

The Louisiana Capitolian.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH

As a rule mankind find it more blessed to give than to receive a practical joke.

Moses never had the gout. This, says an exchange, was one of the "missed aches" of Moses.

"Those whom the Gods love die young." That's what becomes of all the honest advertising agents.

The man who frequently makes the remark that he is a gentleman is afraid that people will not otherwise find it out.

Canning men always get heat in the long run, because they are just as dull on one side as they are sharp on the other.

The rooster that will leave his crow half-crowed, to gobble a worm, may not be a musical success, but we will bet on him for all that.

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

It is said that Harry Hyams proposes soon to get out a patent on the Capitoline punch. He wants a lawyer, however, who will take his fee in "sort."

A Pulaski boy recently swallowed a penknife. Although not quite out of danger, he finds some consolation in the fact that the knife belonged to another boy.

After the storm had ceased, he remarked to his wife, "Guess the storm is all over." "Yes," she replied, "all over the ground." He only said, "It's snowing joking matter." This cutter a little.

An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year without having calves. "Because," said he, "it runs in the breed; for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

The other day the lightning struck a powder magazine near Brighton, Ill., containing fifty-one thousand pounds of powder. You can't just imagine how astonished the lightning was the next second!

At a crowded concert, a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance: "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones all full."

A woman raised to the third power of widowhood has the photographs of her three departed lords in a group, with a vignette of herself in the center, and underneath is the inscription, "The Lord will provide."

It was in Belton, Bell county, Texas. He got out in front of a store, and offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for a Texas lieutenant. It was in vain—every man present ranked as major, colonel or general, except the judges.

In Issaquena county, Miss., the Democrats and Republicans have agreed on a fusion ticket, half the nominees being white and half colored. Make haste—take a photograph of the ticket and send it to the bloody shirt editor of the Cleveland Herald.

"What is the difference between one yard and two yards?" asked the teacher in arithmetic. "A fence," said Tommy. It isn't exactly clear whether Tommy sat down on the ruler or the ruler sat down on him—certainly it is, something was set down on!

The Greensboro' Home Journal reports that on Sunday of last week, at the residence of Capt. L. B. Wallis, a negro boy about 8 years old fell into a well 105 feet deep, but strange to say, was not seriously hurt. Monday evening he drove up the cattle as usual.

"I am glad," said an illiterate preacher "that the Lord has opened my mouth to speak." "And well you may be," was the rejoinder, "for he never did such a thing but once before." "And when was that?" asked the preacher. "In Balaams' time," was the conclusive answer.

A hairpin is a useful article to a woman. It serves the purpose of a tooth-pick, button-hook and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your pocket different to the kind used by your wife. We make no charges against the editor of the Livingstonian.

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said a certain Baton Rouge widow to her irrepressible son. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when J-T was saying to our Jule that he'd take her even if you had to be throwing in, and he didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I busted 'em."

A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor—Harry Goud is not the only bachelor within the radius of a thousand miles—says he hasn't read the book, but he knows what her wishes are: "First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; fourth, a new bonnet." Indignant females should be cautious, for like Hyams, they can't hurt a single hair on the top of Harry's head.

A small boy was sent to the country to board a short time ago. He promised his mother that he would write a good long letter describing his trip and boarding place, etc. A week went by and the poor mother was nearly distracted when she got the following interesting letter from him: "I am here, and I swapped my watch for a pup; and I went in swimmin' fourteen times yesterday, and the fellow stole my pocket-book, and I shall bring the pup home."

An old man fell dead in Mansville, Pa., one Sunday night recently, while sitting in the parlor where his daughter and her young man were sparring. It may be that the conduct of the young couple sickened the old man and caused his death, but it will do no harm, and perhaps much good, to cut this paragraph out and show it to the old folks who are addicted to sticking in the parlor on Sunday evenings when their daughter's beau wants to tell her a great many secrets, and so forth.

AT GREAT COST.

Hartley Cline, the master of Mapleton, had a terrible temper, a fierce, ungodly spirit, which, almost every one connected with him feared. He had lived fifty odd years in the world, yet people prophesied that he would yet be subjugated at great cost.

Not that he was a brute or a tyrant. He was generous with his dependents, tender with his children, just with all men. It was only when his indignation was aroused that he was terrible in his uprising. Few dared to face his volcanic force.

Fortunately for the peace of the household, his two children, Leigh and Clarice, were not like him. Both were blonde, sunny and facile. The former was abroad with a party of artist-friends. The latter was at home—her father's pride—the mistress of his house, and these two children had no mother. She had died nineteen years before, at Leigh's birth.

Clarice was two years her brother's elder. Fair, graceful and good her father promised himself great things of his only daughter's beauty. Love and wealth he had bestowed freely upon her; rank and title should be hers when she married. But for Clarice's marriage he was not yet ready.

She was far too dear and necessary to his daily happiness. Therefore, Clarice kept her secret like the grave, that she loved her half-cousin Allan Larrimer—another genial and sunny spirit.

These young people, congenial and unspoiled, became committed to each other because "gay youth loves gay youth," before they realized all that their confession of mutual affection involved; for Hartley Cline would not be likely to consent to Clarice's marriage with Allan Larrimer.

He was an American, undistinguished, and of moderate wealth, and it was the desire of his heart that Clarice add a foreign title to her other graces. For this reason he had invited Count Herman to Mapleton. Count Herman was a German, fat and facetious. He was not the only titled man to whom Hartley Cline had proffered his rare and costly wines, but the count's good humor was particularly agreeable to him, so that he found it pleasant to imagine him at some distant day, his ally and son-in-law.

To be sure, he was twenty years older than Clarice, and she laughed at his roqu岸ity, and cared nothing for his title, but her father considered the match not only possible, but probable, since he approved.

It was a happy summer, though Clarice shook with terror when she thought of her father discovering the tender connection which she had formed. For, fear as she did a promise to marry Allan, she yet, with great sweetness, freely confessed her love, and enjoyed to the utmost the stolen moments they could spend together.

But when they could no longer meet in lonely rustic places, by appointment, from time to time, and Clarice could not receive him with frequency at home, regret dimmed her happy spirit. In vain Allan expressed his willingness to face her father's anger; her panic of terror at the suggestion quite disarmed him of his purpose.

Winter set in. For a time, only notes passed between Clarice and Allan Larrimer. Suddenly there came a change. Leigh was coming home.

"Yes, my boy is coming home," said Hartley Cline, rubbing his hands in pride and joy. "What shall we do, Clarice, to please him?"

"What have you thought of, papa?" "A reception on the night of his arrival. All his old friends here."

"Yes, we will!" she replied gladly. So invitations were issued, orders given and preparations commenced.

Hartley Cline had planned a masked party. It would be all the merrier to have Leigh surrounded by so many unknown friends. He, the host, would wear a domino, and for a moment, at least, defy Leigh's bright eyes to descry him. Early in the evening all would unmask that Leigh might recognize his congratulators.

When the household was the busiest, Clarice stole away to her chamber, and hastily wrote a note: "ALLAN—We are expecting Leigh home to-night and a masked party of his friends are invited to Mapleton to receive him. This gives me an opportunity to see you without causing any one to suspect how glad I shall be of the meeting. I was getting to despair of ever seeing you again. Wear a troubador's dress, with the inclosed ribbon pinned to the sleeve. You will find what you need at the costumer's. Sechrist. Come precisely at eight. YOUR OWN CLARICE."

Including a knot of rose-pink ribbon in the sheet, and dispatching the note by an outside messenger, Clarice returned to her task of arranging flowers for the rooms with brighter eyes and warmer cheeks. In the afternoon, a note of response was placed in her hand: "MY DARLING CLARICE—I, too, have been in despair of ever seeing you again. For all my promise not to acquaint your father with our love, I have been almost on the point of going to him, stating the truth, and demanding a right to see you. But now I need do nothing to alarm you, I will, according to your directions, be at Mapleton precisely at eight, wearing a troubador's dress with the pink ribbon on the sleeve, and a black domino; and we will have a happy evening in spite of fate."

As soon as Clarice had snatched the meaning from the sheet, she hid it hastily in her bosom, for her father's steps were approaching. She shook so with fear at the sound that her trembling obliged her to hurriedly empty her hands of flowers and fly from the room.

"Get your supper now, my child, and be dressed early!" he called after her as he entered the apartment by another door. The warm hearty voice filled her with a pang of shame for the deception she was practicing.

"I would—oh, I would tell him if I— I have a right to love so good a man as my cousin Allan."

She composed herself with difficulty, and entered the supper-room. At the table old aunt Dorinda detailed some ordinary voo connected with the evening's refreshment, and she soon escaped from the room almost unnoticed. But glancing back as she closed the

glass door, Clarice saw her father stoop to the carpet and pick up a paper. Pressing her hand quickly to her breast she found Allan's note gone!

Sick with terror, she leaned against the wall, and saw her father, slowly unfolding the note, pass out one of the long windows of the supper-room upon the piazza. Then she went, almost blindly, to her own room.

As soon as the first shock of alarm was over, Clarice hastily penned a note to Allan forbidding him to come, and sent it to him by one of the house-servants. "Get it to Mr. Larrimer within half an hour, James, and I will give you that for your sweetheart," slipping a ruby ring from her finger.

The mulatto showed his teeth and slipped alertly away. But Clarice's hands trembled so that she could scarcely thread out the great braids of her fair hair. She was glad her maid had been pressed into other service, that she might hide from the girl her white face and shaking hands.

At last Lucille came hurrying in: "The people are coming, Miss Cline, and your father wants you."

Dropping on her knees, Lucille looped up, with clasps of dead gold, her mistress' misty skirt; and, catching up fan and bouquet, Clarice hastened to take her stand at her father's side, as the first bevy of laughing guests trooped up the broad steps, under the moonlight, among the flowers. Not once dared she look at him, and he did not address her.

When the last guest had arrived, he covered his face with a domino and entered the crowd. And Clarice? She yet stood in the great arched hall, under garlands of roses, faint with apprehension, and anxiously watching for James' return.

It was eight o'clock. If the man should miss seeing Allan, the latter was liable to appear at any moment, and her sinking spirit told her that it would be at the risk of his life.

Suddenly her lips broke apart, her eyes dilated. In the very thickest of the throng, in the centre of the principal apartment, stood a figure in a troubador's dress, a pink ribbon on the sleeve. A domino concealed the face, but the sunny hair, waving under the plumed cap, was Allan's very own.

Like one transfixed she stood. The transparent nails of one small hand into the soft palm, yet she seemed in some horrible trance. She dared neither advance nor address Allan nor retreat from view, yet she knew some instant measure must be taken to prevent her father and lover from coming into collision.

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She looked down the rooms; the former was not to be seen. But the next instant, a door swinging wide, she beheld him at Allan's side.

She turned, and would have fled in very terror, but the sudden sound of her father's voice transfixed her. The terrible temper of Hartley Cline was aroused, and forgetting all else, he covered his unwelcome guest with maledictions.

What taunt flew back she could not guess, but a herculean blow suddenly felled the troubador to the ground. A score of hands seized the madman, for he was little else, so terrible was the supremacy of his passion, and forced him aside, while others tenderly raised the prostrate man literally weltering in his blood. His head had struck the projecting arm of a bronze statue as he went down, frightfully gashing it.

A physician pressed through the crowd, and his hand removed the domino. A white boyish face was revealed, one that had lately come far over the seas, to be met cruelly indeed. No other than Leigh Cline.

"Your son, sir!" said a voice, sternly, in Hartley Cline's ear. "My son?"

He pushed them all aside, with a rude, irresistible force, and bent low over the senseless face, like one growing blind.

"Leigh, Leigh—my boy, Leigh! I thought—no matter what—I thought—God, he is dying!"

For a tremor shook the prostrate form; then it lay very still. They lifted the young man softly up, and bore him to his chamber, the physician shaking his head as he followed.

The guests dispersed; the crowd melted away. Hartley Cline stood alone in the rebuking stillness of the lovely rooms, and lifting up his voice, wept.

What sob echoed his? His daughter flitted through the hall, speeding on some errand of the physician's orders. Then all was still, until the latter came quietly down the stairs.

"I can do nothing more, sir." "He, too, was gone." Hartley Cline believed that his only son lay dead in the chamber above. That terrible night whitened his abundant hair. All through its hours he walked the floor. At length, in the still dawn, Clarice, white as a spirit, touched his arm.

recognize, he committed his first unfill act, by returning insult for insult. After his convalescence, Hartley Cline, changed to the most casual observer, took pains to win his daughter's confidence? "When did you come to engage yourself to your cousin, my child?"

"I have made no engagement, father," she said, sobbing, more overcome by his gentle manner than aught else. "Indeed I never meant to deceive you or do wrong; but Allan gave me riding lessons and we learned French together, and he was always kind and full of cheer. He made me very happy; and, so, when I knew how dear he was to me, I let him learn it. We were happy for a time; since, I have been miserable, indeed I did not want to disobey you, father."

"You shall marry Allan, if you wish, my love."

"Oh, father, not if you do not wish!" breaking down between love for both. "I do wish it, dear!"

There could be no doubt of the altered and softened spirit; Hartley Cline was changed, but, as had been once prophesied, at great cost.

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