

On Cheniere Caminada

By LINDA M. BENSEL.

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All day the red-sailed luggers had lain at anchor in the bay, while the busy fishermen had mended nets.

The girls of Cheniere were in a flutter of expectation. Tongues were not still a moment that day, while the belles tried and fitted their finery, and arranged ribbons, in anticipation of the event.

Day wore on, and evening came, and sunset, sunset, with all its wondrous beauty, gloriously golden and strangely awesome.

When some of the guests were still on their way to Bizan's, a light rain began to fall. "Strange," muttered Glode, as he hurried his family to the friendly lights that gleamed from the windows of the Bizans.

At ten came supper. Old Bizan arose to give the toast. "Friends," said he, "this is truly a happy occasion. And I announce to you the betrothal of Marie and of Andre.

There were shouts of "We do, we do." Then came a call for Andre. "A speech, a speech," some one cried.

Suddenly a tottering figure appeared at the door. It was old Manuel, the fisherman, who had refused to come to the feast.

For a moment indignation ran high. But for the age of the fisherman he would have been unceremoniously ejected from the hall.

"Oh, stop croaking, Manuel," cried Alcee. "Come, give him some wine, Gaspard, give him some wine. It will warm up his old blood.

"Let Manuel give us a toast," cried Gaspard, who had proffered the old fisherman the wine at Alcee's suggestion.

"Aye, aye," said the hoary Manuel. "A toast it shall be. And not to your fair girl. For never will she be a bride. Never will the wedding feast be known. The bells shall not ring save it be for a corpse that has been taken from the water.

"Unhappy Manuel," sighed the wife of Bizan. "He has suddenly lost his wits. But why should he come here? For shame, to frighten my little Marie."

A hush upon the crowd. The fiddlers sat agape, the guests were chattering volubly. Some laughed derisively, while others quaked with fear.

"For I say these two shall not wed," old Manuel's voice went on. "I say it is writ, my brothers, that they must die."

Then men jumped to their feet. Old Mme. Bizan screamed.

"Shame, shame," cried some, while others tried to still the wild-eyed fisherman.

"It is useless, my brothers," he cried. "Not only they, but we all shall die, must die, and to-night. Even now it is too late to return to your homes. You, Baptiste, think you will go back to Grand Isle to-night in your luggage? Alas, never again shall your eyes behold Grand Isle. I tell you the storm is upon us. It is too late, too late. The voice rose and then fell, and died away in a moan.

It was too late. And, too late, they realized it.

The guests had risen from the table. The women clung together in frightened groups. The wind roared higher and louder than the angry surf. The rain fell in torrents.

The men laughed, uneasily, but with a show of bravado. The women must not be frightened, anyway. Marie sat rigid, her hand in Andre's. "Courage, courage, Marie, love!" he whispered. "I knew, too, the storm would come. I said it all day. But it will pass away. Don't mind the gibbering old fool, Manuel. To-morrow it will be over, the sun will shine, the birds will sing and I shall come for you in the evening and we will take the lugger and cross to Grand Isle. We will take Glode and the wife, for only this evening she said she was longing to visit the Petries." And so he cheered her, and she smiled and comforted Glode's wife, and smiled and cooed to the frightened babe lying in its mother's arms.

Then a fearful thing happened, for a beam shot by the window, on which rode a human figure—a stark, ghastly figure. Gaspard, who had been watching at the window, saw it, and Marie saw it too, and so did Andre. "Heavenly Mother," wailed the girl, as she sank to her knees. "Oh, pity us, pity us, and protect us this dreadful night!"

Old Manuel had seen it too, revealed in a blinding flash of lightning. "See," he cried, with skeleton finger pointing. "The sea is all about us. We are being swept away. I tell you the houses are gone. This will go, too." And he pointed to the floor. There, in a trickling little stream, was the water, and it came in faster and faster, through the cracks of the doors and the fireplace.

"To the attic, the women first," cried Bizan, pushing his wife to the star. "To the attic," he thundered. "It is the only chance." He drove Glode's wife, with her babe, up the stairs, the others following. Marie had flown to Andre's side, and slipped her beads over his wrists.

"If we die, we die together," she whispered.

When the worst came, it was soon over. "The boat, Andre, the boat," gasped Glode. "Save yourself with Marie. You are both young and strong. You must fight for life. Quick!" He grasped Andre by the



"SEE!" HE CRIED.

hand and shook him off. Marie was clutched in Andre's arms as the little boat put forth. Glode saw them go, and he was glad that he and the wife and the babe were to die together, since die they must. Out on the water, Marie and Andre saw sights that must have turned them gray. Bodies flew past them in the seething black water, while shrieks and moans rent the air. Wild echoes flew over the waters to the lonely figures in the boat. Every flash of lightning revealed horrors afresh.

Morning dawned, clear and beautiful. The sun, a fiery disk, sent long, glinting lines across the water, and the iridescence was a mockery of some of the hideous objects floating on the waves. A strange stillness hovered over all. Life seemed strangely, suddenly, interrupted. Only the occasional cry of a cat bird was heard. No sound of lowing cattle, no early matin by the noisy swallows.

See, there lie two bodies, side by side, with faces upturned to the sunlight. Serene in their last sleep, the unhappy and luckless lovers lie, cast on the beach by the receding waves.

Old Manuel was right. "For it is writ, these two shall not wed. To-night they shall die."

And there, in the graveyard of Cheniere, are among the many new graves two side by side, with a single cross above them.

Never again in the days to come will the island be its former beautiful self. Such scars drive too deep. Time may never change the awful, dreadful memories about the land which once smiled in plenty. Little children play again about the vineyards, and other youthful lovers whisper as they walk hand in hand along the beach at twilight, but if spirits walk at the mystic hour among the lonely grasses in the marshes and in the humble little cemetery, then you will hear of that dreadful night, when the angry waves rode over the island, and robbed it and murdered it. Restful spirits will keep watch, and if the waves lash again into fury, they will be softened and hushed, and so instead will only wash away bitter memories. The peace of God is again upon the island, and in song and story, Cheniere is again the vine-clad land of mirth and plenty.

Once more the red-sailed luggers ride around Cheniere Caminada.

Author's note. The facts of this story are essentially true. The storm raged all night on Sunday, in October, 1893. On that night, 2,000 or more lost their lives on the island of Cheniere Caminada. The island is adjacent to Grand Isle, noted as a summer resort on the extreme southern coast of Louisiana. One of the fishermen actually predicted the storm, and his own death that night, though few gave faith to what they termed his hallucination.

THE WISE BOATMAN.



"Hard work rowing."



"Wow! A shark!"



"I'll just make him help"



"Hurrah! Away we go!"

GOVERNMENT BUYING GOLD.

Miners Bring Their Dust or Nuggets to the Assay Office at Helena, Montana.

Gold in rich, dull bars, not glittering, for the real gold in large masses does not glitter, stacked up in bars that weigh a king's ransom—that is one of the sights in the United States assay office at Helena, says the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

Since the office was established in 1874 it has handled about \$30,000,000 in gold. Think of all that wealth coming from the modest little brick building there on a hillside street in Montana's capital city!

It is a dignified little building of an old-fashioned style of architecture, set in the middle of a terrace lot, whose lawn plots are well-kept and trimly cared for. Iron bars are on the windows and doors, but yet they do not give a prison effect. The air of the place is of quietness and yet importance. It is a little bit of a department building at Washington transplanted to the soil of Montana.

This is one of the seven assay offices Uncle Sam owns in the country. Gold comes to it from all parts of the northwest. Now and then a little from the Klondike or Cape Nome comes in, but since the establishment of the assay office at Seattle the shipments have ceased.

An assay office is an agency through which Uncle Sam buys the metal he uses in making coin. Once the piece bought gold and silver, but now gold alone is purchased. Still Uncle Sam is not arbitrary, so when a bar of metal containing both gold and silver arrives, he will pay for the silver it contains.

Placer miners, small and large, bring their dust and nuggets to the office, quartz miners and mining corporations bring theirs in bars. When the gold is first received it is carefully weighed on the delicately adjusted scales. Then it goes to the melting room, where it is weighed again. The meter has in his office a huge scale which will respond to the weight of a tiny bit of tissue paper and from that up to 10,000 ounces. It is one of the sights of the building.

When the gold has been melted into bricks by chips are taken of two corners of each brick, and they then go to the assaying room, one to each of the two assayers. With the best instruments and the most perfect appliances they assay the samples. Their work must check. If it does not the bar goes back and is melted over again and other samples taken. In this way a true assay is obtained, and on it the deposit of the bullion is paid.

Every week or so shipments of gold bars are made to the Philadelphia mint by express. The bars are packed in tight little boxes, made as strong as thick boards and lots of saws

can make them. In each board and at each junction of boards there are little circular indentations, where, after the bar has been screwed in, sealing wax is placed and stamped with the government seal. It might be stated that there never has been a robbery or an attempt at robbery at the assay office and no bullion ever has been lost in transit.

No bullion is received at the office that is less than .500 fine, and no deposits of less than \$100 are received.

The safe where the gold bars or bricks are stored is in the office. It is not large, but it has held as much as \$300,000 in metal at one time. The other day when a Standard man visited the place the officials brought out and stacked up on a window ledge bars that had a total value of \$20,000. They seemed small enough to admit of one carrying them away in a small gripsack. There was a marked difference in color. Some were very light and some, containing considerable silver, were dark.

Smoothest of Pickpockets.

"You can talk about your smooth pickpockets, but about the smoothest I ever saw was in New York," said the man who had traveled. "It was when I was up there a couple of summers ago. No, the story has never been printed, because the pickpocket was never arrested. I was a victim myself, and I didn't 'holer,' either. An Italian with a grindorgan and a monkey stopped in front of the hotel. The grind organ man ground and the monkey danced. The monkey then took up a collection. He was the most playful monkey I ever saw, and he jumped upon the knees of every man in the lobby. After he left I noticed that I was a dollar short. Several of the other fellows were also short, but we were in New York and expected it. The next day the Italian and the monkey came again. The man ground out the same old tunes and the monkey cut the same capers. A woman was in the lobby, and the animal jumped upon her lap. Then there was an awful scream, and 'Jocko' fell dead. In his right forepaw he held a half dollar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Remains of Man and Mammoth.

M. Redelin has discovered the remains of a mammoth associated with palaeolithic remains of man near Brignoles in lower Provence. In a cave under rocks there were found four chipped flint implements associated with a portion of the molar of Elephas primigenius, part of the frontal bone of a human skull with the jaw bone, teeth, etc. The discovery comes to fill a blank in the prehistoric records of Provence.—N. Y. Sun.

An Epicurean View.

First Epicure—Oysters should be doubly good in February.

Second Epicure—Why?

"Because it has two r's in it."—Judge.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The silhouette is in art what the pun is in literature.—Indianapolis News.

To win success, one must be able to fix his mind absolutely upon what he is doing, and to apply himself rigidly to the task.—Success.

"Is it winter or summer in South Africa now?" asked Mrs. Darley. "It seems to me that it is De Wet season," replied Mr. Darley.—N. Y. Sun.

"Yes, I see he is a good talker," said the customer. "Is he a good parrot otherwise?" "I can't say he is," replied the conscientious dealer. "The only good parrot is a dead parrot."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Hunt—"I suppose Jane Porter is the most truthful person in town. Why, I verily believe she would tell the truth even about her age." Mrs. Pike—"That wouldn't be truthfulness; it would simply be eccentricity."—Boston Transcript.

You shouldn't be selfish, but you will be; therefore remember that real selfishness isn't so very bad for you. It is to your own interest to habitually and steadfastly practice all the different phases of good conduct.—Aitchison Globe.

Indefinite.—First Messenger Boy—"Hello, Thirty-four," got a message to deliver?" Second Ditto—"Yep." First Messenger Boy—"How fer is it?" Second Ditto (taking out his dime novel)—"On'y about six chapters o' dis, 'Feud o' de Scarlet Ranger, or de Man Wid de Red Flannel Eye.'"—Philadelphia Press.

In the Proper Mood.—"Mr. Writen cannot work to-day," telephoned the wife of the dramatic author, "because he has the grip, and the medicine he has taken has affected his brain so that he cannot utter three words that show any sense or connection." "All right," answered the impresario. "Tell him to write me a libretto for another comic opera, and sketch the scenario for a dramatized novel before he recovers. And say, give him another dose of that medicine if he becomes rational before the work is finished."—Baltimore American.

GERMANY'S NATIONAL AIR.

It is Not "Die Wacht am Rhein," as is Supposed by a Great Many People.

It is remarkable how very few people in this country, even musicians, know the national song of Germany. There is a popular impression that it is "Die Wacht am Rhein." Such is not the case, however, as was learned lately by Prof. MacLeod, leader of the band of the District national guard, who applied to the German embassy for information on that point, states the Washington Star.

He thought it was the "Watch on the Rhine," but wasn't sure. The national guard band took part in the ceremonies attending the welcome to Prince Henry, and it was intended that his royal highness should hear the national song of the fatherland on that occasion.

In response to his inquiry the band leader was informed by a representative of the German ambassador that the national song of the German empire is "Hell dir im Siegerkranz," the music of which is precisely the same as that of "God Save the Queen," the national song of Great Britain, and "America," or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," one of the patriotic songs of the United States.

The same information is contained in "National and Patriotic Airs of All Nations," a volume compiled by John Philip Sousa when bandmaster of the United States Marine band, which compilation is accepted as the official guide of the navy department, and is followed in all naval functions. In addition to the cases already mentioned, it further appears from Prof. Sousa's compilation that the well-known music of "God Save the Queen" is also the national air of Switzerland under the name "Rufst du mein Vaterland" and the national song of Bavaria under the title "Heil unserm Konig, Hell."

Prof. Sousa denominates "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," as patriotic songs of the United States, and does not attempt to name the national song of this country. He shows, however, that the practice in the navy is to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at morning colors and "Hail Columbia" at evening colors on all ships in commission and at naval stations where there are service bands.

A Warning from Lo.

"We are absolutely sure," said the western man, "that Germany thinks ever and ever so much of us, and wouldn't do a thing to harm us for the world."

"How do you know?" asked the Indian chief.

"Because Prince Henry is coming over here to present our leading citizens and officials with beautiful cigarette cases and sleeve buttons and other valuable souvenirs."

"Listen, O white man," said the Indian, earnestly; "listen to the voice of sad experience. Do not be too trustful. When the Europeans first visited our country they made us beautiful presents of glass beads and jackknives. And now they are trying to make us cut our hair and wear suspenders!"—Washington Star.

Give Him a Chance.

"Felix Barnwell wants to run for congress," said Farmer Clayton, looking up from his paper.

His wife wearily dropped a pan of dough.

"Run!" she exclaimed. "Lard sakes! Any time he wants to run he oughter have the chance. He's so lazy he can't even walk fast most of the time."—Chicago Post.

THE FA.

A Lecture by Colonel Jarlick That Was Not Entirely Lost on the Children.

"Well, now, my er—h'm!—young friends," suavely began Plunk Jarlick, a moss-grown Arkansaw politician, who had dropped in to visit the school at Polkville, relates Puck. "I have been asked by your friend and, I may say, intellectual Perfeccion, to edify you with a few well-chosen words, and I don't see how I can do so in any better manner than by tellin' you a little story—one, my young friends, which is strictly true and has a moral appended.

"Once upon a time there was a weddin' and durin' the festivities which followed immediately after the happy couple had been made one, so to describe the interestin' process, a brother-in-law of the bride, who had shamelessly sneaked a large jug of whiskey into the house, accused a brother-in-law of the groom of stealin' the said jug from under the bed whur he had hid it and craftily hid-in' it in another place unknown to the original and likewise infuriated owner of the jug; for he was emphatically that kind of a man, children, and had red hair!

"Tharupon they fought! They fought like catamounts over that thar mizzable jug of whiskey! Everybody present took sides before long, and for a spell there was one of the prettiest little fights that I ever had the pleasure of witnessin'. Noses were broken and heads skinned; the fiddler of the occasion had his instrument broken on his skull like a gourd, and I reckon the ladies pulled hair enough out of each other's heads to have stuffed a sofy-piller. The dogs got tromped on and retorted by bitin' people, and the house caught fire from the overturned stove and one whole end was burnt off. Of course that stopped the festivities for the time bein'; but it was mighty near two years before some of the gents ceased to shoot at each other whenever it came handy. And all over one mizzable jug of whiskey! From this we should learn—but, who can tell me what I am tryin' to git at?"

"I can!" chirped one bright-faced lad, close up in front. "You want to guess what finally became of the jug!"

KEEP AN EVEN TEMPERATURE.

Some Rooms Are Kept Much Warmer While Others Are Not Warm Enough.

Much of the discomfort experienced in our winter home life is due to extremes of temperature found in various parts of the house. Some rooms are kept much too warm, doors might often be left open between rooms, thus communicating, as to equalize matters. It is an economy to shock our bodies by peeling from 75 degrees in the sitting room to 60 degrees or less in the passage and dining-room or bathroom, says the Popular Health Magazine.

The floors of many dwellings are never comfortable, and special foot-wear is desirable to be used on arising. Woolen slippers or overshoes, galoshes, etc., may be worn for this purpose, and will keep the animal heat in the body at this point of contact with the cold, cold world. Remember the first impressions are very lasting, and our bodies are grateful for a little protection and encouragement offered in the morning hours, when the life forces are awakening for their task. A little attention of this kind often determines the atmosphere of the whole day.

In all weathers the sleeping-room should be at a lower temperature than the living room, and more fresh air should be allowed to enter. In the very bitterest weather there are often enough cracks in the windows to allow of fairly good ventilation, even though the window be closed. It is especially when double casements and weather strips are used that allowance for air entrance should be made. This applies only to the very cold seasons, when the thermometer shows a temperature of zero or thereabouts.

Plum Padding Croquettes.

Plum pudding croquettes is a form of dessert in which the shortening and pastry ingredients are left out. A pint of milk is heated to the tepid stage and into it is crumbled a large cupful of stale bread crumbs from which the crust has been cut. Cover and let stand where it will keep hot, but not cook, for half an hour. Add to it one well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one cupful of chopped fruit—raisins, citron and currants. Mix and set aside until cold. Lightly flour the hands and form the mixture into tiny croquettes. Dip each into slightly beaten egg, then roll in fine cake and bread crumbs. Drop into smoking hot fat and cook golden brown. Serve with vanilla sauce.—N. Y. Post.

Turnip Charlotte.

Boil white turnips until tender; drain and pass through a fine sieve. To one cupful of turnip add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper, a grating of nutmeg and one-quarter of a cupful of thick cream, and, lastly, the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. Bake in a buttered mold, standing in a pan of water until the center becomes firm. Turn out and serve with a hot sauce made of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and one cupful of stock (white), well flavored.—Utica Observer.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"I AM WAITING FOR YOU, LOUISE." WHERE IS LOUISE.