

BAFFLE OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER VII.

Three weeks later, and a sullen peace had fallen over Toulon. Jean was still weak and emaciated from illness. From Grelouire the boy had heard—and with outspoken indignation—of General Bonaparte's departure, shortly after his own arrival at the convent, which had been turned into a hospital.

"He went away and left me!" Jean exclaimed angrily, the color suffusing his cheeks. "Left me, when I was not able to speak to him!"

He left a letter with Pere Huot, and a farewell message, which the good father will doubtless give you when he sees fit.

"Then why should not Pere Huot have told me so before?" demanded Jean, half rising from his seat beside the bed.

"Easy, mon ami; sit still," said Grelouire, calmly. "Do not get excited, else I shall regret telling you anything about the affair. We have to remember that you have been very ill." Tenderness showed in his tone, and he gently touched the thin hand resting on the coverlet.

Late in the afternoon of this same day, Pere Huot, sitting with Jean in the latter's room, had been informing him of what had transpired since the morning Murier brought him to the shelter and safety of his present abode.

He watched the boy's face carefully as he told him of Margot's burial, and of Bonaparte's many visits to his bedside, where he lay tossing in delirium; and the good priest rejoiced within himself to see the look of dogged grief soften into one of subdued gratification.

"My son, where is the box of papers Monsieur le Baron, thy father, entrusted to Margot for safe keeping?"

"The box of papers, Pere Huot," the boy repeated, as if trying to recall

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest. "This comes from Laro's teachings." "No, father—indeed no!" cried Jean, all the fire gone from his eyes. "I have always longed to live such a life—always!"

"Always—all of thy very long life, Jean, my son?" said Pere Huot, a satirical smile touching his thin lips.

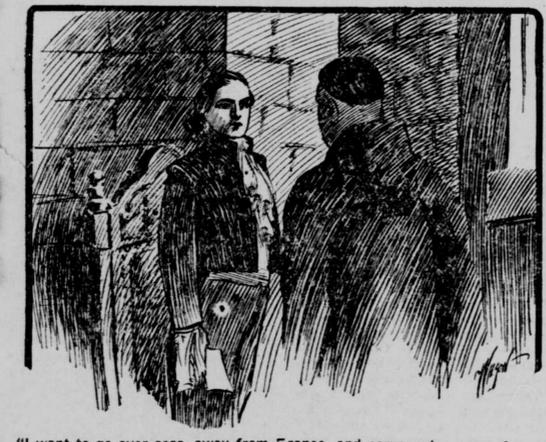
The boy's face became crimson, and he said nothing.

"We have talked long enough for the present, my son," the priest added; "and now I will leave thee. Read General Bonaparte's letter; and may it bring thy mind to holding more worthy ideas of the future than those I have just heard from thee. And Jean, my son—coming close to him, and laying a caressing hand on the wilful head—"I beseech thee, try and harbor kindlier feelings and more Christian-like forgiveness for thy brother."

He left the room, closing the door softly, and Jean sat staring out of the window, though the sun's rays now stole down to touch his brow. But after musing a few seconds, he roused himself with a quick, nervous movement, and looked again at the letter. A moment later he broke its seal; and the thin paper seemed to pulse with his own heartbeats as he read and re-read its words:

"Mon ami—mon cher ami De Soto—I am grieved to the heart that I must leave thee. But go I must, relieved by the assurance that I leave thee in loving hands, which must soon nurse thee back to that health I pray will always be thine. Pere Huot will tell thee of our plans for thy future. If I have thy love, do as the good father shall tell thee, and pray that we may soon meet in happy days. Let Grelouire bring good news of thee, to rejoice the heart of thy "Pizarro."

As Jean's eyes lingered over the final word, he seemed to see the smile, half rallying—entirely tender, that was the invariable accompaniment of their



"I want to go over seas, away from France, and carve out a name for myself!"

something. "I cannot say; I do not know."

"Know not where it is!" exclaimed the priest, with a marked change of bearing and tone. "How is this? What was done with it?"

The good priest spoke urgently, with an impatient, leaning forward and looking fixedly into the boy's perplexed face.

"Burned, with the cottage," replied Jean.

"Know you not, my son, what this box contained?" inquired Pere Huot, looking the boy in the face and speaking sternly.

"Yes—some jewels and papers, what of them?"

"These papers were the proof and vindication of thy birthright," declared the priest solemnly. "Thy mother's marriage certificate was amongst them; and the loss of this may make trouble for thee."

The boy's eyes now turned from the window to meet those of Pere Huot.

"Did Margot tell thee, father, of all that befell the last night we passed at Languedoc?"

"Yes, my son; and I have waited for a fitting time to speak to thee of the matter. General Bonaparte and myself talked of it as well; and I must say that thou were cruelly and needlessly angered and wounded. But I was grieved that thou shouldst have been led to the act that so nearly made thee a murderer. As to thy brother, we must forgive the dead, even more freely than the living; and Etienne is now gone where he should have thy forgiveness in full."

He paused, and Jean turned in his chair to look at him questioningly.

"Yes, thy brother is dead," he continued still more impressively. "I regret to tell thee that he was found guilty of a crime the Great Committee never forgives—that of treachery. While seeming to serve their cause, he sold its secrets to the English."

Jean's lips curled with scorn, but he made no spoken comment.

"Etienne now dead, thou, my son, art heir to the title and estates, which, although declared confiscated, may yet be rescued and saved to thee, through the influence of thy friend, General Bonaparte, who bade me tell thee this at the proper time, and also to give thee this letter."

Jean, angry and reckless, exclaimed: "I'll be no hypocrite, nor pretend to what I cannot feel. I have hated Etienne all my life, and with good cause; and I will never say otherwise, now that he is dead. I would spurn any title or position that had been his—despite myself if ever again I lived beneath the roof who had sheltered one who spoke such dastardly words of my mother! I want to go over seas, away from France, away to the new world, and carve out a name for myself—gain fame and riches. I should die, like a wild bird in a cage, to live such a life as men pass here. The very thought of it is hateful to me."

playful naming of one another. He seemed to see it touch the firm lips, which, with the pale, grave face, imagination now brought vividly before him.

All this faded away, and, with a gulping sob, scolding like the cry of a lovely heart, the boy flung his head upon his arms, and lay silent.

New Orleans, and the night before New Year's day of 1795, saw the windows of the governor's house ablaze with light, and a constant stream of people coming and going through the wide-fung portals. Selected musicians from the ball room and entertained the large gathering of spectators outside, who looked through the open windows upon the flash of color and sparkle of gems, as the elite of the city and province celebrated the annual ball given by Don Francisco Louis Hector, Baron de Carondelet, Governor and Intendant of Louisiana and West Florida.

In an apartment opening from the ball room, several men, whose years or tastes made cards more attractive than dancing, were gathered about a table upon which gold and silver were stacked in miniature towers before the players, one of whom was saying, with an unconcealed sneer, directed at a tall, handsome man, who, clad in the British uniform, sat opposite, "M'sieur Stanley's board of gold promises to be more than he can well carry away."

"Why not pay more attention to your cards, De la Chaise, and prevent the pile increasing?" inquired a man at the little Frenchman's side—a man who greatly resembled Laro, captain of the "Aigle," and erstwhile patron of Le Chein Heureux.

De la Chaise not answering, the other continued, with a malicious light now shining in the dark eyes fixed upon the Englishman's impassive face, "Saw you the Count de Cazeneau this afternoon, may I ask, Captain Stanley?"

The latter encountered, and appeared to understand, the look of his questioner, and a steel-like glint showed in his eyes as he replied, "That is an odd inquiry to make, Don Morales, inasmuch as I have to recall that I met you entering his house as I was leaving it."

"Very true; so you did," admitted Laro (for he it was), "and I was wondering if you left the count in the same devilish humor as that in which I found him."

At this an angry red showed in the officer's cheeks, and a gleam of wrath in his eyes. But, without looking again at Laro, he picked up his cards and glanced at them; then, with an oath, he threw them upon the table, gathered his earnings and strode from the room.

It was generally suspected that Captain Edward Stanley was one of the numerous worshippers of Count de

Cazeneau's lovely daughter; and gossip had been unusually busy with their names during the present week, at the close of which the English officer, having concluded the mission upon which he had been sent to New Orleans, was to return to Mobile, where the garrison was composed equally of British and Spanish troops. It was also understood that Count de Cazeneau had no liking for the stalwart, calm faced Englishman.

"Why did you try to prick him, Don Morales?" asked one of the players, a tall, spare man, with gray hair and heavy, overhanging eyebrows.

Don Morales laughed scornfully. "Because it is worth something to kindle a little fire in the cold blood of an English dog."

"But what is it all about?" inquired another of the party. "Don Morales but asked a simple question. What was there in it to justify any man, English or otherwise, calling for satisfaction?"

"Yes," added a young American of fiercer, looking to be twenty-two or thereabouts, sitting beside Colonel Zachary; "what was there for him to get angry about, for angry he was at something? It couldn't have been his horse, for I looked at what he threw down."

"See here, Don," inquired the quick-witted ensign, who, although a recent widower, with a young boy, was—secretly—of Roselle's adorer's, "is it that you know or think he went to see Count de Cazeneau this afternoon and that his asking for the daughter's hand aroused the old man's temper?"

A curious and not pleasant expression came to Don Morales's eyes, and the colonel said, now speaking some what sternly as he touched the young man's arm, "You are forgetting your usual code, Tommy, to say nothing of your good sense. This is neither the time nor place to be discussing such a sacred matter as a lady's affairs."

"Is it true, what I have heard, Don Morales," now inquired De la Chaise, "that you sail for France in the morning? If so, I am of a half a mind—yes three-quarters—to ask you to let me take passage."

"I carry no passengers," was the brusque reply, made while the speaker was drawing in some winnings; and Colonel Zachary, looking distinctly annoyed, remarked, "I was not aware Don Morales, that you kept the company informed as to your sailing hours and destination."

"I do not," replied Laro, with a quick, meaning glance, which the colonel met with a slight smile. "But there seem to be those who know my business better than I know it myself."

"When shall you be back here?" asked De la Chaise.

"When my vessel reaches New Orleans."

(To be continued.)

CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCK

dishes; some of them are hard enough even to spell.

Browne—"Well, my experience is that most of them spell indignation."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Light.

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Skinnay, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the jolly looking fat man, "these cars should charge by weight."

"Think so?" replied the fat man; "why, they'd hardly think it worth while to stop for you."

There is, indeed.

City Editor—Why do you say he ran into the police station "puffing and blowing"? "Puffing" and "blowing" are synonymous.

Reporter—Not at all. There's a vast difference, for instance, between puffing a man up and blowing him up.

Nothing Fast About Him.

Gladys (sighing)—Oh, dear, he hasn't proposed yet.

Ethel—Well, what can you expect of a chap who never runs his auto over ten miles an hour!—Puck.

Literal Fulfillment of a Prediction.

"Biggles ought to be much pleased over the success of one of his prophecies."

"How was that?"

"Why, he said that a certain little fellow who used to work in an adjoining office was bound to rise in the world."

"And did it come true?"

"Yes. The boy grew up and became an expert porch climber."

He Was Envious.

The Groom—You look envious, old man.

Best Man—Well, I am.

The Groom (thinking he's it)—Oh, whom?

Best Man—Of the minister. He told me you gave him \$10.

Hadn't Tried It.

Mrs. Pinkleigh—Have you tried that new complexion cream that has just been placed on the market?

Mrs. Newrich—No; I don't think our milkman handles it.

No Mistake.

Diggs—Poor Blowitz! The fool killer got him at last.

Blowitz—Why, I thought it was a case of suicide.

Diggs—So it was.

Asked and Answered.

Professor—If a patient had drunk sulphuric acid what would you give him?

Medical Student—I'd give him up.

Information by Mail.

Rastus—"What's yo gwine to do dis fall?"

Johnson—"Ise gwine open a school an' teach chicken stealin' by mail."

NOVELTY TO PRINCE HENRY.

Reward for the First Man Who Called Him a Blockhead.

Prince Henry of Prussia, while riding in an automobile near Kiel recently, suddenly found his way blocked by a large farm wagon which was going at a snail's pace. The prince's chauffeur blew his horn over and over again, but it produced no effect on the sturdy old farmer who was guiding the sluggish horses, and finally the prince told the chauffeur to try to pass the wagon at all hazards. This he did, and, though the passage was very narrow, he skillfully managed to avoid an accident. The horses plunged, however, as the puffing machine passed by them, and the old farmer, roused from his apathy, poured forth a storm of maledictions on the stalwart gentleman in the automobile.

"You're nothing but a big blockhead!" he finally shouted; and at the words the prince whispered to the chauffeur, who at once left the carriage and went up to the old man.

"What do you mean by calling his royal highness a blockhead?" he asked him.

"Heavens above! Is that his royal highness?" stammered the farmer.

"Good Lord! I didn't know 'twas him."

"All right," answered the chauffeur. "The prince is satisfied that you did not know him, and as you are the first person who has ever called him a blockhead he wishes to return the compliment by presenting you with these five dollars."

Imports Woolless Sheep.

The Department of Agriculture has recently imported five woolless sheep for use in the extreme southern states. A heavy crop of wool is a burden in hot, dry districts, resulting in a direct ill effect on the quality of the mutton. These sheep are being experimented with by the bureau of animal industry. They are hardy and are easy keepers. They were brought from the Barbadoes, where they proved profitable.—Country Life in America.

Fish Cannery in England.

After many attempts a successful fish cannery seems to have been established in England. It is on the banks of the Tyne, and already, it is said, the Tyne brand cans have found their way to Australia, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, New Zealand, South America, the west coast of Africa, to Mediterranean ports, and from the Cape up country to Kimberley and the Transvaal.

Saves Rival's Life.

Just as a chimney was about to fall on the head of Gen. F. C. Prescott, as he walked along a street in San Bernardino, Cal., R. Kennedy, his rival in candidacy for the assembly, rushed up, dragged him away, and saved his life. Prescott wanted to withdraw at once from the canvass in favor of Kennedy, but Kennedy would not have it so.

Choirs Grind the Clergy.

The bishop of Worcester, in a triennial address to his clergy, recently said that the clergy had fallen under the despotism of choirs, and with regard to monotonous on a high note he complained that they seemed to think there was "something sacred about the note G."

Gold Discoveries in Klondike.

The whole Yukon country is excited over recent gold discoveries on Rosebud creek, a tributary of the lower Stewar river. There is a great rush from Dawson and other points.

DEATH OF CHICAGO INVENTOR STOPS BUILDING OF AIRSHIP

The upper picture shows the airship as it is expected to appear when in flight. The lower picture presents the plans to be followed in the building of the craft.

Death thwarted the ambitious plans of Richard R. De Jong, a Chicago inventor, last Monday, by preventing him from building an airship for which he had recently secured a patent.

De Jong had devoted many years to the study of aerial navigation and a few days before his death he declared that he had solved the difficult problem. He had expected to be able within a few months to demonstrate the accuracy of his calculations by sailing his craft over the city. The ship was to be propelled by either electricity or a gasoline motor. A few days before his death Mr. De Jong said:

"So far as the public is concerned all the airships ever devised have been failures because all are based upon wrong plans and mistaken ideas. It is an error to build a ship, suspended from which is a big box or cage. This is bound to sway and put the balloon out of course. The theory of balloon and cage has long been exploded. My airship is sustained partly with gas, but the deck is not a cage. It is where a carrying deck ought to be. I shall use a high-power gasoline motor, but would prefer electricity if the storage battery is found feasible. I am doing my work at Roseland and some of these days I will turn my ships, prow upward, and sail over Chicago with as much accuracy of direction as an ocean liner."

Several of the inventor's friends were interested in the invention and recently a company was organized to carry the plans to execution. It is asserted that despite the loss of their chief, the members of the company will yet build the ship.

CROSS OCEAN IN THREE DAYS.

American Shipyards to Turn Out World's Fastest Boat.

It took Christopher Columbus seventy days to cross the Atlantic ocean—but that was 400 years ago. At the present moment the fastest ship has crossed in five days six hours and twenty minutes. From seventy days to less than six days is a long jump, but Lewis Nixon, the Cramps, and Richard B. Painter, three expert ship-builders and marine inventors, are getting ready to launch an ocean giant which will cross the ocean in three days—will, if necessary, make a round trip to England and back again to New York between Monday morning and Saturday night. This new trans-Atlantic racer is to be christened the Meteor. When in the water she will look very much like one of the present big ocean steamships, the only particularly noticeable difference being that her smokestacks will be six in number.

Russian Railroads Lose Money.

In the Russian railway budget for 1904 the gross revenue from the state railways is estimated at £47,300,000, and expenditures on them, including working expenses, improvements and purchase of rolling stock, is estimated at £46,400,000, showing a net revenue of £900,000. But as the payment of interest on government railway bonds absorbs annually a further sum of nearly £14,000,000, the total deficit on state railways alone would appear to be thirteen millions sterling (£14,000,000—£9,000,000), exclusive of advance of guaranteed interest, etc., to private companies.—London Engineer.

Justice Harlan Wants Big Navy.

Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court addressed a class at the George Washington university law school the other day. He declared that he would "lose no sleep" should the government build a navy as large as all the other navies of the world combined. The justice was discussing that portion of the constitution which says that "congress shall have the power to provide and maintain a navy." In his opinion, a powerful fleet would be the best possible preservation of peace, as other powers would be slow to pick a quarrel with a nation so well provided.

Bell Rings After Long Silence.

The bell at the modern church of Llandevau, in Monmouthshire—a church built about fifty years ago—has a curious history. The present building was erected on the site of a pre-Reformation church, and whilst the building was in hand a local farmer offered to give an old bell which was in one of his barns. The offer was gladly accepted, and the bell turned out to be the original one from old Llandevau, which, after some 300 years' silence, once more calls the people to church.

Hunters Wearing Red Jersey.

So many hunters in Wisconsin have been shot, some killed and others seriously wounded since the open season for deer this fall that many, as a means of precaution, have gone into the woods arrayed in bright red jerseys. Wearing anything like khaki uniform they are liable to be mistaken for a deer by some other Nimrod and shot without further investigation. An apology subsequent to one's funeral is not altogether satisfactory in such a case.

Capturing Wild Horses.

The work of capturing wild horses in the vicinity of Fox mountain and Madeline plains has begun. This country is practically a wild, unbroken stretch of mountains in western Nevada and eastern California that is too rough for any purpose except grazing, and over which several thousand head of wild horses roam. The captured animals are invariably small, but well proportioned, and prove to be hardy, serviceable and obedient after being broken.—Sacramento Bee.