

# MASTER and SLAVE

By... T. H. THORPE

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## CHAPTER VIII. ARTICLE 3510.

THE cooling air of November had checked the fruiting of the cotton plant and quickened the sweetening of the sugar cane. The harvesting of the one was ending, of the other about to begin, when a small company came together at "L'Esperance" upon Oakfell's invitation. Though not numerous, it reliably represented the best sentiment of the parish—Baldouine and Brulleton from lower Bayou des Glaisses, Millechaze and Colmesnotte from Bordino and Moreauville, Jewett and Fyrth from Bayous Beuf and Huffpower, Bizet and Dufosse from Cocoville, Valsin Moullot from Bayou du Lac, Father Grhe from Mansura. A truly satisfying dinner, topped by venison and mallard ducks, had maintained the good fame of the Oakfell board, and the servants being withdrawn by Mrs. Wyle, guests and host, over their coffee, considered the case of the jockey Leon.

Briefly and clearly Oakfell stated the result of his examination of the law and the facts. In proof of Quillebert's guilty knowledge that he had not even the shadow of a claim of ownership, he read this extract from a certified copy of the deed signed by him and Poydre, the agent of the heirs of Queyrrouze: "The oldest son of the said negress Olive, called Leon, is not included in the present sale, a condition without which the present sale would not take place and is void if the purchasers disregard it." And, as establishing Leon's right to freedom, he cited the article 3510 of the civil code:

"If a master suffer a slave to enjoy his liberty for 10 years during his residence in the state or for 20 years while out of it, he shall lose all right of action to recover possession of the slave unless the slave be a runaway or fugitive."

"This provision of the law," said Oakfell, "the distinct exception in the act of sale and Quillebert's perfidy in entrapping the unsuspecting boy have determined me, gentlemen, to institute suit in behalf of Leon for freedom, and I have felt that I should declare my purpose to those friends and neighbors whose judgement and esteem I value most."

All looked to Baldouine, who after a moment of silent thought confidently spoke their response:

"Your resolution increases our respect for you. Quillebert is a shameless demoralizer, an evil influence in the community. His chief gains have notoriously been from gambling and usury. His instincts are low, and his practices are scandals hurtful to our young men. This theft of a man from



They found him at a sharp bend in the public road.

himself is the crowning disgrace he has put upon our parish. In undertaking to thwart and rebuke him you do a true service to the good people of Avoyelles, Mr. Oakfell, and shall have the support of all of us here."

"Not only our support, Mr. Horace," exclaimed Valsin, "but our protection also."

"The danger is not to me, but to Leon," Oakfell replied. "I fear that Quillebert will kill him outright in the rage into which the suit will throw him."

"Then," said Fyrth, whose presidency over sessions of the lynch court in the early days of the state had made his name a dread to evildoers and whose countenance testified a terrible courage, "he must in advance be warned that he cannot live 12 hours in Avoyelles afterward, and I suggest the priest as the proper person to notify him. Do you object?" addressing Father Grhe.

"I do not," replied the latter, and the party dispersed.

As prearranged by Oakfell, the sheriff, charged with the service of the legal processes, called at the house of Father Grhe, and the latter accompanied him

on the visit to Quillebert. They found him at a sharp bend in the public road skirting the Bayou Rouge, seated upon his horse and conversing with Laure Luneau, sole occupant of her grandmother's exaggerated buggy, to which was harnessed the colossal mule. Cohn suddenly upon the two, they saw the girl quickly snatch from Quillebert's hand a small watch and long golden chain and furtively bestow them under the seat of the vehicle and were amused at her confused efforts to recover the loosened reins and drive on before they spoke.

"Pray do not be disturbed at this interruption of your tete-a-tete, mademoiselle," said the sheriff, doffing his hat. "I have but to deliver these papers to M. Quillebert and be off, with apologies for the intrusion." And he handed the documents to Quillebert, who received them mechanically, without so much as looking at the large written characters indorsed upon them.

"Before reading those papers, M. Quillebert, allow me to speak with you," said Father Grhe, riding near him and in an undertone communicating the particulars of the meeting at "L'Esperance" and the warning in the words of Fyrth.

In the struggle to suppress his anger Quillebert's face was that of a demon. It became knotted with swollen veins; his bloodshot eyes glared like a bated brute; his heavy lips, though tightly pressed together, shook like storm swept waves of a muddy stream, and his fingers convulsively worked the papers they clutched into a crumpled and shapeless lump. Father Grhe turned his eyes away from the revolting spectacle, but Laure gazed upon it fascinated.

"The cowardly creoles join the bullying Americans in threatening a Frenchman with lynch law, and you, Monsieur priest, are their herald, eh? That is the case?" at length Quillebert muttered hoarsely.

"It will only aggravate the situation to use insulting adjectives," answered Father Grhe. "Those citizens have but adopted a heroic mode of forestalling a possible and deplorable outcome of an appeal to the law in humanity's cause, and I have borne their message in the hope of preventing two murders. Mlle. Luneau, you seem to have the confidence of M. Quillebert." He accompanied these words with a significant look at the girl. "Advise him against his dangerous impulses."

Her face was instantly aflame, and her eyes became orbs of wrath, but she made no audible reply nor returned the bow of the priest and sheriff as they rode away.

"You see, my little Gasconne," said Quillebert, "what flows from a combination of maudlin hysteria of the Estelle Latiolais type and abolition ambition and avarice of the Oakfell brand."

"The Horace Oakfell brand, you mean," Laure retorted sharply. "M. Evariste, I am sure, has no part in these doings."

"So, so!" mused Quillebert aloud, as if detecting something, yet doubting whether the discovery pleased him. "Not M. Evariste, eh? Ah! Well, let us see. Estelle, yes. Oakfell, yes. But not M. Evariste; no? She has lost her reason on Oakfell, but not M. Evariste, eh? And I have thought he was praying at her church!"

"Not so. I do not believe a word of it," snapped Laure.

"Nor I now. I must have been misled by the frequency of his visits at the Latiolais house." Observing that Laure's vexation was approaching the limit of restraint, he adroitly gave his comments another direction. "My hatred of the one made it too easy for me to do injustice to his half brother. I should have remembered that Evariste has French blood. His grandfather was a grand rascal of '93. Estelle's great-grandfather was a grand gentleman of '89. There should be more puissant sympathy between him and the true Gasconne maid than between him and the simpering descendant of a supercilious and skipping emigre. We may have a friend in the enemy's camp."

"But the warning must be heeded," Laure said.

"For the present, yes," Quillebert reluctantly assented; "but my day will come."

"If you prudently employ those days which lie between."

"You know my race."

"Well."

"That is enough." And with a stinging blow of the whip Laure started the big mule into a swinging trot toward the junction of the bayous. Reaching the point where the road cut the levee and wound down a soft, steep bank to the narrow bridge at the crossing, she beheld Evariste on the other side riding briskly out of the swamp from the direction of the prairie, and, though she could well have passed over the stream before him, she chose to halt at the water's edge and await him, unseen from her grandmother's cottage. He had not observed her when he emerged from the forest, nor was he aware of her presence until he had begun the descent of the almost sheer declivity with apparent recklessness, but with justified confidence in the sure footed beast

that bore him. Checking his horse at the bridge's approach and saluting Laure laughingly, he said:

"Agres vous, mademoiselle." "No, M. Evariste; pass over to this side. I have something to say to you," she replied, and in a moment he was at her buggy's wheel.

"Tell me," said she, "what is the meaning of this persecution of M. Constant? Is it neighborly? Is it not abolitionist?"

"I have no part in the business, believe me," he answered. "It is not the sort of thing to interest me. My brother affects philosophy, humanitarianism, altruism and other isms which appeal to his emotional nature, but which have no charm for me, and it seems he has undertaken the affair as a knight of old would sally forth to chop the head off a dragon."

"To win a fair lady." Laure furnished the conclusion from her reading of the Trouveres in the old books sent to her grandmother by the brother who had served the emperor in Egypt.

"I do not comprehend, mademoiselle," said Evariste. "Who can be the fair lady of this exploit?"

"Estelle Latiolais." She shot the name at him, intently watching his face. It flushed; hers paled. But, forcing a smile, he answered:

"You are but guessing, mademoiselle. Horace has not seen Mlle. Latiolais since she went away to the convent near four years ago."

"It is you who guess, and badly. The grandchild of the doctress needs not to guess. Attend to me. The night Leon ran away he went to your brother, sent by Estelle, with her request that he would procure the rogue's freedom. At the very moment M. Constant was leathering the wretch as he deserved your brother was pressing the hand of Estelle Latiolais passionately in his and pledging himself to the scheme for her sake."

"How can you have knowledge of these things?" His eyes and voice betrayed agitation.

"How can you be ignorant of them who see your brother every day and the lady but little less often?" She saw her advantage.

"This is no answer, mademoiselle," he said peevishly.

"If I could feel under duty," said Laure, sighing, and, catching a warmer look in the young man's eyes, she added with an air of trusting frankness: "But I will tell you, M. Evariste, how I know, for, though I have not convent education and accomplishments, I am not one to smile and conceal, pretend and deceive. Know, then, that old Olive, Leon's mother, comes frequently to my grandmother and to her has told these things as she learned them from Odette, the maid of Estelle. They are true. No one dares lie to the doctress."

"Probably. I thank you, mademoiselle. Good night." The young man raised his hat with his right hand as he tightened the bridle with his left.

"But!" exclaimed Laure, as if to stay him; then, suddenly changing her purpose, amiably repeated "Good night, monsieur," and, crossing the bridge, toiled slowly up one bank, while Evariste's horse bounded up the other like a chamois over an Alpine wall.

He gave bridle and spur to the fleet animal, whose speed was timed to the storm that raged within his breast. His brows were drawn downward and together, and from under them his eyes looked fiercely, but saw only the images created by his frenzy. He could but believe that his frequent visits and warmth of manner had plainly notified to Estelle his passion, though it was as yet undeclared in speech, and the ostentatious suavity of her reception of him, as he now regarded it, was sufficient warrant for confidence that his devotion was acceptable. His brother's patronizing munificence and studied show of candor had lulled him into a sense of security against any possible clash between their desires. Yet those two had met on a memorable day. An arduous task had been imposed by her and taken up by him, which necessarily implied reciprocal regard and trust, reward of the tenderest nature and the hope thereof. Their hands had clasped, and he, for the guardian of her favor, had set forth in a venture perilous alike to his life and his political prospects.

Only a perfect understanding of the most ardent character could explain all this, so skillfully hidden from him. Horace, taking advantage of his (Evariste's) dependence in fortune, was ruthlessly trampling his heart underfoot, for he could not but have known his love for Estelle. Should he submit to be thus ignored in that which was most vital to his happiness? Would life in such submission be worth living? No; a thousand times no! Horace boasted American bravery. Evariste would meet it with a trait, inherited from his ancestor, which had contributed to deepen the red of the French revolution. The unguided courage of his brother was a dolt; his own talent was a patient, calculating engineer. He would await the proper time for its employment, and the effect would be the horrid crash of all that had been built on his wrongs. This was the first shadow that had fallen upon his life, and his soul surged darkly as a tempest tossed sea when the winded horse stopped at the gate of the Oakfell home. Seeing Horace advance toward him, he gave the command of Gloster—"Drive, thoughts, down to my soul! Here Clarence comes!"

and greeted his brother with a smile.

CHAPTER IX.  
QUILLEBERT ENTERTAINS.

IT is in the nature of some men to maintain and defend the wrongs they do more obstinately and courageously than their rights and to stake more for the retaining of an unjust acquisition than a legitimate gain. There are those who would die rather than restore ill gotten wealth, yet would yield their honest earnings

to avoid a threatened inconvenience. Such are they who restlessly cultivate calumny to the undoing of the victim and laugh at the truth which damns themselves.

Constant Quillebert was no weakling. There was no lack of vigor in his character. His was a strong mentality, his vision straight, though his courses were oblique or tortuous. Neither was he the passive creature of circumstances nor yet a mere form molded by environment. Such as he was he made himself by the exercise of volition, forcing his selective power into each trait of his character and every phase of his life. He could without strain of reason have been a pious churchman, but preferred to defy priestcraft, and from choice, not conviction, became a saucy infidel. Wife and children would have sobored and softened his progress to the grave had he willed, but domestic restraints were as distasteful as moral limitations, and hence he scoffed at matrimony. Nothing was less difficult or expensive than to become an American citizen, entitled to political rights and honors equally with his neighbors; but, weighing the inducements on either side of the proposition, he refrained from swearing fidelity to the constitutions and laws which protected him and his accumulations and remained the subject of a foreign potentate. His genius and accomplishments would have enabled him to achieve by approved industry and commendable methods a competency, even wealth, in the generous country where he dwelt, yet chicanery, commerce in the failings of his fellow men and freebooting excursions to the horizons of the law appealed to him more cogently, and, as said by Baldouine, "his chief gains were notoriously from gambling and usury," and he was rated a rich man with a goodly store of gold. While it had been potentially his to be in the community an elder, giving judgment, he enjoyed eminence among the cavaliers against order. Shrewd, bold, unscrupulous, tireless, he was no mean foe whom Oakfell had called into the arena.

During the quadrennial period preceding the civil war no other word was



In the back room of Dede's cabaret, so eloquent to stir popular wrath in Louisiana as the word "abolitionist." Its exposition came from a press and hustings which were at one upon the slavery question, and its definition was confined within the synonymous scope of "hypocrite," "assassin," "insurrectionist," "house burner," "negrophile." Its blight upon the name of a man was as subtle and sure as that of dishonor upon the fame of a woman. And the rancorous and intolerant, the quickest to respond in fury to the hated word, were the very poor whites inhabiting the infertile highlands, who never owned and seldom hired negro slaves. All sentiments have their extreme exponents, and it was not anomalous that the most inimical to the abolition movement should be those who apparently would be least damaged by its accomplishment.

The cunning wit of Quillebert was instant to see advantage in this condition of the popular mind. He had never pretended a legal right or title over Leon. He knew he had never purchased him. He had not forgotten the exception in the deed. He was conscious that his possession resulted from a shameful kidnapping, and his dominion had no other basis than might. He felt that, tried upon its merits of law and fact alone, the issue would be determined against him. Therefore other influences must be brought to bear upon the contest, and ready to his hand lay the anti-American prejudice and antiabolition passion. The thought of Oakfell triumphing over him stung as an ox lash. The barrenness and unworthiness of his cause stimulated him to exertions and inspired tactics which were revelations of endurance and ingenuity.

In as many nights he rode to Mansura, Le Coigne, Bordelon slough, Ile de Cote, Marksville, Bayou Blanc, Parnant, Coude d'Eu, Bout de Bayou and Pointe Maigre and sounded the head man of each of these settlements. Laure Luneau was his embassador to the women of Coude du Francois. These were the colonies of his countrymen or their descendants, small planters of the nonslaveholding class, keepers of cabarets and roadside shops, blacksmiths, shoemakers, gardeners, charcoal burners, fishermen and hunters of the mallard and the papabote. The insinuation was dropped among them that the suit was a move on the part of the abolitionists and Oakfell was their agent, and close upon it followed the rumor, traceable to no source, that while at Baton Rouge he received numerous letters from Eoston, Albany, Philadelphia and Oberlin.

The night of the Sunday preceding Christmas found Quillebert presiding at the baize covered table in the back room of Dede's cabaret at Mansura. There were no cards or chips on the cloth, but in their stead were dishes

and a great bowl of steaming gumbo prepared by Dede's wife (he had no negroes) and glasses and pitchers of hot rum spiced by Dede himself. Around the board were Dr. De Roux, Aristides Portvie, Fulgence Jadot, Martin Brille, Alice Robelin, Homer Tibout, Norbert Cazebat and Tibouras Pratjean. The last was a swarthy, big jawed, low browed man, short and broad shouldered, a lawyer who in the last election had been an unsuccessful candidate for the judgeship. His restless black eyes, small and set close together, hooked nose and twitching lips over an assertive chin revealed the spirit and faculties suited to further the purposes of Quillebert. The outer doors were locked and windows barred. Nine saddled horses stood under the long low shed at the rear of the cabaret inclosure.

"Listen, Constant," said Pratjean. "In the court I shall say the plaintiff was born a slave; his master never emancipated him. Emancipation must be express; it cannot be inferred from conduct. Born a slave, never emancipated, whence got he the right to sue and stand in judgment? Answer me that! First, the question, Has he the right to sue? If you can answer yes to that, only then the second question, ownership vel non. If you must answer no, then, though M. Quillebert owns him not, the plaintiff is out of court and cannot be heard. No right, no suit; that's all."

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Great Chance to Use Your Wits.  
The Minneapolis Tribune company, which is everlastingly devising new and successful schemes to advertise unquestioned merit as a great newspaper, is about to offer \$2,500 in prizes in a dot-contest on a larger scale than ever before attempted. The first prize will be \$1,000, and every man, woman and child in the northwest not connected with the Tribune has a chance to win the money.

Jumped on a Ten Penny Nail.  
The little daughter of Mr. J. N. Powell jumped on an inverted rake made of ten penny nails, and thrust one nail entirely through her foot, and a second one-half way through. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was promptly applied, and five minutes later the pain had disappeared, and no more suffering was experienced. In three days the child was wearing her shoe as usual, and with absolutely no discomfort. Mr. Powell is a well known merchant of Portland, Me. Pain Balm is an antiseptic, and heals such injuries without maturation, and in one-third the time required by the usual treatment. For sale by Princeton Drug Co.

BUSINESS LOCALS.  
MONEY to loan on improved farms. M. S. RUTHERFORD, Princeton, Minn.

Thanksgiving, and Ludden has Florida oranges.

Just a few snaps left in clothing at Carew's. Call and inspect. 45tf

Be thankful you can get clarified sweet cider at LUDDEN'S.

Farmers, I can use your potatoes, corn, oats and produce. Highest market prices. S. A. CAREW.

We are thankful to have the best assortment of carpets at LUDDEN'S.

I have some bargains in residence lots. Will sell for cash or on time. 20-23 L. S. BRIGGS.

The ladies are thankful they can buy those warm knit skirts at LUDDEN'S.

Will sell my house and lot. Possession may be had at once. Lot is outlot No. 12 Durham's addition. 2w J. E. INGEBRYTSON.

When trading in Princeton remember S. A. Carew at the old Sausser corner. He can make you way down bargains on clothing, boots, shoes, groceries, etc. 45tf

We are thankful, selling the best seal brand rubbers and overshoes. LUDDEN'S STORE.

LOST—On road between brick yard and Princeton, black plush cape trimmed with fur, with purple lining. Finder please return to H. Reem at Long's Siding or leave at UNION office and receive reward.

Solberg Bros. have opened a blacksmith and wagon shop opposite B. Soule's planing mill and are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing and wagon work. Horse shoeing and plough work a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. 44tf

For Sale, 320 Acres.  
In quantities to suit purchaser, the west half (w<sup>1</sup>) of section fourteen (14) in Greenbush township. Splendid timber and some excellent meadow land. Apply to M. F. HANLEY, 709 N. Y. Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tamarac Poles Wanted.  
Tamarac poles twenty-five feet long, and not less than six inches at the smallest end, wanted by the Minnesota Rural Telephone Co. To be delivered in lots of fifty and upward, and at places designated. MINNESOTA RURAL TELEPHONE CO., DR. T. L. ARMITAGE, Sec'y, 51-3w Princeton, Minn.

DON'T BE FOOLED!  
Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.



## Church Topics

Sunday and Weekday Announcements...

### METHODIST.

Dr. Forbes will preach at Wyanett Sunday afternoon.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. E. M. Farnham on Wednesday afternoon.

The Greenbush people should not forget Dr. Forbes' sermon at the Greenbush church on next Monday night.

Rev. Paul Haight held Thanksgiving services at the Greenbush church last evening. A good many of the Blue Hill people attended.

The Ladies' Aid of the Greenbush church met on Wednesday last week with Mrs. Frank Feltze. They met yesterday at the church where they held an all-day meeting, and the men attended and cut up the lumber for the horse sheds the church is erecting. The sheds will be 100 feet long and substantially built.

Dr. Forbes will preach at the Princeton church Sunday evening, Dec. 1, and hold quarterly conference Monday forenoon. Dr. Forbes' itinerary will be as follows: Cambridge, Friday, Nov. 29; Spencer Brook, Sunday morning, where he will hold services; Princeton, Sunday evening, conference Monday morning, and conference sermon at the Greenbush church Monday night. Dr. Forbes is always a welcome visitor at quarterly conference time and is always given a loving welcome.

### CONGREGATIONAL.

Union Thanksgiving services this evening.

Topics for next Sunday: Morning, "Expansion in the Christian Life." Evening, "Christ's Tact Shown in Interviews."

The musical and literary entertainment given under the auspices of the Dorcas society at the church on Tuesday night was a very interesting event and those participating made up a program of songs, instrumental music, recitations, etc., that was well worth hearing. The entertainment netted the society the snug sum of \$14.

### GERMAN LUTHERAN.

Rev. Schimpfsky conducted Thanksgiving services in the church this morning at 10 o'clock. There was a good attendance. The pastor has held regular morning Thanksgiving services ever since the church was dedicated.



The best way to reach Eastern and Southern cities is via

Chicago or St. Louis

via Burlington Route trains. Leaving Minneapolis on the Scenic Express in the morning, there is a 300 mile ride along the Mississippi, reaching Chicago 9:35 p. m. Leaving in the evening on the Limited, you have the finest Electric lighted train in the world, reaching Chicago 9:25 next morning.

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