

# BAFITE 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 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

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. What I saw and a fair sample of his usual good 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 still farther in their respective natures.

Seasons came and passed—springs, summers, falls, and winters,—to be strung, like beads, upon the rosary of time; and nearer were drawing these 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

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 nearest 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 carriage 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.)

### PERFUME FROM ALOE TREE.

Resinous Aromatic Juice That is of Great Value.

The aloe wood tree is a native of the mountains east and southeast of Sylhet, in Burma, and in Bengal. It is valuable on account of a dark resinous aromatic juice with which the wood is sometimes gorged. This resin, or agar as it is colloquially termed, is used for its perfume and supposed medicinal properties. It is very costly and is used both for incense in religious and other ceremonials and also in the preparation of a perfume called agar attar, which is practically as costly as attar of roses.

The most interesting feature in connection with the aloe wood tree is the uncertainty as to whether any particular tree will be found to contain the precious resin. A tribe of hill-men known to the natives as agar kum'lans make it their business to search for the resinous wood. Their trade is a secret which they always endeavor to preserve from all natives or other tribes. A party of agar kum'lans goes off into the mountains with provisions for as long as three months, and they prosecute their tedious search in districts where probably a human being is not seen from one month to another.

Trees have to be chopped down and hacked to pieces before it can be ascertained whether they contain any of the resinous deposit, and sometimes after a wearisome search through half a dozen trees, young and old, not a single piece of agar is discovered. Again, it may be that a rich find is made and then the collector is repaid for half a month of work.—Bombay Gazette.

### Deduction.

About 1 a. m. Mrs. Sherlock Omes heard a noise.

She went down stairs. Her husband was sitting on the bottom step. His shoes adorned the hat rack, and he was trying to light a cigarette with a toothpick.

"Betcher—hic—can't guess where I've been," he murmured.

"You've been down town," responded Mrs. Sherlock Omes. "You met a man. You bought him four drinks; he bought you one drink. You played a game of pool for fun and won it. Then you played six games for money and lost them all. You met another man. You bought him eight drinks; he bought you one drink. You met seven men. You bought them seven drinks each, and one of them gave you a cheap cigar. When midnight came the saloons closed. Then you came home.

Mr. Sherlock Omes was silent. He could not deny that she had given a fairly accurate description of the evening.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Wasted.

"Sir," said the Vague Shape at the portal to the man of the house, "I am opportunity. I knock once at every man's door, and—"

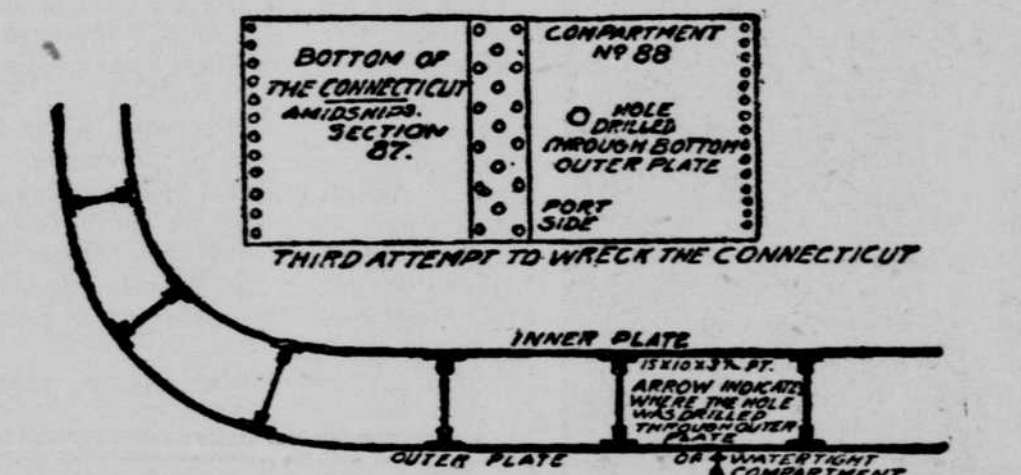
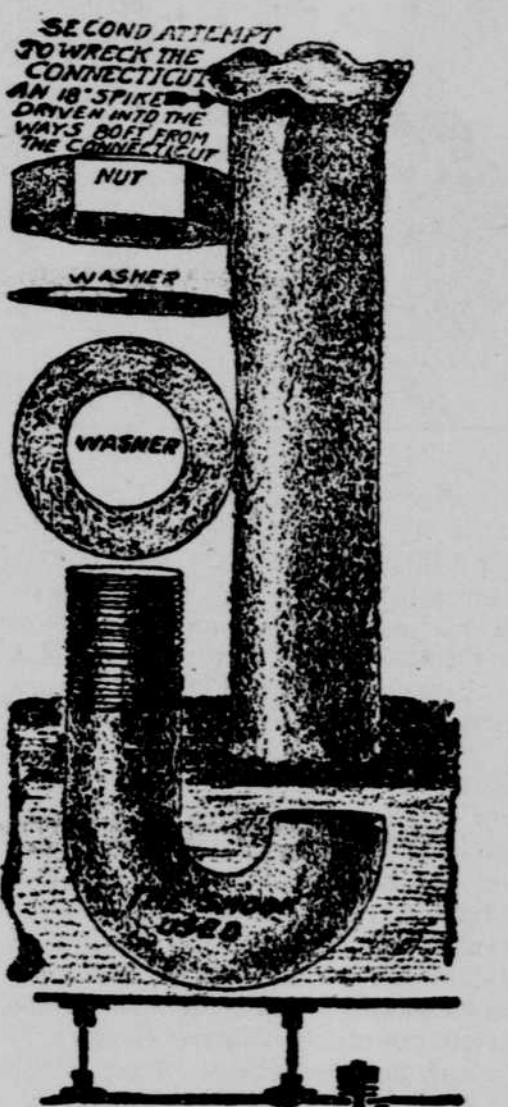
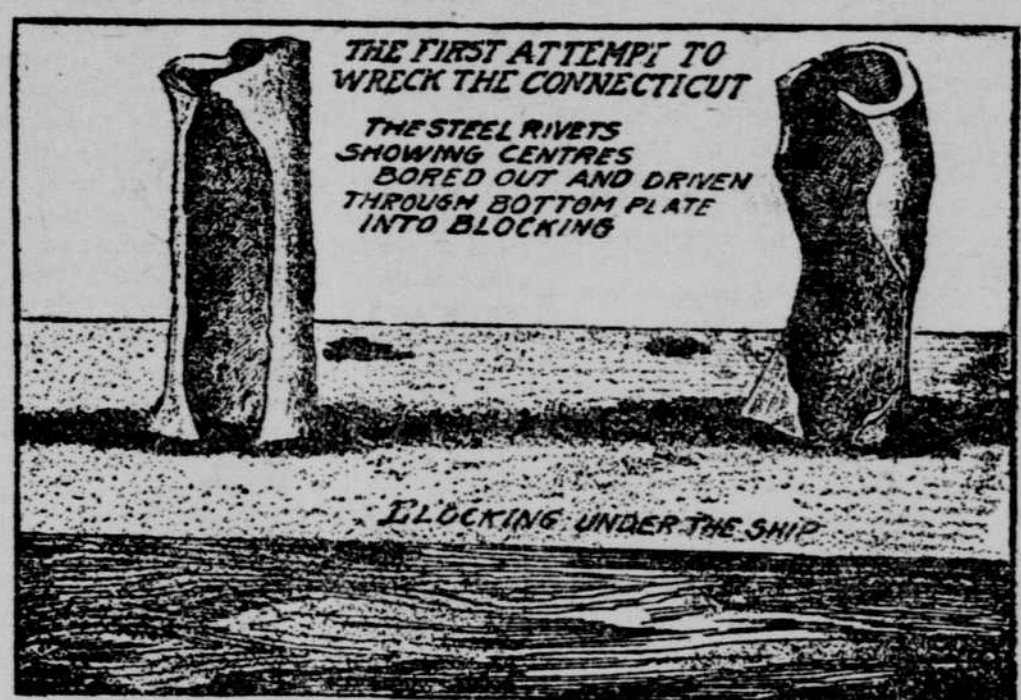
"Yes," snapped the man, "and you've knocked some of the point off. What do you suppose the bellpull's for?"

Then he slammed the door in his face.

### New York Police Trials a Farce.

Commissioner McAdoo of New York has made up his mind the police trials are a farce and he will ask legislation to prevent men dismissed on serious charges from being reinstated by decisions of higher courts based on technicalities.

## SEEKING MISCREANT WHO SOUGHT TO RUIN WARSHIP



### First to Be Photographed.

Lord Avebury is said to be the first person to have his photograph taken in England. M. Daguerre, the co-inventor with M. Niepce in the art of photography, came to London to patent the invention which bears his name, and paid an early visit to the present Lord Avebury's father. The enthusiastic Frenchman was soon explaining the details of his new discovery. Young John Lubbock, as he then was, was playing in the garden, and M. Daguerre, pointing to him, asked to be allowed to give a practical illustration of the art. The request was, of course, granted, and a successful result followed.

### Latest in Advertising.

Among the sights on Broadway, New York, the other day was a sandwich man in full dress, including patent leather shoes and a silk hat. The signs dangling from his person were done in most artistic fashion and called attention to the excellence of a new brand of cigars. Following close behind him came a smartly dressed colored boy who acted as his valet, both master and man conducting themselves with the greatest gravity and decorum. The parade continued for a couple of hours, when an auto picked the pair up and whirled them down a side street.

### President Eliot's Good Advice.

In addressing the freshman class of Harvard, President Eliot impressed upon his hearers that they must be and do everything that a true Harvard man ought to be and do—must be democratic gentlemen. "A gentleman," he said, "must also be quiet. If a man is heard bawling about the college yard one can feel perfectly sure that he is either an outsider or a new-comer. He must never do anything that will hurt a woman or a child or an inferior. He must be generous, efficient, deferential to age, beauty, excellence, skill and all worthy things."

### Sailor Has Had Long Life.

Nicholas Thomson of 285 Madison street, Milwaukee, has been celebrating his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Thomson passed nearly sixty-four years on the ocean and great lakes as a sailor, passing through many hardships and perils and coming out with scarcely a scratch, in good health for one of his age and finding it necessary to call a doctor but once in his lifetime, and that for one treatment for rheumatism. He was born in Denmark and went to sea when 16 years old. In 1848 he became a resident of Milwaukee, and has lived in the same place ever since.

### Shortens Well-Known Name.

James Brown Potter, who has just been married to Miss May Handy, the famous Virginia beauty, has decided that hereafter he will write his name "James Potter," because, as one of his friends says, "a lady has appropriated his original cognomen for stage purposes." The lady in question used to be known as Cora Urquhart, who had quite a name as an amateur player before going on the stage as a professional. She was married to Mr. Potter in 1877 and they were divorced a few years ago.

### Date To Be Remembered.

Prof. Cyrus Northrup of the University of Minnesota was 70 years old Oct. 3, and the day also marked his entrance upon his third decade as president of the university, besides being the anniversary of his marriage.

### Automobiles in France.

In 1900 there were 2,897 automobiles in France. This year 12,984 are registered. There has been a decrease of 20,000 horses and of 245,475 horse-drawn vehicles in that time.

## DESPONDENT, YOUNG ILLINOIS GIRL ENDS GLOOMY LIFE



### SPONSOR OF WARSHIP NEBRASKA

New Vessel Christened by Daughter of Governor of State.

To Miss Marie Nain Mickey, the daughter of Gov. John H. Mickey of Nebraska, was assigned the honor of christening the battleship named for that state, at Seattle, Wash., Oct. 7. Miss Mickey is 22 years old. She was born and reared in Nebraska and is described by her fond father as "a home girl." She does not care much for society and goes out infrequently. She is much interested in charitable

### HOPE FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Lessons Drawn from the Present Conflict in the East.

The international peace congress which has been in session at Boston has added its voice to the many that have recently been lifted in plea that steps be taken to terminate the war in the far East. Would that there were hope that the plea might have success.

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### MAP SHOWING PALATINE AND ADJACENT TOWNS



her day to drive home the cattle and milk them, after working all the morning and part of the afternoon in the fields.

The girl, neighbors say, knew none of the pleasures which her more fortunate sisters enjoy. She seemed not to care for and had little time to enjoy the companionship of her neighbors. Her schooling ended, her brother said, when she had finished the third reader.

"Why, it was so long ago that I cannot remember when we did go to school," he declared.

Although 20 years old, Minnie had no sweetheart, so far as her family knew. Neighbors and the people of Palatine believe that the dreariness of her life dawned upon her and she ended life and labor at the same time.

These advocates of peace feel the horrors of war and see clearly the blessings that a perpetual peace would bring to the world. They give expression to the greatest of ideals. But they do not touch the immediate practical problem.

Russia and Japan, the belligerents, have in view only their own national interests, as they appear to them at the present time. They will ask themselves only whether the cost of war in wealth and lives is worth the objects which they hope to gain for themselves as nations. And for both countries the more they fight the stronger their fighting blood will be, and the harder it will be for them to compromise short of complete victory on one side and complete defeat on the other, or, as an alternative, complete prostration on both sides.

The lesson of it all is that in time of peace the world should prepare for peace. While war is raging peace resolutions addressed to the belligerents must surely fall upon deaf ears.—Chicago Herald.

### Ellen Terry's Foibles.

Ellen Terry, who is again to charm American audiences, has two marked peculiarities. One is her childish desire to own everything new and bizarre, and the other is her habit of carrying with her everywhere a handbag bursting with letters and papers. On the actress's last visit to this country these two foibles came together in a way that was a little peculiar and not a little amusing.

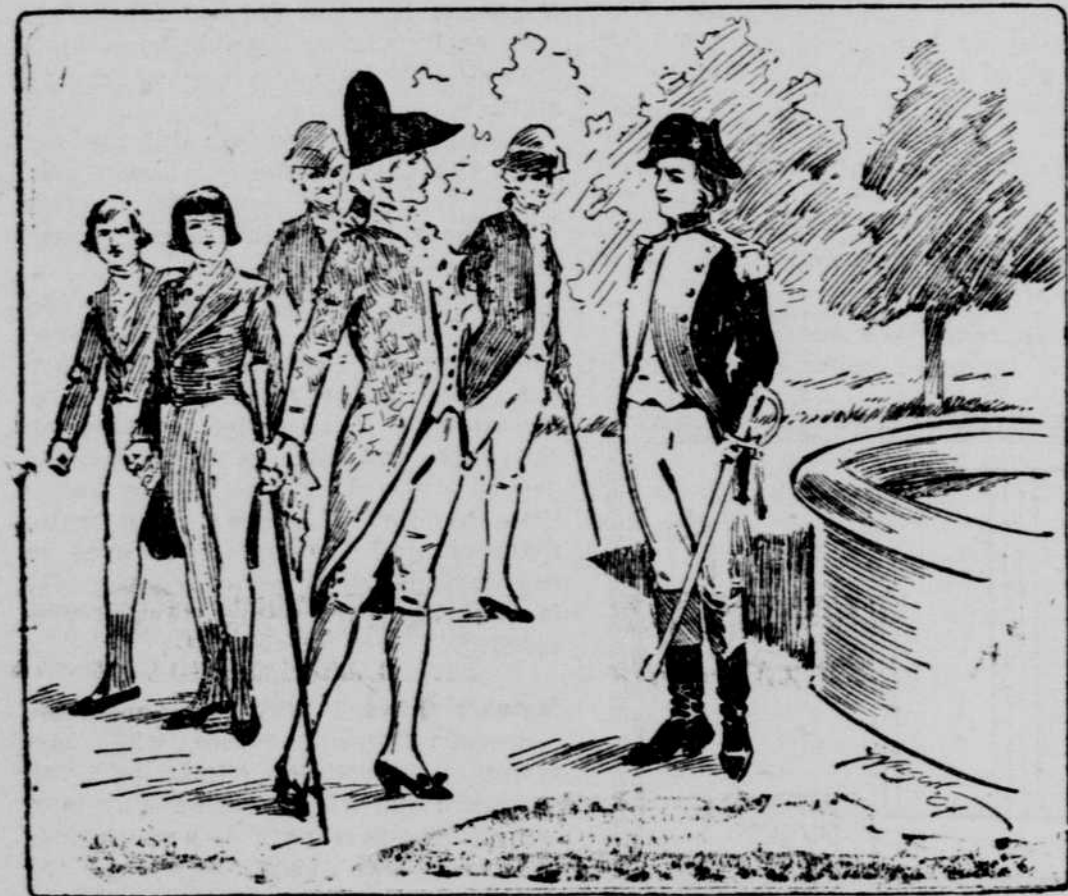
It was when she was in Toledo, Ohio. At the hotel where she was registered the ice for the drinking water was carried to the rooms in brass pails of rather artistic shape, and no sooner did Miss Terry see one of these than she sent the boy to the office to ask the price, and bring back one for her personal property. Of course, the clerk sent up the best pail he had in stock with the compliments of the house, and for the next fortnight the worn and battered handbag gave place to the brazen pail, in which the actress carried everywhere, in the street and on the train, her little personal vademecum.

### Seek Tomb of Cyrano De Bergerac.

When the Dominican Sisters leave their convent in the Rue de Charonne, Paris, an effort will be made to find the tomb and skeleton of Cyrano De Bergerac, or to give him his full name, Savinien De Cyrano De Bergerac, who was buried there in 1655. Records preserved in the convent, by the way, contradict the legends that the poet was a Gascon and that he had an abnormally long nose. In fact, a portrait which is regarded as authentic shows him to have been a rather good-looking man.

### Impose on National Guard.

The National Guard of California has just concluded extensive military maneuvers in conjunction with the regulars and has returned to the pursuits of peace "disgusted." They were marched off their feet, had to do the same work as the seasoned regulars and suffered many hardships, under which two died and others were severely prostrated. Some of their friends assert that the regular officers who planned the campaign did all this deliberately.



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

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."

"Dame! 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, 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-