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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Creole and Puritan

A Character Study in Three Parts.

By T. C. DE LEON.

PART II.—IN THE SOUTH.

Strolling along the two Federal officers came in sight of the Clay statue. Around it a huge throng had collected. Colonels of several regiments had ordered their bands to different points to aid the public holiday; and the magnificent one of the Ninety-sixth infantry was giving a concert here. Every age and color were seen in the unmasked faces—the ebullient skin of the negro, the swart Diego, and the bright lemon skin of the quadroon. Old, crumpled faced French women led chubby children along; the fresh skinned Irish woman dandled her babe in vigorous arms; while pale, fair, octorons, tastefully and quietly dressed, leaned on the arms of dandy young men who might have passed for club men on Broadway, or petits creves on the Champs Elysees. Maskers here, as everywhere, in numbers; and a goodly sprinkling of blue jackets dotted the crowd, the faces of their wearers ever showing amused interest.

The band was playing a popular waltz, the heads and feet of the music loving natives keeping time. And here and there, in the limited space, fantastic dances whirled in grotesque measure, aided by the Harlequin or Pierrot dresses they wore.

"A wonderful people, these," Everett said, quietly. "Who would think, to walk these streets to-day, that this population was just rising from the set back of a terrible defeat? Who could dream of the material loss it has suffered—the agony and suspense endured—the hopes that are ashes and the future that is—what?"

"The mercantile temperament," Barnes answered, again from far Cape Cod. "They are French, and a Frenchman would dance on his grandmother's grave. I see nothing very wonderful, general, in their enjoying the first holiday they have had since the obsequies."

"People that react as I have noticed these southerners do," Dale answered, "have too much elasticity to be conquered. We have beaten them, but in their conduct under defeat. I don't think you appreciate them, Barnes."

"Perhaps I do not," the other answered, dryly. "I have no friends in the Confederate army. Just then the band broke into a medley of national airs. The 'Marseillaise' swelled out, blending into 'God Save the Queen'; that in turn losing itself in the new 'Wacht am Rhein.' Suddenly, picked up by the piccolo, 'Dixie'—the tune adopted by Abraham Lincoln—strilled out loud and clear. In a second, even before the crowd caught the infectious thrill, the blue coated boys gave voice, and then came cheers and cries from every throat in the crowd to loud, most droll music. Again 'Dixie' swelled long out, clear; again the wild applause rang out, dying as the music softened and almost ceased, only to rise loud and defiant as 'Yankee Doodle' trotted in upon his unmusical 'little lonesome'."

This time the crowd needed no cue, the stilling voices rising into a roar louder if possible than before, and sustained until the brief strain died out. Again the cries swelled out, aided by hands and feet and shout of "Bis!" "Encore!" and the rival battle pieces had to be played again and again.

Everett slipped his arm into the colonel's as they turned away.

"No, you do not understand these people. Neither does our general, I fear. If we will let it be so the war is over!"

As night fell the carnival was in full blast, for all recalled that at the first stroke of midnight masks must be tossed aside and theoretic sackcloth replace the motley.

Through the dusk many hues costume filled the eye with color; the high, squeaking treble of maskers' disguise pipped above music, laughter and the omnipresent tin horn; old time scenes of peace were re-enacted in the very center of warlike occupation, and the evening air was glad with passing maskers' songs.

And still the most interested and most watchful of all observers were the Federal men and officers off duty. Everywhere they mingled in the throng, giving an equal regret that their general's order forbade participation. For in all that revived repute not one untoward incident, not one rude act even, had been reported; and the fears of the timid were wholly set at rest by the in-born courtesy and tact of the creole.

And now the throng began to form spontaneously in order, lining the sides of Canal street in dense masses, added to each instant from the emptying houses and by fresh crowds pouring down the side streets.

The Krewe was coming! Ushered in by rosy glow of distant,

pulsing light and softened glare of brazen march advanced that strange procession so dear to creole tradition, so little understood beyond its reach.

Deep silence fell upon the massed thousands; every eye strained to catch the first hint of the cunningly hidden theme of the night's display. Then gradually through the rosy cloud were seen the rich and stately forms, in antique guise, marshaling the mystic host, and next transparencies that told its subject theme to be "Past, Present and Future."

Nearer, slow moving, came the brilliant and unique pageant, incarnating thought through deft design of form and color, lit by a thousand bright reflectors, toned to softer glow by colored fires.

The Past was typified by imposing figures of war, destruction, conflagration, want, grief and terror—each a chapter of the moving epic, varying in suggestive shape, and each made clearer by congenial forms attendant. All were in classic pose and richly draped, with strict adherence to best models of antique art. And slow they passed, between the silent masses, all delighted with the glitter and the glory of the show, all stilled by memory of the recent past from which it drew its being.

Then came The Present, more modern in conception, but allegoric still—permeated by industry, commerce, agriculture, science, art and history. Plainly recognized, each of these stately shapes passed on, arched by its floating cloud of rosy light, each greeted by appreciative plaudits for its beauty and sympathy for its suggestion.

And last rolled by the last division of the mystic trilogy, The Future. Radiant and fair of promise showed her beautiful figure, the calm face grand and noble. And round The Future grouped peace and hope and love, simple and pure, as emblematic of the new life to follow that active Present born from the hot and evil Past!

And again that sensitive southern populace, ever apt to read the lessons of mystic allegory, clave the night with plaudits, loud, long and heartfelt!

"Singular people, these Creoles!" the general remarked to a brilliant party on his balcony. "A pretty affair; but, poor as they are, I can't see why they throw away thousands on a useless show."

"I hardly think it useless," Dale Everett answered quietly. "It strikes me that this Krewe of Comus teaches deep lessons to its public, and that they not only enjoy but understand them."

"I hope they do," the commander replied bluntly. "But is there another people under the sun who, under such circumstances, would attract so much attention?"

"Probably not," the Puritan soldier answered. "But is there another that, so attempting, could so succeed?"

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

ORDEAL BY COMBAT.



Just as the terrified woman fell between them to a dead faint.

The crowds of maskers were thinning as a tall figure in gray domino paused at the gate of a brick walled garden. Putting his passkey in the lock he glanced up the street, waiting the approach of a Pierrot. The latter came up, with none of the frolic mien his garb suggested, and waited to be questioned.

"It seems you rather exceed the license of the carnival," the domino said quietly. "This is the third time you have thrown yourself in my way, and now you do me more harm."

"Beyond a doubt," the Pierrot answered, in the speak of his character. "You are the Federal Gen. Everett."

"You are the Federal Gen. Everett?" With a gesture of impatience Dale threw off his disguise.

"You seek me," he said shortly. "What is your business?"

"Admit me into your garden and you shall have it. You are afraid of nothing," he added, as Everett hesitated, "but I may add that the danger is only to myself."

Everett threw open the little gate, stooped to fasten the latch inside, and as he raised his eyes the dark, glowing pupils of Adrian Latour burned into them.

"Dale!" "Adrien!" And they were in each other's arms. For them at that instant there had been no war, no sufferings, no victories. They were boys once more by the banks of the far rolling Hudson.

"Dale, old boy," the Creole said after a pause, "madame told me all, and I felt I must see you once more. I shadowed your camp, but you were so busy training I guessed you were to ride, though I never could catch you alone."

"I felt some strange magnetism," Everett broke in, "when you startled my name last Sunday, though I could not analyze it. Ah, you dear old fellow!" The strong arm crossed the other's shoulder as the two men sat on a low bench under a flowering orange tree. "It seems too good to be true, Adrien, to have you back again."

"It seems so to me, Dale, after all I have been through. But I must not let you compromise your ideas of duty. I am still a rebel. I believe I am dogged by spies. If I am recognized, presto! your provost marshal!"

"To-morrow at dawn a smuggler slips out for Cuba. While the bells call you to church I shall be on my way to voluntary exile."

"But, Adrien, this is folly!"

"Very like," Latour answered, with something of his old smile. "I always did talk wisdom and act folly. But, dear old boy, I cannot do it. Better one good foreign service, where my sword can buy me peace."

"This is mawkish sentiment," Everett replied seriously. "It is neither reasonable nor manly. Besides, remember your words to me before you resigned—that our old school did not educate Hessians! Ah! you remember? Yet you will sell your sword to some cause where your heart is not, purely from bitterness and spite?"

"You wrong me, Dale," the other answered gently. "I have no pique, and I know the true soldier accepts the turn of battle. God knows there is no bitterness in my heart for those who fought for what they believed the right! I honor them all—love as well as ever those I loved before."

"And can you imagine we respect you less who took up arms believing you were right?"

"I do not," Latour answered frankly. "You could not. Had I dreamed that you would have risked this dress, however I had yearned to take your hand before I sailed? No, not Politicians can break up governments, Dale, but not friendships like ours."

"Then why leave your country?"

"Again the Creole turned away his face, though he held firmly the hand in his."

"I have no country now," he answered firmly. "It is not your fault, but the iron heel grinds upon us all. God alone knows when it may be lifted—what may be left when it shall be. Ah, Dale, you remember the German's poem. 'None but the freeman hath a fatherland.'"

"You are the same old Adrien!" Dale answered regretfully, "gentle as a woman in your loves, obstinate as a broncho in going your own way; but what of your life all these years?"

"Then, under the oranges whose perfume struggled with the sweet olive for the mastery, each told his story; and as they talked, heedless of time, the moon rose, bright as daylight, and frolic songs of maskers were borne to them on the soft night wind. At length, after a pause, Dale Everett laid his hand on a friend's shoulder, his voice softening as he asked:

"And in all these years have you never loved again?"

Latour sprung to his feet, took a rapid turn under the trees, then turned and stopped in the deep shadow.

"Loved again?" he repeated scoffingly. "Why, man, a dozen times! I have sworn the lips that were nearest were the lips that were dearest! I have cast off the black eyes only to tire of the blue!"

"Stop! You are not speaking honestly," Everett's voice was cold and stern. "I still believe the brother of my boyhood a true man, and such do not forget lightly."

"There was a long pause. Thought in the brain of each peopled the silence with memorized shapes too fast to admit of words. Everett spoke first—hurriedly, as though the words cost him an effort and he would be rid of them:

"Adrien, Beverly Mason died four years ago—a singular death, on the anniversary of his wedding day almost to the hour. He was found in his chair, a candle lighted on the desk by his side and a charred paper on the salver by it. Heart trouble, the doctors said. The silence was unbroken and he went on slowly, 'One tiny scrap, only of that paper, was unaccounted, and, Adrien, that scrap is your name!'"

"The Creole stood silent, but his thin lips closed tighter under his mustache, and the haggard look on his dark face sorted but ill with the mountebank garb. At last he spoke calmly, but with great effort:

"Dale, if you value our friendship never speak of this again. That woman's name has been blotted from my brain since the night she sold herself! It shall never cross my lips again, so help me God!"

He raised his hand in the moonlight as Everett turned away and cried:

"How she sold herself you have never dreamed!"

Then silence again fell between them. Dale's face was dark and set. Over Dale Everett's emotions played and flickered like clouds across the moon's light, tempering, not hiding, the great light of pity that shone upon his friend as he thought:

"Dare I tell him—now?"

At length Latour turned and asked, "And—now?"

"I have and do," Dale answered. "No, do not start; I am not married. But one woman is far more to me than wife could ever be. I am true to her as my highest happiness to make her the pride, the envy of all other women!"

"You!" The Creole stared at his friend. "You waste your life for a woman?"

"No, not waste it," Everett answered gently. "But I do all this—for love!"

There was silence. Busy thought in Everett's brain was again shadowing the face he raised to the moonlight. Latour kept his bent in the shadow of the orange tree.

Sister-in-law of an emperor, was born in Baltimore, and after living many years abroad returned to her native land, where she passed the last years of her life.

One of the old lady's crack stories in her latter days was of a lesson in etiquette given her by the black butler of her host. At breakfast she motioned to him and handed him her cup, wishing a second cup of tea. Uncle Bob, instead of taking the cup to his mistress at the head of the table, put it down with a great flourish on the sideboard.

"But I wanted another cup of tea," said Mrs. Bonaparte.

"Did you, mum?" blandly asked Uncle Bob. "You see, mum, you put your spoon in the saucer, and that means you don't want no more tea. When you want some more tea, do 'erect way is to put de spoon in de cup—like dis heah," and Uncle Bob gravely illustrated the "correct" method of procedure.

The family were on thorns, expecting an outbreak from the sister-in-law of an emperor, although there is no doubt that a black butler in his own black-rick could face an emperor himself, but Betsy was only amused and laughed heartily.

After 50 years of money getting and money saving, she realized in the latter part of her life how futile it all was and explained grimly, "Once I had nothing but money."—Boston Transcript.

The Way They Do It.

A little man with a sad face, a thin suit of clothes, a skullcap and a weak voice stood near the east end of the Madison street bridge holding out a bundle of shoestrings toward the passersby. A policeman came along—one of the large, two breasted kind.

"Got a license?" he asked.

The man with the shoestrings unbuttoned his coat with the left hand and showed the badge, which was attached to his vest. In the meantime he looked up at the policeman. His expression was one of mingled awe, fear and apprehension.

"Give me a pair," said the policeman, pulling out two strings from the bundle.

"Yes, sir," said the peddler.

"Better make it two," said the man who represented the dignity and majesty of the law.

"All right, sir," said the shoestring man, his voice weaker than ever.

The policeman rolled up the four strings, buried them in his pocket and went on.

"Did he pay you?" asked a man who was standing in a doorway.

"Him pay?" said the man with the shoestrings. "Dat copper pay for his shoestrings? I guess not. What makes me sore is that he don't belong on this beat at all. I never saw him before."

"Why didn't you make him pay you?"

"What's the use? He would have tipped me off to some other cop, and I'd got the run. If he want anything, you've got to give it to them, that's all there is about it."—Chicago Record.

Sounds Like Boston.

"Hortensia," said her father, "will you have some taters?"

"If you refer to the farinaceous tubers which pertain to the Solanum tuberosum and which are commonly known as potatoes," replied the sweet girl, "I should be pleased to be helped to a modicum of the same. But taters, taters! I'm quite sure, papa, that they are something of which I never before had the pleasure of hearing."

The old man pounded on the table until the pepper caster lay down for a rest and then remarked in a voice of icy coldness, "Hortensia, will you have some taters?"

"Yes, dad, I will."

Is our boasted high school system a failure, or is it not?—London Tit-Bits.

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