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SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1888.

For the New Orleans Crescent: J. M. ...

Our Baby.

We have a baby 'neath our roof— A five-months dweller here! ...

ing to you the means I employ. I do not distrust your discretion, dear Laura, but it may be safer for both of us that you remain in ignorance of the measures I pursue.

"Do not fear me! I have too much at stake to give way to supineness and cowardice. You shall have reason to congratulate me on my return."

ceded in arousing quite a storm of indignation against the abettors of this proceeding. "But the paper itself is still in the hands of Lieutenant Hayes, you say?"

"You are laughing at me, Zera; but, in truth, I believe what I say. Are you at leisure? If so, let us go to the city. I have some shopping to do, and some affairs to arrange at home."

"My God, pity me in my desolation!" and the poor, heart-stricken widow cried in the depth of her anguish, "gone, gone, and I will never see him again; never hear his voice nor echo his laugh, as we listened to the gay prattle of his babes—his babes! They are orphans."

HAZARDELLE.

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

"Poor Laura, I have heard of your father's arrest, and it was the hope of being of some service to him that brought me home thus unexpectedly; but I have not yet learned the causes that led to it, nor the pretext on which it was effected."

"I know it," she said. "I know it; some instinct or prescience told me that villain was at the bottom of the whole transaction; but go on, my dear, do not let me interrupt you."

"What was the nature of that demand, Miss Taylor?" "That I should become his wife, sir!" replied Laura, her face turning crimson at the statement.

"There goes a brave and faithful heart—death and life he accepts at my hands, as if I were the controller of fate; nor is there one in all my train but what would do the same. They have no law but the commands of a young and inexperienced girl—it is an awful responsibility. Well! I was born to it—it suits me!"

"She's in the house, Miss Taylor," said the eldest, and with much more politeness than one would have looked for in such surroundings, she piloted them over the threshold and into the best room the poor house afforded.

Though, when other maids stand by, I may delude thee no reply, Turn not then away and sigh— Smile, and never heed me!

Written for the Crescent.

HAZARDELLE.

CHAPTER XXV.

Now what is this that haunts me like my shadow, Frisking and merrily like an elf in moonlight?

BY CHAR. SWAIN.

SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.