

# BAFFITE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
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## CHAPTER I

Paris, in the year 1790, and the garden of the Tuileries bright with the sunshine of an autumnal day. Two boys, seated in the grass near a path not far from one of the ponds, were playing with a turtle they had captured.

The humble origin of the elder, a lad of thirteen, was evidenced by those physical signs which are usually associated with people of his class; but the other, three years younger, bore all the indications of gentle birth. His sire was a baron of the "ancien regime," while Pierre's father had been a peasant, and his widowed mother the faithful nurse of her who had lived but two months after giving birth to the boy Jean, whom Margot loved as her own Pierre.

Presently there came along the promenade a trio of court gallants, attired in the extreme of the prevailing fashion, beruffled, bejeweled, and perfumed. One of them was a slenderly built young man, whose sharp features, pale-blue eyes set closely together, thin lips, and weak chin, gave ample proof of his nature and disposition.

A more striking contrast to the younger boy could not well be imagined. Yet the same blood ran in their veins, for the new-comer was Etienne, Jean's half-brother, who had, for some time past, been occupying an unimportant position at court.

He espied the two boys before they noticed him, so engrossed were they in heading-off the turtle, whose instinct seemed to tell it how to find a way to the near-by pond.

The three courtiers paused in the pathway; and Etienne, stepping quickly over the grass, gave the turtle a well-directed kick that sent it splashing into the water.

He and his friends then laughed boisterously, while Jean and Pierre sprang to their feet, the former's eyes

white with rage. "But you shall answer for such insolence!"

"As you please, monsieur, and whenever you shall say," replied the sous-lieutenant, glancing past him at the two boys, who were now close to one another, directly behind Etienne, their faces filled with surprise and satisfaction at seeing him thus brought to bay.

"I know you for what you are, you Corsican beggar," Etienne hissed, backing off over the grass; "and never fear but that I will remember." Then he turned, and the trio departed.

When they were gone, the sous-lieutenant joined the two boys, who were now standing by the edge of the pond, searching for some trace of their late captive.

As he approached, Jean looked up at him, and, with characteristic impulsiveness, caught one of his hands, while Pierre, with a peasant's dumbness, gazed at him with an admiration his stupid tongue would never have been able to express.

"I love you for that!" exclaimed the younger boy, his face aglow with enthusiasm. "Ah, but it was a fine thing to see Etienne balked, for once!"

"And who is this Etienne?" inquired the officer, scowling, as he looked down at the water.

"My half-brother."

"Your half-brother!" repeated the questioner, his voice showing surprise. "Sacre! Your life must be a pleasant one, if what I saw be a fair sample of his usual mood and manners."

This day was followed by many another, which at irregular intervals through the next two years, found the man and boy together; and a strong, loyal love sprang up between these two, so far apart in age, and situated farther in their respective natures.

Seasons came and passed—springs,

ity of the servants, went with him; but a few of the latter remained at the Paris house with Etienne, who, detesting the quiet life of Languedoc, refused flatly to go there.

Another reason for his determination lay in the fact that he was now—secretly, of course—in Robespierre's employ; a thing Monsieur le Baron suspected, but of which he had no absolute proof; and the servants who stopped with the young man were Revolutionary in sentiment.

At the beloved old country-house, where everything was more to his taste than in any other spot on earth, Jean forgot much of what had filled the air of Paris with such horror. He and Pierre, rioting in vigorous health, went roaming about, hunting in the park for small game, or hidden away snugly in a remote part of the wood, devoured a book of travels which told of pirates and soldiers of fortune, who had reaped many a harvest of riches upon the Spanish main.

This book was the key-note of Jean's dream-world; and it had long been a pastime of the boys that he should read it aloud, while Pierre listened with absorbed attention.

Thus it was that the exploits of De Soto, Pizarro, Cortez, and the minor leaders of adventurous bands were, for these two boys, the ideals of what their own careers should be when manhood set them free to achieve their ambitions.

The gardens about the place were a wilderness of bloom, left very much to nature, and entirely free from the marks of that formal science that showed in the generality of French gardens—the style which had come into vogue with Le Notre, in the time of Louis XIV.

But outside the park, where the boys were not permitted to go, it was easy to realize something of the turmoil that was shaking Paris, miles away, and also the country nearer about, where the peasants were holding meetings, secret at first, but becoming more open as the Jacobins waxed stronger with each successive day.

The principal leader and speaker among the peasantry was one Tomas Fauchel, who had recently come from Paris, and who appeared, for some reason, to have an especial hatred for Monsieur le Baron. But the latter, whose attention was engrossed by his books and papers, knew nothing of this, as he rarely went abroad, and seemed to grow more reserved and gloomy as the days wore on.

The 14th of July—the anniversary of the French nation's independence—came and went; and, on the night of August 10th, the Assembly having removed from Paris all the regiments suspected of being loyal to the king, there was no armed force to resist the mob that, insane with blood-thirsty passion, broke into the Tuileries, butchered the king's attendants, and took away, as prisoners, the few who were still alive.

Over the chateau in Languedoc, that August night, the same stars that glittered above the carnage of Paris shone upon a scene of peace. But Monsieur le Baron's heart was growing heavier, and his wakeful eyes were fixed upon the stars, as he lay in bed looking out of the window. A foreboding of evil crept chillingly about him, and a note of coming woe seemed to sigh in the wind stirring among the olive and pepper trees that made a small grove outside.

But in his chamber beyond, Jean, unconscious and happy, slept a sleep such as could never more be known on earth by the king's little son, whom, only a few months since, the two lads—Jean and Pierre—had looked at with worshipful awe, as a being infinitely above themselves, and one who could by no possibility ever experience the hard brunts of life.

Viewed in the light of such a change, men seem but little better than the pieces upon a chess-board. Fate and time are invincible powers, moving pawns into the knights' squares, and sweeping kings, queens, and knights into oblivion.

(To be continued.)



"I am an officer, monsieur, as you can see."

blazing angrily as they met those of his half-brother.

"Sneaking spoli-sport! How dared you," cried the boy.

"Dared!" repeated Etienne jeeringly, while his companions again laughed uproariously. "Mais, you impudent young cub, I think it were well to cool your temper by sending you after your turtle." With this he seized Jean by the collar, as if to throw him into the pond.

The lad, mute with passion, struck out fiercely with his fists, until Etienne, his rage making him forget his dandyism and fine raiment, grasped more firmly the jeweled cane he carried, and began to rain blows upon the head and shoulders not so very far below his own not great height, while he held fast to Jean's collar with a grip whose firmness was out of keeping with his frail and puny build.

A clear, icy-toned voice suddenly cut the air like a flash of steel.

"Pardon, monsieur; but would you not like assistance?"

It was the sous-lieutenant, whose look had affected Jean so oddly a short time before.

"I have been an unintentional spectator of your unmanly conduct, monsieur," continued the young officer, in the same low, even tone, as he calmly faced Etienne; "and what I have heard and seen of its beginning compels me to take the part of this young gentleman who has so needlessly abused and angered."

"Dane! Who are you, to dare speak to me in such fashion? Etienne demanded furiously, his white fingers again gripping the cane in a way suggestive of a desire to use it in a new quarter, while he advanced a few steps toward the sous-lieutenant, who stood with his hands still clasped behind his back, and a fine scorn touching the severe line of his lips.

"I am an officer, monsieur, as you can see," he replied, his tone in keeping with his disdainful composure; "and one who, by training as well as by nature, cannot but object to see such a display of cowardice in any man, be he courtier or simple citizen."

"Mille tonnerres!" cried Etienne,

summers, falls, and winters,—to be strung, like beads, upon the rosary of time; and nearer were drawing those bloody days of France, which are to live forever, with their gory hue undimmed, although the crimson flow that stained them has been dried by the suns of many years.

In late April of 1792, Monsieur le Baron was still domiciled at his Paris house, and early April usually found him in his Languedoc chateau.

For two years past, Etienne—the simpering coxcomb of twenty-seven—had retained his position at court; and the atmosphere thus brought about his father tended to throw the latter more into the company of former friends, many of whom were deep in political intrigues, and sought to claim him, after his dozen years' absence from their circles.

At the suppers and card parties which made unusual gaiety in his father's long-closed house, Jean was admitted with the freedom of an acknowledged favorite. Keen of wit, and somewhat precocious, owing to the intimate companionship of Monsieur le Baron, he absorbed the talk going on around him, and assimilated it with an intelligence to which his elders gave no thought.

Unusually tall for his years, he had a slender, sinewy body, and limbs whose muscles had been thoroughly developed under the careful tutelage of old Tatro, the baron's butler, who, until middle life had been a soldier.

It was he who had taught Jean to ride and shoot; and he had initiated the lad—young as the latter was—into the intricacies of foil and rapier practice.

Affairs in Paris were becoming more and more unsettled. The lawlessness and brutality of the masses grew in strength and daring, and many of the nobles had fled from France, or buried themselves in the country, away from the violence which they were helpless to prevent, or too loyal to seemingly countenance by their presence and neutrality.

It was early in the summer when, with many misgivings as to the future, Monsieur le Baron finally left Paris and retired to his country place in Languedoc. Jean, together with Margot, her boy Pierre, and a major-

ity of the servants, went with him; but a few of the latter remained at the Paris house with Etienne, who, detesting the quiet life of Languedoc, refused flatly to go there.

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(To be continued.)

## THE BALLAD OF THE SAUCY KITTY



Once I was shipped as engineer upon the Saucy Kitty.  
As good a tug as ever swam to seaward from the city.  
We pounded down the Hook one day, an oily swell a-rolling—  
One of those heavy, soggy days, with all the bell buoys tolling.  
"There's weather in the south," says I. "You bet," says Bill Maguire.  
"And if we get a sailing ship, we'll make her pay our hire."  
We squattered down the sliding seas, and spluttered in the trough.  
Until the Jersey shore abeam lay 15 sea miles off.  
And there we hailed a Spanish brig with spars as tall as thunder.  
And she was freighted to the decks and rolling gunwales under.  
"Now, bully boys," says Bill Maguire; "the weather's coming quick.  
And if we take that brig we'll have a job to make us sick."  
We rounded to beneath her stern and, "Hey!" says Cap Maguire.  
"Dye want a tow? You'll need it soon. Speak quick for I'm a flyer!"  
The Spanish captain stroked his beard and looked while we stood ready.  
"How much," says he, "two hundred straight," says Bill, "and rising steady."  
"Senor, you jest!" the captain said. Bill threw his wheel hard down.  
"Three hundred dollars now," says he, "and more before you down."  
"No, no!" the Spanish captain cried. But Bill Maguire thundered.  
"Look south! For every minute now, I'll charge another hundred!"  
The captain looked and leaped astern. "I'll pay you for your towing!"  
But Cap Maguire twirled his wheel and said: "Still more you're owing,  
I'll charge you seven hundred now to pay me for my waiting;  
You haven't got a minute left, for here the squall comes skating!"  
"Done!" cried the Spaniard, black with rage, both his dark eyes a-kinde.  
"I only hope you tow one-half as well as you can swindle!"  
We'd barely got the vessel fast and swung her to the hawser  
Before the weather hit us straight and how the squall did yaw her!  
We heeded in the smother blind, we'd scarce come out a-drippin'  
Before again we'd bury deep in green that came a-rrippin'!  
Maguire signaled for full speed; then down the tube he hollered:  
"Now, if you bust that hawser we lose seven hundred dollars!"  
We rolled to right, we rolled to left, each roll looked like our last.  
But in the reeling pilot house Maguire held her fast.  
We couldn't see the big astern. The air was thick as night.  
And only the tense hawser told that we still had her tight.  
We rolled to right, we rolled to left; we drowned from bow to stern.  
With heart in mouth I braced myself and watched my engines turn;  
And each time the propeller raced, I thought: "This is her last!"  
But every time Maguire turned and held her to the blast.  
Now, if you've seen that Jersey shore hit by a gale from seaward,  
You'll need no sworn certificate to tell you death's to leeward.  
So when Maguire down the tube said: "Jim, she's losing steady!"  
I saw that devil of a beach as if we'd struck already.  
I saw his wicked, tawny glint, where, deep in tons of water,  
It waited for the crested sea to bring us to the slaughter.  
"If we can't hold on," my helper said (his breath came in short catches),  
"If we don't cast that Spaniard off, we'll see ashore as matches."  
"My engines can't do any more," I yelled up to Maguire,  
"And we are taking seas aboard that sure will drown our fire!"  
No man will blame you if you cast a ship off in this weather!"  
"We'll hold the brig," Maguire said, "or go ashore together!"  
We rolled to starboard and to port, we rolled from left to right  
Once as we walloped, from my post the beach was plain in sight.  
We came so close that I could see the white foam on the strand  
As every grayback rolled ashore and pounded on the land.  
Then Maguire down the tube: "You're holding to her fine!  
Now keep your engines steady, man, and don't you bust that line!"  
"She's almost in the breakers," said my helper. "Now we're done!  
When will that madman at the wheel cast off his line and run?"  
But Bill's voice down the tube again sang cheerily, "You bet!  
If we can keep her as she is, we'll hold that Spaniard yet!"  
Ridge after ridge of crested sea tried to twist us around  
And roll us as a foundered wreck to ward the Jersey ground.  
Stroke after stroke the black squall beat to turn her nose and twist  
Us headlong in the trough where we would vanish like a mist.  
Turn after turn my engines made! I nursed them all I knew;  
Straight with her nose to open sea Maguire held her true.  
He held her true for seven hours, all of a steady squall,  
And we were just outside the line of breakers—that was all,  
When the black storm flapped at last and left us where we shook,  
To founder on the tossing sea and crawl inside the Hook.  
No word came from the rolling bag, until we reached smooth water  
And took our hawser and steamed 'round to lie beneath her quarter.  
The Spanish captain then leaned down, bearded and tall and grave:  
"Senor, the tugboat captain, your pardon I must crave.  
A thief of the sea I thought you when this little trip began.  
But I stand in port on my rescued ship to say that you are a man!"  
—Boston Herald.

## ALL BROKEN DOWN.

No Sleep—No Appetite—Just a Continual Backache.  
Joseph McCauley, of 144 Sholto St., Chicago, Sagem of Tecumseh Lodge, says: "Two years ago my health was completely broken down. My back ached and was so lame that at times I was hardly able to dress myself. I lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. There seemed to be no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills, but four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanity knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pills they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I know."  
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Are Perfumes Disinfectants?  
I asked a doctor in England if perfumes are really disinfectants. "No," he said. "How can they be?" I asked a doctor here in France the same question and he answered: "Mais oui, Madame, sans doute," and explained that the basis of every perfume is a strong essential oil of some kind, and that those essential oils are antiseptic. Now which is right?—London Truth.

Religion and Labor.  
A man's profession or trade is not only not incompatible with religion (provided it be a lawful one), it is his religion. Earnestness in a lawful calling is not worldliness. A profession is the sphere of our activity. There is something sacred in work. To work in the appointed sphere is to be religious.—F. W. Robertson.

Great Catch of Sturgeon.  
A Mifford Haven (England) trawler recently hauled twelve fine sturgeon, caught in one haul. Some of them were six feet long. Such a catch has never been known previously.

Cure to Stay Cured.  
Wapello, Iowa, Oct. 10 (Special)—One of the most remarkable cures ever recorded in Louisa County is that of Mrs. Minnie Hart of this place. Mrs. Hart was in bed for eight months and when she was able to sit up she was all drawn up on one side and could not walk across the room. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure Mrs. Hart says: "Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after I was in bed for eight months and I know the cure was complete for that was three years ago and I have not been down since. In four weeks from the time I started taking them I was able to make my garden. Nobody can know how thankful I am to be cured or how much I feel I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills."  
This case again points out how much the general health depends on the kidneys. Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and nine-tenths of the suffering the human family is heir to, will disappear.

The Wise Man.  
A wise man never stumbles twice over the same stone; when he passes that way again the stone isn't there.

The Wabash is the Only Line Landing You at the World's Fair.  
Round trip rates from Omaha are as follows: \$8.50 sold daily except Friday and Saturday, good 7 days. \$12.80 sold daily, good 15 days. The Wabash is the only line that land's passengers at the main entrance of the World's Fair grounds. Also the only line that can check your baggage to a saving of time, annoyance and extra car fare.  
All agents can sell you through ticket and route you over the Wabash. Very low rates to many points South, Southeast. For beautiful World's Fair folder and all information call at 1691 Farnam St. or address Harry E. Moores, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. Wab. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

Two Kinds of Wives.  
There are two kinds of wives—the kind that thinks her husband is the greatest man on earth and the other thinks she is greater than her husband.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LUCAS COUNTY.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1904.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for particulars free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Thirty-five pigeons belonging to a farmer of Saragossa, Spain, were stung to death by bees.

More Flexible and Lasting.  
won't shake out or blow out; by using DeLancey Starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

David Revised.  
After listening patiently to a lot of has-beens telling what they used to be, David said in his haste, "All men are fishermen."

Says the Misanthrope.  
If girls cultivated their dispositions as assiduously as they do their complexions there would be fewer old bachelors.

Bachelors were once taxed in England.



WAS TAKING NO CHANCES. BARDS OF AFRICAN KINGS.

Sandy's Good Reason for His Hurry to Swallow Drink.  
Andrew Carnegie has a fund of stories about his canny countrymen, and he delights to tell them to a congenial company now and then. This is one he brought home with him after his last trip abroad:  
"Of course we will call the hero Sandy," said Mr. Carnegie; "there couldn't be a Scotch story without a Sandy. Well, Sandy was asked by some friends to step up to the bar and have a drink. He poured out for himself a liberal dose of the national beverage, and then, placing his hands around the glass, drained it to the last drop before the others had even a chance to pour out their drinks."  
"Why, Sandy," said the fellow who had invited him, "you didn't need to be in such a rush. What was your hurry?"  
"Ah, mon," said Sandy, still smacking his lips, "I saw wan o' them things tipped o'er once."—New York Times.

Only Survivors of the Minstrels of the Middle Ages.  
The only survivor of the true bard is to be found in darkest Africa. Exactly like the ancient bards of the north, they wander through the land, singing songs in praise of chiefs.  
Most of them are subject to some particular native chief, whose praises they sing at all times. Often the songs are composed by the ruler himself, who thus makes certain of getting a satisfactory brand of praise.  
When a stranger visits the country of such a chief, a bard is always told off to accompany him as a sign of great honor. But as the bard misses no opportunity to sing songs about the chief, the pleasure is one-sided.  
The bards are paid handsomely, but they are not viewed with real respect. The warriors rather look down on them and force them to act as spies by sending them abroad to find out things about other tribes.  
However, the bards are feared if they are not respected, because they have the uncomfortable habit of taking back everything that they have sung about a chief or his village if they are offended. In such an event they go to other villages and sing songs exposing all the weaknesses of the people who have displeased them.

Got Tip He Asked For.  
A story is told of H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man, which is worth repeating.  
A young man in this city who had the same name and initials as Mr. Rogers frequently received through the mail letters which were intended for the Standard Oil man. One day he received a bill for a new flag furnished to Mr. Rogers' yacht, which he mailed to him with the following note:  
"Dear Sir—I received the inclosed bill intended for you, as I am not fortunate enough to own a yacht. However, I will pay your bill if you will tell me the best time to buy Standard Oil."  
He received the following reply:  
"Dear Sir—Your note at hand. I will be glad to pay my oil bill. The best time to buy Standard Oil is between 10 and 3."—New York Times.

Embryo Politician.  
Grover Cleveland once ran across a little girl acquaintance who was fishing, and who had no bait on her hook.  
"You can't catch fish without bait," said the statesman. "But I don't like to put the bait on the hook," answered the little girl, deprecatingly, "the worms wriggle so. They won't keep still while I put them on. If you'll put the bait on for me I'll let you have the fish, Mr. Cleveland, if I catch one." "Ha! ha!" laughed the ex-president, "this isn't the first time I've met with such a proposition. Give me your hook, little politician."