Daily Eagle

R. R. TIME TABLES.

St. L., Ft. S. & W. R. R.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

Depart—	
St. Louis Day Express and Mail	*9:15 a. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail	*7:30 p. m.
Kansas City Day Express and Mail	*9:15 a. m.
Kansas City Night Express and Mail	*7:30 p. m.
Freight and Accommodation	+12:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

Depart—	
St. Louis Day Express and Mail	*7:00 p. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail	*7:10 a. m.
Kansas City Day Express and Mail	*7:00 p. m.
Kansas City Night Express and Mail	*7:10 a. m.
Freight and Accommodation	+1:00 p. m.

* Daily. + Daily except Sunday.

Wichita & Colorado.

Depart—	
Mt. Hope Express and Mail	*6:30 a. m.
Mt. Hope Accommodation	+2:30 p. m.
Arrive—	
Mt. Hope Express and Mail	*6:26 p. m.
Mt. Hope Accommodation	+10:00 a. m.

+Daily except Sunday.

A., T. & S. F. R. R.

	Arrives.
Going North, Passenger	4:55 p. m.
Going North, Accommodation	11:35 a. m.
Going South, Passenger	9:15 a. m.
Going South, Passenger	7:45 p. m.
Going South, Accommodation	2:00 p. m.
	Leaves.
Going North, Passenger	5:05 p. m.
Going North, Accommodation	12:00 m.
Going South, Passenger	9:25 a. m.
Going South, Accommodation	2:00 p. m.
Going North, Passenger	8:25 a. m.
Going South, Passenger	7:45 p. m.

Wichita & Western.

	Arrives.
No. 2, Mail and Express	8:55 a. m.
No. 4, Express	4:40 p. m.
Way Freight	11:50 a. m.
	Leaves.
No. 1 Mail and Express	9:05 a. m.
No. 3, Express	4:30 p. m.
Way Freight	2:10 p. m.

St. Louis & San Francisco.

	Leaves.
Going West, Passenger	6:30 a. m.
Going West, Passenger	5:30 p. m.
Going West, Freight	12:05 p. m.
Going East, Passenger	8:25 a. m.
Going East, Passenger	9:30 p. m.
Going East, Freight	10:30 p. m.
Going East, Freight	8:00 a. m.

OUT IN THE MARSHES.

It was like drifting along the shores of the lotus-eaters' land, so deliciously soft was the atmosphere and dreamy the landscape. The surroundings seemed to lack some of the qualities of reality, they were so peculiar, and recalled a similarity to those dimly formed conceptions one receives when in a half doze into which real sounds and real subjects creep and conform themselves to the theme of the misty dream. Besides ourselves there was no animate object in sight, nor the sign of a human habitation. Far as the eye could see there stretched away the vast expanse of sea marsh covered with tall rush-like grasses, with here and there islands in a sea of verdure, clumps of live oaks, called cheniere, rising in dark outlines against the distant horizon. The gulf of Mexico washed the very roots of the reeds, and all along the coast made little indentations or bays into the edge of the luxuriant herbage. The water that seemed to glide under our keel without even a gurgle, was of light lilac, and the faint southeast wind was not sufficient to break the perfect smoothness of its surface. In remarkable duplication the marsh grasses along the shore line were reflected in the water, and the lazy white clouds overhead were followed by sister argosies of like soft outline down in the watery empyrean that lay below.

On our port bow, asleep in the noonday sun, its sands tremulous under the summer's heat, lay Grand Terre, Lafitte's island, where he and his fellow-smugglers for years plied their profitable trade. Ahead and to starboard opened up Barataria bay. There was somnolence in the air, and as we looked out over the side of the little Italian lugger the perfect quiescence of the picture seemed to repress any desire to break the silence, even by a word. Far ashore across the marches hung a small cloud of smoke and dependent from it a dark gray gossamer film reaching to the earth like a strand of wool from the black fleece floating above. It marked the noonday meal preparing in some lone settler's hut in a distant cheniere.

The excursion was one of exploration in the inlets and bays lying along the coast of Louisiana to the westward of the mouth of the Mississippi river, and an artist and a journalist were the only voyagers. A lugger such as brings most of the oysters to the New Orleans market was chartered for the cruise, and the two navigators launched out with an ample supply of charts and provender seeking the picturesque and curious.

About 2 o'clock a brisk wind came out from the south-southwest, and with the sheet trimmed well aft the lugger went bounding along up Barataria bay. Just before sundown a shell bank was sighted on the starboard bow lying close to the edge of the marsh, and thriving on it a grove of stately live oaks. It was proposed to camp here for the night, and so the helm was put up and a run made for it. Approaching it one could hardly believe that the grove had not been planted by man. The great trees formed three sides of a square about fifty yards across, with the waters of the bay for the front. Clusters of oleander grew near the edge of the water, and the regularity of the trees and the gradual slope of the shelly shore seemed to point to artificial arrangement.

Sheltered beneath one of the largest oaks and standing about fifty feet from the water a large palmetto hut came into view as the cheniere was reached. Standing in front of it was a tall, athletic-looking man of about 48, with long flowing locks of jet-black hair and a beard fully two feet in length. He appeared to be a magnificent specimen of the genus homo and a fitting attribute to the scene of which he formed a part. The lugger was run toward the bank when one of the party leaped out and waded ashore with the anchor and cable. The master of the place stepped forward and extended a welcome in good English; the pronounciation, however, was strongly marked by a French accent. After some conversation, at his invitation enough stores for the night were carried up to his primitive lodge, and the lugger made secure in case a heavy blow should come on.

The hut was somewhat aristocratic for that part of the coast, for it boasted of two rooms about ten feet square. It had a frame made of odd bits of wreckage and was covered with a number of layers of palmetto leaves, the same material forming its sides. A number of pirogues or dug-outs lay on the shells back of the hut and three solemn looking water spaniels were asleep near them. From tree to tree near the cabin a small meshed shrimp seine was hanging, and just beyond the inclosure made by the seine stood a large pile of fire wood, composed of pieces of old timber that had floated ashore and other jetsam picked up along the edge of the bay. A fire was burning before the entrance of the cabin and, as evening was stealing on, preparations were made for supper.

Up to this time the conversation had been on commonplace topics only, and inquiries made and answered relative to distances to certain points, fishing, etc. After supper, when an adjournment was made inside, it was seen at once that the proprietor was no ordinary individual. A large shelf extended across one side of the little room and on it was ranged a choice selection of the best French scientific works and late Parisian publications. A steel engraving of Meissonnier, another of Thiers and a chromo of Victor Hugo adorned the walls. Three handsome fowling pieces hung from their pegs, and looking out from a rough wood cabinet glistened an English made microscope.

A cup or two of tea, his only beverage, seemed to lift the latch of his communicativeness, and it was not long before the party was immersed in a pleasant discussion of Tyndall, Spencer, Comte and Faraday.

It was a surprise to find a man possessed of so much erudition and natural mental capacity living there alone the life of a hermit. With some hesitancy the question was put as to his reasons for thus voluntarily placing himself out of the world, as it were.

A shadow seemed to pass across his face when the question was asked, and his countenance gave evidence of deep emotion. Taking from his pocket paper and tobacco he rolled and lighted a cigarette, and puffed it some minutes in silence. His blue flannel shirt, which was unbuttoned, exposed a broad chest and well developed, almost massive neck, on which his large and well-shaped head rested with graceful poise. in marble the bust would have been not unlike that of some heroic Grecian warrior.

Puffing slowly at his cigarette and toying with a favorite dog as he talked, he began, in a low voice, to tell something of his past history, exacting a promise, however, that nothing of it should be given to the public until after his death or his return to his former home.

The second son of a judge of the court of Cassation of Erance, he graduated with honors at the Ecole Politecnique, as he was intended for the army. After his education was completed he retired to a country residence of his father's, near Alencon, in Normandy, where he enjoyed a vacation of eighteen months. The rare and delightful scenery thereabouts excited in him a deep love of nature, and he beguiled his time with short foot journeys through the surrounding country. To amuse himself he took up the study of botany and natural history, and, becoming enthusiastic on the subject, he decided to devote his energies to the profession of a naturalist.

It was during this time he met frequently a beautiful girl, the daughter of a titled gentleman living not far from Alencon, who, catching something of his affection for the wild and romantic in nature, accompanied him in his visit to some of the more interesting localities in the neighborhood. Her parents permitted this as she was always escorted by her brother, a year younger than herself. Thrown together so much and being of like disposition the affinity between them soon ripened into a strong and deep love.

The speaker here was silent for some time and then resumed his story. The girl was engaged by her father to a young nobleman of that district, whom she heartily disliked on account of his dissipation. The old story was repeated. The parents discovering her affection for the young naturalist prevented his further visits to the house, but a secret correspondence was kept up between himself and his sweetheart. The end came at last, and she was taken to Paris, where she was married to his rival.

Embittered against the world he at once joined the army as a lieutenant of the Forty-third of the line. Conservative in temperament he was anything but a warm royalist, and the success of his titled rival drove him into ultra democracy. He became a determined enemy of rank, and bidded his time to take revenge. The war with Germany broke out, and the excitement of that bloody contest kept his mind fully occupied. Disaster and defeat came and he found himself in Paris when it surrendered.

Through all the vicissitudes of camp and field he had not for an instant forgotton his love, and wherever he went made inquiries regarding the whereabouts of the count—and his wife.

The commune came and, throwing down his sword he joined it and became one of its leaders. He sought everywhere for his rival who was reported to be in Paris, but failed to find him. He declined to speak of his participation in the terrible events of the commune. He was captured in a street assault and carried to jail, where, with thirteen others, he was sentenced to be shot. The night before the execution a Sister of Charity visited him. When alone in the cell with him she divulged her identity. True to her old love, his sweetheart of Alencon, at the hazard of exposure and disgrace, had resolved on his escape. She furnished him a disguise as a Carmelite nun, and after a daring passage between four inspectors of the prison, both succeeded in gaining the street. Before parting promises were exchanged that if in the future she should ever become single she would let him know, and he would go to her, no matter where she might be. He thought America the safest refuge for himself, and in two months reached Louisiana, where he had relatives. After his arrival he discovered that his relatives had been ruined by the civil war, and he did not make himself known lest he should become, at least for a time, a burden to them. He had but little money, and receiving an offer from a fisherman to assist him on his little vessel he accepted the proffer. The sight of these weird bays and lonely inlets had resolved him to seek here a dwelling-place: and after purchasing a small boat, partly on credit, he had built this cabin and devoted himself to shrimp fishing, at which he made a fair living. His means permitted him to enjoy the late magazines, and when he could afford it he purchased some scientific work with which to keep up his studies. A friend in Paris, the only person in France who knew his whereabouts, sent him newspapers and kept him posted about the career of the man who had wrecked his happiness. He would live out here alone until some message from across the sea came to him.

There was a charming frankness in the manner in which he told his story. Although now and then he showed evidences of deep suffering, yet he endeavored to hide it by a superhuman effort, and with a pleasant smile, tinged, it is true, with sadness, he would divert the attention and pass on to another portion of his narrative.

It was nearly midnight when, wearied with the long day's sail and drowsy from the effects of the gulf breeze, the party crawled under their thick musquito bars, and soon all were asleep.

Day was just breaking across the lonesome marshes when the exile awakened the sleepers and presented each with a steaming cup of black coffee. He appeared much gayer than the evening before, and in a jovial manner remarked that he had had a curious dream which augured a brighter future, and besides this, he had discovered near the shell bank a species of water plant hitherto unknown. With such good luck since his visitors arrived he urged a prolongation of their stay.

Time would not permit, however, and to the fresh morning breeze the lugger's sail was hoisted, and in a few minutes the little hut was hidden by the sedge grasses of the marsh, and the waving hat of its occupant could not longer be distinguished in the distance.

This winter an oysterman brought to the city the intelligence that a short time after he had delivered a letter to "French Joe," as the exile was called, the cabin was found deserted and the shell bank of Barataria bay has not known him since.—Chas. E. Whitney in Times-Democrat.

One Way to Get a Start.

"Would you advise me to send my son to the naval academy?" asked a New Yorker of a naval officer. "By all means," was the reply, "if he will not study hard enough to become one of the first ten honor men of his class. In that case the government will honorably drop him after graduation, and he will be able to start in life with the best possible education and a douceur of $1,000.—New York Letter.