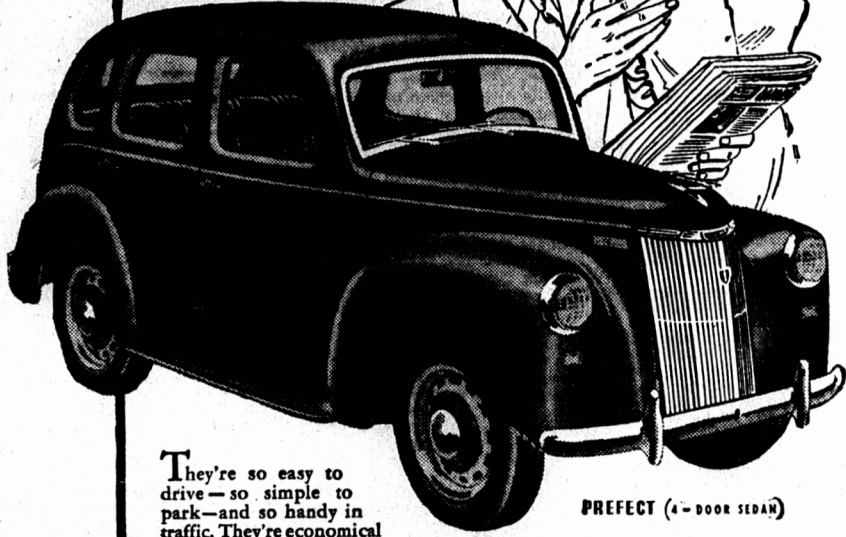


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## CRESCENT CARNIVAL

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES (Continued)

He stepped swiftly in front of the door and held out his arms. "Come here," he commanded. "Come here, of your own free will, and say, 'Andy, I do love you. I'll prove it to you. I will stay with you. I won't let anything stop me or delay our marriage. I don't care about the sawdust of the Carnival, or the empty pomp of a fashionable wedding, or anything else that I'd give up to be your wife. I'm not afraid of obstacles or scandal or disaster. I'm not afraid of what you'll take from me or of what you'll do to me. I want you for my lover. I'll love you for my husband. Not just for richer, for poorer, too. Not just for better, for worse. Say it. I swear you'll never be sorry. I swear you'll live gloriously, whether you live safely or not. Give me a chance, darling, a fighting chance. Then I'll pull through and come up on top. For you—with you—as my wife!"

For a moment she faltered. If her mind had not been so subtly impoisoned, if she had not been so long fed with fear, she might have gone to him, she might have saved them both. But she was not strong enough to shake off the shackles that held her. She sobbed and shook her head. "I can't, Andy," she said brokenly. "I do love you. I will love you all my life. But I don't dare. I can't take the risks. Please open the door and let me out."

Letter from Marcel Fontaine of New Orleans to his friend, Napier Rutledge, a senior at the University of Virginia.

Ash Wednesday, 1891

Dear Nap:

I know it is no secret to you that I have been deeply in love with Estelle Lenior for a long time; but because I was pledged to secrecy, I have not told you that shortly before Christmas I formally asked for her hand. Her parents were good enough to respond favorably to my suit, but said that the formal announcement of the betrothal must not be made until Easter. However, Andy Breckenridge has been actively pressing a most unwelcome suit in the same quarter. So this morning, after church, I went straight to their house, and boldly said that I felt the engagement should be made known at once, and that the date of the wedding should be advanced from June to Easter.

I am happy to tell you that they agreed with me. By the time this letter reaches you, all New Orleans will be ringing with my good news. And I had the inestimable joy of seeing my dearest Estelle alone today for nearly an hour and of revealing my love for her more fully than I have ever been able to do heretofore. She is still very shy and strange with me, which is natural, and her lovely modesty and sweet reserve make me worship her the more. I believe, too, that the knowledge of Andy's suit has harassed and depressed her. Needless to say, she has never countenanced it, much less encouraged it; but still I think it must be the source of her sadness, and I am sure that when we are married she will instantly forget the trouble he has caused her. Then her natural spirits will revive and she will be completely happy herself besides making me the happiest of men. It is hard to think that six weeks must elapse before I can claim her completely. But these will pass, surely though slowly, and then with what joy I shall receive her as my bride!

Of course, my dear Nap, I shall count on you to be one of my groomsmen. Fortunately your spring vacation should make this service easily possible for you. And I am thankful that since you will be graduating in June, we shall never be separated for long again, but see each other daily in the future, as we used to in the past. Ever your friend, Marcel Fontaine

Letter from Madame Adrien Lenior of New Orleans to her cousin, Madame Pierre de Gruy of St. Martinville

September 10, 1891

My dear Alzire: I am writing belatedly, yet gratefully, to thank you for your letter of condolence, composed in a spirit of such touching sympathy, as soon as you learned of the great loss my husband and I had sustained through the death of his dear mother.

We are beginning to fear that the Fontaine family is not, after all, the one we should have chosen for an alliance. Clatise has with her parents' full knowledge and consent, engaged herself to a young man named Napier Rutledge, who lives near the Fontaines on Bayou St. John. Certainly I should never have believed that the Fontaines would consider Napier Rutledge in the light of a possible parti for their younger daughter, who is really very pretty and charming; yet they act as if they were delighted at the match; and their viewpoint in this regard, astonishing as it has been to us, has not begun to give us the pained surprise caused by their behavior concerning the betrothal of their elder daughter, Aurora, the greatest beauty and belle in New Orleans, to that notorious sportsman, Andrew Breckenridge. (To Be Continued)

## BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 7

tiny sigh of relief and happiness. He had reached his winter home at last. No more long, tiresome flights. That is, no more until he headed back in the spring for his summer home. "I see, you are no steeper on your legs than you were when I last saw you," said a harsh voice. Teeter turned quickly. On a neighboring rock stood a big bird with a long, big bill on the under part of which was a bag. "Oh, I didn't see you, Grandpa Pelican. I'm sorry. I was so glad to get here that I didn't even look around. You look just the same, Grandpa Pelican. You don't look a feather older," said Teeter.

"That may be, but I'm a lot of fish older," retorted Grandpa Pelican. You know he lives on fish. He is a famous fisherman. Abruptly he spread his big wings and flew out over the water. Suddenly he plunged and disappeared under water. When he came up he wore a pleased look. There was a reason. There was a fish in that bag under his bill.

Teeter didn't wait for him to return, but flew down on the loveliest sandy beach. How good that damp sand felt under his small feet! He ran along just to feel it. Behind him he left the faintest of footprints. Once long, long ago the footprints of a Man were found where Teeter was now leaving his footprints. Can you guess on what island Teeter's winter home was?

## Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

a-million-times accident, it bit a masculine thumb, inflicting a painful and gory wound. The animal had strayed into the area of water about an idle mill-wheel, where it was confined. A helper at the mill, commencing the new week in a fitting manner had gone down into the dimness there to rid the wheel of any encumbrance of sticks or tins or other foreign bodies that might have collected over the week-end and "sure it was a bit of a stick" caught the muskrat bare-handed with astonishing result. Then sought First Aid at the hands of the nearest housewives. There was a hasty foregathering of the family about the afflicted one, in this old kitchen, but presently wound bathed and bound, there was an outgoing to the slaughter.

It was on the heels of these incidents, as we pondered about the course of the day, that words from the old years came back to mind. We with other children had been disappointed in the weather that summer day. We wanted it clear and lovely for the intended excursion, but instead the morning had brought us lowering skies and rain. Our disappointment must have been apparent because an old man, smallish and bright, his white whiskers meeting the fringe of silvery hair beneath his quaint hat, sensing it, studied the clouds on our behalf and commented in a thin voice: "I wouldn't worry about it. A poor beginning can bring a good ending. I've often seen it so. Did you never see the clouds break away all of a sudden and the sun shine out? And bring a day better than ever before! And have you not heard that 'All's well that ends well'?" at Alderlea. So it proved with us at Alderlea. In spite of an unfavorable beginning we came to our rest with an "All's well" in our hearts.

The best event of today, was of course the delayed pelting of the muskrat, for the children, our guests. At dinner they offered their impressions of the incident, carried out in a barn for their pleasure and interest. "He had long sharp teeth" granddaughter shuddered at the remembrance. "And a flat tail — to help him swim" Gage offered. "And soft, silky brown fur" Jamie smiled to make someone a warm winter coat! And today was "like April" we said, and only pleasant and good to the family at Alderlea. Until tomorrow — — Diary — Good-night. . . .

## CHERRY VALLEY W. M. S.

The Cherry Valley W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Ivan Docherty for their February meeting, with an attendance of seven members.

The President, Mrs. George Irving, presided; meeting opened with call to worship, followed by a beautiful poem read by Mrs. J. E. MacEachern. The 23rd Psalm was read in unison. Prayer led by the president after which the offering of \$1.20 was received. Two lovely readings were then given, one by Mrs. Everett Jenkins, the other by Mrs. Everett MacDougall. This was followed by silent prayer and Lord's Prayer in unison. The de-

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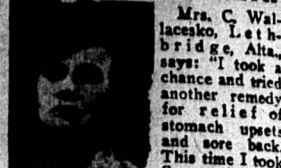
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FRANKFURT, Germany, Feb. 25 (AP) — United States Navy officials said Saturday they are investigating the possibility that aircraft wreckage found by a German diver in the Baltic may be that of a missing Privateer fired on by Russian fighter planes last spring. The four-engined Privateer vanished with its crew of 10 April 4, 1950, on what the navy said was an unarmed training flight from Wiesbaden to Copenhagen.