

# LAFFITE OF LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
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## CHAPTER XV.

After the death of Laro a new and somewhat better order of things prevailed among the so-called "Pirates of the Gulf."

Now under the direct leadership of Laffite alone, and with better opportunities for knowing his chivalrous nature, the larger body of them followed unquestioningly his more merciful and less lawless practices; and not a few of the men actually relished the changed conditions in which they found themselves.

Garone, who had been given a vessel of his own, had gathered to himself the most unregenerate of Laro's followers, and entered upon a career in which he observed the same methods as his former commander, with the result that he was finally brought to execution, together with most of his crew, in a South American port.

Life at the Ursuline convent was, for many months, a burden to Laffite, and her whims and caprices made it but little less so to the mother superior and nuns. But they, with a lively remembrance of many generous favors from Laffite, felt that they must bear patiently with the charge he had left in their keeping.

La Roche, as her banker and man of business, came often to see his fair client, and ended by falling in love with her—a fact he was wise enough to keep to himself. And, later on, he obtained Laffite's consent to her removal from the convent and taking a house of her own, where, with Ma'am Brigida and a retinue of slaves, the high-strung beauty seemed more contented.

When the summer of 1812 had brought the Cazeneau household to their Barataria home, there befell something which struck Laffite with a new despair, and took from him all hope of ever being asked to render little Roselle the smallest service, even should the occasion or necessity arise.

Her childish trust in him became destroyed; he saw her shrink from him in terror and abhorrence. And this awakened in him the knowledge that—as he supposed—paternal love he had been cherishing for the child of her who had always been his ideal, was not the affection of a father for his daughter, but the love of a man for a woman.

The bitterest potion he had ever swallowed was now working in his veins. Yet no one would have suspected this, as he went his way, and for a time with greater recklessness

teen, and devoted, body and soul, to his master, was the only one to accompany him to Grande Terre. He had seated himself upon the steps, but too far away to catch the conversation between Laffite and Zeney; even had they spoken in a language he understood.

But he watched them with curious eyes, having often heard of Zeney; and her reputed powers served to make her an object of awe and aversion to him, as to most of his class.

It was, therefore, with a sigh of relief that he saw her disappear, after his master had gone inside.

He remained sitting on the steps, his chin supported by two yellow palms, while a group of young negroes who had drawn near to gaze curiously at him, after the manner of their kind, proceeded to converse in a way evidently intended to attract his attention.

Instinct, rather than any sound, made Nato realize that a presence was near him; and glancing over his shoulder, he saw a girl, white-clad from standing in the doorway through which Laffite had passed a few minutes before. Presently he saw one of her little hands go to her side, as if she had been startled, or was experiencing some strong emotion; and she stood with bended head, as if listening.

Nato was still staring at the girl when she started impetuously, and went hurriedly down the hallway.

Led by curiosity, the boy jumped to his feet, and saw her descend the steps of the back gallery, and go swiftly into the woods, which seemed to swallow up the snowy form and glittering hair—swallow them so suddenly as to leave in the boy's superstitious mind an uncomfortable suggestion that she was not real flesh and blood, but a "spirit," or perhaps a second voodoo priestess.

Within the room, near whose open door the girl had stood, Laffite and De Cazeneau were having a serious conversation.

Following the custom of the time, De Cazeneau had reached out to ring a bell for refreshments, when Laffite, with an expressive gesture, stayed his hand.

"No, M'sieur le Comte. I can carry but a very short time—only long enough to impart the very important intelligence I came to bring you." And he held out a paper he had drawn from his pocket.

The count, having put on his glasses, took the document; and his

suppose I would stoop to traffic in the blood of my associates?"

It was this that made the small hand go fluttering toward the girl's frightened heart. It was the revelation that her "Captain Jean" was none other than Laffite, the terrible pirate, of whom she had heard such dreadful tales! He was the freebooter, smuggler and outlaw—the leader of that fearful band of men she had shuddered to hear the slaves mention! And not only was her grandfather cognizant of this, but he was this man's abettor—his associate and friend!

Her brain in a whirl, her heart terrified by dread of an undefinable terror, she fled from the house, and into the woods, wandering on, scarcely knowing or caring where, until her steps were arrested by the matted thicket into which she had penetrated with unseeing eyes.

Now all was revealed to her. The man whom of all others she trusted in this new, strange, and fettered world into which she had been brought from the peaceful island home, where life had been happy, and free from fear—he was the notorious Laffite, the "Pirate of the Gulf," who scuttled ships, who murdered men and women, and whose hands were red with blood; shed that he might plunder his victims.

(To be continued.)

### GREAT AUTHOR AT PLAY.

#### Interesting Reminiscences of One Who Knew Hawthorne.

Mrs. Sedgwick, in "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm," gives a little sketch of Hawthorne which shows him in a pleasant and merry light, although in general, she acknowledges, the great author was silent, almost taciturn. One day she was learning verses to recite at the evening class formed by Charles A. Dana, when, seeing Hawthorne sitting immovable and solitary on the sofa, she daringly thrust the book in his hands.

"Will you hear me say my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" I said.

He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

One evening he was alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate and I were going upstairs. She whispered to me: "Let's throw a sofa pillow at Mr. Hawthorne."

Reaching over the banisters, we each took a pillow and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, warded off our cushions and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could only hit the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements.

Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars, until we went off to bed vanquished.

#### Politeness Pays.

Suddenly the man fell. He was a dignified person, but as he reached a sleety corner his feet, set down with precision, failed to stay set. They flew so high, and the result was so abrupt, that as the man hit the walk in sitting posture observers expected to see a spine protrude from the top of his hat.

Two youths had seen the episode. One was a bad youth, and unwise. He laughed. The other was a good youth, who knew a thing or two. He hastened to pick up the fallen man.

"Thank you," said the man. "I am a childless millionaire, looking for a heir. You're it. Meantime take this roll and blow yourself. Only one condition is attached. Don't spend a cent on that laughing jackass who is with you."

Handing over a \$10,000 bundle, and giving his hotel address, the man went his way.

The moral of this is so obvious that the reader unable to discern it isn't worth bothering about.—Washington Times.

#### Demand for English Wives.

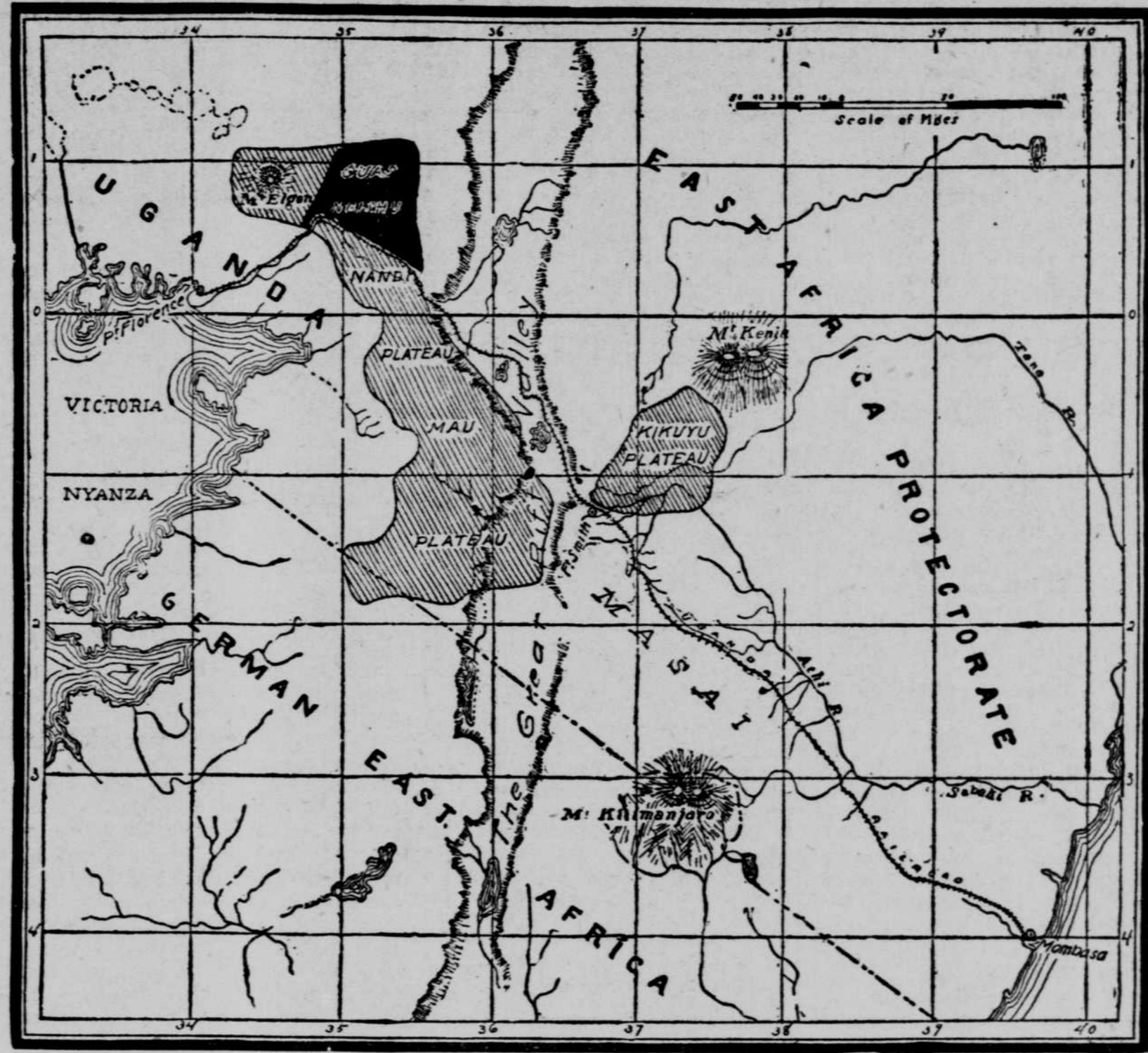
In nearly all of the colonies of Great Britain there is a demand for wives which is greatly in excess of the supply. And it is not the "fine lady" afraid of soiling her hands who is wanted, but the girl who is both able and willing to work who gets the best prizes in these matrimonial markets. Almost any woman can look forward to a home of her own in these colonies, even if she goes out to them in the position of servant, and none emigrating to these countries have a better chance of winning wealthy husbands than those who go out in the capacity of maid. In both Canada and Australia the help problem is ever present as in our country, and often when a young woman comes "help" in one household she is afforded the opportunity of becoming the mistress of another. A Liverpool servant who emigrated to Australia not many years ago is now the wife of a prosperous colonist said to be worth more than \$250,000. Of course not every girl may hope to do as well but she may be sure of possessing a comfortable home. In Canada there are one hundred thousand men, who are looking for English wives, while in Australia there are three hundred and fifty thousand men in the same state. The same demand is to be found in South Africa, though in a less degree.

#### Don't Recognize Defeat.

He is a pretty poor sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster, or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert.

This is the test of your manhood; how much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down now, throw up your hands, and acknowledge your self worsted, there is not much in you. But if, with heart undaunted and face turned toward the future, you give up or lose faith in yourself, if you scorn to beat a retreat, you will show that the man left in you is bigger than your loss, greater than your cross and larger than any defeat.—Success.

## High Plateaus of East Africa Where White Races Can Live and Thrive



The black and shaded areas on this map are from 6,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea. They are perfectly healthful. The Guas Ngishu plateau,

shown in solid black, is the area which the British government has offered to Jewish colonists. No British settlers have yet been invited to

the Nandi and Mau highlands, but British farmers are settling on the Kikuyu plateau. The land is said to be rich and easy of cultivation.

### TRAITS OF GEN. STOESEL.

#### Kouropatkin Selected Him for Defender of Fortress.

It was Gen. Kouropatkin who insisted that Gen. Stoessel should be put in command of Port Arthur. Kouropatkin said of him: "Stoessel is a bad tactician. Put him against equal force, against a Gourko or a Skobelev, and you'll find him tricked and cut to pieces in four-and-twenty hours. But stick him behind one of his own earthworks, where there's no question of maneuvering, and all the forces of earth and hell will not prevail against him."

"Gen. Stoessel showed himself to be a man of singularly few words," writes an English critic, "though his Te Deum addresses to his troops after the repulse of Japanese assaults, as well as his dispatches to the czar, flew so high, and the result was so abrupt, that as the man hit the walk in sitting posture observers expected to see a spine protrude from the top of his hat."

Two youths had seen the episode. One was a bad youth, and unwise. He laughed. The other was a good youth, who knew a thing or two. He hastened to pick up the fallen man. "Thank you," said the man. "I am a childless millionaire, looking for a heir. You're it. Meantime take this roll and blow yourself. Only one condition is attached. Don't spend a cent on that laughing jackass who is with you."

Handing over a \$10,000 bundle, and giving his hotel address, the man went his way. The moral of this is so obvious that the reader unable to discern it isn't worth bothering about.—Washington Times.

punished with the most merciless severity. "Carry out the sentence," was his invariable reply to court-martial recommendations to mercy; "it will save lives in the end." A dealer who was found to be selling putrid tinned meat to the soldiers he sentenced to be locked up for three days and fed exclusively on his own poisonous stuff.

"Never popular before, Stoessel soon came to be the idol of his officers and men, who recognized him to be the soul and beacon of their glorious defense. 'People say,' wrote a correspondent in Port Arthur, 'that Gen. Stoessel never sleeps; for when all the city is in darkness a light alone burns in his headquarters,' and, it might be added, in his heart. Apart from his own stout heart, which never failed him, another constant source of his courage has been the inspiring presence of his wife."

#### Barred Out Shakespeare.

There is one family in Brooklyn that does not take much stock in Mr. Shakespeare. The eldest daughter is getting close to graduation in the grammar school and some knowledge of the bard and his work is requisite, according to the notions of Supt. Maxwell. This little girl took home "The Merchant of Venice" as one of her class books and read a bit of it aloud to her father. The old man did not like the cuss words, and when she read about the "damned Jew" there was trouble in that simple little household.

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"Put that book away, Maria," said the horror-stricken father. "I'll write to your teacher about that."

And he did. He said: "Teacher—That book of William Shakespeare's is no good and I don't want my daughter to read any more of it. I never let her read dime novels anyway, but I don't think it's very nice to put books with swearing in them into the hands of little girls. I never heard of this man Shakespeare, but his stuff is not the style I want my little girl to read. E. P. Roe is bad enough, but that's moral."—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Why He Wanted Time.

Four year old Freddie had a visit the other day from his five year old cousin Walter, and the two small boys were playing marbles in Freddie's yard, when Freddie's mother called him to go to bed. The little fellow begged for just a minute more, and several times it was granted. Finally his mother became insistent, and the small boy came to her holding out a bag full of marbles.

"Mother," he said, "if you will give me only a minute or two more I'll send him home busted, and you can have half the marbles."

#### Money of Wartime Days.

A Lawrence bank received a unique deposit the other day in the form of several hundred dollars in the 50, 15, 10 and 5-cent scrip of war days. The bills have been kept in the home of the depositor for forty years.



LASTING RELIEF.  
J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says:  
"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys. I suffered intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and was annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. Doctors failed to relieve me. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."  
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

### WITH THE SAGES.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie; a fault which needs it most grows too thereby.—Herbert.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.—Wordsworth.

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—Washington Irving.

It is as easy to call back a stone thrown from the hand as to call back the word that is spoken.—Menander.

Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good in the mind from which they spring.—Charles Dickens.

The greatest successes the world has ever beheld have been at one time the greatest improbabilities.—George MacDonald.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our narrow pleasures.—George Eliot.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our family our tempers, and in society our tongues.—Hannah More.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

### CAUSE AND CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

Shown by numerous cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cure the kidneys and the Rheumatism cures itself—Remarkable case of Maggie E. Deckert.

Eagle River, Wis., Jan. 16.—(Special)—That rheumatism is caused by disordered kidneys is proved by the cures Dodd's Kidney Pills are making in every state in the Union. They cure the kidneys and the Rheumatism cures itself. A cure that has caused deep interest in this neighborhood is that of Maggie E. Deckert. In speaking of it she says:

"I had kidney trouble and rheumatism and was so lame I could not walk. I could not sleep for I ached all over. I was in a terrible state and firmly believe that if I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills I would be dead. I took nine boxes of them and they have done me more good than all the other medicines I ever took. Now my aches are all gone, I can eat and sleep and I am feeling good. I want all the world to know that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

### WISE SAYINGS

A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. Alfred Tennyson.

Those who have a heart to do good never need complain for lack of opportunity.—M. Henry.

For one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

Little minds are famed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.

The brave man carves out his fortune and every man is the son of his own works.—Miguel Cervantes.

### DISFIGURING ULCER

People Looked at Her in Amazement.—Pronounced Incurable—Face Now Clear as Ever—Thanks God for Cuticura.

Mrs. P. Hackett, of 400 Van Buren St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I wish to give thanks for the marvelous cure of my mother by Cuticura. She had a severe ulcer, which physicians had pronounced incurable. It was a terrible disfigurement, and people would stand in amazement and look after her. After there was no hope from doctors she began using Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and now, thank God, she is completely cured, and her face is as smooth and clear as ever."

Men who have little business are great talkers; the more one thinks, the less one speaks.—Montesquieu.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. WALTERS, KILBURN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Price 75 cents per bottle. Use Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Men use to wage war as if they felt that they were making history; now shudder through battle, feeling that they are contributing a few novel to Carnegie libraries.

### Russian State Scepter.

The Russian state scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 260 rubles and fifteen emeralds.

Pigeons Fly Fast and Far. Eight pigeons recently flew from Kimberley to Cape Town, South Africa, a distance of 512 miles, in fourteen hours.

We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.—La Rochefoucauld.



Her "Captain Jean" was none other than Laffite, the terrible pirate!

than before, although the rumor mentioned by Pierre had now become a fact, inasmuch as the governor of Louisiana had issued a proclamation offering a reward for Laffite's apprehension.

This had come about by reason of a melee in the bayou Lafourche, and which proved to be the chip which kindled to a blaze the long-smouldering fire of wrath against the Baratarians.

When the information was brought to Laffite, accompanied by a copy of the proclamation, he had, without delay, taken a pinnace and set out for the extreme southerly side of Grande Terre, upon which was the Count de Cazeneau's abode.

At the sound of Laffite's feet upon the steps, a woman's weakened face, wrinkled and scowling, its coffee-hue contrasting with wisps of gray, wiry wool showing from beneath a bright-colored bandanna, was projected from one of the numerous doors opening from the hallway into various rooms in the two wings of the building.

It was apparent that she recognized the visitor, for she came out into the hall and, despite her age, advanced briskly toward him.

"Ah, Zeney, there you are, looking as young as ever," was his smilingly spoken greeting.

"Always you say words, Captain Jean, that please, even when one knows they are not true."

Laffite laughed lightly.

"Is your young mistress well?" he inquired.

"Yes, she is well," Zeney answered, in a tone implying that more might be said.

"Is she quite happy, Zeney?"

"Happy? How could a wild bird be happy in a cage, even if its bars were made of gold?"

She was about to continue, but Laffite, as if not caring to pursue the subject, asked, "Is your master here?"

Zeney nodded, and pointed to a closed door near them. "He is in there, and alone."

Laffite, turning from her, knocked at the door, and De Cazeneau's voice answered, "Entrez."

This the former did, leaving the door ajar.

Nato, now a tall, wiry lad of six-

wavering hands made the blue paper quiver as if his own startled pulsebeats had stolen into it while he read the contents aloud.

"Whereas the nefarious practice of running in contraband goods, which has hitherto prevailed in different parts of the state, to the great injury of the fair trader; and the diminution of the revenue of the United States, has of late much increased; and, whereas it has been officially known to me that, on the 14th of last month, a quantity of smuggled goods, seized by Walter Gilbert, an officer of the revenue of the United States, were forcibly taken from him in open day, at no great distance from the city of New Orleans, by a party of armed men, under the orders of a certain Jean Laffite, who fired upon and grievously wounded one of the assistants of the said Walter Gilbert:

"I have thought proper to issue this, my proclamation; and I do solemnly caution all and singular citizens of this state against giving any kind of succor, support or countenance to the said Jean Laffite and associates, but do call upon them to be aiding and abetting in arresting him and said associates, and all others in like manner offending; and I do furthermore, in the name of the state, offer a reward of five hundred dollars, which will be paid out of the treasury to any person delivering the said Jean Laffite to the sheriff of the parish of Orleans, or to any other sheriff in the state, so that the said Jean Laffite may be brought to justice."

The island Rose had heard the greater part of the document read in her grandfather's voice, low, to be sure, but with a clear enunciation which made each syllable as distinct as though she had been the reader instead of a listener. And when he ended, she heard the voice of him heretofore known to her as "Captain Jean," and its tone was one of banter.

"Well, M'sieur le Count, will you be the one to claim this five hundred dollars, and do your governor and state a brilliant service by delivering to them this body of mine."

Then came her grandfather's sternly cold reply:

"What have I ever done, Captain Jean Laffite, that should lead you to