

LAFFITE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
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CHAPTER III.

The gray was flushing with rose tints from the coming sun when a loud knocking upon the entrance door aroused the soldier on guard in the hall.

"Open the door!" a voice shouted peremptorily. "Tatrot! Tatrot! A thousand devils! You fools inside there, open the door! I say!"

The disturbance brought Greloire from his improvised couch at the rear of the hall, and climbing the ladder, he pushed his head through the broken window for a sight of who might be outside.

"Who are you?" demanded the young man standing before the door, his voice indicating surprise as he looked at the face of the soldier above him.

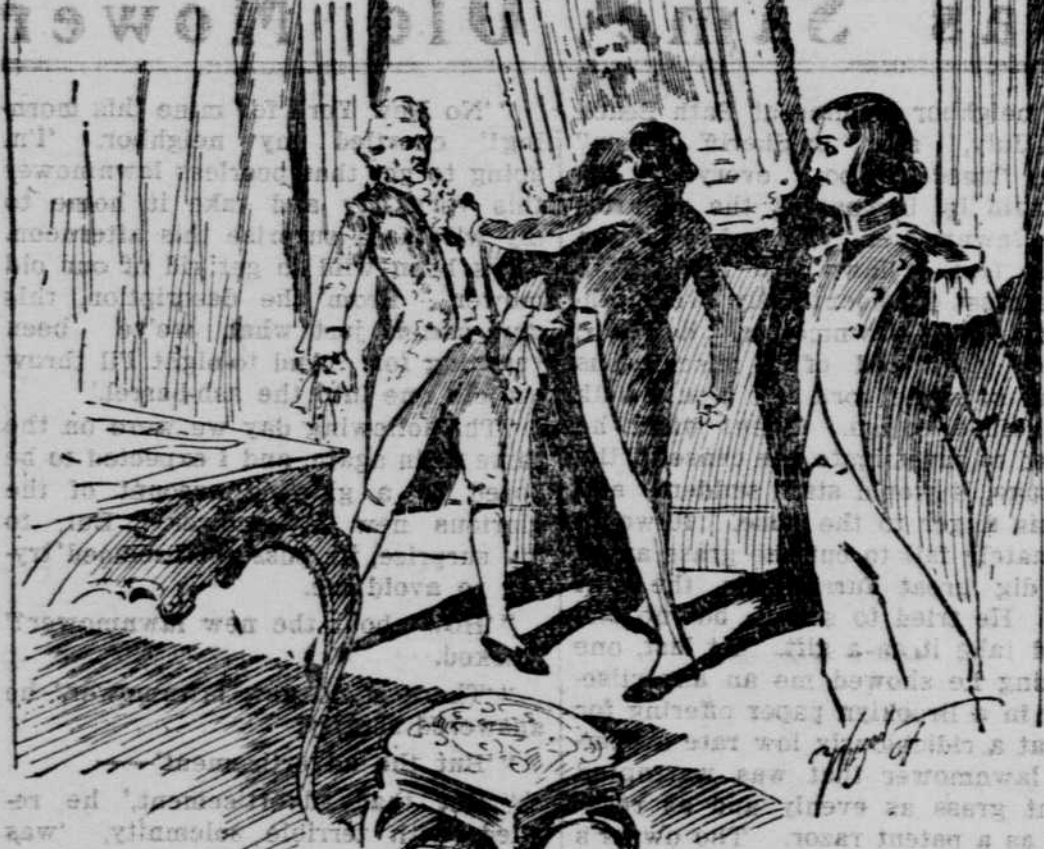
"That is what I should like to have you tell me of yourself, m'sieur," answered Greloire, in his usual dry manner, his not over friendly eyes noting the details of the attire worn by the aristocratically clad visitor.

"Name!" now exclaimed the latter, evidently more angry than before. "What business can it be of yours? Who are you, that dare cavil over opening to me the door of my father's house?"

"He is but one; and there are two of us to handle such a cocksparrow as I could easily overcome alone, with one hand," said Greloire scornfully, as the bars fell, and Etienne entered, somewhat paler than usual, and his hair and raiment disheveled from an alibi's concealment in one of the outbuildings of the chateau.

Wishing to see the baron in order to press his demand for more funds, the young man had, unannounced, come down from Paris, and chanced to arrive the evening before, during the wildest part of the mele.

He was by this time accustomed to



"And springing upon Etienne, drove the rusted blade into his side."

such outbreaks; and suspecting quickly the position of affairs, had lost no time in finding a hiding place in a grove, not far from the house.

At the tidings of his father's death, a new expression came to Etienne's face, softening its coldness; but this quickly changed when, in reply to his query as to what was in command of the escort, Greloire answered, "Lieutenant Boupart."

An oath that made both soldiers stare burst from the young man's lips.

"I will go to my apartments," he added, with a return of all his haughtiness; "and do both of you see to it that I am not disturbed by your officer."

With this he stalked through the hall, and up the stairway, shuddering as he passed the blood-stains upon the floor.

Etienne's steps on the upper stairs and along the oaken-floored hall brought Tatrot to the door of the room where lay the two wounded soldiers, one of whom was evidently dying, while the other was sleeping quietly.

"Ah, Monsieur Etienne, is it you, sir?" Then, correcting himself with "Pardon—Monsieur le Baron," he burst forth in a quavering voice, "It is surely a sad return for you."

Somewhat softened by the old man's words, and now realizing more fully the horrors of the night before, Etienne replied in an unusually kind fashion. But when he ended by ordering that a repast be brought to his rooms, Tatrot's face showed a surprise he dared not voice, for he wondered that his new master could think of sustenance for himself, so soon after coming upon the scene of his recent loss.

Margot had slept little during the night. But, thinking of what changes were likely to come, now that the baron was dead, an intuition warned her to secure the money and valuables which the baron had entrusted to her care; to take them from their present hiding place, and have them at hand, in case some additional disaster should come. And, too, bearing in mind her master's command that she remove Jean from Etienne's room in case of that befalling which now had come to pass, her perplexed brain had at length evolved a plan which seemed both wise and feasible.

But before attempting to put it into execution, a curious impulse urged her to take the young officer into her confidence. Looking up into the cool, clean-cut face before her, she asked, "You will not leave here to-day, Monsieur?"

"Perhaps, I cannot decide until later."

"Before you go, monsieur, I would like to ask you a great favor should you let me ask of you some advice as to a matter concerning him you seem to love." And she glanced at Jean, who was standing in the doorway, with his back to her.

The officer, if he felt any surprise, showed none, for he answered her

The slight form reeled and fell, a crumpled heap, upon the floor, while Margot, with a shriek that brought the soldier flying from his post in the hall, fell upon her knees, and, tried, with her apron, to staunch the flowing blood.

Jean had turned to flee; but an iron grip on his shoulder held him, and, looking up, he felt to trembling and shivering, as he met the stern eyes of his friend, looking as he had never before seen them.

"Where would you go?" inquired a low voice, whose measured calm matched the look of the eyes.

The boy stood silent.

The lieutenant, still holding him fast, moved to where Margot and the soldier were kneeling beside Etienne, and Jean met the wild-eyed regard of the wounded man, from whose white lips now poured a flood of profanity, mingled with threats of vengeance against the boy, whom he ordered to leave the apartment.

The lieutenant turned away with a scornful laugh, half-suppressed, but which Jean heard; and, taking heart, he looked beseechingly upward, as if asking pardon for his mad act.

"Come away—come away, my De Soto," whispered the officer; and bending he kissed the tear-wet cheek. "He has a venomous nature, truly, and one cannot be greatly blamed for treating a dog as he deserves."

Then, gathering up the papers at which he had been looking, he thrust them into his pocket, and motioned Jean to follow him from the room.

Here Margot joined them, on her way to summon Tatrot, that he might assist the soldier in getting Etienne to his own apartments.

Early next morning the household was astir—all save Etienne, who, although his wound proved to be but slight, kept to his bed, with Tatrot in attendance; and before noon all but these two had left the chateau and set out upon their various routes—Margot with Jean and Perry, for Toulon, in company with the soldier Greloire, sent by the lieutenant to escort them.

At a fork in the highway, where their paths parted, Jean turned in his saddle to look after the slender figure riding away at the head of his men.

Turning his head, as if he felt the boy's longing eyes, the lieutenant smiled and waved his hand. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he rode swiftly from sight, followed by his soldiers.

After a last backward look toward the vacant space that had held the one he loved best on earth, Jean started his horse onward, to overtake the lumbering vehicle, driven by Pierre, and containing Margot and all the travelers' belongings.

(To be continued.)

He Obedied His Orders.

John was the new English butler in the employ of a Philadelphia family. When John first came he was told by the mistress of the house that she was always at home to her sister, who was a frequent visitor to the house. The sister in question was pointed out to John on her next visit, and the mistress was satisfied in her mind that John would obey orders.

Every time the sister called John would admit the welcome guest with reverent respect. It was her custom to ask him before entering if his mistress was in, and it always happened that she was, so John would nod and profoundly bow her in.

But one day it happened that his mistress was out when the sister called. When John went to the door she, as usual, asked if her sister was in, to which John nodded in the affirmative and bowed her in. John's business at that moment took him out in the yard, and he left her in the parlor.

Divesting herself of her wraps, the visitor began to look for her sister, but seeing no signs of her downstairs concluded that she was on one of the upper floors, and went upstairs. Of course, she failed to find her, and, thinking that the butler might be mistaken, went downstairs to inquire of him again. She found him out in the yard, and calling to him, asked if he thought his mistress had gone out, as she could not find her in the house.

John, after meditating a moment, replied:

"Yes, mum, she is 'out."

"Out?" exclaimed the sister; "why, I thought you said she was at home?"

"Yes, mum," came the solemn reply, "but she 'to' me that she was always at 'ome to you'—Lippincott's Magazine.

The California Harvester.

When dawn is red over the California wheat fields, says 'Everybody's Magazine,' a levathan comes lumbering down the road, shooting out heavy clouds of smoke, and falls to attacking the grain. This machine, heavy as a church and complicated as a watch, is a mechanical marvel. Before goes a lumbering engine with a heavy stack, and a firebox that vomits out dense flames from a hot pipe. Behind are the heavy rollers and big pillars and curious devices of steel. It works with the comical accuracy of a human being. The sickle buzzes, and the heads from a 30-foot swath fall smoothly on a can was bed.

"You catch glimpses of them rushing here and there through the complex mechanism, and presently a laborer, who has been very busy with some sacks, jerks down a lever. Bump! Out tumble four fat bags of wheat. At the other end, a man with a shovel works like mad, clearing away a pile of chaff and short crumpled straw. This is all that the ignorant observer sees; only the engine can tell you how the grain which soon will be ready for mill—a month's work in five minutes.

Big Stalks of Corn.

George Cook took two stalks of corn to the world's fair that measured 14 feet in length. It would have required a ten-foot stepladder for a man to have been able to pull the ears of corn from the stalks when standing straight up. Byron (O. T.) Republican.

New Style Socks.

A London fashion club has started a new style of socks, called "ventance"—the peculiar shade of purple worn by cardinals.

FROM THE NOTEBOOKS

By Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois.

These paragraphs are from the Forthought Note Books of the Arcade Index Library.

For twenty years I have been a believer in local news, or that kind of local news which mentions some person, place or thing in a way to interest and benefit the readers of the local publication. Local news deals with the present and future, while local history deals with the past. Local history is next to local news in value, but some editors do not like local history. Editorial dislike for local history is generally due to the way it has been presented. By boiling the historical articles down and mixing with good news copy both are improved and accepted by the editor.

Better local news letters might be secured by editors, and with less effort, could local writers understand the personal and neighborhood value in readable paragraphs in the local newspaper. Personally it is next to going away to school or on a vacation trip to interview, observe and write something worth reading and every man, woman and child sees, hears, reads and thinks of something every week worth securing for a news letter.

There was a time when it would have assisted me in my local news work to have had sample paragraphs like the following, because frequently we do not see or think because we do not know how and a sample teaches more than rules or directions:

A little gold band ring on the third finger of ten-year-old Victor Mador's right hand became caught on a nail in a fence and the finger was almost severed. A surgeon amputated the finger.

Down at Appleton the other day they had a debate in one of the schools. The question was, "Resolved, that a boy is less expensive than a girl and more useful to his parents." The affirmative won. How's that for corruption of morals? Love of children is nothing; the question to-day is, how much are they worth?

HIS MIND IN COURTROOM.

Judge's Petition to Heaven Mixed with Legal Phrasology.

Friends of Judge Alfred Coit of the Probate court at New London, Conn., have cost him many dinners lately by a joke of which his sixteen-year-old daughter, Gertrude, was the promulgator.

The judge, accompanied by his daughter, can be seen bathing every morning. Both are experts, and often swim out far from sight. A few mornings ago they had got about fifty yards from shore when the judge, who by the way is a very religious man, exclaimed in agony:

"Daughter, I've got a cramp. Save yourself and swim to shore!" And he lifted his eyes upward as if in prayer. But his daughter dived down back of him and extracted from the giant member of his pedal extremity a large cow crab. Both then swam to shore. That night on the veranda of Judge Coit's home he was relating the experience.

"Dad," said his daughter Gertrude affectionately, "do you know what you said in your prayer at that time?"

"Certainly," replied the judge. "I quoted 'Thy will be done.'"

"No," said his daughter, "you didn't. You said 'Thy will be filed.'"—New York Times.

Grotesque Advertising.

New York has always had quite as many curiosities in the way of advertising as any other large city, but a firm of undertakers who are doing up the outside of a building on a main thoroughfare for their occupancy have something that is probably not to be equaled in the world. It is a brick building of good size which they have had painted black, the intersection of the bricks outlined with white, and to add to this funereal appearance they have painted across the front in large letters, also in black and white, the word "Undertakers." This structure is on Sixth avenue, and stands out in grotesque fashion from the other business buildings which surround it.—New York Times.

His Proposal.

He was an ingenious man and she was an unsuspecting damsel.

"Let us," he said, "pretend that you are a Canadian and I am the United States."

"Oh, I don't like these geographical games," she replied. "They require so much thinking."

"But this doesn't require any at all," he insisted.

"How do you play it?" she asked.

"Why, I simply annex you," he answered.

"It's not such a bad game," she admitted after awhile.

Military Critic is Degraded.

A German military court of honor has deprived Col. Gadke, the military critic of the Berliner Tageblatt, of the right to wear uniform and to use his military title, on account of an article published regarding the occasion of the assassination of King Alexander of Serbia. Col. Gadke, who is now in the far East, has been out of favor in military circles for a long time, owing to his free criticisms of German army methods.

Dangerous Cases.

"What became of the brilliant young lawyer?" inquired a man.

"He fell by the wayside. Too many cases."

"But I didn't think a lawyer could have too many cases."

"Yes—cases of champagne."

Prosperous Benevolent Society.

The Portuguese in California have a benevolent and social organization, called Irmandade de D. Joze Espirito Santo, which has more than 4,000 members, \$20,000 in the treasury, and outstands bills.

Would Change Name of Town.

The people of Parachute, Col., are tired of the name of their town, and have petitioned the postoffice department at Washington to have it changed. They believe Grand Valley would sound better and convey more meaning than "Parachute," and the powers that be at the national capital, as well as the railroads tapping this bustling town, take the same view.

Living Urges Simplicity.

Sir Henry Irving does not approve of the over lavish mounting occasionally witnessed in Shakespearean productions. He acknowledges that we should be grateful for any production, but urges us to "be aware of overlaying the poet's work with too realistic a setting and leaving nothing to the imagination, which can but make the judicious grieves."

Rides Bike Backward.

Albert Hunter, a trick cyclist of England, is able to accomplish great feats riding his wheel backward. Not long ago he made a run of four miles in twenty-two minutes riding him backward. Although there were several steep hills on the way, Hunter never once dismounted nor was he assisted in any way. He passed three carriages, a motor car and several wheelmen.

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HOUSE-HOLD TALKS

Japanese Morning Gowns.

The Japanese materials—silks, pongees, printed stuffs and transparencies—have given us some wonderful gowns. Many of these are built in the kimona style familiar because of the many cheap kimonas that are sold in the shops, but otherwise they bear no resemblance to the cheap variety, as they are handsome and very expensive.

One can buy Japanese silk and make it in kimona style. Then one can embroider it down each side of the front in great sprays of flowers, carrying the same trimming around the hem, wide and variegated.

The more elaborate the embroidery the more original the gown will appear. All must be done by hand and the embroidery must be big, brilliant and very decorative.

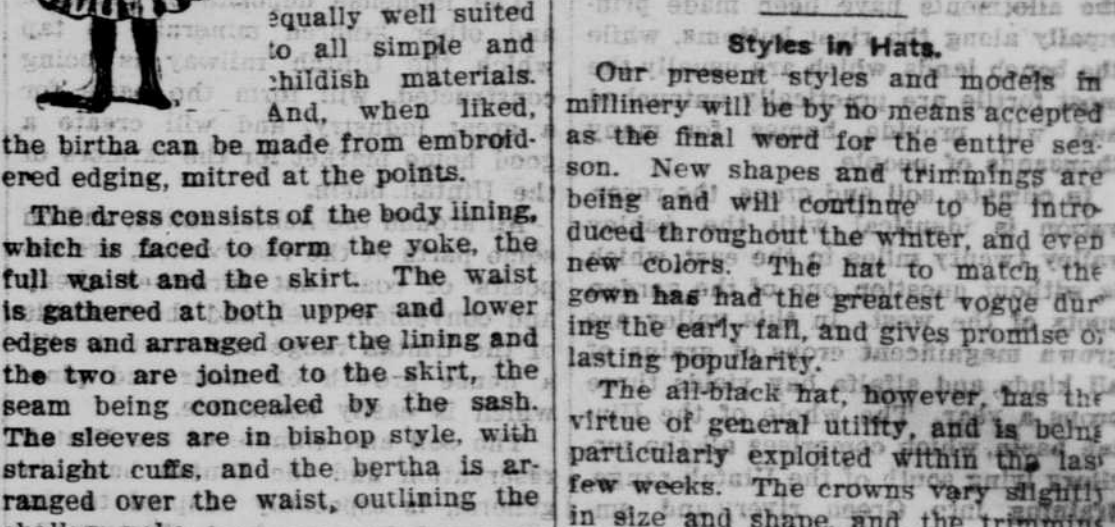
Girl's Dress with Handkerchief Bertha.

Simple frocks made with shaped berthas are exceedingly becoming to little girls and are as fashionable as they are attractive. This one shows the long-waisted effect that is so popular, and is made of gendarme blue sashmere, combined with a yoke of lace and bertha and cuffs of the material, embroidered in eyelet style, but the design is equally well suited to all simple and childish materials.

And, when liked, the bertha can be made from embroidered edging, mitred at the points.

The dress consists of the body lining, which is faced to form the yoke, the full waist and the skirt. The waist is gathered at both upper and lower edges and arranged over the lining and the two are joined to the skirt, the seam being concealed by the bertha. The sleeves are in bishop style, with straight cuffs, and the bertha is arranged over the waist, outlining the shallow yoke.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 34 inches wide or 2 3/4 yards 52 inches wide, with one-half yard of lace for yoke and cuffs.



Vests and Waistcoats.

Many are the hints and suggestions of the director modes—those lines and leanings that are so fashionable for street and formal wear. Vests and waistcoats of almost every type are to be seen, from the incredibly short one that ends at the bust and fastens over in double-breasted style for its short length on down to the severely fitted type of the masculine garment. The broad revers of this style, too, are often seen, and the fitted lines that complete the mode, the hip seam and big pocket flaps have their due share of representation.

Then there are the designs that are characteristic of this class of garment and of no other. Surplice effects are cleverly managed, revers of velvet interlined with a feather-weight princess haircloth that makes them retain their shape without crushing or curling (this is a secret culled from a Parisian atelier of the mode), and braiding in the most simple of the most intricate designs are used with these. The vest is quite a feature with these surplice effects, and many are the changes rung upon it.

Combination in Trimmings.

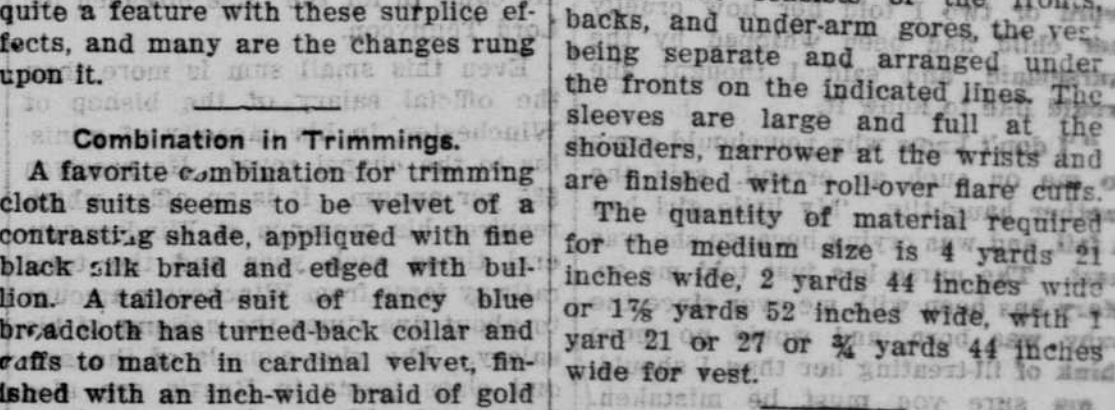
A favorite combination for trimming cloth suits seems to be velvet of a contrasting shade, applied with fine black silk braid and edged with bullion. A tailored suit of fancy blue broadcloth has turned-back collar and cuffs to match in cardinal velvet, finished with an inch-wide braid of gold bullion. From the bullion run small straps of black silk braid, stitched on the red velvet and finished with small black silk buttons.

Killed Skirt with Round Yoke.

Skirts that are plaited below a smooth-fitting yoke are among the smartest of all smart things for the coming season and will be worn for all street costumes. This one is particularly chic and attractive and is so arranged as to give a plain effect at the front, which is all ways desirable. As illustrated it is made of cheviot in mixed shades of brown and tan, trimmed with handsome brown braid, but is suited to all reasonable materials. As a matter of course the trimming can be varied to suit the individual taste, but little straps coming from beneath each plait are eminently stylish and attractive.

The skirt is cut in seven gores and is laid in backward, turning plaits which meet at the centre back, where the closing is made. The yoke is circular and is stitched to the skirt with cordic silk, the trimming straps encircling the seam at sides and back. As illustrated, it is made in instep length, which is the prevailing one for the incoming season, but can be made still shorter whenever desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 34 inches wide or 2 3/4 yards 52 inches wide.



Escalloped Potatoes.

Parsee slice 'em, pack into a pudding-dish, cover with slightly salted hot water, turn a plate or dish over the top and cook fifteen minutes after they begin to simmer. Then drain off the water, put a good lump of butter upon the hot potatoes and let it melt and sink into them. Have ready some boiling milk, well seasoned with salt, pepper, onion juice and minced parsley; pour over the potatoes, bake covered for fifteen minutes, then brown.

Waterproof Hat for Women.

An inventive Austrian has designed a waterproof hat for women that is a wonder in its way. He has prepared celluloid in a special manner, permitting of its being woven into imitations of the most delicate straw and modeled into the most natural flowers. These hats are being worn to a considerable extent in this city and are impervious to the heaviest downpour of rain.

Rough Felt Hats.

Some rough felt hats have brims of black, while the wide punched-in or created crown is of some other color—orange, grass-green, deep crimson or creamy white. These are generally trimmed with black ribbon, gathered around the crown, bows of the same and cuffs of tall plumage or feathers to match the crown.

If the tough were all created in felt would be filled with beefsteaks.