

MASTER and SLAVE

By...
T. H. THORPE

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"The senseless infatuation for a girl who despises you makes you say that. But time will show. You will come to me yet. You are of my kind. You will come to me yet." Her eyes blazed with passion as she confronted him again, and her words seemed to burn their way into his soul. She ran into the forest and, throwing herself at the foot of a familiar old oak tree, gave vent to her overwrought feelings in a fit of violent weeping. Then, bathing her cheeks and eyes in the cool waters of the marsh, she stood long upon its edge, thinking intently. Settling her teeth firmly and clenching her little fists, she mentally vowed, "I will—it shall be mine!" and returned to the cottage with the bright look and airy step of one whose spirit had never known tribulation.

But Evariste's agitation was not so quickly allayed. He now saw in Laure an active, interested hinderer of his designs. He could not estimate the potentiality of her influence with Quillebert, who could make disclosures fatal to him in the regard of the pure-hearted Estelle. He recognized that he had made no progress in her good graces. Difficulties accumulated, but they only hardened his determination and drove him to devise a course of action of swift and heroic severity in ending all uncertainty. The event on which this policy depended, though abhorrent, was one for which he devoutly wished. Laure's speech had stung him, and he swore Estelle Latiolais should be his bride.

CHAPTER XIV. THE BLIGHT OF WAR.

WITH the line of Federal occupation extending along the east bank of the Mississippi from New Orleans to Vicksburg and the Confederate army of the transmississippi department hovering about the western and northern borders of Louisiana, the people of Avoyelles were in a state of insolation which made life harder day by day and at times appeared to menace even the very possibilities of existence. Commercial navigation of the rivers, on which they depended for much of their supplies, was stopped. A number of the largest planters had taken refuge with their slaves and animals in Texas and the Indian Territory. The scarcity of all staples of food and clothing increasing from month to month, labor was but poorly sustained and diminished crops were cultivated under formidable and multiplying difficulties. Medicines were a desideratum sorely needed. Privations and suffering were present actualities.

Selfishness grew apace, community interests waned, social phases disappeared, and indifference to neighborhood concerns prevailed. And thus it was that, though a numerous cortege attended the obsequies of Mother Deshautes, the doctress, who was found dead in her throne-like chair, with Egyptian cotton in her hands and an unfinished fillet in her lap, yet when Laure accepted the protection of Quillebert and became his housekeeper, an event which in normal times would have set the entire parish by the ears, the spirit of gossip and censure materialized now in mere shruggings of shoulders and shakings of heads. On returning to the cottage after the funeral Quillebert had said to her:

"You cannot live here alone. Your father and I were friends. I am older than he would be if alive. Do not mind what these dolts about here may say. Look to your own interests. Come to my house. When this war is ended and I have finished the harvest it yields to me, I may go back to France to end my days. Perhaps we may then marry."

And Laure had replied:

"No; we will not marry then or ever, but I will go and keep your house. I have no kin here. It is nothing to me what the neighbors say. I can truly speak worse of them than they of me, and they know it. I am not beholden to any one and will make my way according to my own notions, not those of others."

In the autumn of 1862 news percolated into Marksville and thence spread rapidly that a terrible battle had been fought near Perryville, in Kentucky, between divisions of the armies commanded by General Buell on the Union side and General Bragg on the Confederate side and that Judge Tailleux and Horace Oakfell had been slain and left on the bloody field by their retreating comrades. For many months the report could not be verified or tested, communication with the army of the southwest being cut off by the Federal lines east of the Mississippi, but general credence was given to it. An added gloom settled upon the people.

Father Grhe strove in vain to prevent these tidings from reaching Estelle. She staggered as if under a bludgeon's blow, but tears came not to her relief. Odette knelt beside her and repeated like a devotee telling beads: "There is no proof Mr. Horace is dead. Then, mistress, do not believe it." And by dint of her strange persistency she lodged a doubt in Estelle's mind, which brought her the consolation of a frail hope.

Quillebert gave the intelligence to Laure with a chuckle and observed:

"The obliging Yankee took the job off my hands so far as Oakfell was concerned."

"I suppose," Laure commented, "Evariste will now think he can persuade Estelle Latiolais to marry him and will speed his steps accordingly."

"I hope so," said Quillebert, still pleased. "It would be a fit punishment for her, and my vengeance would be satisfied."

"He shall not marry her," Laure exclaimed hotly.

"And you shall not marry him," retorted Quillebert in sudden rage.

"Let him say that, not you. My grandmother never used 'shall' or 'shall not' to me. Then do not waste your energy in laying commands upon me. You cannot steal my liberty as you did the negro jockey's."

Laure's defiance was pronounced with such force, contempt and insinuated threat that Quillebert quailed beneath her flashing eyes, and, swallowing the coarse retort that rose to his lips, he whistled a prolonged note of mock surprise and walked to the room where his treasure of brandy was stored. But he still resolved that Evariste should wed Estelle and in that connection took from his strong box a bundle of papers bearing the signature of Leonidas Latiolais. Selecting two, he read them carefully and tied them in a separate parcel, which he laid away by itself.

To the curious Evariste's grief was evidenced by his self seclusion. For the space of a week he was not seen at the Latiolais home, Quillebert's place or Dede's cabaret. He immured himself behind locked doors at "L'Esperance," and Mrs. Wiley saw him only at meals. She, good soul, was overwhelmed by sorrow. She could not trust herself to mention the dreadful rumor to Evariste, even to question its verity. But he, when alone, passed his time otherwise than in mourning. It was a busy week with him. He counted and recounted the money he had hoarded since his brother's departure, calculated over and over his gains from the contraband ventures exploited with Quillebert, scanned repeatedly the written obligations of old man Latiolais which he had purchased from the Frenchman; but, though the effort involved the full measure of his strength, he refrained from opening the sealed envelope which Horace had delivered into his hand before marching to the dangers of battle. He contented himself for the present with the belief that it contained a disposition in his favor of all the Oakfell estate. The thoughts, schemes and resolves which occupied him during those seven days were such as consume or sear the soul, and he came forth with hardened countenance, compressed lips, cruel eyes and contracted brows.

His first call was on Estelle, whose pale face and stricken look stirred his secret resentment. She greeted him sadly and, almost weeping, said:

"Tell me, my friend, that you do not believe this awful news about your brother; that you have good reason to disbelieve it."

"Alas, mademoiselle," he replied, affecting a distress he did not feel, "I have no more reason for belief than the existence of the rumor and none for disbelief other than the absence of official or authoritative corroboration. I can only hope that Horace still lives."

"God grant he lives! God grant he lives!" she murmured, sinking into a chair.

"Amen to that," said Evariste solemnly. "But should he all those God have decreed differently, I pray you, mademoiselle, to feel assured that you have in me a friend and protector as devoted and as brave as he, though not as gifted."

"Yes, yes," she seemed to be speaking to herself without looking at her visitor. "He said so and bade me trust his brother. But God grant he lives! God grant he lives!"

"Estelle, am I never to be regarded by you save as the suggestion of another man? Can you not see?—Her surprised and pained glance apprised him that he was betraying anger, and he checked the utterance of harsh words that sprang from his heart, for he knew his time was not yet ripe while a chance remained that Horace still survived.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he added humbly. "My distress has made me a sick man, irritable beyond my power of self control. I will not come to you again until I am better."

"I hope that will be soon," she said, giving him her hand.

He next sought Dede's. Passing Quillebert's house, he was halted by Laure.

"Your brother—is it true that he is dead?" she asked.

"I do not know," he answered.

"What do you believe?"

"Nothing."

"What does she believe?" pointing toward Estelle's home.

"She mourns for him."

"That is more than you will do."

"Why?"

"For a reason I will not state."

"Do you know the reason?" he asked testily.

"I do not. I sense it. I inherit that from my grandmother."

"Bah, Laure! That is nonsense, which you did not inherit from the doc-

"Have it your own way. But there is a second reason why you will not mourn."

"What is that?"

"Because you will not be sorry."

"Do you not think you are overstepping the bounds?"

"I have no bounds. I talk so because I know you. I have studied you, but I need not have done so, for I understand you without."

"Well?"

"You are in danger."

"From whom?"

"Yourself."

"Then I am doomed, for I cannot escape from myself," And Evariste laughed at his piper.

"But you can escape," Laure said, undisturbed.

"How?"

"Avoid Quillebert from this time on."

"That would be inconvenient, though it would not break my heart."

"And leave off your hopeless pursuit of that girl," again stretching her arm down the bayou, "for you shall never marry her."

"Is that a threat?" he demanded.

"It is a prophecy," she said, with a confident air.

"I was not aware Cassandra survived Troy."

"I do not know what you mean, but you know what I mean."

"Well, I thank you," he said, gathering the reins of his bridle and raising his hat.

"Unless you heed you shall have no cause to thank me." She kept her eyes fixed upon him until he disappeared behind the crest of the bayou bank, and then with all the intensity of her nature she exclaimed: "He shall come my way! I will it!"

Evariste continued to the cabaret and there found his two customary companions at their usual devotion to rum and cards. Quillebert was restive and hastened the intoxication and departure of old Latiolais, after which he drew his chair near to Evariste and said:

"What are your plans now that your brother is dead?"

"They are not definitely formed. I must have verification of this report."

"But you believe it?" asked Quillebert.

"I incline to."

"If it prove true, what is your purpose toward Latiolais' granddaughter?"

"I will marry her."

"Will she consent?"

"Yes, when I convince her she must in order to save her home and the old man's honor."

"How will you do that?"

"By means of the papers I bought from you and the two you still hold, which I will buy also."

"You mean the power of attorney and the order to cancel her mortgage upon his plantation?"

"Yes."

"How did you learn I had them?"

"It is not necessary to explain."

"If I put them at your service without price, you will not relent?"

"Never!" said Evariste, setting his teeth together determinedly.

"The papers are subject to your demand. Give me your hand," Quillebert said exultingly, adding as he chuckled, "Aha, my little Laure of the 'shall' and the 'shall not'!"

"What do you mean by that?" sharply asked Evariste, eyeing Quillebert suspiciously.

"Oh, as you said just now, it is not necessary to explain," replied the latter, continuing his low, malevolent laugh. "We will await the confirmation of the news."

And await they did, though impatiently enough, until two winters and springs had rolled by and fallen into the immeasurable and insatiable maw of the past. Though the battle of Perryville became a known historical fact, no list of the Confederate dead was obtainable, and no survivor returned to give the roll of the slain. Between Avoyelles and the dwindling army of the southwest lay the impassable Union line along the mighty river. But at length when this latter stretched to the western shore and beyond the region of middle Louisiana came the confirmation so devoutly wished.

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Moving Large Trees.

A French expert on tree planting reports great success in moving large trees at night. He takes them up late in the evening after 10 o'clock, moves them as rapidly as possible and waters the soil and the branches during the buds. The results were excellent, only two of the large shade trees dying, although a number of the species are considered hard to transplant. For the first fifteen days after transplanting he advises that the boughs and leaves of the tree be abundantly sprinkled.

To Fatten a Horse Quickly.

To fatten a horse quickly in order to improve its appearance before sale feed liberally of cornmeal, steamed oats and clover hay, adding a little linseed meal to the grain ration. Exercise but little and give purging salts once a week. Feed at least three times a day and supply plenty of water. A horse not too wild will often gain several pounds a day for a fortnight upon this plan.

Quite Impossible.

"Can't you wait a year before marrying my daughter?" "I can; but my creditors can't."—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

Visible Proof.

"But what reason have you for thinking women have no aim in life?" "Well, I have seen several of them try to throw stones!"—Sketchy Bits.

After the Klopement.

He (who feared)—Now, my love, we are safe from all pursuit. She (who knew)—Yes; and so we have been all along.—Illustrated Bits.

THE GOSPEL CAMPAIGN

CAPTAIN IN THE ARMY OF CHRIST LAYS OUT HIS PLANS.

TALMAGE AFTER HOLIDAYS

The Winter's Campaign Against Sin—Splendid Equipment Temporally and Materially For the Battle—The Enemies From Within Are More to Be Feared Than Those Who Are Without the Fold.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by William Talmage, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 25.—At the close of the vacation season and the opening of a new period of activity in the churches this sermon comes as a call to arms to all who are eager for spiritual conquest. The text is Revelation iii., 8, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

The Japanese armies have been concentrating for weeks and months to acquire a commanding position at Port Arthur and have been seizing strategic points from which they could drive the Russian armies which were being sent to its relief. These strategic movements are planned in advance with the utmost care in selection of the ground so as to get the advantage of elevated positions from which to fire upon the enemy. The generals on both sides are aware that the conquest of the region depends in no small degree on the skill exercised in this important matter.

Months before an invading army moves for the subjugation of a country trained military minds study its natural features and intuitively settle the strategic points which it is essential to capture and to hold and the course which the various corps must take to co-operate in the general scheme. Thus coming campaigns or the military lines of summer operations are planned for the most part by the different commanders of invading armies while their armies are encamped in winter quarters. Therefore the question which at this season naturally forces itself upon the mind is this: "What is the gospel campaign ahead of the Christian church for the ensuing ten months? I am a captain in the army of Christ. How am I to lead my people? Where am I to go?"

Christ is our great commander, and as a captain under him I would here and now point out to you the mighty opportunities which are before us. I would sketch the line of campaign we as a church are about to enter. And, furthermore, I not only want to show you how we are to fight, where we are to fight, but also to try to encourage you by reminding you of the great agencies of our time which are going to help us in this coming year's struggle.

The glorious twentieth century is opening wide its doors to let the church of the Lord Jesus Christ pass forth into God's conflict, aided by scientific and social facilities that no other age possessed, whereby each man can double and treble and quadruple the amount of work which his grandfather or his great-grandfather was able to do. It is saying to us: "Man, if the length of your life is to be estimated by the amount of work you shall be able to accomplish, I will let you live longer than did Jacob, who died of old age at one hundred and forty-seven, or Noah, who lived to be nine hundred and fifty years, or Methuselah, who only lacked thirty-one years of being one thousand years old. I will let you live so long that what your ancestors accomplished in the course of their lives will seem to be as nothing to what you shall be able to accomplish." The twentieth century speaks thus not to one man, but to all.

This inventive age has literally doubled and quadrupled and almost infinitely multiplied the material producing power of man. Think of the facilities of communication! Supposing I wish to plead the cause of Christ with some friend clear across the American continent. I sit down and pen my appeal. In a few minutes it is in the postman's hands. A little later it is in the mail wagon on its way to the depot. Soon it is in the mail car going at lightning speed over the mountains and across the alkali deserts and across the rivers until it is dropped in the eastern home. It has taken only a few days for that message to reach its destination in the east, and in a few days longer an answer comes back to me that my appeal has been read, and under God's blessing it has been made effectual to the salvation of a soul. Think how many times such an effort might be multiplied and how largely the facilities of communication might be utilized for the spread of the gospel! I can to-day send a letter from California to New York, 3,000 miles away, quicker than in the beginning of the last century my New Jersey ancestor could send a letter to his missionary son living among the Georgia pines. It used to take our ancestors sometimes hours to ride to the nearest church. Now the church of our Lord Jesus Christ is at almost every street corner, and the religious papers are scattering their prints everywhere. Man to-day has quadrupled his opportunities of life because he can accomplish four times the amount of work which his ancestors were able to do in the same time.

You must see that all these increased advantages of man can be made to act and re-act mightily for good in the coming campaign of the church of Christ against sin. Matthew Simpson, the great Bishop of the Methodist church, once delivered a lecture to show how God is preparing the way for the glory of his coming millennium in the inventions and the social movements of everyday life. The other day a book came into my hand entitled "The Romance of Invention." But no romance of inventions has ever been written which can fully depict the Christian romance of the uses to which these inventions can be applied in the extension of Christ's kingdom as Bishop Simpson explained them. One item alone of that lecture comes to my mind. I speak it in my own language, as I recall it from a blurred memory. The Methodist orator wanted to show how every modern facility was appropriated and used in the late Civil war. The sewing machine had just been invented. It was employed to ensure the soldiers being properly clothed. The steam engine was utilized to carry the armies quickly to the scene of conflict so that the carnage might sooner end. The modern improvements in arms were adopted, and so the terrible destruction of life in single combats by the old-fashioned axe and spear was avoided. And as man used modern inventions for carrying out his purposes, so might God use the terrible curse of slavery itself for the benefit of the colored race. The negro torn from his African home and sold as a slave might be Christianized in the land of his bondage and return as a missionary to carry the tidings of the gospel to his people still on the banks of the Congo.

I find the church of the Lord Jesus splendidly equipped materially and temporarily for this winter's campaign against sin. But, more, than that, I find that there never was a time when the great evangelical churches were so thoroughly in accord on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. In the pulpit and in the pew those doctrines are held firmly, intelligently and devoutly, and Christ as the Saviour of the world has the whole-souled allegiance of his people. Before a general goes forth to invade the enemy's country it is very important for him to know that his own soldiers are of one heart, one mind and one purpose. When a Christian church goes forth into a winter's campaign against sin it is just as important for its pastor to know that his people are of one thought, and one mind in reference to the great cardinal doctrines of the church. A thousand enemies outside of a general's camp are not so dangerous a menace as one traitor inside of the guarding sentinels' lines. A thousand blatant infidels attacking the church of Jesus Christ in infidel convention hall or by saloon counter are not so formidable as the so-called free-thinking liberal who is attacking the church of God as a member of that church or as an ordained minister of that church.

Some time ago before a famous New York club an ordained minister arose and delivered an explosive, heretical speech. This minister was afterward expelled from his church for his outrageous utterance. He denied that Jesus was divine except that "he was divine as we are divine." He denied that the inspiration of the Bible was any more infallible than was the inspiration of Shakespeare's works. After he had finished and the applause of those among his hearers who sympathized with his remarks had subsided Dr. Gottheil arose. Dr. Gottheil was a Jew and at that time was the leading Jewish rabbi of America. Amid death-like silence he said: "I know not how others may feel; but, though I am not a disciple of the gentle Christ, I like not this talk of the preceding speaker. If I had been in the place of my brother and had entertained doubts and suspicions similar to his I would have quietly slipped out of the church with which those doubts collided, keeping my lips tightly sealed. I do not think I could do such an injury to the church which gave me my ordination vows as when a member of that church to attack it openly." All honor, say I, to the answer of Dr. Gottheil, the Jew! I believe that the most serious damage which can be inflicted upon the church of the Lord Jesus Christ is done not by his avowed enemies who are outside the church, but by traitorous foes within.

Now, for the most part, the church of the Lord Jesus Christ has been purged of those members who do not believe in the great cardinal doctrines of the Bible. It has been bold enough to say to such members, "If you do not believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, if you do not believe in the efficacy of his sacrifice, then you had better transfer your allegiance to some other church with whose creed you are in sympathy, for in this church the doctrines which you repudiate are regarded as the essence of Christianity." The greater part of the heretical teachers have accepted the advice, and, like the army of Gideon, the men who remain are fewer in number, but are of one heart and one mind. The church of Christ throughout the land enters upon the winter's campaign with unbroken front, all the stronger for the elimination of its half-hearted members.

But I take a step further in this mighty subject. We have a wonderful time in which we are to enter the coming campaign of Christ. This is the youngest of the centuries, but in it to be gathered the ripe fruits of the past. The thought and experience of all the centuries that are gone have in these years come to fruition. It is the mighty movements and trials and struggles of past generations which have made the present time possible. From the triumphs and failures of the past, from the wisdom and the mistakes of our forefathers, we have learned lessons which should make us masters in the art of soul winning and successful leaders in the assault on the in-trenchments of sin. This is the very best year of all years to start in a gospel campaign for Christ.

But take another step further in this momentous subject. We have another campaign blessing in addition to these two of which we have spoken. We have a church with all of its great leaders as well as thousands and tens of thousands of members moved to holy enthusiasm by knowledge of the strength of the Satanic enemies are strong also, so meet in combat. We know that as the church of Christ is strong the Satanic enemies are strong also, so

strong that unless we go forth to this battle with a full endowment of the Holy Spirit to fight as we ought to fight for Christ we shall fail ignominiously, as we deserve to fail. Outside of his own intrinsic strength nothing brings out the hidden power of a general more than the realization that his enemy is strong and wily—an adversary whose power it would be folly to underestimate, against whom he must marshal his forces with all his skill and develop their fighting qualities to the highest efficiency. When Goliath saw the puny form of David, who was to give him battle, the Philistine giant laughed him to scorn. He sneeringly cried, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with stones." That contempt lost him the battle. Not so with David. His weapons were those with which he was familiar, and he employed the skill developed by long experience. He knew his enemy to be superior in might and cruel and relentless, and he nerved his strength for the unequal struggle. The church of Christ is made resolute by the knowledge that it is to meet a strong armed foe. We know we must fight hard to win. And we also know that unless like David, the shepherd boy, we go forth in unflinching faith in the divine reinforcement, we shall fail in the battle. A stalwart foe always brings out the best that is in a worthy opponent.

To-day the church of God has no cowardly enemy. Like a hunter stalking the man eating monsters of India or Africa, the church is and must be continually on its guard. As it goes forth into the coming winter's campaign to do the best it can and with the help of the Holy Spirit to do all it can for Christ, the consciousness that its foe has almost unlimited prowess has made the church strong and confident.

But where is the gospel campaign of this church during the coming winter to be fought? We have talked about the time. We have spoken about the oneness of purpose and the divine strength in which we are to enter the conflict. We now speak about the geographical region in which we are to fight. We must find our church's Plain of Esdraelon and its Marathon pass. America is to be the geographical plain of gospel maneuvering for the American church. It is the foremost nation in the world to-day, and its power and influence are rapidly growing. In energy, in wealth, in enterprise, it takes the lead among the nations of the world. If it boldly takes its stand for Christ and declares that the principles of Christ are its guide and that he is its supreme ruler the effect on the world will be overwhelming. An enormous step will then have been taken toward the conquest of the whole world for him. America is the strategic point in the Christian campaign. Let every Christian church in this country realize that fact and unite to win this fair land for the Prince of Peace.

Oh, my friends, with such a glorious outlook for our coming gospel campaign, should not the church of Christ as a whole and our own individual churches go forth into this winter's campaign strong in God strong in faith, strong in holy zeal? For the most part I have been talking about how God is going to bless the great American church as a whole. Will he bless our own individual churches to which we have given our allegiance as he will bless other churches? Yes, if we go into this gospel conflict as we ought to go. Are you and I willing by our own consecrated lives to let our church, our dear individual church, with its glorious past, take the position in the church army on the front line of battle where she ought to stand? Remember, the open door which God opened for the Philippian church was not a doorway off in the distance, but near at hand. And so the open door of gospel opportunity of our church is right at hand. As consecrated, Holy Spirit inspired, earnest Christian church members will you and I join to-day in the forward march for Christ?

Oh, the Macedonian call for the physical and mental and social and spiritual salvation which is coming through the open door of the American church from a sin struck and a dying world! The whole world groans under the burden of sin. It is here; it is everywhere. The only way of deliverance is that Christ's church set itself to the task in the power of his Spirit. Beginning at its own doors, it must lead the assault and, uniting with the churches in other cities and states, work faithfully and bravely for the emancipation of this land and of the whole world.

Let our cry go to no earthly throne, but to the throne that is set in the heavens, and from that throne will come the power that will enable us to win the whole world for Christ. That appeal which, raised in Macedonia, reached the ears of the apostle, "Come over and help us!" is raised to-day by a world oppressed by the dominion of Satan. It comes to the American church as a whole and to the individual churches. Men and women and children, will you not hear that cry from foreign lands? Will you pass through the door that is opened to Christ's people? Oh, for the salvation of our cities! Oh, for the salvation of the United States! Oh, that the whole world may hear the word of deliverance and bow before the throne of Christ!

I would enlist you one and all in this glorious war. Your trials may be severe, your labor arduous, but in the end victory is certain. It may be yours to share in the triumph, but if you perish in the struggle you will yet be able to say: "I have fought a good fight. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Sweets to the Sweet.

Visitor—I've brought you a few chocolates. But I suppose you always have quantities of sweets? Ethel—No, I don't. I eat 'em all.—Punch.