happiness dwelt until the young mother died.

"It was I who read the burial service over her lonely grave, and who gave Antonia—a joyous, toddling babe—her first lessons; I who taught her to walk, and the babble of her voice was like seraphic music to these ears, as it was to the lonely man, her father, who has ever worshiped her.

"It was Tonie's helpless childhood which reconciled Pierre Drouhet to life, and, filling heart and brain, make him the noble man he is today, for his, like hers, has been a life of good deeds and good-will toward men. His is a name known and revered by all men along the coast and throughout the countryside, and many and often have blessings been heaped on his head for his kindly generosities.

"Why not claim his rightful place in the world, for his daughter's sake?" asked Hamilton, profoundly interested and unconsciously relieved to have those dark suspicions which had gathered dispersed by Père David’s words.

"Because for long years he was purposely kept in ignorance that Jeoffreid had not died, and he knew that he
had been disowned and disinherited, and that his name was blackened by calumny.

"For years all things were indifferent to him, and he became accustomed to the free and solitary life he led.

"Not long ago he learned, accidentally, of his brother's death, from illness. No heirs were left, and the old castle was closed and abandoned to a keeper's cave.

"The tale had gone abroad that Pierre and his cousin had perished at sea, and, civilly, he has long since ceased to live. Nor will he ever claim his heritage and title, and where he and Tonie now are no one knows."

"But that is absurd. It is a hideous injustice to that poor child," Jack exclaimed, with prompt common sense view of an American.

Père David shook his head.

"Ah mon fils. Calumny fastened its fangs upon Antonia's mother, pure and white angel though she was, and who can ever disprove against the insidious tongue of evil speaking? Who can disabuse the public mind when poisoned by the black lies of the defamer and the crawling backbiter?

"It was that which held Pierre back. It was that which made him keep his beautiful daughter aloof, fearful to risk any hurt to her by a revival of the cruel past, and too proud to let her take another's name while hers must needs remain that of the plain fisherman, Pierre Drouhet,
the friend and helper of the seamen and fisher folks along the Gulf shore."

"And it is for that reason her father exacted the promise that she would go into a convent in case of his death?" asked Jack with hot insistence.

"That, and the fact of her great beauty, and forlorn condition, without one relative or friend, none to give aid or comfort. Where could she go? To whom turn? The fatal and malign whispers spread abroad in former days served to urge Pierre to place his only child in a safe place of refuge, if left unprotected by him, although I think his judgment misguided him at times."

"You, Father, who know my Tonie so well, her splendid fearlessness, her strength and tenderness, and all her loveliness, could you not have urged a wiser course?" said Jack, his heart sore within him, and a heavy depression seizing hold of him against which hope struggled in vain.

"She should have been given to me. Mine is the right to shield and guard her with so loving a care that no shadow could darken her pathway. What did I care for those dark memories of the past? Tonie and I can make for ourselves a glorious life of complete happiness, and I must find her. You must help me, Père David."

"I said as much for you, mon fils. But it was his pride—the old Norman pride of birth, which leads astray
and takes not into account the simpler manners of today," said Père David gently, as Jack rose to go.

"Would that I could give you cheer and help you in your quest. But I fear it is a hopeless one. Leave me your address, my son, and should aught occur to shed light upon the mystery of their present abode I will surely let you know without delay. Your visit has been a pleasure, for I have been able to speak freely of my ewe lamb, of Tonie, whose first steps were guided by this hand, and whose image dwells with the old friend and instructor always."

They went slowly through the sweet-scented little garden down to the water's edge, where Jack's boat was tied.

"It was to have been your pretty chapel, Père, made into a bower of white flowers. There was to be a flood of light and music, and your villagers were to have a rare feast, and Tonie's wedding gift the schoolhouse she had set her dear heart on," said Jack, looking wistfully at the small church, through whose open door the ever-burning light on the altar was visible.

"Ah, mon fils!" said Père David, in a voice of deep emotion. "I shall petition that your glorious dream become a reality. White blossoms, and lights, and Tonie, radiant as a star, kneeling for that blessing I would fain place on
her sweet head. Ah, monsieur! Make it a reality before I die!"

Wringing his hands, Jack Hamilton stepped in his boat and silently rowed off. A summer storm was swiftly gathering, heavy clouds rolling up from the east, and the small village with its scattered lights looked lost in the immensity around. A rising wind began to ruffle and toss the dark waters of the lake, and the low murmur familiar to those who inhabit the great marshes of the coast became audible, the murmur of the wind sweeping through the rustling reeds when a gale is beginning to blow.

Jack’s restless unhappiness fitted in with the somber tumult of the elements, and there was a grim pleasure in pushing his frail boat in the teeth of the tempestuous summer storm.

A reality! It would soon be a reality. White robed and glorious Tonie should stand by his side in Pere David’s flower-decked chapel.

A flash quivered through the black masses overhead, and a reverberating peal crashed and rolled across the storm-swept prairie. Jack’s canoe scudded before the wind.

(To be continued)
Time is eccentric. Days and hours do not mark its limit. Sometimes a month will drag out into a year—a lifetime. Then again, moments of bliss, hours of joy, flit by and are gone before a full realization of their charm has been had.

The weary time following Jack Hamilton's visit to Pere David and the straggling sunlit village, lying behind that great salt marshes on the borders of Lake Maurepas was so fraught with endless pain, with longing and disappointment, that each day and sleepless night covered a barren stretch of years. So at least it seemed to Jack, for no tidings could be obtained of the wanderers, Pierre Drouhet and Tonie; no scraps of information that would warrant any surmise as to their present abode.

They had disappeared, and all efforts were unavailing to discover them.

Thinking that Pierre might possibly have gone back to the old baronial pile on the Brittany coast, which was his by right of descent, Jack Hamilton, through his lawyer, sent cablegrams and letters to Paris, whence a messenger was dispatched northward.

But the castle was found to be untenanted, shuttered with heavy boards, and abandoned to the rough storms of the
North Sea, and the dull pale warmth of the short summer days with only Jean Marie, a Norman peasant, and his wife to guard it.

They occupied a small wing room on the ground floor, a sheltered rock, opening on a garden patch, which was their main support, where the salt sprays could not come, its rich mold being protected by the towering walls around, against which the northern gales blustered in useless fury.

"Non, monsieur, personne n'est venu visiter le chateau," said Jean Marie.

Then he plied the messenger with anxious inquiries as to the reason of his guest.

Was it possible that the news had at last come of Monsieur Pierre? Jean Marie had always prayed and hoped that some day he would return to claim his heritage and vindicate his name. He and his wife, Thérèse, who had been Monsieur Pierre's nurse, always knew why those black lies had been invented and circulated so wickedly. Many a candle had Thérèse burnt before the altar of the village church for his safety and speedy return. Was there any news of him?

Not knowing, the messenger could give no information. He had been sent with instructions to ascertain whether a gentleman and his daughter had come there recently.

Slowly and sadly Jean Marie shook his head, and the stranger left the old couple standing in the narrow gateway
of the castle wall, watching patiently while he went down the steep winding road toward the railway station of the adjoining village, a kilometer away.

"My dear sir, you had far better leave the whole matter in my hands, and go somewhere for a month or two. Try the Rockies or some lively place abroad—Trouville or Monaco. I have several agents working diligently, and, I dare say, after a while some unexpected clue will turn up," Jack Hamilton's lawyer said, noting how careworn and depressed Jack was looking, Jack, the usual standby of all stag dinners and select suppers, because of his unquenchable flow of wit and humor and his infectious belief, freely expressed, that life is given for enjoyment (one’s own and others), and should be utilized accordingly.

"You really need not come back until late in the fall, and you may rest assured that no stone will be left unturned and no exertion spared to find your friends," Charles Barton said, while busily handling some documents, so as not to appear to notice the restless unhappiness plainly visible on Jack's face.

"In fact," he added, "I would like to have a free hand, and would prefer to know that you are away, enjoying yourself, and not troubling with this at all. These sort of investigations take time, and are apt to drag along tediously. It's a case of patience and perseverance, and I caution you, not always a successful one by any means."
Jack wrung his hand and left the office bitterly grieved and chagrined, but determined to carry the search for Tonie into endless years if needs be.

Then came Mrs. Clarence Sefton's letter. A clever, charming reminder of his promise to scale precipices and explore caverns (Maude presumed there were caverns in Norway), and to go picnicking down impassable valleys (she guaranteed good wines and proper food), and to climb up dizzy heights to see the midnight sun.

"It all looks very appalling on paper," she wrote, "but a checkered and varied experience has taught me that there are 'accommodations' to be made with the joys and sorrows of sightseeing just as well as with that hereafter we hear so much about.

"So we can take the precipices, and even that erratic sun which shines by night, leisurely and without any useless wear and tear to our nerves.

"In fact, my dear Jack, you will be all the more welcome, that the growing friction between Julie and this polished barbarian, Prince Kuraguine—who has elected to be one of us with or without permission—is assuming such acute and appalling proportions that Clarence and I are in daily anticipation of some dreadful catastrophe. We have been doing Bergen and the surrounding country diligently, and there are grand opportunities for calamitous accidents among these bare mountains, I assure you.
"If it were not that the White Wings is riding at anchor outside the harbor, within easy reach, in case the prince grows too vicious, I doubt if I could stand the strain of the comedy we are enacting up here.

"We will expect you this week. Wire what day. Faithfully, MAUDE SEFTON.

"Imagine toying with lyddite!" (I believe that is one better than dynamite). Sometimes our estimable prince is a walking--if suppressed--explosive of the latest improved patent. Poor, dear Julie! She is running risks too fearful to contemplate. M.S."

So Jack Hamilton, smiling drearily over Maude's letter, moody, restless and unhappy, crossed over to Havre, reached Paris, and from the Gare du Nord steamed that very evening northward to reach the seaboard, and later the picturesque old town of Bergen, on the Norway coast, where Maude Sefton's gay pleasure party was idling and loitering through the ancient country of the Scandinavians with scientific comfort and various attendants and much good cheer, that the educated American traveler knows how to employ in order to render life highly agreeable, irrespective of locality or surroundings.

The steamer ran into the rock bound harbor of Bergen, where Sefton's yacht, trim and with furled sails, lay at anchor, just as the setting sun was casting the brilliant

"A high explosive composed primarily of picric acid."
glow of a short summer evening over the towering cliffs, the reds and browns of the low-roofed town, and the slender church steeples, pointing upward.

Mrs. Clarence Sefton, becomingly bronzed by sea breezes and mountain air, whose well fitting walking gown spoke of Paris or London, stood with her husband on the stone pier, chatting gaily while watching the landing of the few passengers aboard.

"Just in time," she said, shaking Jack's hand with warm vehemence, although considerably shocked at his appearance and wondering whether he had been ill.

"We believe we have gotten rid of him," she added, mysteriously. "But it is a comfort to think that Clarence will not have to cope with him single-handed in case he should come back to assassinate us all tonight."

Clarence Sefton laughed and explained that Prince Kouraguine had left that morning, and turning, Jack found himself face to face with a slender, fair-haired, beautiful girl, whose deep glow at seeing him was surely welcome enough, while the violet blue of her eyes deepened and softened until Jack felt a grateful heart throb for so cordial and friendly a greeting.

They sauntered along together up the queer, rough, little street toward a hotel built against the side of the mountains, a strange, foreign structure, picturesque and full of charm, while the passers-by spoke in their sonorous
tongue, and the long twilight of the northern latitude
descended from the surrounding heights and a strange
peacefulness fell upon the majestic scene and upon Jack’s
wearied and sorrowful heart.

"Oh, how sad and changed he is!" thought Julie,
glancing at the sharpened profile and stern-set mouth and
at the lines wrought by anxious brooding during the last
few months in Jack’s face.

"He is much handsomer," Julie thought. "Some great
sorrow must have come to him. How much finer his face is."

And Jack thought that Julie’s free wanderings in the
strange solitudes of the narrow, green valleys, the high
rugged mountains around and among the simple, stalwart
people of the old Norse race under the paling skies of
those quiet latitudes, while the impress of nature’s
grandeur cast a rebuke upon the frivolities of life, had
given her a wonderful beauty and depth of expression not
hers some six months earlier.

"You have grown taller and much more beautiful," Jack
said to Julie, as they passed by a fountain in a small
public square to watch the bubbling water and some urchins
at play.

"Taller? So Maude says. But not the other." Julie
answered, with a sweet, embarrassed laugh, while a
brilliant flush and slight tremor of the lips showed her
deep gratification at the pretty compliment.
There were letters and dispatches awaiting Jack Hamilton at the hotel; one from his lawyer which said: "Nothing new as to the fugitives. Indeed, Jarvis, our agent advises to suspend the quest and trust to accident and time to furnish the needed clue as to their whereabouts."

With a heavy sigh Jack put the letter aside as Maude Sefton called him in her gay, imperious fashion to join them in a stroll through the quaint old town, where there were strange and pleasant sights to be seen, and life seemed simple and peaceful, on lines as broad and clear cut as the massive scenery of towering rocks around.

"Tell us of the world, the flesh and the devil. Is Paris alive, and New York still in existence? We have been living like hermits and recluses outside civilization for so long we feel like mossback turtles," Maude declared, as they strolled leisurely along through the uneven streets toward an ancient church, through whose windows lights were gleaming.

"For heaven's sake do no such thing!" Julie protested with plaintive energy. "It would be simply barbaric to spoil this beautiful evening and ruin the charm of this lovely sea-washed old town by dragging in society and its on dits. You'll be discovering fashion next, and Clarence will plunge into stocks and futures."
"Just look up across the mountains at the exquisite lights and shadows above us—that beautiful glimpse of the sea—and listen to that chanting. Was there ever anything sweeter or more restful than this dear old place?"

Julie's violet eyes shone laughingly bright, and on her lovely face was an expression of great content and happiness as she walked by Jack's side.

With a rush of bitter memory, Jack recalled another scene of still more wondrous beauty to him; one whose ineffable charm was of an earthly paradise, a great sweep of sunlit prairie, a narrow, dark canal, a white cottage from which in the eventime a light burned like a star of radiant hope and joy, and a slender, beautiful girl standing waiting on the steps running down into the lapping water—waiting for him!

With a stifled groan Jack threw aside the cigar he had been smoking, and thrusting his hands in his pockets moved silently on, while Julie glanced with anxious surprise toward him.

A swell of music from the church, a full-throated chant of strange sublimity, made them stop to listen until it had swept off and died away.

"This is oppressive. Too much mountains; too much rock and church music! My frivolous soul can't stand this sort of thing too much longer," declared Maude.
"Come on back to supper. The sublime has the effect of arousing a strong desire within me for white bait and Margaux. If you two care to wander around admiring the beauties of nature and listening to Gregorian chants please yourselves, by all means. But, Clarence, you and I are going back to fortify for tomorrow's excursion and see what Harris has induced the queer chef they have here to concoct. His dishes are usually sea-green or pale pink."

Taking her husband's arm, Maude turned and went gaily back, while Julie and Jack Hamilton strolled on, the solemn chant again sweeping out on the air.

"I wish he would tell me what makes him so desperately unhappy," Julie thought, with a sharp pang and a sigh.

"How womanly and sweet and lovable she is," thought Jack. "But she is not Fauvette--my beautiful, glorious Fauvette!"

"We'll go down through the valley," Julie was saying. "There's a lovely castle on the other side. You have no idea how exquisite all the shades of green are in this wonderful Arctic country, so vivid and tender. And the people seem large-hearted and honest. I suppose because they live so much alone, away from contention, and they undergo so much hardships and danger in the winter time. This sort of life has a great fascination, at least for a short while."
"A great fascination, yes." Jack answered dreamily. "It grows upon you and holds you, and when you go back to the jar and fret of everyday life, the money making and bald pleasures, the insincerities, efforts and struggles to reach some goal not worth attaining, while behind you lies a restful bliss, as broad as the ocean and as deep as the blue sky above, why--"

Jack paused, returning to realities, and gave a short, hard laugh.

"Yes?" said Julie, gently and wonderingly. "Then why come back? Why fritter away life, if so much peaceful happiness lies outside of the fret and contention, as you describe it?"

Jack was tempted to pour out the story of Tonie and her beautiful, solitary life, and to tell his companion of his grief and sore trouble at her disappearance, but her next words checked him.

"Not that too much solitude would suit me," she said. "I confess the opera and a winter season has undeniable charms--Paris gowns and New York fashions and the Horse Show. When we get home Maude intends opening the season with a Russian cotillion in honor of our ex-friend, Prince Kouraguine," and Julie laughed lightly.

They had passed beyond the narrow little town, and had climbed up to a small plateau which overlooked it and the land-locked harbor where the White Wings lay at anchor and
some sailing craft lined the high wharves. A small steamer was puffing its way out to sea, and the white light of the northern sky gave a calm, grave beauty to the austere scene.

They chatted of tomorrow's excursion and planned visits to various points of beauty and interest, for Jack promised to remain with them, visit Paris, the time needed for shopping purposes, and to go back with them in the late fall, in time for the Russian cotillion.

And all the while Jack watched the fast disappearing little steamer, and the fancy struck him that she, too, was going out into a vast, limitless ocean, to shores unknown.

(To be continued)
"What a pity that we must leave this lovely, peaceful nook," Julie said regretfully.

Already the northern autumn had brought a light whirling fall of snow, and the austere aspect of the towering heights and narrow valleys around Bergen, now stripped of their soft summer verdure, was intensified, as also the grandeur of the Norway coast and the tossing gloam of the great ocean billows, heaving and thundering against the rugged crags around, and the smooth high stone quays of the small harbor.

A bright roaring fire in a large blue and white faience stove spoke loudly of winter, as did the unusual number of curtains and rugs brought out and recklessly scattered around by their landlord for the benefit of the rich and lavish American tourists, who so capriciously elected to linger on in this low-roofed old dwelling long after the usual time of flitting of all strangers.

And, indeed, Maude, Mrs. Clarence Sefton, whose soul was hankering in private after the fleshpots of Egypt, in the shape of a gay rush through Paris shops, hurried orders to tailors and dressmakers, the opening night of the opera,

32A china ware stove.
Sarah's "premiere," and receptions crowded in among the whirl of other pleasures, before taking the steamer homeward, considered herself a high-minded twentieth century martyr, for the sacrifice of self on Julie's altar was great.

"Why hurry?" Julie had plaintively said when the winds began to chant their shrill warning that summer had gone, and the skies deepening in tone. Ann, their maid, was obliged to unlock their traveling cases in search of furs.

"Was there ever anything more sublimely magnificent than the scenery around this dear old town?" Julie remarked, looking through the window.

"No, Why no. Nothing grander that I ever saw," acquiesced Maude dryly, while sipping a cup of tea and resting her feet on the edge of the huge, charming old stove, which radiated a glowing heat throughout the quaint room, now converted into an amazingly comfortable one, for Maude Sefton and luxurious comfort were always inseparable companions.

"A trifle monotonous, but grand. If we could vary our daily pleasures slightly, and sandwich in something as a sort of reminder of civilized life, between our usual tramps up the mountains, or down through the valleys, or if we could scare up a sensation between breakfast time and

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Sarah Bernhardt.
supper, their grandeur would be a little more cheerful, don't you think?"

Julie turned a bright, laughing face away from the window, through whose narrow panes she had been looking down the curving street of the town, which led to the harbor, at the glint of an October sun, on the dazzling snow, and on the dark waters of the North Sea, while it intensified the white froth of leaping billows, and rested on a solitary figure leaning motionless against a projecting rock.

"Poor dearie! It's too bad to have kept you here so long!" Julie said remorsefully, coming over and sitting on the arm of Maude's big chair.

"But if you only knew how restful and contented it all seems, and how I feel a sort of morbid dread at going back to 'civilization,' as you call it, you would understand why I am so selfish in making you dawdle on in this dear old town. I know you are just staying for my sake."

Julie put her arm round Maude's neck and leaned her cheek, flushed and pink tinted by the keen mountain winds and salt sprays of the ocean, in tenderest fashion against the bronze, brown hair of a shapely head, that of Mrs. Clarence Sefton, whose attempted melancholy vanished in a gay laugh.

"Clarence is getting up a wolf hunt," she said, sitting up alertly. "If none of us are devoured by the
beasts, or break our necks down a precipice, or get lost in the mountains and starve to death, if we manage to get back safely, we will stay just one day longer in the 'dear old town,' as you call this wilderness, you silly child. To make the most of it, and go out on the cliffs. Wild horses could not drag me away from the fire, and Marion Crawford's queer and irrational ideas of how people went on some centuries ago. "Do remember the dinner hour."

Maude Sefton yawned slightly, curled up comfortably among her cushions, took a few candles from a crystal dish, and resumed Via Crucis, inwardly praying that Julie would announce her engagement to Jack Hamilton in time to leave the needed orders in Paris before going home.

"If Jack Hamilton was not such a nice fellow I'd be furious with Julie. That degree of infatuation is too absurd. It's vieux genre au possible!" Poor, darling Julie! I've given them every possible chance. Jack seems to be morbid about something. There must have been a good deal of truth in that cat Liza's story. He's getting over it, though, and they are so perfectly suited to each other that they'll be ridiculously happy," Maude thought looking lovingly at the beautiful girl while listening to the cracking of the fire.

"Maude is reading Via Crucis (1899) an historical novel of the twelfth-century crusade by American novelist Francis Marion Crawford (1854-1909).

"The oldest possible kind."
"One day more," Julie said with a stifled sigh as taking Maude’s advice she went off to don a walking suit and furs for a last ramble along the cliffs above the swirling and dashing sprays of the North Sea’s billows.

"Well, little women, we’ll have our wolf hunt tonight before the moon rises," Clarence said, coming briskly in, a big hound at his heels.

"You girls must put on a lot of warm things and heavy shoes. We are to leave tomorrow afternoon, so this is your last fling at outlandish experiences. We’ve had enough cruising, and the weather’s growing stormy, so I’ve ordered McMasters to run the White Wings down to Calais and dock her. We’ll take the steamer tomorrow. Can’t give you and Julie but three weeks in Paris, you know, so the sooner we start off the better. I’ve played the very devil with business by staying over here so long."

With the word of wolf hunt Maude’s animation had returned in all its vigor. Jumping up gaily, she rang for Ann, and glancing through the window she saw Julie and Jack Hamilton moving slowly off down the cliffs.

"How happy Julie will be," she thought, forecasting the future with tender love and much self-congratulation, while giving orders for packing.

Jack Hamilton, leaning on a projecting boulder, had been looking out over the dark expanse of heaving water, which melted unobstructedly into the distant horizon.
A great, empty, hideous, boundless sea, Jack thought bitterly.

For, although the recent weeks of idling in the stern solitudes of the old Norseland, in company with brilliant and clever Maude Sefton and his friend and college chum Clarence, and that beautiful girl, Julie, had been soothing and pleasurable, and had served the good purpose of easing at times the dull ache which was his hourly companion and held him company during many a long night's vigil, still there were times when the longing for a vanished presence was so great within him that only the solitudes of the great towering heights or the restless dash of the sea, in its eternal and futile effort to sweep over or beat down the jagged rocks against which it snarled and fought to fall back sullen and defeated.

Refusing to give up the quest for Pierre Drouhet and Tonie, Hamilton had written to redouble the efforts being make, but without adducing the faintest trace or smallest clue.

Jack looked moodily out, and thought it was a cruel mischance, a wicked misconception of life's duties, which was wrecking his own life, benumbing his ambitions and making him an aimless, moody wanderer, for what cared he for success, home or fireside if Fauvette were not by his side to share triumphs and joys with him?
"The caucus has selected you to run from the Fifth Congressional District," Charles Bolton, his lawyer, friend and confidential advisor had written him recently. "Your backing is strong, and your work during the last campaign is appreciated, and you'll take your seat in the next House."

But the earnest, fiery interest in public matters which had driven Jack on so earnestly seemed benumbed, and he had tossed the announcement of his preferment aside indifferently.

Tonie. He must find her.

How plainly he could see her face and radiant eyes in the light mists on the sea, the gloom of the great forests, in the paling evening light, and the soft shadows which gathered and the long twilight slipped off into night.

The call of a seagull aroused him, and turning Jack saw a graceful figure in a dark, close-fitting gown going along the narrow path which wound around the crags, and the deep and silent sympathy he knew would receive drew him toward her.

Often Jack had been within an ace of pouring out to Julie the whole story of that exquisite idyll of the lonely marshes, but it had seemed like desecration to speak of his beautiful, proud little Fauvette to any but her old, loving friend, Père David, so he remained silent, often moody, and always sorrowful, but always soothed by her sweet
companionship, to which he clung as a temporary relief to
the great oppression of his thoughts.

"You are like church music--some uplifting anthem.
You seem to breathe a rest and hopefulness, which must come
from heaven. If I anything much about prayer I would say
you represent prayer to me. You are as good and sweet as
you are beautiful," Jack said in all sincerity as they
strolled down the winding pathway along the crags, that
last evening of their stay in the picturesque town of
Bergen, all unconscious of the deep emotion his words
aroused and the wild tumult within Julie's breast, hid by
the simple, careless self-possession, that finest lesson
taught by society, and deceived by the sweet, light laugh
with which Julie greeted his words.

And so steering perilously near an abyss, veiled to
Jack by his straight-forward manliness, and not realized by
Julie, because of her ignorance of its existence, those two
fell into earnest talk and strange confidences, broken by
musing silences, still more sweetly dangerous, and the last
pleasant hours of their stay in the old Norseland drew
swiftly to a close.

"Oh, how late it is! We must hurry back. You know we
have our wolf hunt tonight and we are to start up the
mountain just after dinner."

"How majestic!" Hamilton said, pausing.
Beneath them dashed the rolling billows of the North Sea, with a continuous, unceasing murmur, and behind them arose the old Scandinavian mountains, crowned by a dark rim of fir, pomp and clad in the soft white mantle of virginal snow.

"You will never know all that you have been to me during these past weeks," Jack said, gently taking Julie's pretty gray-gloved hands in his and holding them warm and fast. "You have been to me an angel of light; you have unconsciously soothed one wring with bitterest anguish by your gentle unvarying kindness, and, indeed, I thank you from the bottom of my heart! You will be always associated in memory with the austere beauty of this wondrous land, and never will I forget your uplifting sympathy. You are as perfect and lovely as those snow-clad heights!"

Reverently Jack kissed the small hands which trembled in his.

They turned to retrace their steps down the rugged coast line, and Julie stifled the sob which arose and struggled for utterance.

It was late when they got back, and keen were the laughing reproaches as to their belated dinner, cold soup and mountain trout.

Hurriedly they left for the wolf hunt, the mayor of Bergen and other notables taking part.
The scene was glorious, excitement ran high, and the hour was late when wearied, but gay and joyous, the party returned to the old hostelry perched up against the mountains.

The departure next day was hurried and just as the rising sun threw its crimson shafts over peak and valley and the red tiled roofs of Bergen a small steamer left the land-locked harbor, with its towering cliffs, and churned its way steadily out into the North Sea, steering southward.

On deck Julie stood silent, and if her thoughts turned with a passionate good-by to the little Norse town and the sweetest hours of her life, none knew it.

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"Oh, Paris! Dearest of my heart, welcome!" ecstatically cried out Maude as the train stopped and Clarence handed Julie and herself into a coupe with the direction "12 Avenue Poissonniere," to the driver.

"Come and dine with us. We'll go to some theatre for the last act," Maude called out to Jack Hamilton.

Then began the social whirl, with its cares and fascinations and its multiplicity of engagements.

Early morning rides, a recherche breakfast running into late hours, cabs, afternoon receptions, dinners at

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*An exquisite breakfast that entailed much preparation.*
embassies and palatial residences, and no moment in which
to see Maude, who blossomed like a rose at her return to
civilized life, or Julie, who looked paler than when blown
upon by mountain breezes, but infinitely lovely in the
artistic attire of fashion’s supremest dictum.

"So glad you have called, my dear Jack. I’ve been
sending you notes and messengers all day to tell you to
come with us tonight. You are specially invited, although
Emma could not remember your name. Here’s her note.
Madame de Honouman invites us. Clarence has an engagement
to dine with Archie Pendleton and some fellows, so Julie
and I insist on your escort. If you have an engagement you
must throw it over. Come early, but we won’t go there
until eleven, of course.

"Fancy being invited by that dear old Comtesse. She
is essentially of the vieux regime, and we are of the very,
very few Americans ever asked to her magnificent home.
It’s a museum. Something regal! You know she is related
to any number of crowned heads.

"What a charming wind up to our visit. This reception
is to introduce a grand niece to the world social. Tout
Paris is raving about her already. I rather think the
Comtesse’s millions have more to do with the sensation than
her good looks. But any woman with money and Felix at hand
who fails to be handsome deserves her fate."
"We'll expect you for tea. Julie will be exquisite tonight."

Stopping at the florist to see if his orders had been executed, Jack drove home to array for the ball at the Countess de Honouman, of ancient Norman nobility, and was on time to give his escort to two very handsome American luminaries of the world social.

There was a murmur of admiration as they went through the hallway up the broad stairway and into the magnificent reception room of the Countess, which came gratefully to Jack's ears. They were received with stately grace by a gray-haired lady, who explained that her niece had just left her side, but would shortly return.

Quickly surrounded and borne away by admiring diplomats and others, Jack found himself an onlooker near the doorway of a smaller room decked with palms.

There was a slight rustle, and, turning, Jack saw the vision of his waking hours and long sleepless nights—Tonie—regally beautiful, her great eyes, in which a passionate delight grew as she looked, fixed on him, her lips slightly apart, while her brilliant color faded slowly to a marble hue.

She stood motionless.

"Fauvette! My Fauvette!!" Jack said under his breath, as he clasped and held her hand with passionate force, the
great and exceeding joy which leapt up from his heart precluding words.

"How could you leave me! Desert me so cruelly without one word--one little word, Fauvette, to save me from despair?" Jack panted after a pause.

"No word? Did she not give you my letter?" Tonie asked with a quivering sigh, a great wave of color sweeping back over her face.

"Letter? Who?" Jack asked agitatedly.

"Old Suzette. I charged her to put it in your hand--"

"My God!" Jack said.

"Ah, I should not have trusted her," Tonie whispered.

"But I have found you at last! At last, Fauvette," Jack said, crushing her hands against his breast. "And you are mine! Mine, little Fauvette!"

Someone stepped quickly through the doorway.

"The Countess awaits you."

"Oh, yes. My aunt. I must go. A demain!"57 she whispered.

(To be continued)

57"Until tomorrow."
Maude Sefton was furious. Deeply hurt and disgusted with Jack Hamilton for his absurd conduct of the night before, and temporarily at odds with the world at large.

But, having been trained in an excellent school— that of society— nothing in her unruffled demeanor of that clever young woman indicated her inward exasperation and disappointment, except, perhaps, a too studied suavity of manner and a slightly forced gaiety, tinged with a sarcasm quite outside her usual good-tempered brilliancy.

Only a few more hours would be theirs to spend in that attractive modern Babylon, Paris, so that she and Julie were idling through their last unoccupied afternoon, waiting for Jack, while Clarence Sefton was busy sending off telegrams and seeing after the final arrangements.

"Y--e--s, of course, she's handsome— but she's not better looking than you are, my pet— not a bit. She's the rage just now because the family is so highly connected, and they've just emerged from their long seclusion. Then, there's the romantic story of her living— Heaven knows where— all these years under an assumed name, or some such tales, which, of course, makes her the sensation of the hour. Besides, there are millions in the comtesse's
coffers. And her father owns a wonderful historic old pile—very grand, they say—on the Brittany coast.

"So it's easy to see, my dear, how and why she has taken society by storm. I wonder if Jack Hamilton had met her before? His attentions were very bad form—very. Entirely too conspicuous."

After which criticism Maude hummed a waltz—Strauss' last—by which the closing figure of the cotillion had been danced at 3 a.m., while rearranging some flowers in a bowl on the table.

Julie stood holding back the window curtain, looking out at the ever shifting panorama of the Avenue Poissonniere, her ear strained to catch the sound of an approaching footstep, a fact not disclosed by the calm, sweet gravity which had grown to be the dominant expression of her fair face.

"He knew her before. Where could they have met?" she said musingly, betraying unconsciously in her absorbed preoccupation the burden of her thoughts.

Maude Sefton bit her lips and a gleam of distressed anger flashed from her handsome eyes, but she was too busy—or seemed to be—pulling and twisting the red roses and hothouse flowers to make an immediate answer.

In fact, that young woman was pained, puzzled and chagrined.
There was a ring at the hall door, and Julie's answering flush emphasized sufficiently who the caller must be.

"Tell me about the beautiful mystery," Mrs. Sefton said, going forward to meet Jack Hamilton with outstretched hands. "Julie and I are dying to know if she ever was a circus girl, or if she ever had a flower stand, as some say, on Broadway. She must have lived in the States, you know, because her English is just perfect. Nothing foreign about it. I'm sure you know all about her, Jack. So, sit down and enlighten us. Julie, give him a cup of tea."

Jack Hamilton frowned, then laughed, and shaking hands with Julie, drew up a chair, deeply incensed at the wild reports and absurd gossip afloat concerning the beautiful girl around whom so much adulation had centered the night before.

Antonia, a grand niece of the stately old Comtesse; Tonie, his own Fauvette of those solitary marshes sweeping back from the mist-covered gulf shores, those grand, peaceful regions lying so remotely across the tossing Atlantic, upon whose broad expanse the pale southern moonlight lies white and still, and light breezes ripple and rustle.

"Of course, we know how terribly exaggerated reports are," Jack realized Maude was saying, while Julie was handing him a pretty Sevres cup.
He glanced up to meet an inscrutably sad look and a chill wan smile, while Maude's words drew him back to the realities of a cozy room, of signs of approaching departure, and the faint, ceaseless rumble of the streets outside, and he remembered sharply the reason for which he had appointed 6 o'clock that afternoon for a call on his two fair countrywomen.

A great wave of pride and joy swept over Jack, which was betrayed by the glow in his eyes and a suppressed exultation, evidences quickly read, and aright, by Julie.

"Believe not one single word," he said, as Julie turned swiftly from him, sinking low in a chair and taking up a pretty hand screen, with which she toyed, holding it between her and the flickering flames of the wood fire and the rose pink light of Maude's shaded lamp, for the fall afternoon was chill, and night comes early in Northern cities.

"Hers was an unusual and peculiar childhood. There had been a tragic quarrel, in which her father had figured, years ago—a supposed murder—then exile. She has lived in America all her life. It was last spring that her father came over to resume his title and introduce his daughter to his relatives. Perhaps you noticed him?"

"That remarkable-looking gray-haired man standing near the countess? Of course, I did. He was introduced to us—
"Baron de Morillac," Maude answered, but with suppressed excitement.

"Yes, that was Pierre Drouhet, as he has been called by everyone for the past twenty years—Baron de Morillac—a noble character, almost as noble as his daughter."

Jack paused, a deep emotion welling up within him and cutting short his words.

"So—then she never had anything to do with any circus? She never sold flowers in New York?" Maude asked slowly.

Jack sprang up, white with passion.

"Shall I tell you how she has lived?" he asked after a pause, controlling himself and his voice with difficulty.

"She has spent the beautiful years of her young life in doing lofty deeds of purest charity. Every thought of hers is pure and true and admirable, every word she speaks is lofty and noble, and she is the most divinely sweet and perfect creature."

Jack pulled up with a short laugh, realizing that he had been swept off his feet by the outrageous expressions Maude Sefton had so heedlessly and cruelly repeated.

Silence fell over the luxurious, pretty, dimly lit room, so softly shaded by its Venetian lamps, and the daintily painted screen Julie was holding quivered so much that she gently laid it down and sat leaning back, looking fixedly at Jack's handsome flushed face.
"Would you mind telling us where you met—Miss de Morilliac?" Maude asked.

"Best to get it all over at once," she thought. "Poor, darling Julie! my pet!"

"Certainly not. I met her last winter—the day I was lost in the marshes. Do you remember? She saved my life—took me to her father's house. But for her I would never have made my way out of those marshes. I had given up all hope when she came—like an angel of light—which she is," Jack said unconsciously reverting back to the memories of that hour whose ineffable charm clung and lingered and held him with a force nothing could lessen.

"I was completely bewildered," Jack continued, thrusting his hands in his pockets and walking back and forth across Maude's pretty drawing room. "I had been out all day, and I was worn out—completely exhausted. Night had come on, and curling, trailing mists were floating over the bayous and cuts running criss-cross through the marshes, and the one I was following—well, it looked for all the world like a great black undulating snake. I had gone sixty miles already, deeper and deeper in that immense trackless prairie, and it stretched out beyond and around me, hundreds upon hundreds of miles—silent, vast and uninhabitable—and the water reeds on either side towered over me and shut me in like a huge impenetrable wall. It was awful!"
Jack almost forgot his audience as the recollection of that day and hour came back.

Maude Sefton listened, wondering silently, impressed in spite of herself by Jack's vivid word painting, while Julie sat white and still, a look of keenest concern and sympathy shadowing her sweet face.

"It was the merest accident in the world, her coming at that late hour in that unfrequented bayou, I was worn out and I was lost. I knew it was useless to hope to be found by any of the fellows. I had gone too far in the prairie for that."

There was a sound as of a slight sob, or catch of her breath, coming from Julie's direction, but no one noticed it.

"She came down the bayou singing some church chant in her glorious voice, and without the slightest hesitation or fear she came up to me, and then piloted me home, and saved my life," Jack concluded abruptly.

"She looks like a heroine. She is very beautiful," Julie said gently.

"That's so like you!" Jack said with a look of deepest gratitude. "You are unvarying in your goodness and sympathy."

Maude bit her lips with vexation, although she must have seen something ludicrous in the situation, for she was half smiling when she asked:
"Are you engaged, Jack? Of course she's a wonderful heroine and all that. What does Madame la Comtesse say?"

"I came with a message and a note from her," Jack said, putting his hand in his coat pocket. "The comtesse's invitations will reach you later. The wedding will be a very quiet affair. In a small chapel, near her old house. But the Baron de Morilliac and her aunt want a grand homecoming in the old castle in Brittany, and you are to be sure to come over for the rejoicing. It will take time to restore the old pile. It's a magnificent place. You must promise to be there when the home fires are lit. Will you?"

"Will we? Of course we will," Julie said, coming over to where Jack Hamilton stood, looking anxiously from one to the other.

Extending her hand, she said: "She saved your life, and she is beautiful, and I wish you—and her—all happiness. Clarence will bring us over, and we will help you light your fires in her old ancestral home next fall. Good-by"

Julie drew her left hand from his, and turning, left Jack with Mrs. Sefton, who said graceful, pretty things while getting much information and sending charming messages to Jack's fascinating fiancee.

"You may certainly expect us. The dream of my life has been to spend a month in some ancient chateau with its
ghosts and a lot of gay people. Perhaps Julie will be a princess by that time. You know Kouraguine positively insists on going back with us to the States. He wants to study American democracy, he says. He's taking notes. He's going to show Julie how to drive three horses Russian fashion. Fancy Julie Madame la Princesse! Au revoir! Write and tell us when you get back. And be sure to give me the exact date, Jack. Now mind!"

Jack went out in the bright lit street, and if he had dared, would have sung aloud.

"A sweet state of affairs!" murmured Maude, discontentedly, and with much exasperation.

"Heigh ho! Jack's an ass! Life's a horrid trouble, don't you know—a piece of painted trouble, don't you know, or some such thing," she sighed, while ringing to give orders for dinner and the carriage for their last night of opera.

"Of course, Julie had better accept Kouraguine. She's such an angel, she will moderate him. Besides, he's not as bad as he's painted. He's wild about Julie and he's very distinguished-looking, particularly when blazing with his orders and jewels. But I know Julie. She'll throw him over to marry some impecunious American! It's all a horrid mix, and very disgusting," and Maude sauntered off to be arrayed for the evening.

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It was the close of the winter. Just one year since Jack's rescue.

The evening was calm and beautiful and the fishing club near English Lookout was bright with a fresh coating of white paint, while two wings added to suit its growing increasing popularity, gave quite an imposing air to the low, rambling structure.

And when Jack Hamilton sprang up the steps, his was an effusive greeting from Ambroise, who announced special and painstaking culinary preparations in his honor.

"Mr. Drouhet's back again, sir. C'est un grand seigneur, Monsieur Drouhet, il parait." Mademoiselle's at the cottage, too," Ambroise said, while hustling around the sideboard with ice and lemons and various decanters.

Jack laughed.

"I want the pirogue just after dinner, and if I don't come back, you needn't be alarmed. Mr. Drouhet has invited me to spend a few days with him," he explained.

"Ma foi, ca serait un joli couple!" was Ambroise's comment, as Jack's pirogue swept off down Cabanage Canal under the impetus of his vigorous, eager strokes.

How beautiful and restful the scene was! How calm and voiceless the great solitary expanse around, as Jack's canoe glided like a swift-moving shadow over the still deep

9"He appears to be a grand nobleman."

99"My, but they will make a nice couple."
waters of the canal, which cut straight into the heart of the great salt marshes.

A crescent moon stole up from the edge of the horizon, silvering all things with its mysterious melancholy light, and the cool air of a late February day filled Hamilton with delight as he went swiftly forward.

The mists of the marshes beckoned, and he followed.

Nearing the cottage on the knoll, Jack drew a long breath of utter and perfect content.

On the steps leading down into the lapping water stood a slender young girl waiting for him, as he had so often seen her in his dreams.

The lamp light through the open doorway seemed a beacon of hope and joy; Monarch lay on the doormat, and old Suzette, tremulous with joy, in her dull, humble way, went hurriedly indoors as Jack sprang out.

It was not the beautiful girl of fashion, but Tonie, as he had first known her, simple and gloriously perfect, with a light of welcome in her great gray eyes like the dawn of an Easter day.

"Ah! Fauvette! Fauvette!" Jack whispered.

Then silence fell between them, filled with the whispering of the wind and the light lapping of the water, and the soft voices of the night in those strange solitudes, which breathe joy and content.
"The church will be a bower of flowers. And we will have grand music, and the children will have tables set out under the trees, and the whole village will rejoice," Pere David said, joyously looking with a loving pride at Tonie, as she stood on his narrow porch with Jack Hamilton the next day.

"You have kept your word and brought her back, and grateful, indeed, is this old heart that once more may see her and rejoice."

And listening to her gay, sweet voice, and loving plans for the future, Père David whispered a voiceless prayer.
Of course Follette was not her name. But as nobody knew what she had been christened if, indeed, she ever went through that ceremony—one name was as good as another, and Follette certainly suited her exuberant spirits, reckless daring, and all that surplus energy which led her so often into difficulties of various kinds and degrees, but through which she emerged usually triumphant.

The waves had cast Follette upon the bare sand dunes of Timbalier twelve years ago one winter night, when storm and hurricane swept over the Gulf, driving all shipping seaward or into harbor for safety and wrecking many of the lighter craft, caught unawares by its fury, tossing them shattered and dismantled on Sand Bar or some one of the low-lying islands—Horn, far out to sea: Deer or Cat Island, or eastward, on L’Isle Derniere, and those lying near Lake Borgne and the mouth of the river.

The spume of the seething breakers flew like white birds on the wings of the howling gale and the driving sand mingled with the slanting rush of the rain.

All along the western coast of Timbalier lay a tangle of broken spars and wreckage, which had belonged some few

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An island southwest of Barataria Bay located at the mouth of Timbalier Bay.
hours before to schooners and ships, perhaps to some independent tramp of the sea, accustomed to wander in unfrequented waters and queer, unknown harbors.

Now it all lay beyond the reach of the tide, an indistinguishable mass of rubbish, fit only for the winter wood pile of lonely fishermen who lived in the scattered villages along the shore.

The body of a sailor had been washed up and lay close to the small, well-wrapped up figure of the child, afterward called Follette, who, though unconscious when discovered, was easily brought back to life—to that simple life of the Acadian fisherfolks of Timbalier.

Clearly the man—once magnificent in size and strength—had protected the child from the full fury of the storm, himself perishing from a gash on the head, long and deep, the cruel work of a driving mast, by whose side he lay.

It was old Valsin, looking among the flotsam and jetsam at early dawn, while the storm still raged, who had found her.

Gathering her hastily in his arms, he took her to the fisherman’s hut, built with patient care by himself, and depositing her by the open hearth, on which burned a smoldering fire, he warmed and rubbed the fair-haired child back into consciousness. Opening her brown eyes, she looked wonderingly up at the kind, weather-beaten face
bending compassionately above her, and smiled, and Valsin's heart was won.

Eagerly she took the milk he tendered, then prattled some words which were incomprehensible to Valsin, whose French patois and broken English were none of the best, but who also had a smattering of Portuguese and Sicilian, gleaned from his daily intercourse with foreign schooners and Zoeltee hands, for they all went out daily together, plying their various avocations of the sea in friendly fashion, those hardy, solitary denizens of Timbalier, that unfrequented island, familiar only to the traders of the Gulf shore.

Summoning Mercelite, his soft-eyed widowed daughter, to his aid, Valsin tended the waif, thrown by Providence on his care, and the hard, gray sands of the small island destined to be her home for many a year.

With a wearied smile she fell asleep, when, taking off her wet and clinging garments, Mercelite wrapped her in a shawl, with many ejaculations of pleasure and wonderment, and dried the clinging curls, as glittering as fine spun gold.

This was Follette's entrance into the lives of Valsin and his gentle Acadian daughter, and the first day of her reign over the inhabitants of the small village, whose undisturbed life had few eventualities to mark the passage of time, an occasional death or birth, the disappearance of
some of the more adventurous younger men, who, going in
quest of greater fortunes and variety, drifted away, never
to come back to the placid solitudes of that seagirt shore.

The unknown seaman was buried and a wooden cross
placed by Valsin to mark his last resting place in the
churchyard, the shadow of Père Dorien's chapel falling
athwart the nameless mound, on which Follette planted
grasses and flowers in later years.

That he had been her father none doubted, for there
was a likeness all could see between the beautiful, fair-haired child of two or three and the man whose magnificent
features were chiseled by that great artist, death, into
lines of unmistakable beauty.

Nothing about him told who he was, had been when life
and energy were his and the warm blood coursed through his
veins. But the texture of his seaman’s garb indicated an
officer's rank--perhaps that of captain--doubtless he had
been aboard and commanded one of the ships which had gone
down in that long remembered hurricane.

Blown by the sea breezes and shone on by the summer
and winter sun, watched over by Mercelite with ceaseless
care, taught by Valsin to swim and row and to handle a
pirogue, Follette grew in strength and beauty year by year.
Her free, out-of-door life gave her a singular grace and
strength far beyond her years, while her dauntless courage
and self-reliance made her superior to the other village
urchins, and the vigor and precocity of her intelligence baffled Mlle. Euranie, the school teacher, a timorous old maid, brought over by Père Dorien to Timbalier through motives of charity for her, and to shed some rays of enlightenment over the murky ignorance of that small cosmopolitan population.

"What will you do with her, Valsin? You cannot keep her always here. You should send her to a convent in the city," Père Dorien said, while keenly watching the child, as heading a procession of all the children in the village, she marched down the sand dunes toward the seashore, a game in which she was general, one afternoon of early spring.

Her brown eyes were dancing, her cheeks flushed, her glorious hair—that golden, waving hair, which gave Mercelite so much trouble because of its thickness and length—blown and tangled by the gulf breezes, her slight form erect, Follette made a beautiful picture as she passed them by.

"Why send her to the convent? Is she not well here? See how she grows, Père. Ask Mamselle how quick she is with her lessons. No, I will not send her to the convent. She is my child, and I will keep her. Besides, it will spoil her to send her to the city. She would not come back," concluded Valsin, in his picturesque Acadian tongue, and with a shrewd clearsightedness which surprised the old priest.
They sat smoking on a wooden bench, placed outside in front of Valsin’s cottage, a broad and comfortable seat, made by the old fisherman out of some of the debris of a lost ship, which had foundered and gone to pieces in the storm twelve years ago and been washed ashore by the waves and the currents which swirl around Timbalier.

Père Dorien frowned and shook his head and glancing from Valsin’s weather-beaten, furrowed face, his silvery hair and aging appearance, to the little form of the handsome child dancing along by the seashore, the sun glittering on her hair and over the scarlet sailor cap she always wore, his look deepened into one of sadness and anxiety.

"Père says we must send her to school in the city," Valsin said, turning to Mercelite.

"Jesus Marie! Pourquoi faire?" Mercelite asked, the cups on the waiter she held rattling nervously while she gazed at their old friend and counselor, a keen distress visible on her usually placid, unthinking face.

"Why? Because, my daughter, it will be better for the child—much better," said Père Dorien, slowly stirring the aromatic coffee she had brought out to them where they say, under a spreading oak, a custom never neglected or omitted on each occasion of Father Dorien’s visit, which was usually twice a month, unless an urgent call brought him over in one of the fleet schooners of the settlement.
Then Mercelite, agitated and humbly anxious, spoke with rapid vehemence against Père Dorien's terrible scheme.

Why send Follette away? The child was happy. As happy as the day was long. And if Père only knew all she had learned in the past year! It was astonishing! The child read and wrote and counted up, ho, so well! And she would look after his garden; truly it was Follette who had planted all those flowers and creepers, and just see how pretty the pasture was, and how the grass was growing. And when she, Mercelite, was sick last week, it had been Follette who attended to everything. She fried the fish and made the cakes and the coffee—oh, there never, never was a child like Follette! And all the animals knew her so well. Even the cows would come upon her call, and the chickens and the birds flocked whenever she whistled and called them at sunrise. No! No! What would they do without Follette? She was like a sunbeam in the cottage; she was their child—the sea had given her to them. They could not live without her.

And then a bright thought came to Mercelite, whose remonstrance had been approvingly listened to by Valsin and applauded with many nods. Turning, she added: "She would not go, Père. It would break her heart. You don't know Follette. She could not live shut up in a convent in the city. She loves the sea and to run about barefooted in the
sand, and to swim in the breakers. She would never leave us. Just ask her, Père."

The slight frown on Father Dorien’s patient face deepened as he listened, for he realized how great would be the struggle to get the winsome, beautiful child away from her foster parents, and the untutored life she was leading, one unfitted for her, he clearly saw as each year demonstrated by the developing graces and capacities they brought to the beautiful child.

At the time when she had been washed up by the great falling surf, Père Dorien had exerted himself with much patient persistence to try to find out who she was and who had been the tall stalwart and noble-looking man, her father, whose life had been crushed out of him by the blow of the great rolling mast in the water.

Nothing had resulted, but the knowledge that a Danish barque had foundered in the gale, most of her crew and officers perishing, and the few passengers aboard.

Portions of the wreck had been picked up, but the sailors, who had taken to the boats and been picked up by a passing steamer, could give no information, and like many another mystery of the sea, the waters of the Gulf held their secret; nor could any light be thrown on who slept in the nameless grave over which fell the shadow of Père Dorien’s chapel, and the flickering sunlight drifting through the sentinel cedar trees.
So Follette's birth and parentage would in all human probability never be discovered, and watching her as she ran lightly toward them up the worn path leading down to the beach, where the incoming tide was rolling its ceaseless, monotonous surf, Père Dorien saw clearly how vastly superior Follette was, so different in race and nature from the sturdy brown-visaged Acadian, Sicilian and half Spanish children of the fishing population of that queer, isolated little island in the Gulf.

With vehement joy, Follette greeted the old priest, whom she dearly loved, threw her arms around Valsin, then rushed in to coax largesse from Mercelite, for herself and her famished companions.

"It is for her sake, Valsin. Do you not see that the child must not be kept all her life a prisoner on this island? What will her future be here? Far better, my son, to give her education and opportunities, and let her select her pathway in life. She is truly able to accomplish what others cannot; and should you clip her wings and keep her here, Valsin, when grown to womanhood, her heart may turn against you and Mercelite with bitter reproaches for her captivity. See, Valsin, look--"

On the broad slope of the hard gray sand Follette and her bright-eyed, ragged, bare-legged companions were dancing hand in hand in a circle, singing in sweet, clear, childish voices, that old refrain:
"Les lauriers sont coupes
J'entends le tambour qui bat, qui bat,
C'est l'amour qui m'appelle--"

with endless iteration of its invitation to enter and choose "celui qui vous plaira, He li, ho, la!" in which mingled shouts and laughter, while Follette ruled over them all with a gay imperiousness to which they bowed unresistingly.

"Think over it, Valsin. She is a remarkable child. Too beautiful a bird to be caged and held prisoner on this narrow island. Consult with Mercelite, and we will discuss it again when I come back.

"We live for others, mon ami. The reward for self-sacrifice comes later. Yours has been a noble part toward the child. You must not fail her, now that her young feet are about to enter upon the dangers and trials of life."

Père Dorien shook hands and went slowly down the path, leaving Valsin sitting sadly on the worn bench made from the planks of that Danish ship which perished so miserably long years ago, and ruminating in puzzled distress as to whether he should heed Père Dorien's voice and send Follette away, and with her all the life and sunshine out of his declining years, or keep her an inmate of his small

""We will no longer go to the woods for they have cut down all the bay laurel trees. I hear the drum which is beating, beating. It is love calling me. [Choose] whichever one you like."
cottage, growing up beautiful and wild and untutored among the simple, uneducated fisher folks of Timbalier, to live—

Valsin was not imaginative, but it was so plain that Follette was different and superior to all those around her that Valsin paused before any picturing of the beautiful child's future.

And when Mercelite came out and, sitting down beside him, began her plaint against Père Dorien's cruelty in wishing them to separate from the child which Providence had given them and over whom she had watched with such loving care, and who was now the joy of their lives. Valsin stopped her with a quick, impatient gesture.

"Peace! It may be that Père Dorien is right," he said sadly. "We must think of her, Mercelite. What can we do for Follette later? Who knows?"

The children still danced and sang in high, joyous notes:

"Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés"

and Mercelite, throwing her apron over her head, went indoors sobbing.

It grew late, and the children dispersed, scampering homeward down the winding path leading into the heart of the village.

The surf rolled and thundered on the beach, the evening stars came out, and lights twinkled in the windows and from the open doors of the cottages along the beach.
"Oh, what fun we had!" sighed Follette, nestling up against Valsin's broad shoulder and rough blue flannel shirt with a sigh of content.

"How I love this pretty island! I will never, never leave you, Père! Never!" said Follette.

"'Never' is a long word, petite," said Valsin with a sigh as he drew her toward him.

They sat in silence on the bench which had once formed part of the deck of a Danish barque, a deck trod by the quick firm steps of its captain, a man of high hopes and ambitions, before whom life seemed to open a glorious vista.

"No. I will never leave you, Père," Follette said drowsily, as her eyes closed and her head, with its wealth of golden hair rested wearily on his shoulder.

Valsin gathered her close to him, while the quietude of the evening fell over Timbalier, only the rolling of the surf making a monotonous accompaniment to his thoughts.

(To be continued)
Follette of Timbalier

(September 16, 1900)

"A storm coming from the southeast," Valsin said, while standing in the open doorway of his weather-beaten cottage, smoking and keenly scanning the dark, troubled waters of the Gulf.

There was a curious white light abroad, in strange contrast to the black clouds rolling up rapidly, and obscuring the bright June afternoon, and the inky appearance of the long, heaving billows, on whose crests curving lines of foam gleamed whiter by contrast.

"It will come with the full of the moon tonight," he added, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking upward at the rush of the heavy wind-blown clouds.

"A real, real storm, Père? Like the one which brought me here? I wonder if any ships will be wrecked as ours was? The one father was captain of. I love the waves and the winds. I wish I was a sailor, Père," Follette said, wistfully, dropping the cast net she was deftly mending as she sat cross-legged on the small porch, gazing out also at the great expanse of water heaving and panting tumultuously under the increasing sweep and scurry of the incoming gale, while the strong, set look of her childish face and the glow of her great, steady hazel eyes, showed plainly that she would have been a very dauntless sailor had Providence
willed her to be other than the beautiful young girl before whom life stretched out veiled, mystical and menacingly.

Glancing down at her, with smiling pride, Valsin was struck by the wonderful likeness, now more marked than ever, between Follette and the sleeper in the churchyard, that once strong man whom Follette settled in her mind had been captain of a big ship, and whose calm features had borne the same look of indomitable courage and determination so noticeable in the child’s expression in the curve of her lips and firm, rounded chin.

Whether the same light and tawny color glowed in his eyes as in those of Follette, whose nimble fingers were so busy with her broken fishnet, Valsin could not say, for their long lids had forever held their flame.

But the broad brow was identical and there also were the straight symmetrical limbs, destined to develop into wonderful grace and beauty, Valsin plainly saw.

"Yes, Follette, you are a born sailor," Valsin said, passing his large toll-worn hand gently over the shimmering hair, so rudely ruffled by the veering gusts as they blew fitfully inland.

For, young as Follette was, she had gathered up more knowledge as to boats and navigation, the set of the tides and currents of the Gulf, the shoals and sandbars along the coast, the winding channels, marked by buoy, lighthouse and beacon, than any of the fishermen of the island except
Valsin, who, simple-hearted and uneducated, was a fine seaman, and really the chief in authority in that primitive little settlement, so cut off from communication with the outside world, and where the lives of its few inhabitants ran smoothly on from the cradle to the grave, in primitive, unenlightened, peaceful fashion.

At early dawn the oyster goelettes and fishing smacks would run out into the bay, scattering along the coast for their day's work, to moor at the wharves of the city in time to supply the fish market; then turning, would sail back to the Timbalier at nightfall, master and crew resuming their arduous sailor life the next day with monotonous regularity.

Occasionally some one of them would remain to mend sail or rigging or for rest often a more prolonged cruise. In the fall the men would all assemble and work hard securing the drift wood and timbers always washed up by the waves on the southern shore, piling it securely for winter use.

The most prosperous fisherman of the island was Jo Benachi. Half Greek, half Italian, his black eyes and straight features recalled the old Roman race, and gay reckless and daring Benachi made more money, and spent more, than all the others except Valsin, the amount of whose earnings and savings only Pere Dorien knew, for
through his hands they went to the savings bank in the city.

Living carelessly, a roving life, Benachi would disappear for months from Timbalier, then coming suddenly back, would idle days and weeks away, giving life and animation to the quiet, dreamy little settlement by his restless activity and wild, gay sports, his burst of song and laughter, and his melodious whistle, for Benachi could whistle like a thrush or mocking bird.

Then some day when gray dawn silvered the waters of the bay the Falcon, Benachi's fast sailing schooner, would shake out her wings and flit away, and a drowsy silence would again settle over Timbalier.

It was small wonder that Follette would sit and watch impatiently for the tapering masts of the boat with a broad red band around her, Benachi's boat, sighing impatiently for its return.

She would recognize far out at sea the daring flight of the Falcon, however high the winds or tempestuous the waves, and dearly she loved to see the ship run in and drop anchor, near the wooden pier, and watch the sails drop, while Benachi's voice came ringing across the water in a gay greeting.

Follette always waited on the beach, and hers was the first welcome given to Jo Benachi when he came back to Timbalier for a short season of rest from his wanderings.
"You grow like blue and white lilies in Père Dorien's duck pond," Benachi said, laughingly, to Follette that June afternoon, his hands on her shoulders, as he looked down at her glowing face and tall, slender, childish figure.

The Falcon had just run in ahead of the storm.

"Why, soon you will reach up to my shoulder, Follette. What have you been doing? Teasing mamselle and spoiling your pretty hands cooking. Père Valsin must not let you do such ugly work. Look at that."

Benachi caught Follette's hands and pointed to a red mark across the small wrist, a burn evidently.

Follette let her well shaped, small brown hand remain in his with perfect quietude.

"Such coarse work! Why, Jo, you will say I am not to row or fish next. Must I sit indoors and sew all day, like a fine lady, as Mamselle wants me to do? Not much!"

"You have been quarrelling again, Follette, but Mamselle is right. You are a fine lady."

At which strange assertion Follette laughed merrily, and, challenging Jo to a race on the beach, gathered her blue sailor gown close in her hand and sped off over the hard sand, giving her comrade, Benachi, considerable trouble to catch up with her.

Out of breath, panting and laughing, Follette finally sank down on the keep of a wrecked boat, which lay half buried in the drifting sands above the high water line, and
letting the freshening wind blow as her flushed face, she motioned to Benachi to sit down by her.

Stretched on the sand, his shoulders and head resting on the boat, and holding Follette’s rough little hand in his, Jo Benachi told her of his recent doings—how he had run down, cruising among the West Indian Islands; how he had bought and sold and traded and prospered, and how he had come back to Timbalier, to that strange, forlorn, sleepy spot, just for the sake of finding out what she was doing, and to get a glimpse of her bonny brown eyes and golden hair.

At all of which Follette laughed joyously, and very incredulously.

Following his example, she told of her beautiful first communion in the spring, in Père Dorien’s chapel; of the lights and flowers, and how she had prayed for him before the altar; of her troubles with Mamselle, who was so unreasonable, always trying to persuade Valsin to let her stay indoors when school was over, instead of dashing down to the water to swim out in the curling surf, or to go boating far out beyond the sandbar and reef on the western point.

To be cooped up and kept a prisoner! It was absurd! Dreadful! Mamselle need not expect it. Follette was going to complain to Père Dorien when he next came, and all because she was growing tall and old.
Then Follette poured out her innermost thoughts and ambitions, and told Jo how she wanted to have a schooner of her own when she was old enough, and how she would go cruising and trading, just as Jo, all along the Gulf coast and out to Mexico, and listening, Benachi was amazed at Follette’s knowledge and acquaintance with all things pertaining to a sailor’s life.

"How old are you, Follette?" Benachi asked, turning and leaning on his elbow and keenly scrutinizing the beautiful face above him, while Follette, her hands clasped around her knees, was gazing fixedly out at the darkening waters.

"About fourteen, Père says. Why?" she asked.

Jo Benachi looked long and intently, and a soft light gathered in his eyes, but Follette only noted the wonderful beauty of the scene before her, the lights and shadows on the water, the increasing tumult of the waves, the driving spray of the breakers, and the leaping of the waves as they towered up, curled and broke and ran hissing up to where they sat on the rotting keep of the old wreck had always been Follette’s favorite resting place.

"You must not go out alone, wandering over the water in so reckless a fashion. You may be drowned. Valsin is too indulgent. You must promise to be more careful, Follette, because I am going away for a long while soon, and when you are old enough you are to be my wife,"
Follette. Then I will take you cruising to your heart's content. Promise, Follette."

Turning slowly with a look of amused astonishment, Follette laughed gaily, without any embarrassment.

"Your wife, Jo? What a queer idea! Would you take me cruising in the Falcon with you wherever you go? Down to Mexico and among the islands and everywhere?"

You shall go with me wherever I go, Follette, until you get tired of the water and want to stay on shore. We will have a pretty home—a white cottage—not one of these tumble-down, wretched hovels on Timbalier; it will be on the sunny Gulf shore under some big trees, and we will be happy Follette—"

But Follette interrupted with a slight cry, and her face paled slightly, while she looked straight at him and slowly shook her head.

"Leave Timbalier, and Père Valsin, and Mercelite? Jamais! Not so long as they live, Jo, and I do."

A frown darkened Benachi's handsome face, but it cleared off, and he laughed lightly as he caught and held her hands slightly.

"We will not quarrel over it now, Follette. We will see when you are older. Give me your greeting each time the Falcon drops anchor, and when the time comes Père Dorien will marry us, and then—we will see—"
"Meanwhile I must run home. Père will wonder what has become of me," said Follette, springing up.

"Wait, Follette," Benachi cried, holding out his arms.

But Follette evaded him and ran fleetly back to where a lumbering vehicle was slowly advancing.

Benachi stamped his foot with a smothered exclamation, the rumbling cart stopped, and as Follette sprang lightly in, to be anxiously scolded by Mercelite for being out so late when the weather looked so uncertain.

Follette threw a kiss to Jo where he stood still on the beach, and the creaking vehicle moved slowly on toward Valsin's cottage.

And while Mercelite rambled on about the small purchases she had just made in the village store, Follette wondered at the strange things Jo Benachi had said and puzzle over the strangeness of his conduct.

The afternoon darkened strangely and the wind rose, and Mercelite was glad when, turning off from the beach, they went plodding along toward their weather-beaten cottage--so forlorn outside, but cheery and cozy indoors, where Valsin and supper she knew was waiting for them.

Vaguely Follette heard her saying how Père Dorien was insisting that she be sent to the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent in the city, to study and learn what Mamselle could not teach her, and how she (Mercelite) would never consent--never! Neither would Valsin, so Follette
need not worry or fear that Père Dorien would exile her from them and her island home.

It was a cruel and very silly suggestion, Mercelite was saying as the creaking wagonette stopped in the yard and Follette jumped out with quick energy, unhitched, watered and fed the old horse, who rubbed his nose on her hair, while, Mercelite, bustled indoors to attend to the evening meal, one Follette always enjoyed immensely, because afterward she would talk with Valsin, when he sat on the big bench, made from the wreckage of the ship long years ago, and would confide to his sympathetic ear her childish griefs and troubles, her contentions with Mamselle, and her vague ambitions and aspirations which, Valsin wondering and amazed at her precocious and wonderful intelligence, would listen to with a loving sympathy and many wise and simple words.

This June evening Follette took her cast net to mend and determined to tell Valsin all about Jo Benachi's queer speeches and his proposal that, later on, she become his wife, with the promise that she could go cruising to her heart's content in the Falcon.

And while watching the coming of the storm Valsin sat near Follette and slowly and gently unfolded Père Dorien's plan for her to leave them and go to be educated in the city, urging it on her with tender words of unselfish wisdom and compassionate love.
"You are growing to womanhood, Follette. You are tall and strong and much older for your age than the others, and the free wild life of the island is not the one a young girl like you should lead, mon enfant. Just look at Celine, and Cabine, and Marie, and the other Acadian girls. It is all very well for them. They will live and marry and die here, well content with their simple lives. But Pere Dorien is right. You are different, petite, very different. You must not be shut off from the world, kept in ignorance and darkness, just to make sunshine and joy for two old folks. No! no! little Follette, life in the convent will be one of peace and happiness, and all will care for and love my Follette, and she will come back sometimes to visit her old friends on Timbalier, and will soon realize that Père Dorien's words were words of wisdom."

Pale and startled, Follette let her net she held drop on her lap, while she listened, her great eyes fixed on Valsin's face, while a new and growing pain seized hold of her heart.

"Leave you, Père? Leave you and Tante Mercelite, who have ever been so good--so good to me? Leave you to go away to the city--let you be lonely and sad, with no one to love you or to caress you? Never! I would eat my heart out grieving for you! How could I be happy and merry, knowing you were wanting me and grieving for me? For you
would grieve, Père; you know you would. Go away from this
dear, pretty island, never to hear the roll of the surf,
the rush of the wind through the trees—never to feel the
salt spray or the rocking of the tide under my boat, or see
the sun rise in the gray dawn, or the moon glow over the
water. No! Père; I would die! I will never leave you and
my dear home, except for a little while. When I am old
enough to marry Jo, and he takes me cruising in the Falcon.
But it will only be for a few months, Père; and I will come
back home to you."

Follette had sprung up, and, clasping her arms tight
around Valsin, poured out her heart with vehement agitation
as he held her with gentle love and soothingly stroked her
cheek.

With an exclamation and a violent start Valsin held
her from him, and with a stern anguish bade Follette repeat
her words.

"I said I would only go cruising with Jo Benachi in
the Falcon when I am old enough to marry him, but I will
never stay away long," Follette said with simple directness
and composure while looking straight at Valsin,
notwithstanding the glittering drops which wet her long
lashes.

"Marry Jo! Child! Child! What are you saying? Do
you love him? My God, I should have sent her away sooner!
Marry Benachi!"
"Love Jo, Père? Of course, I love him. Not half as much as I do you. But it will be such fun cruising in the Falcon. But until then let me stay with you, Père."

With an exclamation of joy and pain Valsin drew the beautiful child toward him, and the storm which had been gathering swooped down on Timbalier with a roar of unchained wind, hurling the waters of the Gulf in seething billows upon the coast.

(To be continued)
Follette of Timbalier

(September 23, 1900)

It was the same storm which swept the White Wings, that handsome pleasure yacht, a dismantled wreck, shorn of her tapering masts, with tangled rigging half cut away, cumbering her deck, on the hard sands of Timbalier's western shore, where a long sandbar runs out to meet the sharp turn of the channel, and where the roar of the surf is always loud, hoarse and menacing when the tide is high. And when the forlorn pleasure party aboard, washed up by the breakers and miraculously saved from the fate which hung threateningly over them, reached Valsin's low-roofed, roomy cottage in the middle of the night, seeking shelter from the buffets of the storm, to be there cared for with a simple, large-hearted hospitality. Follette did not see or know anything about the strange occurrence, for, with Valsin's consent, she had run down the road to a small house a half mile away to stay with Celine and her timorous widowed mother, to cheer and give them courage so long as the storm would thunder over low-lying Timbalier. For Celine's father had been drowned at sea, and whenever a gale came up blustering over the Gulf and the breakers on the sandbar westward thundered and the surf tossed tumultuously on the flat beach, poor Francoise would moan and shiver and grow lightheaded.
So Follette had gone compassionately to cheer and brighten and to sing sailor songs in her rich, melodious voice, until, soothed and comforted, the poor half-dazed creature would sink into an uneasy sleep.

It was barely dawn when, fresh from a tussle with the tumbling waves, her burnished hair, damp with the foam of the surf, Follette ran lightly up the wind-swept path leading through the sand dunes from the sea to Valsin's weather-beaten dwelling, which looked gray and indistinct in the pale light of the early day.

Follette paused in amazement.

On the front porch in Valsin's chair sat a stranger, a gentleman in seaman's garb, smoking leisurely and gazing abstractedly at the faint reddening light eastward across the bay. While a subtle aroma of coffee floated out pleasantly on the air and a slight noise from the kitchen at the back of the house told Follette that her aunt Mercelite was up and at work at this unusual hour.

There were other strange signs of occupancy around. Some drenched clothing, pretty, frilled silk underskirts, and handsome yachting suits hanging on a line in the wind, while the shutters were closed and the stable door was open.

Fresh wheel tracks on the sand, and the deep impression of old Josh's hoofs--his name was Joshua, but the island folks had called him Josh for the past fifteen
years—showed clearly that Valsin had already hitched up
the wagonette and driven off the village, although day was
just breaking, and Follette knew there had been no occasion
for so unusual an expedition the evening before.

Hearing the click of the gate, the stranger turned,
and seeing Follette looking in wide-eyed wonder, he sprang
up and came forward.

"Good morning. We were wrecked last night; driven by
the storm on your dangerous little island, and the owner of
this house very kindly took us in. Do you live here?"

For Gordon Hartley noticed that she held the bathing
towels and shoes and stockings in one hand and a red
sailor's cap in the other, and was clearly at home.

And as a flush rose to her face and he saw her
clearly, he was amazed at the singular beauty of the young
girl, at her splendid development and her bright, fearless
expression of her great hazel eyes.

"Is that your yacht wrecked on Sandy Point?" she asked
with simple directness and a pretty air of dignity. "Why
did you not keep to the channel and run round Timbalier to
the open? Anybody could see the gale would not last. You
could have ridden it out safely, and come in before day."

"Hardly! The lightning shivered the mast, as you may
have noticed, and she was unmanageable. We were right glad
to reach your shore, I assure you. We were sinking fast.
McMasters just did run her in to land in time."
"Dick McMasters? Oh, Pére knows him very well. He’s a good sailor. If he ran you up on Sandy Point you must have been in a very bad way, very bad. He knows all these shoals and channels. But he wrecked her. If I had been sailing your yacht I would have stripped her of her rigging, tightened her up and run straight out to sea, because the storm was sure to die out before daylight. It was not like a September gale. They last four days."

"You seem to be a tiptop sailing master," Gordon said admiringly as they discussed the wreck of the White Wings, and together walked toward the porch.

"Oh, no; only I live here with Pére, and I always go out sailing with him. I love the sea."

"He must be very proud of his daughter. You are wonderful," Huntley said, as they reached the steps.

Follette turned and looked at him smilingly.

"We love each other dearly, but I’m not Pére’s daughter," she explained.

Then stopping, she asked: "Did you have any ladies aboard?"

"Several. They are all fast asleep in your hospitable cottage. They were worn out when we reached here last night."

"Oh, that explains why McMasters ran you up on Sandy Point, of course, as an old sea captain would do," Follette said composedly.
Saying she would go and help her aunt, she ran lightly indoors.

"Of all the exquisite pieces of flesh and blood that is the most perfect I have ever saw!" Guy Fulton exclaimed enthusiastically, as he came cautiously out on the porch from the small room he and David Wirtley had been assigned to, evidently bent on a swim in the surf before the sun would arouse the other inmates of the cottage.

"Why, yes; she's a wonder! Did you hear her criticism on McMasters? That was exactly what poor Mac wanted to do last night, but he didn't dare with so many women aboard. A very handsome girl," commented Huntley.

"Handsome? Well, I should say so! She's beautiful, man! I wonder who the devil she is? and her hair, Magnificent!"

Then they went off together seaward.

In the big, orderly kitchen Follette was soon busy helping Mercelite to prepare breakfast, while the bees droned in and out of their hives on a shelf near by, and the cows, lowing in the pasture, complained of Louis' the Acadian boy's dilatory heeding of milking time, and Mercelite answered her many questions.

"Non, non, fillette. I like not strangers. Ça m'embarrasse. I will not see them again. Catische can serve them breakfast, and you, Follette, can take coffee to these grande dames. It may amuse you. I will stay here."
At which Follette laughed gaily, well knowing how timorous her Tante Mercelite was.

So, having combed out her rippling hair and piled it with unconscious art on her shapely head, and donned the dark blue sailor gown Jo Benachi loved to see her wear, Follette, their culinary preparations completed, went with the soft shell crabs broiled, the cream poured over the cheese and a tray of small coffee cups to the long, low-roofed room where the storm-tossed strangers were resting in placid content.

"What a charming place!" the chaperon said, turning over lazily to scan the wood carvings, the big dormer windows, where scarlet geraniums grew, the fishnet hangings against the walls and the white muslin curtains, whose fluted frills were the pride of Mercelite's heart, but a sore affliction to Follette, for that queer little sailor would sling wide her shutters, regardless of wind, rain or sunshine, preferring the chill mists of dawn or the pattering showers of summer or the whistling winds of autumn to crisp curtains and other prim and neat adornments which her loving aunt tried to implant in her big, spacious room, where her books were collected and all her treasures, among them some curious mementoes of the terrible wreck of the Danish bark long years ago, when she had been washed ashore and brought back to life by the tender care of Valsin, that rugged, big-hearted sailor.
"Good gracious, how nice, how beautiful!" exclaimed Kitty as Follette came forward, the bright sun streaming in through the windows, across the flowers falling full upon her.

With simple self-possession Follette handed Tante Mercelite's coffee to the occupants of her room, answering their queries and offering help, and hers was the wise suggestion that a plunge in the sea would serve to do away with all fatigue much better than anything else.

"By all means! The very thing!" exclaimed Kitty, springing up. "Come on, all of you. We will make friends with the sea, although it did treat us so shabbily last night."

But the chaperon refused to budge, and so Kitty and Elsie, under Follette's guidance, were the only ones to run down to the beach and plunge in the chill breakers, and came back shivering but invigorated, just in time for Tante Mercelite's breakfast.

The arrival of the rescuing tugboat Judy, of Ann, Kitty's prim and resourceful maid, and that packing case so thoughtfully sent by Mrs. Morley to her unfortunate, half-drowned niece, created joy, bustle and confusion among the feminine portion of that revived pleasure party, who were crowding Valsin's pleasant cottage, loitering on his porch and sitting on the weather-beaten steps and the broad bench under the old oak in front, while the sun shone smilingly
down on Timbalier and over the now gently-heaving waters of
the Gulf.

The murmur of the breakers was soft and purring, a
light breeze came caressingly inward and nothing remained
of the storm but the broken spars and stranded hull the
White Wings on Sandy Point.

Follette stood aside and watched the sayings and
doings of the handsome society women, so strangely thrown
across her path.

She listened, charmed and spell-bound, to their airy,
clever and low-voiced laughter, noted the indescribable set
of their serge yachting suits, saw the deft ministrations
of Ann, their maid, and the clever dexterity of that trim,
sedate personage; saw all the pretty toilette accessories
deemed necessary, and suddenly a comprehension came to
Follette of the vast distance which lay between their life
and that of the simple fisher folks of Timbalier with a
force and intensity which stunned her.

Follette leaned against the sill of the door and
contrasted the fine, rugged face and figure of Valsin, her
dear adopted father, and his simple kindliness of manner as
he stood between Gordon Huntley and David Wirtley, who were
expressing their appreciation of the generous welcome he
had given them, while urging him to cruise with them
shortly, with the polish and culture of the two men, and it
cut her to the heart that she could not shut her eyes to the difference between them.

"Père is a thousand times better than they are! It is only their city life. I hate them!" Follette was saying to herself, unconscious that some one was watching her with an intent, searching gaze, and that was Guy Fulton, clever lawyer and keen discerner of human emotions, was reading the struggle going on within her, while marvelling at her beauty and the power and intellectuality of her young face.

Sauntering over to where he stood, Kitty Carson paused.

"What a singular fate that so beautiful a girl should be buried alive on this strange little island. The idea of her living all her life among these simple, rude Sicilian and Acadian fisher folks, never perhaps going so far as the city, and knowing nothing beyond the pale of their own narrow lines! Fortunately for her, she will never realize that this is a prison, and she is a prisoner, watched and guarded by the sea.

"Heavens! I'm growing positively poetical!" concluded Kitty, shrugging her shoulders. "Perhaps that poor child will live a more contented life and die with less regret than we, her worldly sisters. She may be spared infinite anguish and know infinite content. Qui sait?"\(^62\)

\(^62\)"Who knows?"
Guy Fulton said nothing, which was against his usual habit, but bit his lip, as if strangely moved. Kitty's remark, that the Island of Timbalier was a seagirt prison, and that Follette, the young girl with those magnificent eyes, whose glance had the dauntless look of an eagle of the Rockies in them, whose whole pose and expression denoted a brave, free spirit and an unquenchable courage, seemed to grate on some chord, some heretofore untouched sympathy, causing a keen if undefined and inexplicable pain.

Unconsciously Guy Fulton resented the thought, and refused to accept the fact that hers was to be the rude, uncouth life of these primitive savages. Why, she was as distinctly different from them as night and day.

"Her story is a very curious one. She says she was washed ashore by a terrible tempest, twelve years ago," Kitty was saying, when Guy Fulton's thoughts came struggling back from their tumultuous flight around Follette.

As he heard the words Fulton drew a long breath, for they seemed to bring that release which the opening of the door of a cell would give to a condemned prisoner.

"She is not that fine old fellow's daughter?" he queried.

"No, indeed, although she calls him Père, and loves him devotedly. No one knows who she is. She's magnificent
looking, and might be anything, if she were educated. But she told us she would not leave the island, and her home folks. She seems to be as clever and determined as she is handsome."

Kitty Carson was called to get ready to go aboard the Judy, which was to take them back, and would leave in a half hour's time, so Guy Fulton, crossing over to where Follette stood, began to chat with her, and to skillfully probe her thoughts, and wishes, as lawyers are wont to do, while no one suspects them.

And quite unknown to Follette, Fulton planted seeds of unrest and ambition in that fertile little brain and that nature of splendid energies whose latest powers he intuitively divined, although who could gauge their full development.

"You must be sure to bring her over to visit my aunt and me. We will be so glad to have her. Now do promise," Kitty said persuasively to Valsin, while shaking hands long and warmly.

While Ann was packing up their rumpled but wind-dried garments the chaperon had made a suggestion relative to a silver-back mirror surmounted by Miss Morley's crest, but Kitty with greater penetration and a finer feeling had waved it aside.

"No, no. Not to that child. Look what a fine, proud face she has."
The chaperon thought the scruple far-fetched, but shrugged her shoulders and did not urge the point.

It was not her business. She had been only a guest aboard the White Wings. Kitty and Gordon Hartley were the ones to acknowledge this fisherman Valsin's very nice hospitality.

"All girls love mirrors--and silver is so much the fashion," she said.

They went down to the wooded wharf where the tugboat lay, impatient to get off, and Fulton walked by Follette's side.

"Why, it's only about four hours' sail to the mainland when the wind is fair," Valsin said in answer to Gordon's inquiry.

"Jo makes it in two," Follette said, with pride.

"Who is Jo?" queried Guy Fulton.

"Jo Benachi? Oh, he is--Père's friend. He owns the Falcon, the fastest boat of the island," Follette explained, and Fulton, watching her keenly, thought he understood who Jo Benachi was.

The Judy pulled off and went puffing down the channel, which winds sharply around Timbalier's western coast, skirting the sandbar which juts out so dangerously alongside.
Valsin and Follette stood together on the wharf, and the group aboard the Judy waved handkerchiefs in a cordial adieu.

Guy Fulton did not, but he remained watching them until a wide watery distance lay between them, and Valsin and Follette had turned homeward; then he lit a cigar and pondered.

The evening was calm and peaceful, and Timbalier seemed to sleep under the soft light of the rising moon.

"Dieu merci, ils sont partis!" said Mercelite, with a sigh of content, going indoors to see if old Catiche had put the honey jars on the shelf.

Valsin sat on the bench outdoors and slowly filled his pipe, while Follette leaned her head against his shoulder.

"I was thinking, petite, that you had best go to the convent, to learn to be like those ladies. You see—you are not one of us. No, no! You must study books and music. You are more beautiful than they are—and you are like them. Hush, petite; say nothing. I will not keep my birdie caged here on this island. You must go, chère. It is best so."

Follette turned and hid her face on the broad breast of her adopted father and wept silently, but the seeds of unrest and ambition had been planted, and down in the bottom of her heart awoke a wild, glad joy, a panting

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"Thank God, they've gone!"
desire of knowledge, and light, and freedom, which was stronger than the pain at parting from Valsin, the father whom she loved so passionately.

Jo Benachi?

Follette remembered him—not at all.

(To be continued)
This was Joris' third year in the convent. To her it had seemed a weary while.

"We must be patient with her; she is not like other girls, remember," the Mother Superior said to Sister Agnes one afternoon as they paced together slowly up and down the garden walk under the magnolia trees discussing her.

Mother Thérèse's slight frown denoted perplexity, and Sister Agnes, who was the best—if the sternest—teacher in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, compressed her lips in dissent.

"Hers is a rebellious spirit, which should be forced into proper subjection, if only as an example," she remarked austerely.

Mère Thérèse sighed impatiently.

"We must not be exacting. The child has done well—very well—when we consider the free, untutored life she had always led in her remote island home before Father Dorien brought her to us.

"And again, Sister Agnes, I would not have her bright spirits crushed or broken by too much discipline. Why, Joris brings life and animation with her wherever she goes, like a puff of salt wind from the ocean, and her classmates love her dearly."
"Yes, yes, she can do with them as she pleases," admitted Sister Agnes, resentfully. "But she is headstrong and daring, and unless curbed may yet give us a world of trouble. Why, only yesterday she took upon herself to discuss with me, and misquoted Father Dorien as saying that each one must work out his own salvation in his own way, a doctrine--"

"Tut! tut! The child meant no subversion of the doctrines, only hers is a fine mind, and she has been brought up to be independent in thought and action, and she draws her own conclusions. She is very remarkable, Sister Agnes, but we need have no fear, and we must lead her gently."

Still disagreeing, as a slight shake of her head denoted, Sister Agnes turned and went indoors to supervise the work in the refectory.

A flood of music rolled out from the chapel, where the older scholars were practicing an "Ave Maria," for it was the month of May, with its evening services, and dominating the others came Joris' voice, rich, full and melodious, into which she threw all the pent-up enthusiasm and yearning held in check by the even routine and methodical instructions of the calm convent life.

Mère Thérèse paused and listened with rapt attention, and a profound melancholy stole over her still handsome,
always kindly, face, one on which a large experience of life had written lines of a broad and benevolent charity.

"No, no; not with that warm, eager, impulsive nature, that daring spirit, those hardy ambitions," she murmured. "Pere Dorian would shield her from the dangers ahead, in his affection and anxiety for her. But her heart will break if she be kept here too long. She is a wild sea bird, and must have her full liberty. And she is strong and brave, and honest. Perhaps later on—quiénde sabe! Of her own volition Joris may be driven by the storm to seek shelter and come back to her peaceful life. But not now—"

Joris' voice soared higher and higher in the closing notes of the beautiful "Ave Maria," and melting off, ceased.

"Magnificent! glorious!" murmured Mere Therese. Then she resumed her slow pacing back and forth, and her perplexed meditations, while the organ resumed the prelude.

And while singing what was it that Joris saw?

A sea girt island and a long line of curling, foam-flecked breakers on its westward beach; the rolling waters of the Gulf tinged by the glowing rays of the sun, stretching off to a limitless horizon; a gray-brown cottage and a small garden where beehives stood or a shelf; a toddling calf and a flock of pigeons were near the open door of a bright and home-like kitchen, where stood a thin,
gentle-eyed woman, and old Catiche, on a stool, was shelling peas.

And in front, under an oak, was a broad-shouldered, silver-haired seaman, who sat smoking, and who was looking out wistfully seaward—a solitary figure.

It was the waiting look she saw in imagination on his face—that fine, patient face—which made Joris throw so great a pathos, such yearning into her notes, for she would fain have sent them to him in a loving greeting across the wearisome distance which separated her from him and her island home.

The Joris of today resembled Follette of Timbalier Island, in feature and coloring, and in other ways. Joris was a name she had taken because it was found painted on a piece of the dismantled Danish bark, cast up on the island during the hurricane years ago; but the young girl who sang the "Ave Maria" in the convent chapel was a glorious development of that impetuous, sun-kissed child who, running in from her sea bath at dawn one June day, met a stranger, a storm-tossed refugee, on the porch of their cottage.

"You must study and learn, Follette, and grow to be like those pretty ladies who came here," were Valsin's anxious words, when, tenderly kissing her, he dried her tears and soothed her grief, at parting from him and the
beautiful, free life of her untrammeled childhood some few weeks later.

She had gone back but once to Timbalier, and then only for a few days at his desire. Nor had Valsin come over often to see her.

Not that his heart's wish did not urge him to run over constantly, but the wise and gentle mother superior advised him to keep away, for after each visit Joris, her "sea gull," as she had playfully named her, would fret and pine to return again to her glorious life of freedom to those pleasant days when her boat danced over the water and the salt sea breezes moistened and curled the light fringe of her bronze-brown hair, on neck and brow, when she sank light-heartedly to the soft dip of her oars while white-breasted sea gulls swept circling around.

Sometimes the thought of Jo Benachi would come to Joris, making her flush at the recollection of his silly words that last evening.

His wife! The thought was absurd and unbearable!

How foolish of Jo.

They had been good comrades and friends, and she had always liked Jo because he was such fun and brought so much life with him whenever he would come back to the island. They said he was wild. He used to laugh when she asked him what he had been doing.
Joris often let her book drop to recall the gay dances she had had on the hard beach with Jo and the boys and girls of the village, when the tide was low and the night calm, with a bright moon silvering the ocean.

Jo used to make Pietro, an old fisherman, sit on a log and play his mandolin, and they would all dance and sing, until Valsin called her. Then she would run gaily home, up the bare, little, winding path, with Jo Benachi by her side, and bid him goodnight at the gate.

How long ago it seemed! But now—why, the idea of marrying Jo was too preposterous!

How rough he was sometimes, and he had a hateful look in spite of his handsome face and his pretty black, curling hair. How different from—

Resolutely Joris would plunge into hard study to shut out the recollection of a tall good-looking man, with bright keen blue eyes and a pleasant smile, a low voice and a manner so different from Jo Benachi's, who spoke kindly and with apparent interest and who stood aloof when the boat went off that sunshiny June day she was never to forget, and looked at her intently as long as the widening distance of water would permit.

Joris had sometimes thought that the handsome presents which came to her each Christmas and the books sent occasionally were from him and not from Jo. But how could a complete stranger know where she was? How absurd to
imagine he would give her a thought! Why, of course he had
gone back to his own world to be absorbed in his books and
his pleasures.

The memory of an uncouth little half-savage
accidentally met when driven by a summer storm on the
shores of Timbalier must have completely faded from him.
Why should he remember? But by her own recollections Joris
made up her mind she would not remain the untutored,
ignorant waif Providence had abandoned to the merciful care
and kindness of that noble man, Valsin; but would do as he
urged her, and would study, study, study.

So Joris, although impatient of restraint and
difficult to keep down to the strict rules of convent life,
and often a sore puzzle and trial to Sister Agnes,
developed into a hard, steady student, learning
unconsciously the manner taught by the contact of a big
city without losing her own splendid dash and spirit.

And soon her singing became the pride of the convent,
as it was her solace and refuge. For when wearied of
restraint and heart sick for a wild flight homeward; then
tired of the silly games of her companions and writhing
under the sever intolerance of Sister Agnes, Joris would
pour out in her canticles and sacred songs a wealth of
passion and feeling and longing which discovered beauties
in the music never before suspected.
"Elle pourra devenir une grande cantatrice," Signor Rossetti had cautiously asserted to Mère Thérèse, who easily divined his ulterior meaning.

"Non, mon ami. She must not go on the stage. That thought must not be put into her mind. I must send her back to her father simple-hearted and untainted by wrong ambitions, just as she was when confided to my keeping. Besides, she is too beautiful," added Mère Thérèse, calmly. At which Signor Rossetti shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

Very shortly, for this was the month of May, Joris would go back to Timbalier, that pretty island graciously crowned with elm and oak and pine, where myrtle bushes and oleanders grow and sweet content pervades its simple-hearted, frugal inhabitants. Her heart beat high in joyous anticipation, and her voice rang out exultantly while singing in the chapel, for she remembered that but a few weeks separated her from Valsin and the joyous life of former days.

There was but one drawback—Jo Benachi. Joris turned her thoughts away from him with a slight shudder—was it repulsion? Of course, she would dearly love to go sailing once more in the Falcon. How she could fly over the water cutting her sharp way, straight as an arrow, in spite of wind or storm! But Joris had made up her mind that she

"She could become a wonderful singer."
would only go out on the water with Valsin; never again with anyone else. Jo would be furious possibly, but that was a very small matter.

Besides, three years had gone by, and it was more than likely that Jo Benachi had disappeared for good, or had married some pretty Sicilian girl, which would be better still, for of course he had not given a thought to those ridiculous words he had spoken to her the very night of the great storm, which, after all, was the cause of her coming to this delightful old convent and to Mère Thérèse, whom she loved devotedly.

The days and weeks slipped by, and Joris was saying good-by to her convent life, her schoolmates, who had never quite understood her, Sister Agnes and the sweet, pale-faced Mother Superior, whom she dearly loved.

Père Dorien, who had aged greatly of late, had come for her to take her back, perhaps to consult with Mère Thérèse as to the future life of the beautiful girl.

"It would be folly to urge her to stay, even as teacher," she said to Père Dorien, while Joris was running around saying warm, pathetic words to every one and everything in the peaceful and beautiful convent of the Sacred Heart.

"I will see what can be done to take her away from the island, if you think her life there too restricted. I fear hers will be a sad fate. She could go on the stage with
more instruction, for hers is great talent. But—Will she be penniless when her adopted father dies?"

"No, no! He will leave her well provided. But you know not, you cannot realize how cut off from all human intercourse her island home is!" said Père Dorien, almost with a shudder. "Its inhabitants are poor, simple seafaring folk, and how can she live there and be happy? Her love for Valsin is great, but she can associate with no one, now she has grown to womanhood. I am sorely troubled about her future."

And as Joris came forward her face flushed, a tender light in her eyes, and a half smile on her lips, she was indeed so fair a picture that they paused to watch her.

"She is in the hands of one who will surely guard her well. She is rarely gifted in mind and in body," said Mère Thérèse.

There was a mist in her eyes when she parted from Joris, and there was a keen pang in Joris' heart as she turned to wave a last farewell to the calm, sweet-faced figure standing in the open gateway of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

"Come back, mon enfant, if you ever want or need a home," she had whispered to Joris, as she clung to her before leaving.

Slipping her hand in Père Dorien's for comfort, and as she used to do as a little child, Joris turned and went
with him down the quiet street, toward the wharf, where the small steamer was which was to take her back to Timbalier, and when they were aboard and she was cast loose and began steaming out toward Timbalier, amid all her joy at getting back to her old, joyous, free-hearted life, and in her eager anticipation to see Valsin again and clasp her arms around his neck, never to be separated again from him or their happy, peaceful life, Joris was haunted by the compassionate look on Mere Therese's face as she stood silently between the tall pillars of the gateway and smiled back her last greeting.

And during their trip across the water to Joris' home, the only one she had ever known, Pere Dorien gently answered all her questions, telling her of the changes which had taken place, the death of poor widow Celine's mother, of Marthe's marriage, and the drowning of little Paul, of Valsin's rheumatism and Mercelite's fine garden, of the new belfry erected over the chapel, and made no mention of Jo Benachi, the handsome, devil-may-care owner of the fast sailing sloop, the Falcon, nor would Joris ask, although she wondered at his silence.

It was dusk when they reached the small wooden wharf, and hardly waiting for the boat to stop, Joris jumped ashore, and with a cry of joy found herself enfolded in Valsin's arms.
"Mais c'est une demoiselle, notre Follette!" exclaimed Mercelîte, laughing and crying and gazing in wondering admiration at the beautiful girl, who looked like those visitors the storm had given them three years ago, and at the big boxes and trunks on the landing, which evidently were hers.

"Jesus Marie!" she said, under her breath.

A fine looking sloop was riding lazily at anchor close in to shore, and a handsome sailor stood leaning carelessly against the big post of the wharf around which the hawser was flung, when a boatman came up and landed.

Joris was too happy and too busy plying Valsin with loving questions to notice either.

"I have come back to you and to home, Père, and I will never leave you again," she said, drawing a long, deep breath of joyful content.

Valsin brushed his blue flannel shirt sleeve across his eyes, so that he could better admire his Follette's radiant beauty.

"Bonsoir, Follette," Jo Benachi said, coming forward, his hand outstretched.

(To be continued)

"Our Follette is a young woman!"
"Bonsoir, Follette!"

The words seemed almost a blow, and with a start and shiver Joris fell from an ideal height of secure freedom and happiness to a future of menacing possibilities as she turned and confronted Jo Benachi.

His familiar greeting, so natural in former days, and the eager, bold look of admiration on his handsome face, on which three years of wild and undisciplined life had written coarser lines and stronger passions, while adding strength and symmetry to his splendid development, aroused Joris' indignation and gave her a cool, contemptuous manner, which had its effect on the man standing carelessly before her in the dying evening light on the boat landing.

A flush stole gradually over Benachi's face and a light kindled in his dark eyes, fixed intently on Joris, who stood close to Valsin and held one of his hands in both of hers, while the other fondly stroked her shoulder. And during the pause which followed his words, bon soir, Follette, a swift reckoning with the future was had by both of them.

Slowly Benachi dropped his outstretched hand, unnoticed by Valsin, who was too engrossed in his joy and delight at having back again his long lost birdie, and
whose gaze could not leave her, while amazement filled his
glad heart at her transition from a daring, restless little
sailor into the strange, beautiful young girl before him,
on whom was stamped the impress of another social life, on
wholly different from that of the lonely island of the
Gulf.

Benachi also saw, perhaps still more keenly, that
Joris was no longer his playmate of former years, and that
all now remaining of the romping, laughing child who danced
and ran races on the beach when the tide was low and the
moon shone bright was a dauntless spirit, doubtless
inherited from the dead captain of the Danish bark which
foundered on Timbalier one fateful winter night.

The red faded from Benachi’s face until even his lips
were white as he realized the width of the chasm between
old Valsin’s adopted daughter and him, an untutored,
uneducated sailor, between her life and his, her dainty
beauty and his coarse manners, and he could have cursed the
nuns in the convent with bitter hatred for their cruel
share in the transformation of his glorious wild sea-bird
into something he could neither define nor understand,
something he knew nothing about.

A pang shot through Joris’ heart as she read the
tumult within the man, for had they not been bright and
joyous days, those days of her childhood when she would
watch so eagerly for the coming of the Falcon, and would
race so gaily with its master, Jo, over the hard sand beyond the reach of the waves?

With a wistful smile she slowly held out her hand in memory of those days, a smile as beautiful, Jo Benachi thought, as moonlight on the water some calm summer night, and said:

"You see, I have come back to Père and our little gray island of the sea.

"How sweet and pretty it is! I must stay and watch over Père and Tante Mercelte now, I will never run away from them again."

With a short laugh of pride and delight, although he had made up his mind she should not be imprisoned, Valsin passed his arm around Joris' shoulder and turned to lead her up to the cottage, his rambling, gabled cottage, mellowed by the salt winds, and the fierce summer suns, and the beat of the autumnal storms into soft gray, like the clouds and tints of a dull winter day.

And Joris gave a sob and a laugh of deep content as they reached the garden gate. The vine planted by Valsin and herself grew close and thick over its walls. There white curtains and red flower pots were in the deep dormer windows, bronze and white pigeons cooed on the roof, where the lichens grew, while the trim garden and slumberous peacefulness of the scene spoke of a restful content for all time.
Mercelite walked shyly by her side until Joris, mute and wondering, caught and held her hand and poured out a flood of questions, which brightened the faded, simple face and brown eyes into an animation they had not known since the day Joris had left them and she had wiped away her slow-falling patient tears with the blue linen apron she always wore.

"Come up and take supper with us," Valsin said cheerfully to Benachi as they left the wharf.

Bibi, a long-legged Acadian youth, followed with Joris' big trunks on a wheel-barrow.

Benachi, his hands in his pockets, his sailor cap set jauntily to one side, leaned whistling a rag-time tune under his breath, against the post of the wharf, watching Joris intently as she chatted with Valsin and Mercelite going up the path.

With a short laugh Benachi declined and remained motionless; and later, when the moon came out, silvering all things, he still pondered, endeavoring to make the future coincide with leaping desires and his wild, impetuous determination.

So this first night of Joris' return to Timbalier and the old sweet freedom of her island home was spent with Valsin and tante Mercelite, for Père Dorien, having redeemed his promise and brought his charge safely back had
gone on in the small steamer, for his was a life of arduous activity, and his "cure" extended far along the coast.

The Falcon had shipped her moorings and had sped away out of sight and ken during the night, when Joris, resuming the habits of her childhood, ran down the hard-beaten path at early dawn for a plunge in the rolling surf, whose continuous murmur and splash had rocked her to sleep throughout the night.

Joris gave a sigh of relief as she swam out far beyond the breakers and felt again a joyous exhilaration, a wild delight in her perfect freedom, so strongly in contrast to her strict, monotonous convent life of recent years.

"Oh, Père! Père! This is glorious!" she said as she ran in and tossed her hat on a chair, hugged Mercelite and through her arms around Valsin's neck before sitting down to breakfast.

"Follette, Follette, how long will this last?" asked Valsin, radiant with happiness.

"How long? As long as the sun rises and sets and we live together on this dear little island."

But Valsin shook his head.

He was a plain Acadian, a fisherman, whose long, busy life had precluded any study of books.

But his kindly eyes had seen much, and his was a large-hearted comprehension of many things, and life, whether in cabin or palace, runs over the same gamut.
So, watching the beautiful, laughing girl with fondest
delight, as Joris roamed joyously about making acquaintance
anew with the people, and everything animate and inanimate
on the island, and they went together on long fishing
cruises and excursions, he knew that the inevitable day
must come when other ambitions would make his beautiful
seagull pine for a life of higher aims on different lines.

Joris unpacked her books and music, and her wonderful
singing was a rare delight to Valsin, while Mercelit and
old Catiche would listen in wonder and smile and nod to
each other.

Twice a week the puffing little steamer brought the
mail to Timbalier, and Joris noticed that several times a
letter came to Valsin, addressed in a fine, strong hand,
and she wondered casually who his correspondent could be.

Then books came and dainty boxes of candies and fruit,
and Joris scolded Valsin for spoiling her and being so
extravagant.

But he laughed and told her to mind her own business,
to do her pretty embroideries, those wonderful lilies she
was working on for Père Dorien's altar cloth, and to
practice her singing and not to interfere with him.

So the little steamer continued to bring her charming
reminders of the life of the busy city far away across the
waters, whose pulsating life was so little known to the
simple folks living on Timbalier Island.
There was one thing which gave Joris pain, and yet was a relief in a certain way.

They all looked upon her as a being of a superior order, and the young girls with whom she had played when they were children together held aloof and would no longer talk freely with her, although Joris spoke with them in their soft Acadian patois and put aside as much as she could the look and manner which made her so distinctively different, and the men on the island touched their caps and called her mam'selle when she passed by and shyly avoided her.

Old Valsin nodded wisely. It was as it should be. No one must dare call her Follette any more.

No. He could look into the future with some little understanding, and Père Dorien was right. She should not be imprisoned always, but as long as she was happy and sang free-heartedly, and her eyes danced, and her step was joyous, and her laugh rang out sweet and merry, why all was well.

And at dusk, when the day's work was done, Valsin would go slowly through the village to Père Dorien's chapel. The tapers burning on the altar spoke of steadfast faith and hope, and the cross preached of divine renunciation; and Valsin's heart would be eased of its anxiety for those dim uncertainties of the future, when he could no longer stand between Follette and the accidents of
life. Poor, beautiful Follette, tossed up by the storm and tempest and given into his keeping, his one great joy and pride. Would not a peaceful happiness encompass and shield her in the coming years?

Valsin thought with comfort of his correspondent, that clever lawyer, Guy Fulton, who was making such patient researches for him as to the long-lost barque, its owner and captain, and who had come over frequently to Timbalier to confer with him. And, while little had been discovered thus far, still time and patience might develop some clue by which Follette’s parentage might be discovered.

Valsin had long made up his mind to the separation so clearly inevitable, one which would rend his heartstrings, and his hope was that he would not linger long after the light was withdrawn from his life, and Follette’s joyous presence would no longer illumine the little seagirt island, where all his life had been spent.

Like all big-hearted, patient, gentle-tempered men of deep feeling, Valsin was slow to anger, but if aroused by sufficient provocation his was terrible and fierce wrath, which swept like a whirlwind all things before him, and this aided by his great size and strength, was one reason why his reign was undisputed on the island, while his kindly good deeds and ever-ready generosities made the queer population look up to him as their natural, if uncrowned, chief.
The one being over whom Valsin had neither control nor influence in that primitive settlement was the handsome, daring, quick Jo Benachi, the best sailor of the Gulf shore, who was shrewd, clever and daring, but who led his own wild life, laughing at all restraint in spite of Pere Dorien's admonitions and Valsin's kindly remonstrances, their stern warnings that while on Timbalier his must be a peaceful and decent life, or else he and the Falcon must sail off elsewhere.

So bad feeling had grown up between the two, which had intensified during the three years of Follette's absence, while vague rumors came to the island of dangerous escapades and strange doings, in which Jo Benachi figured as instigator and leader.

It was only in obedience to a code of open-hearted hospitality which made Valsin invite Benachi to his house that first evening of Joris' return. Nor did he notice Jo's words and manner.

But he was glad when, with his usual caprice, Benachi refused to come, and still more pleased that he and the Falcon should have disappeared during the night.

"It would be better if he would never return," Valsin said, speaking of him the next day.

With a sigh of relief Follette echoed his wish.

The days went by in peaceful fashion; the silken lilies on Joris' altar-piece were almost finished. Père
Dorien come and went more frequently, and a great content filled the weather-beaten cottage on Timbalier, near the rolling surf.

Sitting on his bench under the oak, listening to Joris as she sang while tending her flowers, Valsin's heart rejoiced, and a look of infinite peace settled over his fine face.

The little steamer ran up one evening and stopped and a stranger got off.

Walking leisurely down the wharf and up the path, Guy Fulton paused at the garden gate before Valsin's cottage, and, unnoticed, watched Joris as she twisted and twined a rebellious honeysuckle over the wooden pillars of the front porch.

Guy Fulton brought news as to his diligent researches.

Yes, hers was a wonderful beauty of face and character and a most strange history.

Guy Fulton longed to complete the chain of evidence which had led him to certain conclusions. How eagerly he had seized on the pretext of further investigation to find Valsin. Of course he knew that Joris was back in her island home.

"I am glad you have come," Valsin exclaimed, shaking Fulton cordially by the hand.

An introduction to Joris seemed hardly necessary.
Sitting on the porch, while a soft summer twilight melted the colors of sea and sky indiscriminately together, and the gentle, monotonous sound of the surf came soothingly to where they sat, Guy Fulton thought Timbalier Island as near an approach to paradise as could be imagined.

"We will talk over the matter tomorrow. Follette may help us. She has some curious trinkets. I had not thought of them," Valsin said to Fulton.

Sauntering off slowly, he left them together.

"What did you do in the convent besides sing and grow beautiful?" Guy Fulton asked caressingly.

Joris laughed a sweet, low laugh.

"What did you do besides win cases and grow to be a celebrated lawyer?" queried Joris.


Follette turned and looked full into Guy's earnest, deeply-moved face.

In her great hazel eyes was a deep and strong emotion, and a wave of color swept over her lovely face.

"Here is Père Dorien. Come join us. We will have a pleasant supper. Merceleite will give us some of her best wine," said Valsin, coming briskly up to the porch.

It was somewhat late, and their guests had departed, when Joris, flinging a bright scarf over her head, ran down
to the beach to sit on the half-burned keel of the wrecked
boat, and go over the incidents of the evening, her pulses
beating, and a strange song singing within her.

The tall rigging of a sloop stood out against the
star-lit sky, and it was Jo Benachi's voice which spoke in
strange, mellow tones to Follette, and Jo Benachi, his face
aglow with a dangerous light, who threw himself down on the
beach close to where she sat.

"You have been my dream at night, and the one thought
of my waking hours, Follette," he said in his picturesque
Sicilian tongue, "and you are my affianced wife. I have
your promise, and you must not desert me."

"My promise! You are dreaming. You must know I will
never marry you."

Joris rose coldly indignant, and turned to go back to
the cottage.

Benachi gave a shrill whistle, and two sailors
sauntering along the shore ran forward.

It was the work of a few moments.

Something was thrown over her head, her cries were
stifled, her hands pinioned, and Follette felt herself
taken and rushed hurriedly along.

There was a dip of oars, the rapid motion of a boat,
she was lifted aboard some ship, deposited on some
cushions, and, helpless, agonized and despairing, she heard
the weighing of the anchor, and felt the swift motion of
the ship gliding seaward with the current.

Follette knew she was aboard the Falcon, and
motionless and wide-eyed realized the awful catastrophe
which had befallen her.

Valsin slept tranquilly.

Soon the mystery of Follette's birth might be lifted,
and a future of serene happiness assured to the child of
his adoption, that beautiful girl, the poor waif and
plaything of the tempest. How great and beneficent was
Providence.

Guy Fulton sat all through the late hours of the night
smoking and dreaming sweetest dreams of the days to come
when Joris would gladden his life with her wonderful
presence.

And meanwhile the Falcon was running out seaward.

(To be continued)
The deep gloom of an intolerable anguish had settled down over Valsin's island home.

With a stern, silent despair the old fisherman pursued his ceaseless researches day and night for Joris, the pride and glory and delight of his life, hardly pausing long enough to take a few mouthfuls or to snatch a fitful sleep by which to renew his strength for further tireless efforts.

Guy Fulton, worn and haggard, was his constant companion, and Mercelite, tremulous and weeping, wandered aimlessly all day long from the empty house to the beach and back again, broken-hearted and wailing; nor could any of Père Dorien's prayerful words of comfort and encouragement ease her heart from its distress.

Joris had suddenly and completely disappeared, and the whole island was agitated and watching the ebb and flow, the swirling eddies and the shoal waters, and searching the small lagoons, where the tides were wont to fling up and leave all manner of flotsam and jetsam which the currents of the Gulf were sweeping seaward.

But no vestige or reminder was discovered of Follette, Valsin's adopted daughter, who had so recently come back among them.
Of course, the evil spirit of envy and jealousy lurked even in that remote locality and among its simple-hearted inhabitants, and crept out to hint and covertly insinuate ugly things concerning the beautiful girl.

Françoise Clairette, handsome, sunburnt, rude, untutored, laughed sneeringly and said there was no occasion for so much fuss; that Follette was not drowned, no fear of that, and that the city was not so very far off. Follette had lived in the city for three years.

Everyone knew that Françoise had been glad when Joris was away to the convent, for then it was her turn to dance with Jo Benachi on the beach when he came at rare intervals to the island. Nor did she take the trouble to disguise how anxiously she waited and watched for him, and her greeting was always boisterous and glad, and a fire burned in her eyes.

And while men kept on with their search and together with Valsin made inquiries all along the Gulf coast, and Fulton, over in the city, put the needed machinery in motion to discover what coast-wise sailing craft had come to the city, what goelettes and schooners trading in the Gulf, and what crews they had aboard, no clue was obtainable, and the darkness surrounding Joris’ disappearance remained absolutely impenetrable.

Père Dorien sat with Valsin and Guy Fulton, who were doggedly going over what had been done and what they were
to do to discover Joris, and solve the terrible mystery of her disappearance.

One week of fruitless effort had passed, leaving its added traces of grief and anxiety on the faces of the three men.

The old priest had aged visibly, and a patient endurance and fortitude had deepened the lines which a long life of arduous, noble work had written on his face.

Valsin's sternly repressed grief and rugged determination were congealed into one set purpose, which he would carry out while life lasted. And Guy Fulton, pale and passionately stirred, walked restlessly back and forth, slowly evolving a theory, which took shape and form in his thoughts as twilight deepened and the stars came silently out.

"It may be, Valsin, that in His all-seeing wisdom, the child has been called back home by our Father. But I doubt it. I cannot believe that Death has taken Follette. We must be patient, and watchful, and hopeful, my son. Who knows? She may come back to us as suddenly as she left, and will herself explain the strangeness of her disappearance. We will continue our search, and not try to form any opinion, until we hear from her, or she comes back to us."

But Valsin shook his head.
The thought flashed through his mind that possibly she had made acquaintances while in the city of which he was not aware. Was she so tired of the island and had she slipped away?

But that was too unlike his fearless, frank, loving little Follette. She would not cause such terrible anxiety and grief. Sure she would have told him.

Then, too, the steamer had come and gone that very evening, long before supper. She had told him goodnight.

"When was that Sicilian fellow here last?" queried Fulton, stopping in his walk before Valsin, who sat leaning forward, his hands on his knees, his head bent, a deep frown of somber perplexity seaming his brow.

Père Dorien started, and his lips quivered.

"You mean Jo Benachi? Not since the first evening she came back," Valsin said, looking inquiringly at Fulton.

"Are you sure of that?" Guy asked.

Valsin remained silent, and a curious light grew in his eyes during the pause which followed.

Reaching out he took his old weather-beaten hat and getting up moved silently toward the garden gate with a gesture of apology to Père Dorien.

"I will go with you," Fulton said.

And as they passed rapidly down the path leading toward the village Père Dorien's lips moved in an anguished
prayer, for hideous possibilities loomed up before his mental vision.

Pere Dorien shuddered and wiped the beads from his brow.

"Jo Benachi? No. It has been many months since he sailed up and anchored off the island Teney. He came the evening the steamboat brought Follette. They all could remember that. He went off that night. Where is he now? Cruising far down the Gulf coast, or in the Indies, perhaps. Benachi came but seldom to Timbalier now," one of a group of fishermen said in answer to Valsin’s cautious inquiries.

Some handy, ragged, half-grown boys carrying a dragnet between them and bunches of croakers strung on palmetto, which they swung as they came along chatting together on the endless theme of Follette’s strange vanishing, paused when they saw Valsin and a stranger talking with the men.

Jose, who lived with his mother farther down the village street, stepped forward as if to say something, when he heard Valsin’s inquiry as to the Falcon, then shrank back, hiding behind his companions.

Guy Fulton noticed the gesture, and wheeling, watched the boys as they went on to hang their net out on a picket fence to dry, then scattered to their respective homes, where the women folk were waiting for their catch for supper.
Leaving Valsin to pursue his inquiries with others, Guy Fulton sauntered on the cottage where José had disappeared, and passing by the open doorway, beckoned to the lad to join him.

Slowly and reluctantly José came out.

Holding him by the shoulder with an iron grip, Fulton drew him along with him to some little distance under some spreading trees, and said:

"You are a clever lad, so tell me when the Falcon was here last, and where she’s gone. You’ll have what I hold in my hand for your trouble. But if you lie to me I’ll give you the best thrashing you ever had in your life."

The inducement Fulton held up before him made José’s eyes glitter.

He had never owned five dollars in his whole life. It was worth the beating he would get in all probability from old Silva when he divulged that it was he (José) who stole the fish from his lines at night to sell them to Francois, who went off before dawn to the city with as many as he could collect for the daily market.

Yes, José dreaded, but it was worth it.

So, wriggling and unhappy, after getting Guy’s promise of secrecy, he told how only last week, eight days ago, when he slipped out of bed one night—yes, it was Thursday—to go down to the small cove where Silva always set his night lines, he heard the dip of oars, and saw the Falcon
anchored out in the channel close in to shore. He knew it was the Falcon, because the night was bright, although no moon was shining.

Was he sure it was the Falcon? Yes, sir! he was sure! He knew the Falcon well. He had gone on her once to help the cook who was sick. They had cruised for three weeks before returning.

Besides, no one could make a mistake about the Falcon’s tall masts and rigging, or about the black band painted around her sides. He would never go aboard of her again, because the men played cards and fought.

Guy Fulton shut his teeth hard and drew a long breath through them, and his blood boiled and surged through his veins.

"How long did she stay?" he queried, and his voice had a strange muffled sound, even to his own ears.

José could hardly tell how long. He was very busy with old Silva’s drag lines that night, because the catch had been good, and he was in a great hurry, so he did not notice much. Two sailors passed by, and he hid in some myrtle bushes. There were no lights aboard, which he thought was strange.

When he was through and turned to run home he saw a small boat with people in it by the side of the Falcon. They all got aboard, then the anchor was weighed and she
was running down the channel full sail when he last saw her.

"Do you know where she was going?" queried Fulton.

"Out to sea, southward," José said. Because he heard one of the sailors say it was their last trip to Timbalier, and that they were going south. And they talked low and laughed.

Fulton dropped his hand from José's shoulder, and as the boy ran breathlessly off, clutching tight the money, he groaned aloud.

The vision of Joris prisoner on the Falcon, at the mercy of Jo Benachi and his mongrel crew of Sicilians, Portuguese and half-bred Cubans, the fiercest and worst men to be found on the islands and in the ports where the Falcon cruised, made Fulton shiver as if the calm, sweet summer night was cold and the gentle breeze blowing an ice blast from the north.

Fulton did not doubt an instant, and his conviction was absolute.

Eight days ago, with the flitting of the Falcon, Joris had disappeared.

That she had been enticed aboard, caught and trapped, he also knew, but what he did not and could not know was--her fate.
Guy Fulton raised his clenched hand heavenward, and the tumult of his passions tearing at his heart found no vent in words.

At four hours' distance from the big city, in the waters of the Gulf, where ships and schooners and ocean-goers ply back and forth under the flags of all nations, and at the opening of the twentieth century, it seemed incredible that a young girl could be kidnapped and carried off, and that she could neither be traced nor found.

And yet Guy Fulton never for a moment doubted that Jo Benachi had concocted and carried out this hideout scheme with the daring and cunning of a fiend incarnate.

For Fulton had plainly read the man's infatuation for the beautiful young creature, and, knowing him, he knew he would hesitate at nothing to force her to marry him.

Hurrying back to the cottage, Guy found Pere Dorien silently praying, his hands crossed, his face white and a great terror in the kindly old eyes, which had witnessed many tragedies and much sorrow, but none striking home as keenly as this.

Silently he listened, and Guy Fulton’s words confirmed his worse fears.

For no one knew better than Père Dorien that the world has an evil tongue, and slander will ever meet with ready listeners and credulous hearers.
Truly, Benachi's scheme was a devilish one, and for her own sake, what issue was left her but a marriage with him?

Père Dorien would rather see that bonny, beautiful creature in cold death.

"I will trace him," he heard Fulton saying when he come back to a comprehension of his words from the maze of misery where his mind had been wandering.

"Of course, I will take her from him, and then--we will call on you for your good offices," he said, hurriedly looking at his watch.

Silently Père Dorien wrung his hand, as Valsin came up, walking with a tired stoop of his broad shoulders and a dark shadow on his brave, kindly face.

Slowly Guy Fulton spoke.

"The Falcon was anchored off Timbalier last Thursday night for a short while. A boat left shore, and those in her went aboard, and she sailed southward."

Valsin listened, then staggered slightly and sat heavily down.

"Dieu!" he said paralyzingly.

"If Joris is alive I will find her and bring her back," Guy Fulton said, with stern emphasis, placing his hand on Valsin's shoulder.

"And Père Dorien has promised to be here to meet us. Never fear, Valsin. My name will protect your loving
child. I will stand between her and all evil, if you will give me that privilege, one which I count more than anything in life."

Silence fell between them, and Valsin covered his furrowed face, down which a few slow tears ran.

"We will go together, mon fils," Valsin said, rising up to his full height. We will follow him. We will track him to the mouth of hell! Jo Benachi has dared to— If my Follette is aboard his accursed ship, I will crush the life out of him, so help me God!"

Slowly the old man raised and held out two long, powerful arms, and the muscles stood out like whipcords on his huge clenched fists.

"We can run over to the city by midnight. There is a steam yacht which can be made ready in two hours’ time. We will start at daylight. Meanwhile we may pick up some scraps of information. Never fear, old friend; we will find her," Guy Fulton said, wringing Valsin’s hand.

The preparations were hurried, and soon a swift-sailing schooner slipped off from the wharf of the small Island of Timbalier, taking Valsin and his companion, Guy Fulton, over to the city in pursuit of the Falcon, of Joris, around whom centered the dearest affections of more than one heart, and of Jo Benachi, with a sinister hate and purpose, and a set determination, which should have projected its warning into the veiled future.
After they had gone silence fell over the gray cottage.

Slowly Père Dorien paced back and forth, silently praying that no evil befall that beautiful child, who was like sunshine to the declining years of his life, and that "peace and good will toward men" would intervene to prevent bloodshed and murder and endless sorrow.

The surf rolled up, broke and ran over the hard sands of the beach, a gentle Gulf breeze blew inland. Mercelite, worn and sorrowful, crept to her rest, and a broad moonlight flooded the small Island of Timbalier, shedding a calm peace abroad, over the simple fisher folks and their narrow, untroubled lives.

And Joris? Where was she, while the sweet summer night rocked the sea-girt Island of Timbalier to sleep, and two men hot with the passion of vengeance were steaming Southward.

(To be continued)
Back to the Island of Timbalier
(October 21, 1900)

There was a special service that afternoon in the chapel of the old Convent of the Sacred Heart, over which the ivy of centuries grew, creeping slowly higher toward its gabled roof, curtaining its thick walls and peeping in the windows of the dormitory, where all was white and cool and peaceful.

The chorus was harmonious, of young voices singing under Signor Rossetti's strict supervision, but the evening hymn was omitted, for the voice which formerly would swell and ring out in such glorious bursts of song was absent.

No one would ever take Joris' place, and so they must sing in chorus, their professor declared, and let the organ fill out the parts which that wonderful young singer had held. That beautiful girl, whose proper place was undoubtedly on the stage.

"Une falcon magnifique!" the Signor said with a shake of the head while begging for her address.

"What a loss to the world that so glorious a songster should be hid away, shut up and lost in a small Acadian village on some island located in the Gulf!" he had heard.

But Mère Thérèse, who was hungering for her bonny seagull, who so sorely missed the whirl and stir, the merriment and laughter synonymous with Joris, and who found
the halls of the old convent far too quiet, the games in
the garden lacking in animation, and her own life bereft of
color and zest, would not disclose Joris' retreat, fearing
that her gentle, peaceful days with wholesome absorption in
the pleasures and cares of home and fireside might be
deflected into dangerous channels and ambitions, to end in
keenest sorrow. For who did not know the glittering
fascinations and the deceptions of the life Signor Rossetti
advocated?

"No! No! Let her remain unmolested in her quaint home
with that noble old man, her adopted father, and gentle
Marcelite who so idolized her."

Mère Thérèse knelt and prayed while the young girl
voices floated around her, and a bright, laughing face
stood before her mental vision.

Vaguely she heard the tinkle of the front door bell.
Some poor wanderer selling alms. Sister Agnes would see to
it.

Only the benediction remained to be played, and again
Mère Therese's thoughts wandered off to a scene she was
ever picturing, a gray weather-beaten cottage and a young
girl of rare beauty and a great stretch of water around.

There was a pause, some whispered words, then, in
softly modulated tones, which grew into a sublime melody,
the evening hymn Joris always sang, burst forth ringing
through the chapel and down the hallways, stirring Mere Therese's heart with a deep content and delight.

The notes died away, and Joris was greeted with boisterous pleasure.

Running forward, she threw her arms around Mere Therese, clinging to her with passionate delight, while a few hot tears fell over her flushed face.

Motioning the eager questioning little throng aside, Mere Therese, saying loving, soothing words, led her Seagull, as she loved to call Joris, to a quiet nook.

Holding her hot hands in hers, she waited to hear the cause of Joris' return, and the agitation in ill accord with her usual courageous self-possession.

With a studied calm the Mother Superior felt a poignant anxiety and a trembling dread of what Joris was going to tell her.

Had she left the secure shelter of her home? Impossible! What could drive her out? What calamity had befallen her?

"I have been a prisoner—a prisoner, Mere—on his ship. I could not reach the deck. I would have thrown myself overboard had he dared to approach me."

"A prisoner! You Joris! Who dared to make you a prisoner?" asked Mere Therese, aghast, interrupting Joris' disconnected, panting explanation.
"Jo Benachi. Jo brought me on the Falcon, his ship, and was sailing to the West Indies. I heard the sailors say so. He stopped at some island in the Gulf one night. He thought he held me securely for all time, so he was waiting, he said, for my anger to cool.

"He should have known me better. Jo Benachi! As if he--he--he--could bend or break me to his will!

"I had this with me, Mère," Joris continued, a red flame in her cheeks and a sinister light to her great hazel eyes, showing the ivory handle of a small dagger, one she often took with her when on fishing excursions with Valsin, as being useful for cutting tangled knots or for those emergencies which are apt to arise on such occasions.

"Seigneur Dieu!" Mère Thérèse said, appalled.

"It was well I had forgotten it in my belt the night I went down to the beach--the night he seized me and dragged me aboard the Falcon. It kept Jo Benachi at a safe distance from me. He knew me well enough to believe I would keep my word had he stepped over the threshold of the door of my prison."

Mère Thérèse shuddered, and slowly stroked the hot, feverish hands she held, noting how thin the beautiful face had grown, and how visible was the dread which still lingered with her, in spite of her indomitable spirit and high courage, which Mère Thérèse felt assured, far more than the keen, thin blade of her little weapon, had
shielded Joris from harm during those terrible days and nights which had left such an impression upon her.

Mère Thérése had long known of Benachi's infatuation for Joris.

But an acquaintance with life, its passions and sorrows, made it plain to her that however dastardly reckless and cruel his conduct was, still he intended that no harm should befall the glorious young creature he had taken captive. Blindly trusting that time would soften her resentment, he counted that her marriage with him would be a necessity to stop the evil reports, always alert to spring out like beasts of prey.

And as this thought came to Mère Thérése she again murmured "Seigneur Dieu!" with a slight groan. It was a fearful alternative.

"How did you get here, mon enfant?" she asked gently.

"A sailor helped me, Mère. He left the door unlocked. The Falcon was alongside of an oyster boat, which sailed that night. He helped me on it. His brother was aboard. That was two days ago. We reached the city, and I came here. I promised to help his young wife, if I lived."

"I must go to Pere," Joris said, springing up feverishly. "Oh, how he must have grieved! Help me to get to him at once Mère Chérie."

"Pauvre enfant. You shall go this evening."
Calling a messenger, she sent a few hurried lines to Pere Dorien, whom she knew was in the city.

Unable to remain on Timbalier, near the deserted cottage after Valsin and Guy Fulton had left to arrange for their pursuit of the Falcon, he had followed them in restless unhappiness.

Forcing Joris with gentle words to seek the rest she was so much in need of, and refusing to talk with her, while giving her a thousand gentle ministrations, Mère Thérèse dwelt only on the great joy of her return, and gave the promise gladly that Père Dorien would take the poor storm-buffeted birdie back to her island home.

With a sigh of ineffable happiness Joris sank back among the white pillows, and while the Mother Superior murmured a prayer of thanksgiving in a soft monotonous voice, her long lids drooped, her eyes closed, and Joris sank into a dreamless slumber, while the past hideous days drifted off into oblivion.

More profound even than his astonishment was Père Dorien's happiness, when hurriedly answering Mère Thérèse's summons, to learn that Follette, his joy and delight, was slumbering peacefully in the quiet dormitory, where the ivy peeped in at the windows, while Sister Agnes paced silently up and down to prevent noise or intrusion.

"I will hurry to stop them. An all-wise Providence has decreed that they could not leave on their terrible
quest until late tonight. There was an accident to the machinery of their boat which detained them. How inscrutable are His decrees! Valsin will hasten to see his lost treasure. But the young man--I think she would rather meet him later."

Starting on his mission of divine mercy, to lift the weight of anguish from off the two hearts, Père Dorien, his thin face radiant with the light of a great inward happiness, went hurriedly down the street.

Stopping a carriage, he drove rapidly to Guy Fulton's rooms, excusing the extravagance, which meant one gift the less to the poor of his parish because of the great joy he was carrying to others.

"Peace and good will toward men," he thought, as he rolled rapidly along. "No! no! Her return and our infinite happiness must not be darkened by any deed of violence. No blood shall be shed to stain the sweet thoughts and hours of happiness of my little Follette. Justice will be meted out by One whose mandates are far beyond our finite understanding. 'I will repay,' He said.

"If the Falcon should ever come back I will watch and warn--yes--and shield, if needs be. It will cost an effort--but--'Vengeance is mine,' He said."

And so pondering, Père Dorien reached Guy Fulton's door, and was ushered in where Valsin sat, torn and racked
by impotent, impatient grief, while Fulton was writing out a document in deep thought.

"There are always uncertainties in life," he said, turning to Valsin. "Should anything happen to me, this is my will, which you must witness. Harris can serve as the other witness. I leave the bulk of my property to Joris, my affianced bride, and some behests I wish her to carry out.

"She must pursue the inquiries I have begun as to her parentage, which I would have fully established with a little more time.

"The captain of the Joris was her father, Thurge Petersen, a Danish merchant of high standing, and I learned recently that his people have been for years seeking a clue to his disappearance. I wrote to communicate with them, and went to Timbalier to tell you of it that unhappy night.

"Joris must continue my work and must go back to her people, Valsin. See what terrible dangers surround her on that lonely island. You must promise me that, should my death occur, you will take her back to her people."

Valsin silently nodded and wrung Fulton's hand, and neither noticed Père Dorien until he came forward.

Turning to greet him, Guy Fulton paused and a surge of tempestuous feeling swept over him as he noted the radiant look of content and happiness.

"You have news. Speak," he entreated, hoarsely.
Valsin sprang up and leaned on the table panting slightly.

"Good news. She reached the city safely and is resting in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The child is tired, but no harm has befallen her."

Throwing up his arms with a passionate gesture, Valsin sank back in a chair and covered his face with his hands. Guy Fulton, placing a hand which trembled and shook with emotion on the old priest’s shoulder, said:

"He took her away. I know it. If he has harmed one hair of her dear head I will hound him to his death!"

"Mon fils! Mon fils!" said I. "Not only is the child tired? You know little of our Follette, of her noble-hearted bravery and dauntless spirit, if you suppose that evil could overtake her. You say it is Danish blood which courses through her young veins. Know you not the heroic spirit of that race? Our Joris sleeps calm and beautiful in the convent, and awaits Valsin to take her back to her home. Her intrepid spirit saved her and brought her back to us."

"As for him, he will not return. Never! ‘Vengeance is mine,’ said the Great Master. Leave it to Him."

A strange silence fell upon them, for what language can translate the storms and tempests of the soul, or voice emotions when stirred to their uttermost depths?
"Go to her at once Valsin. Take her back with you. I will come over tomorrow evening to claim her," Guy Fulton said, wringing the old fisherman's toil-worn hand.

"My Follette! My birdie! The sunlight and joy of my life! The one ewe lamb I did not watch over. I let a prowling wolf snatch and drag her to the mouth of hell! God forgive me," said Valsin agitatedly.

And Père Dorien saw that to his other grief had been added self-reproach that he had failed to guard his treasure.

Both said words of cheer and took him to the carriage with Fulton and sent him off to the peaceful Convent of the Sacred Heart, where Joris was slumbering, while pigeons cooed on the window sill and Sister Agnes went patiently back and forth, saying her beads and keeping faithful watch and ward over her.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Joy reigned in the gray wind-swept cottage, and even the brown calf frolicking in its pasture seemed to rejoice at Follette's return.

Long shafts of golden light fell across the waters of the Gulf, which heaved and rolled placidly inward. The surf rolled up and broke in ceaseless murmur on the long flat beach, a soft sea-breeze scattered the sweet scents of summer flowers, and the fisher folk gathered in knots, chatted of their humble daily needs and interests.
Sitting on his broad bench, made from the wreckage of the Danish bark wrecked years ago, Valsin silently voiced a hymn of thanks for the safe return of Follette.

And Mercelite, tremulously happy, went aimlessly about, smiling and unthinking, while Catiche hustled around in busy content, preparing unusual dainties for supper, for was not the young gentleman from the city coming over on the evening boat?

Dusk came, and the lights of the coast packet twinkled across the water, paused at the wharf until passengers and freight were deposited, then glowed as the boat churned her way down the channel to other points.

Joris nestled up close to the only father she had ever known, and holding fast the rugged hand, which had been the tender guide of her infancy and childhood.

"I will not leave you, Pere! I will never leave you!" she murmured.

Gently caressing his flushed cheek and gazing lovingly at the beautiful face pressed against his shoulder, old Valsin said:

"Do you think I will keep you here on this island, Follette? No! no! little one. We will have a beautiful marriage ceremony tomorrow in Père Dorien's chapel. And you will go to seek your own folks across the ocean. You will be a great lady, and will live in a castle. But I will come visit you later. And some day, perhaps, you will
come back to Timbalier for a few hours, and Mercelite will 
give you some of her honey, and the cream cheese you always 
loved, and you will come to the cemetery and put some 
flowers on old Valsin's grave, and he will be content, 
cherie, well content to know that his little Follette is 
happy."

With a sob Joris kissed the fine, rugged old face.

The latch of the garden gate clicked and Guy Fulton 
came rapidly forward, a flush of eager delight on his face.

Valsin arose and silently extended both hands, then 
left them.

The surf rolled up and broke in a soft monotone on the 
hard sands of the beach, lights twinkled in the scattered 
cottages of the village, some fishermen sang in rhythmic 
measure to the beat of their oars as they went down the 
coast to look after their nets and beaver traps, and a 
stillness of deepest content fell over the strange little 
Island of Timbalier in the Gulf.

"Joris! my Joris!" whispered Guy Fulton with 
passionate delight.
Miss Euphemie looked at her niece Alma and sighed. Then, as she adjusted her glasses, carefully scanned an almanac hanging near the chimney, and emitted another sigh, which was almost a groan. "Great heavens, Auntie! Don’t do that! It’s dreadful, and quite unnecessary," Alma said, glancing up from the flying needle of a sewing machine, and an elaborate child’s frock, she was making.

"Ah. mon enfant, times have sadly changed," remarked Miss Euphemie, shaking her head and looking unhappy.

"So they have, auntie darling. All the more reason to change with them and stop thinking of past glories." Alma sprang up, went to a handsome old sideboard, drew out a basket of pecan nuts, and a silver nutcracker, with a crest engraved on it, the last of a dozen which belonged to the family service, and, smiling brightly, deposited them on her aunt’s lap.

"If you’ll crack and peel them for me, I’ll make the pralines Mrs. Crawford ordered and Joe can take them over after supper. Nobody knows how to crack pecans as you do, auntie. You never break them." Miss Euphemie’s sweet old wrinkled face brightened, as Alma intended it should, and her delicate thin fingers were soon busy on the task set her.
Alma resumed her sewing. The barely audible ticking of the machine and the cracking of the nut shells were the only sounds in the big, scantily furnished room, whose remaining pieces of furniture, for being exceptionally fine, attested to the decayed fortunes of its occupants.

By a clever arrangement Alma had rented their old homestead to the shrewd, energetic, not very polished stranger who bought the adjoining sugar plantation, whose residence had been burnt down years before. Alma had stipulated that she and her elderly aunt, Miss Euphemie D’Aumont, were to retain what had once been the library, and an adjoining bed room. She kept only such furniture as would make her aunt comfortable.

Miss Euphemie would have been greatly astonished had she known how large was the sum paid Alma for the remainder, and that her niece had deposited it in a bank in the adjoining small town. When left with her gentle old aunt quite alone, Alma made up her mind quickly as to what she would do. Her mother’s Anglo-Saxon blood must have inspired her. At any rate her efforts were vigorous and judicious. Wonderfully so for a girl of eighteen, L’Abbe Justin, the cure of the parish, thought with deep admiration, for Alma always told him of her plans and intentions.

Alma taught a class of small children, cultivated bees, and sold honey, did wonderful work on her sewing
machine, grew violets and strange plants in the corner which remained intact, of the hothouse, and sent them to distant cities and added to her bank account, and kept Miss Euphemie busy and contented, by never allowing her to mope, or refer to the dead and gone past.

"Next week closes the Carnival," Miss Euphemie remarked, pointedly, looking at her niece.

"It doesn't matter to us, auntie, does it?" We don't very much care who is king or who is queen, or what great personages are in the city, do we?"

"When I was your age, child, I cared a great deal, your father and mother gave dinners and entertainments, I remember."

"Now, aunt Phemie, you know we agreed not to remember anything of the sort--nothing that will make you unhappy."

A pause followed, punctuated by the cracking of the nut shells.

"You are handsomer than she was, child, and your mother was considered a beauty. You are taller, and your hair is a finer color, you would make a wonderful Carnival queen."

Alma stopped sewing, and running across the room, threw an arm around Miss Euphemie's neck, and kissed her with loving protest, while the color in her bright, laughing face deepened.
"That's because you are so fond of your country cousin," replied her niece. You would think differently if you saw me in a ball room among a lot of well gowned women."

"Stuff and nonsense. You ride and walk well, and I defy any girl to have finer shoulders and arms and I don't see why you should not accept Emma's invitation and go to town next week."

Alma, who had been sitting on the arm of Miss Euphemie's chair, sprang up and looked down at her in amazement.

And now that the cat was out of the bag, that elderly lady, who was in the habit of doing exactly what her masterful young niece decided upon, boldly explained the plot she had concocted and carried out successfully thus far, a plan which involved Alma's going to take part in the Carnival balls at the close of the gay season.

"Emma writes that she will be delighted to have you with her, and she will have all the invitations waiting for you and will chaperon you everywhere. She has your measure, and I believe, will have some gowns ready for you. You ought to leave on tomorrow's train. Here is the letter."

Alma gave a faint cry of amazement which sounded very like delight.
"Oh, you darling, treacherous, precious, old auntie! How dare you make all those plans without consulting me!" she exclaimed, hugging Miss Euphemie, which upset the pecan nuts all over the worn carpet as she took the letter her aunt handed her, with an anxious look of triumph on her sweet, worn face.

"Emma Willoughby and I are first cousins, you know, child, and we were brought up together. I've been regretting that I let our correspondence die out. But she was in Europe, having John educated, and I suppose since her return she has been too busy to think of her country relatives. We were like sisters once."

Alma read the letter with eager astonishment.

"Of course, my dear Euphemie, my house and heart are wide open to receive that poor child. How is it possible she has grown up! The last time I saw her she was a wee mite, with a tangled mass of auburn hair. It will be a great pleasure to have a young girl to chaperon, and will serve me for an excuse to go to the balls.

"In Europe a woman of my age is considered essential in society. They give tone and brilliancy. I had forgotten that over here in my own dear country lovely and naive debutantes crowd the charming rooms, and that the only chance for us elders to get a glimpse of the world and its ways is to be a chaperon. So you're suggestion is thrice welcome, my dear Euphemie. I am only sorry you
prefer your coin de feu to Carnival balls and good suppers afterwards.

"Send all your beautiful laces and induce Alma to come tomorrow, with out fail, as Durant says she must try on her gowns once at least before finishing them.

"Of course I will not have your sapphire and diamond ring sold. Give it to Alma, my dear.

"I don't know if she has grown up pretty, but her mother was handsome, and poor Steven was fine looking, so she ought to have her share of good looks. At any rate, fine feathers add considerably to a girl's appearance and sometimes make beauty.

"Durant is very clever, and I am sure the gowns will be quite satisfactory.

"Dear! Dear! To think of little Alma being a grown woman! It makes me realize our gray hairs Phemie. As for John, I don't mind him a bit. I feel quite young when I'm with John, we've traveled about so much together en camarade.

"Tell Alma not to bring a maid--Ann will attend to her. She will also meet her at the train if John, who is on a hunting party at Inverness, has not returned. Kiss the child for me.

"With the affection of those old school days when you did all my lessons for me.

66Fireside or fireplace.
"EMMA WILLOUGHBY"

"What a funny letter," Alma said gaily. Then, sitting on a stool at Miss Euphemie's feet, they plunged into the details of the bold and wonderful scheme of Alma's visit, with the result that Alma drove herself to the depot of the little town, and got on the train the next afternoon, giving Joe, the small boy (who was to take the buggy back) endless messages of love for Miss Euphemie. "Tell Aunt Polly to take good care of her, now mind, Joe," she called out from the window, as the train moved off.

"I command your nature, my dear Mater," wrote John, "and I know you enjoy plotting impossible people around. So I'll leave the country cousin to you, and will be back Wednesday morning by early train. You'll do your best, I know. But don't imagine you can make her a social success. Remember Kate.

"Lord, what an experience! Well, I wish you better luck this time. With love, JOHN."

"Horrid boy," Mrs. Willoughby said with a nervous laugh, tossing her son's letter in the fire.

"John may be right," she mused. "Kate was detestable. What a set she made after John! And no amount of primping could help her. If Alma is as bad, I'll be taken with cold and fever, and go to bed. Too bad with all those invitations."
But when Ann ushered Alma into the luxurious tea room, where Mrs. Willoughby was lounging before a bright fire, she gave one keen look, her face cleared, and jumping up quickly, she went forward with open arms and surprised pleasure.

"My dear child, I am perfectly delighted to see you, and you need not imagine I am going to let you run back to the country for quite a while."

"A cup of tea, Ann."

An hour later, seated at dinner in one of Durant's gowns which her aunt evidently approved of, among lights and flowers, and a goodly company, Alma felt as if she were transformed, as she chatted gaily with her good looking right hand neighbor.

"The child is lovely. Absolutely lovely, and has the right air too," her aunt commented to an elderly, but distinguished man, absorbed in his turtle soup.

"Handsomest girl in town," he replied, looking with calm deliberation at Alma through his eyeglasses. "And she has a good face," he added.

"Good! What do you mean by good? Of course it is good."

"Not necessarily, my dear madam. I've known lovely faces which were not," answered the diplomat. "Your niece has the look of a young girl, unspoiled by the world."
There is neither vanity nor egotism in it, which is most unusual."

Alma’s life during the following two weeks was a brilliant whirl, which took her breath away. Mrs. Willoughby had not been so happy for years. Alma’s success was complete, although she did not realize it.

"My darling auntie," she wrote, "this is delicious and bewildering! I revel in silks and laces and all sorts of things. I have candies and flowers until I don’t know what to do with them, and I’m to become one of the maids of honor at Comus. It’s all too delightful. Cousin Emma is jolly and fascinating and wants me to keep on staying with her. Fancy! But you may expect me back on Wednesday, auntie. I will be so glad to be with you again. In our sweet, shabby old parlor. And I mean to work doubly hard to make up for my outing. You don’t know it dear, but I am going to buy back some of the old place and be a farmer. Now, I am a beautiful butterfly, and I enjoy it hugely.

"Your runaway niece,

"ALMA."

"Mr. Dean Carrington says he will pay us a visit. What will you and I do with a spoilt millionaire society man, auntie, dear?"

The last day of Carnival had come.
"The Mater doesn’t know I’ve gotten back. I’ll drop in for a while at the ball and help her with her country cousin," John thought, going leisurely up the front steps.

"The ladies left an hour ago, sir. Shall I serve dinner?" the butler said.

John went late to Comus’ ball, and while edging his way slowly through the crowd of maskers and dancers, came face to face with one of the queen’s maids of honor.

"By George! What a beautiful girl! A stranger, evidently," John said.

Declaring to be captured by the nods and gay greetings of his many acquaintances, he followed the lovely girl with auburn hair and tried to get to her, to be introduced. But she was surrounded and the crush was too great. Then he lost her when people began to leave the opera house. He had a glimpse of her face as she leaned forward as the door shut, and her carriage rolled off down the street.

"What a fine looking man," Alma said.

"I will find out who she is," John thought with decision, while getting into his coupe.

Early the next morning Alma slipped in to leave a bunch of dew-wet violets on Mrs. Willoughby’s pillow, before driving off to catch the train.

John had likewise gotten up early and gone to the depot to meet his host of a few days before.
Alma sent the carriage back and walked briskly forward. But which was her train. Turning to inquire of some one, she found herself confronting the good-looking man of the night before, who was looking fixedly at her.

"You are looking for your train?"

"There it is. Allow me to show you the way," John said, with a curious feeling of keenest pleasure. "What a lovely, sweet face," he thought, piloting Alma along and taking possession of her traps.

Ten minutes later the train steamed out, and John Willoughby nearly went with it.

Alma watched the flying landscape, but saw only a fine face and dark eyes.

"I saw this morning the most fascinatingly beautiful girl," John said to Mrs. Willoughby, two hours later, when they sat together at breakfast.

"Oh, no you didn’t, my dear boy. You should have seen Alma," his mother rejoined.

"Alma be hanged! I tell you, mater, this girl—well—any man would fall in love with her."

Mrs. Willoughby laughed heartily.

"That’s too funny, John! I wish you had met Alma. Dean Carrington’s dead in love with her. He is going to see her."

"He’s welcome," John said indifferently, rising to go.

(To be continued)
"Alma's Guest"
(March 22, 1893)

"Where in the world will we put him?" Miss Euphemie asked in dismay, nervously clasping and unclasping her thin, delicate hands.

"Put him? Why, anywhere. Don't worry about that. If a pampered, spoiled millionaire chooses to come to these wilds he must take just what he can get and be thankful," Alma said, with gay indifference.

"Besides, Auntie dear, you and I are worth coming to see, even if our dear old home is no longer ours, and we can't entertain Mr. Dean Carrington 'en prince,'" she concluded laughingly, pouring the strawberries she had been stemming into a cut glass bowl which had seen colonial days.

"That's the trouble, chere enfant," Miss Euphemie answered, a faint pink flushing her worn gentle face. "It would have been so very different years ago. No one entertained more handsomely and delightfully than your mother and Steven. How fortunate we still have some of our plate and china! Why, I remember, child---"

But Alma refused to listen.

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"Dear child."
"Now, dearie, if you are going to worry over it I will write to him to stay away. Who cares a fig for Dean Carrington?"

Miss Euphemie, who was not without a substratum of worldly wisdom, gathered in the days when she frequented "le monde," and who had secret and great matrimonial ambitions for her beautiful niece, succumbed immediately, and promised to be absolutely calm and stoically indifferent, as to conditions, and the advent of this man of clubs and fashion, who begged to be allowed to visit Alma two days later.

One month had elapsed since Alma's return to her old home on the Teche, and her ten days visit to Mrs. Willoughby at the close of the gay Carnival season seemed like a bewildering kaleidoscopic memory of balls, entertainments and routs, interspersed with lights, flowers and laughter, and only the presence in a long packing case of Durant's wonderful gowns and confections, put away in the attic, could make her believe in the actuality of that extraordinary episode.

Mrs. Willoughby had since written.

"I consider it positively wicked, sinful, my dear Phemie, for Alma to be buried alive, in that godforsaken parish, where all she has to do is feed chickens, cultivate bees, teach idiotic Acadian children (how distinctly I

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64 Bayou Teche is in southwest Louisiana.
remember them!) She might toil and slave for fifty years, without getting a single idea into their heads, and grow stout and dull, and countrified.

"Horrors! It makes me quite enraged to think of it.

"You really must induce the absurd child to listen to reason, and come to me.

"I will take her abroad in the spring, and of course, my dear, your own comfort will be looked after. I have spoken to John, and he is to make proper arrangements with a bank for monthly remittances to be sent to you. Indeed, Phemie, for the child’s sake, you really must urge her to give up her foolish hard-headed notions of duty and staying in the country. Her duty, indeed! It’s sheer nonsense. Tell her it is folly for her to imagine she can ever earn enough money to get back any part of the dear old place.

"I can’t forgive myself for not looking you both up long ago.

"To think of the pleasure I have missed by not having that clever, amusing girl with me to chaperon, and ‘produce’ as our French cousins say.

"As I wrote you, Phemie, Alma created a sensation when she was here, and I must have her back, if I have to go up in your terrible woods and fields to get her!

"But you were always sensible, my dear, so I confidently expect to have Alma back here this spring.

"With the same old-time affection,
"EMMA WILLOUGHBY.

"P.S.--I forgot to say John was sorry to have missed seeing Alma. He was out of town."

It required no persuasion to make Miss Euphemie urgently insist on Alma's acceptance of an opportunity she considered providential. She resolutely put aside her heartache and dread of the terrific loneliness which would be hers, when her support and comfort, her cheery, winsome companion would be gone.

Lying awake at night, Miss Euphemie would whisper prayers for sufficient courage to send away from her the joy and solace of her declining years, and to hide from Alma the extent of the sacrifice.

But underneath the mass of auburn hair was a clever brain, and Alma's gray eyes were singularly clear-sighted, and the varied emotions which swept over her face on the slightest provocation came from a heart warm, courageous, and faithful.

So not for the pleasure of a trip abroad would she consent to abandon the frail and tender being who from protector when Alma was a romping, unmanageable baby girl, had become the one on whom she lavished care and intensest love.

"Don't ever dare mention such an absurd plan again, auntie, or else we will quarrel," Alma declared, wrapping a light shawl around Miss Euphemie's shoulders and
brightening the fire, for the early spring was chill and damp, with constant rain.

That afternoon the mail brought Dean Carrington's letter entreaty to be allowed to run up to see her; and Miss Euphemie's consternation at the prospect made her forget her perplexity, regret and intense relief at Alma's refusal to go to live with Mrs. Willoughby.

"She's delightful and fascinating, and I love her dearly; but she doesn't realize that I am a plodding farmer. I wonder what she would say if I told her I had a hundred acres of cane leased out to Arsene Bourgeois and old Joe? Who would look after it all if I were to go wasting my time in Europe? Besides, auntie, darling, you know I will never leave you; never, except for a week or two to see the Carnival."

Alma's execution was always as prompt as her decisions.

Snatching up her hat, she ran out of the house to find Tom Barton, who practically owned the old homestead, and who was chopping wood by way of exercise and diversion, to get his consent to let her have one of the many long-unused rooms for the expected guest.

"Anyone you please. Is he your beau?" queried that straightforward individual as he pushed his hat back, leaned on his ax and looked with friendly admiration at Alma's flushed and sunny face.
"My beau? No, indeed. I'm too busy to have anything so unnecessary," she said, laughingly, as she sped back.

"He'd have to be uncommon good and smart to come up to that child," Mr. Barton remarked aloud, resuming his chopping.

Unlocking a big wing room, Alma set to work to polish its elaborately carved antique furniture and to get rid of the dust and cobwebs of many years.

When the setting sun flamed in through its bay window, and between old silken curtains, faded to indescribably lovely tints, and shone on brass claw feet and bowls of old fashioned flowers, narcissus, hyacinths and others, there was nothing amiss with the quarters Dean Carrington was to have.

"It used to be your poor Uncle Henri's room. How he prided his paintings and bibelots. That is a Corot over the mantel. Ah, the clock has not told the hours for many long years! But you have made the room cheerful and bright, Alma. I remember---"

But Alma, who stood in the doorway with Miss Euphemie surveying the result of her cheerful labor, took her aunt determinately by the arm and led her away.

"Don't remember, Auntie, darling. It's a wretched, useless habit. Come back to the fire and I will make you comfortable before I drive over to Pere Justin. I want him to dine with us tomorrow to help us entertain our white
elephant. He’s such a delightful raconteur. Then I’ll go on to the village to meet the train and bring back this invader of our peace and comfort.

"Make Delphine have supper ready, but don’t let her roast the partridges too much, for heaven’s sake, dearie.

"We won’t be late," Alma added, pulling on her gloves, "unless Brown Bess gets fractious and shies at a puddle. But even if she spills us out no bones will be broken—the road is nothing but slush and mud."

Kissing her aunt gaily, Alma went out and was soon driving Tom Barton’s blooded mare with a dexterous rein over the much-cut-up and appallingly bad road leading along the bayou, first to the church, then to the village, six miles away.

Brown Bess hated mud and bad roads, also rickety bridges, and was in a very bad humor at being taken out of her comfortable loose box on a drizzling black spring afternoon, merely to please Alma. "Now drive easy, and don’t you use the whip. She’s got her tantrums this afternoon," Tom Barton had cautioned Alma as he helped her in, tucked the lap robe around her and watched the dexterous way that young woman gathered up the reins, and with a bright nod, swept off from the front steps.

"He’s a durned lucky fellow," commented Tom Barton, watching with his hands in his pockets, the disappearing vehicle.
It was three miles to the church, and Brown Bess' temper was not improved when Alma pulled up before the garden gate of the presbytery and in a sweet high voice, called to Père Justin, who hurried out gladly enough to greet Alma, who represented human perfection in his eyes.

"Of course, he would dine with them--and with much pleasure, if only to see what a young man of today, who has traveled and seen the great world, is like. Did Alma approve of him?" Père Justin asked, with anxious and loving sincerity.

"Oh, he's no genius, Père. But his clothes are beautiful! Just beautiful!" Alma declared as she gave the mare her head and started off to meet the evening train.

Père Justin stepped in the silent little church, and a fervent petition of love and anxiety was wafted heavenward for Alma's happiness.

Picking his way back to his presbytery, between the trim flower beds of his small garden, Père Justin remembered with anxiety the impatient way in which Brown Bess pulled on her bit, and backed and sidled in the road, while Alma was chatting with him.

"She is too fearless--she should not drive alone to the village. The distance is too great."

Père Justin wiped his brow anxiously, and the recollection of Alma's ability as a whip, did not reassure him entirely.
Alma pulled the mare down to a walk in spite of her resistance, and the gaiety died out of her face, to be replaced by a look of both gravity and sadness.

Alma understood thoroughly why Dean Carrington wanted to see her, and Mrs. Willoughby had very plainly told her that any girl in town would jump at the opportunity to marry him.

Yes, he was nice, and gentlemanly—and—a great catch.

Alma smiled a little bitterly, as she recalled the hints and covert persuasions of her clever and worldly town chaperon.

Why could she not care, even moderately, for this well-bred, well-mannered young man? Certainly the reason was absurd, fantastic and utterly ridiculous.

While Brown Bess was plodding and splashing indignantly through mud and mire and nothing but solitude and the great pine woods stretching along on either side were around her, Alma thought she would come to a definite understanding with herself once for all.

She was going to refuse Dean Carrington and to put an end to the whole absurd matter; she had consented to his visit, her dear old Aunt Phemie would be broken-hearted and would think her very wrong. Mrs. Willoughby, who had been so kind and sweet to her would be furious and think her silly and capricious; dear old Pere Justin, who was always so anxious about her future, would be unhappy and would
disapprove, but she would not marry Dean Carrington, his
good nature, good clothes and millions for the reason that
a certain face, a strong, fine face, lit up with handsome
hazel eyes, was always before her, and although she never
expected to meet the man who had piloted her to her train
the day she left the city, and whom she had seen at the
Comus ball,\(^9\) Alma felt very sure she would never forget
him.

At any rate, he stood very distinctly between her and
Dean Carrington.

Well, no one could ever know of her folly, and she
would be kind and pleasant to Dean Carrington and advise
him to go back to Egypt for a year or two if he really
minded her refusal.

"I doubt if he' ll care much," she added mentally,
letting the mare step into her usual swing trot.

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"This is simply ridiculous! John, you must go up
there and bring that head-strong child back with you. I
can't leave the house with this dreadful cold, and I will
not allow Alma to throw away her opportunities, either a
trip with me this summer--particularly as you are going
with those men to India--or Dean Carrington, who called

\(^9\)The culmination of Mardi Gras occurs on Tuesday night
when the as yet unidentified queen of Comus and King of Rex
toast at the Comus Ball.
yesterday to tell me he intends running up to see her and induce her to marry him.

"Of course I will not allow a long engagement, but I must have her here to exert an influence over her.

"Dear! Dear! to think of catching the grip—I suppose it is some such horrid thing—just at the wrong time—I, who never, never take cold. I've always considered Providence as a beastly humbug."

John Willoughby laughed, pulled his mother's lounge a little nearer the fire, also her tabouret, on which was a box of Huyler's, some hothouse grapes and a novel, and offering to concoct something strong and hot, eminently fitted to cure cold and the grip at the shortest notice, rang the bell and then put in a heartfelt remonstrance.

"Let her alone. You'll get into all sorts of messes with a green country girl on your hands for a whole summer. Do bring your thoughts back to Kate, and remember those little episodes. Carry out your first intention and summer in Italy with Bessie Alton and her party. I'll join you in Rome in the fall, and we will winter in Paris or New York, whichever you say.

"As for her accepting Carrington, don't trouble about that. Consider it done. She knows about his stocks and bonds? Very well. That settles it. There's only one woman today in civilized society who would deliberately refuse a man with a million."
All of which John said while stirring sugar and hot water in a glass the butler had brought, and taking a decanter from the waiter he was holding.

"Who is that?" his mother asked, watching his preparations with lazy interest.

"That lovely girl I told you about," John answered, handing her his remedy for colds.

"You are too absurd for anything!" Mrs. Willoughby said, smiling languidly.

"The fact is, you really ought to marry, John. If Alma was not as good as engaged to Dean Carrington I'd say marry her."

"Good Lord! You couldn't be so cruel!"

"Take the afternoon train and bring her here to me tomorrow. Now, John, I insist," said handsome Mrs. Willoughby, who was thoroughly accustomed to having her own way.

John Willoughby shrugged his shoulders, whistled a Zingari air and went out to order his suitcase packed and his trap.

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The train was late, and Brown Bess, from irritable and disgusted became impatient at being driven up and down before the platform in the execrable village street, waiting for its arrival, while the gray evening was drawing

70Gypsy.
to a close and night was coming on. The whistle of the locomotive made her plunge viciously, and when the train rumbled up and stopped Alma had hard work to keep her sufficiently quiet to enable her to watch the few passengers who got out.

No, Dean Carrington was not one of them.

There were some women and children, an elderly man, two girls and a boy and a tall, distinguished stranger, whose face she could not see, who stood talking to old Ben, the livery stableman.

Brown Bess reared and plunged, as Alma turned her head homeward, and pleased with her exhibition of temper, again reared and plunged wildly.

Springing forward, while the other spectators scattered, the stranger seized the bit, fought her down, and understanding the situation, sprang in beside Alma.

Taking the reins from her, he gave the mare her head, as she bolted down the street, guided her across a narrow, shaky bridge, and out into the public road, which led like a black ribbon through the adjoining woods.

Alma was too astonished to say a word, and too thankful for this sudden providential help, for she saw very plainly that the mare had gotten clear beyond her control.
A mile of racing through slush and mud, in and out of ruts and holes, began to make Brown Bess reflect as to her useless ill temper.

But when she suddenly slackened her pace and came to a halt, the man who held the lines objected, and after a prolonged compulsory spurt, she fell into a walk, snorting and trembling, but subdued.

"I beg your pardon, but I saw you could not manage the animal. You've shown pluck and courage. I beg you will let me drive you home?" John said, then for the first time, turned to look at his companion.

Alma had recognized his clear-cut, handsome profile, and hers were singular and conflicting emotions, while Brown Bess was dashing furiously along.

"I think I can manage her now. I am quite used to driving," Alma said faintly.

"I would not think of letting you go alone. She would bolt again, and it is growing late. Do you live very far away?"

Alma explained that they were on the right road, and that her home was only a few miles off.

"I was in hopes it was twenty. I've been thinking of you day and night, since I saw you at Comus and put you on the train," John said.

Alma shrank back, so John talked of other things.
"There's the house. You must come in and see my aunt. She will be glad you brought me back safe and sound," Alma said.

Miss Euphemie was watching anxiously on the front steps, and when they drove up and Alma sprang out, she gave a cry of relief.

"Brown Bess behaved so badly this gentleman had to come to my rescue," Alma said, turning to John.

"I am John Willoughby," John said, stepping forward.

"My dear John, I am so glad to see you. Come in, Alma; I hope supper is ready," Miss Phemie said, as the mare was led off.

"Alma!" John said, with a strange ring in his voice, instinctively opening his arms.

Alma gave a slight cry, and said "John!"

It seemed to be satisfactory.

A dispatch was handed to Mrs. Willoughby early the next day by her maid. It read: "Engaged to Alma. John."
The small town was old and picturesque and wonderfully attractive, now that spring had come and the trees were budding out in infinite shades of green. The houses had gardens terraced down to the sidewalks and the street slope up and down, then ran off to the main thoroughfare, where the shops were, for the little town was in a rolling, undulating country, with a background of heavy timber lands, and intersected with broad open spaces of cotton fields.

It was a town of great prosperity, of ease and comfort and gaiety, and its inhabitants were given to much travel and lived in well-appointed, handsome houses.

Steamboats and barges stopped at its wharves, and railroad trains connected it with big cities and the outside world, while in close proximity, scattered throughout the surrounding country, fine dwellings and colonial houses stood among shrubbery and old-fashioned rose gardens, splendid reminders of former periods, and also charming places for modern house parties with their attendant gaieties, dances, golf, drives, rides and auto expeditions.

In one of them lived a handsome girl whose brown eyes could gleam and sparkle and dance, whose animation was
infectious, and whose daring spirit and dash added much to the brilliant social life of the town, helping to maintain its enviable reputation.

Big white pillars supported the roof of the house, a lawn of green spread out like a velvet carpet before its marble steps, flowers blossomed on either side, and rare plants filled a hothouse adjoining the stately library. There was a spacious ballroom and fine drawing rooms, and few houses could boast of such splendid furnishings as those of Penryn Hall.

Its master, Corola's father, a keen-eyed portly man of fifty, and her mother, gray-haired, stately and still handsome, showered love and devotion on Corola's pretty and capricious head with unstinting hands.

Wealth rolled and piled up in the red brick bank of the town from their cotton fields, and surely life was one long dream of happiness and luxury to the three inmates of Penryn Hall, and the old place with its army of gardeners and servants, was a dream of beauty these early spring days.

The girl with brown eyes and so lovely a face refused to be bothered with dressmakers and orders, declaring that life was too short to waste it on a trousseau, having full confidence that her capable mother was doing all that was necessary and that the tailors and milliners of Paris and
New York would accomplish the wonders expected of them without any suggestions from her.

"Try on gowns? I wouldn't do anything so foolish," said Corola with a pretty yawn.

"What a frightful bore! Get Fan Daring to do it. She loves that sort of thing. My gowns fit her, and it will give her the opportunity to copy them if she wants to."

Mrs. Penryn frowned and then laughed. "You are too abominably lazy. But you positively must try on Felix's model for your wedding gown if nothing else, child."

But Corola sprang up, and declaring that she had only five minutes to get ready for a drive with her fiancee, sauntered out with lazy grace, leaving Mrs. Penryn and her secretary to get through the heavy correspondence piled on her desk, and to soothe the irate heads of the dressmaking establishments, busy executing elaborate orders for the coming notable wedding.

"She is outrageously spoilt. Of course, her gown will not fit her at all and there will be alterations to be made at the very last hour," her mother said with exasperation to her father, Allen Penryn, a half hour later.

"The child is right. What is the use of all that bother? These people are paid enough to do their work properly without wearing her life out. Coro is handsome enough to stand it, if this dress does not fit," he answered with an approving chuckle.
Corola strolled in the conservatory apparently forgetting she had only five minutes to get ready for her drive. She paused and stopped to breathe in the perfume of some white carnations which were bending with slender grace on their slim stems.

A wistful look softened the brilliancy of her eyes and slight droop gave pathos to lips perfect in curve and coloring. She gathered one of the carnations and put it in the laces of her gown. She stood musing, turned and passed back into the house. The early spring weather made her restless. But why were her eyes dim with tears?

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On the front porch of a red brick house set back from the street behind a garden whose flower beds were bordered with box, and where yellow Bankshire roses climbed over trellis and tea roses blossomed, Lady Sarah, a magnificent pointer, lay on the door mat, looking wistfully out at the spring sunshine, the budding plants and yellow butterflies fluttering over the flower beds, and the dim lines of the distant forest.

Down the street at whose corner the fine old-fashioned house stood on the outskirts of the town, a vista of cornfields and meadows was visible, and the cool early spring air was redolent with the scent of clover blown in from the fields over the trim, well-kept garden.
Lady Sarah lifted her head, got up and walked down the front path, pushed open the iron gate and went out.

The soft, hazy atmosphere was making her as restless as it had the lovely girl in the house a mile away. Or was it with her the thought of her approaching marriage which troubled her? He was a nice fellow and a good sort.

Lady Sarah went quietly down the road. How well she knew it, the open fields, the little bridge over which her master's trap rattled while she bounded along the road. The great forest, brown and bare of underbrush in winter and so verdantly green in spring and summer. Lady Sarah knew just where the white dogwood bloomed and the pale green fringe trees grew and where the yellow jessamine climbed in heavy clusters.

He always turned off from the public road and went through a tall gate up a grand avenue of oaks to the house where the pretty girl lived whom he cared so much for and was always thinking of.

Lady Sarah knew, for when they were alone together in his room she and her master, before starting to write his letter to his firm at night about his day's work, he would place her picture on his desk by his side, the beautiful picture in the medallion he always carried with him.

Lady Sarah knew his handsome face so well she could always read his thoughts of the pretty girl, and the
devotion to her and passionate ambition to gain success and wealth for her sake.

He would often stroke Lady Sarah's head as she stretched on the carpet by his side while he worked far into the night, and she waiting patiently for him to get through and light his cigar and sit musing of her before going to bed.

How tired he was from his long day's work classing cotton in the press yard, or after he came back from one of his arduous trips through the country.

But never too tired to dress quickly and drive over to the house with the big white pillars. As soon as she heard the beat of the horse's hoofs the pretty girl would come forward with a radiant smile and bright words to greet him, holding out her hands.

Lady Sarah remembered very well the evening he gave her a ring which shimmered and sparkled, and how she took off all those she had on, leaving only his on her slender finger. They were lovely things he said to her while he held her hands.

How gay and happy they were! They would whisper together and say bright things, and chat joyously of the future.

Lady Sarah remembered how she was almost jealous. Ah! would that she had occasion to be so today of the lovely girl.
She remembered the light which always shone in her master's eyes when they went slowly back home after his visits to her, and how gently he would stroke her and speak to her when she laid her head on his knee. She knew very well he was thinking of the girl in the great house with the pillars and wide hall, and was seeing her beautiful face and feeling the touch of her hand in his. It used to make Lady Sarah sigh.

Yes, the road was sadly familiar.

The last time they had gone over it together, she and her master, was the morning of the awful tragedy, when his rifle caught in the vine. A sharp report rang out, and he fell with a groan.

It was early spring, and the dogwood was in bloom. Never again had Lady Sarah followed the path to the thick tangle where woodcock were plentiful.

She had crouched by him when he fell, and had laid her head on his cold face until the stars came out and looked pityingly down. She would not leave him. It was her long drawn note of woe which attracted the men. They lifted him up and took him slowly home. Lady Sarah followed. Life was never the same.

The big house was shut up and the pretty girl went away for a long time after that.

When Lady Sarah saw her again she was changed, but more lovely than ever. Lady Sarah went to the house and
into the hall and up to her side. She was standing among the flowers in the conservatory and she had a white carnation in her hand. It was the flower he loved. He always wore one fastened to his coat.

Lady Sarah loved them for his sake and their sweet perfume.

How she wept as she knelt and buried her face against Lady Sarah and threw her arms around her neck, whispering heartbroken words.

Lady Sarah seldom went there after that, for she heard the girl’s mother tell the butler, "don’t let his dog come in." So she kept away. She was proud, Lady Sarah.

There was always a good many people out there now, and there was music and dancing and she occasionally had glimpses of her riding or driving by. She would lean forward and look at Lady Sarah with a strange, pathetic smile, then pass on.

It was the early spring days which made Lady Sarah so restless and induced her once again to follow the road to the house behind the bright green lawn, where the sun dial stood and where the beautiful girl lived. Lady Sarah wanted to see her again.

There was a good deal of bustle and animation, and something unusual seemed about to happen. Lady Sarah wondered what the grand event could be.
A well appointed trap drove up and a young man—Lawrence Barrington, Lady Sarah knew him well. He was one of her master’s friends—told the butler to say to Miss Penryn he had come for her and was waiting.

Lady Sarah stood in the hall door and watched him. He was good-looking, certainly. He had a great deal of money and his trap was fashionable and his team perfect. But what a difference between him and her master. Lady Sarah thought with disdain. How magnificent her master’s face looked by comparison with the others. So full of fire and feeling and vigor and proud determination. And what a smile her master had! No one could resist it.

"Miss Penryn begs to be excused. She is not feeling very well this evening," the butler said a moment later. Lady Sarah was amused at the muttered exclamation with which Lawrence Barrington drove off. The brown-eyed girl would not have treated her master that way.

She went up to the pretty room where she knew she would find her. They sat together a long time in the quaint gloaming, until it was dark when Lady Sarah stood up to go, the girl stroked her softly and said: "Good-by, good-by, Lady Sarah," with a sob in her voice.

* * * * * * * * *

The church was gorgeously decorated with flowers and blazing with lights a week later. Carriages rolled up and women, handsomely gowned, and men in full dress, got out
and passed in, and every one in the town flocked to see the grand wedding. A reception was to be held at the fine old Colonial home afterwards and the bride and groom were to leave on the 10 o'clock train.

"What a commotion!" Lady Sarah thought, watching the carriages whirl by.

The church was only two blocks away, so Lady Sarah followed to see what it all meant.

The organ was pealing out an inspiriting march, and the bridal procession was about to enter the old gothic church, when Lady Sarah came forward. She stood like a handsome bronze statue by the open door.

It was the handsome girl who wore the trailing white gown, the soft white veil and orange blossoms.

She leaned on her father's arm and was as palely exquisite as if cut in Parian marble.

Coming up the steps, at the sight of Lady Sarah, she faltered, gave a faint cry, then passed on in the church, leaning heavily on her father.

"How differently she would have looked if she were going to meet my master at the altar. There would have been a boundless joy and a glorious light in her face, and her eyes would have shone like twin stars. But now---"

Lady Sarah turned and went down the broad stone steps, while the organ pealed out triumphantly a wedding march.
The church was crowded, everyone was eager and animated, whispering that never was a bride so entirely lovely as Corola Penryn. The groom—nobody noticed him much—was nervously excited. The pale exquisite face of Corola, on which more grief than joy was written, chilled him.

Lady Sarah passed through the cemetery, to where a tall marble cross gleamed, while in a remote corner of it was a date and a name.

On the soft, close-cut grass covering the mound over which its shadow fell, lay a handful of freshly-culled white carnations.

Lady Sarah stood motionless by her master's side until the ceremony was over, the thunderous tones of the organ had again swelled out and reverberated on the air, and the wedding party and the guests, all gaily animated, had come out of the gaily decorated church and re-entered the carriages.

They rolled off, and the idlers who had gathered to see the grand wedding and the gay crowd of wealthy and fashionable people assemble to do honor to the occasion quickly dispersed.

The church doors were closed and silence fell over the tranquil sleepers in the cemetery around.

"She will not always remember," Lady Sarah thought bitterly. "How long and dull and empty the years will be
without him! Better to be by his side under the dews of night and the bright stars."

Lady Sarah turned and went tiredly homeward.
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Candidate: Nancy Dixon

Major Field: English

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Approved:

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Major Professor and Chairman

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Dean of the Graduate School

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