

LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XXV.

Lafitte, after the departure of Gen. La Roche, permitted himself the solace of tarrying an hour or so longer, although he exchanged scarcely half a dozen words with Mademoiselle de Cazeneuve, as they, with Lazalle and Harold Stewart, sat on the broad veranda.

He was unaccountably anxious and depressed; there seemed to be something in the air about him that set his nerves a quiver, and filled him with strange feelings.

"Will you not come again soon?" asked Lazalle, a new wistfulness showing in her face and voice, as he extended his hand to her.

Lafitte's only reply was a smile; and turning to say adieu to Mademoiselle de Cazeneuve, he saw that she had left the veranda, and was standing on the lawn, some little distance from the house.

She was looking off toward the woods, and said, as Lafitte paused beside her, "There is the man from whom grandpere rented Kanahana, sitting under a tree with his gun."

"He expects to see me before I go, and is waiting for the opportunity," Lafitte explained, his voice softening as it always did when addressing her.

The violet eyes and the dark ones looked into each other; then a shapely brown hand possessed itself gently of a small white one.

"Oh, Captain Jean, I am so sorry—so very sorry! Will you not say that you forgive me?"

She spoke impulsively, in a half-whisper, and the other small hand was now laid over the back of the brown one.

Her look and words, the faint pressure of her fingers, sent a wild joy through his veins.

"God in heaven bless you for those words. Only there can never be any forgiveness between us, save as you may give me Heaven, by forgiving me. Try and trust me, child. Try and believe that I am not the monster you have thought me. Do this, and



"Adieu, and God's angels keep you."

you can save me from what has been an earthly hell."

She looked startled, but the glad light showing in her eyes was assurance that she was not offended by his passionate pleading.

"Adieu, now," he whispered, bending so close that his breath stirred the bright hair rippling over her forehead. "Adieu, and God's angels keep you. I hope to see you soon again."

He was gone, but her hands still tingled from his close touch and his low, tense voice still thrilled her ears.

With a joyously beating heart that made her inclined to weep as well as sing, the girl ascended with fleet steps to the veranda and fled to her room, locked the door and threw herself upon the bed.

She was laughing, but with tears crowding to her throat, and trying to get into her eyes, where, for appearance's sake, she did not care to have them show.

She did not ask herself why it was, what it meant, or what it might mean, to her life. She knew only a half-delirious joy, such as never before had come to her.

Ah, how (as she now admitted to herself) she had missed him out of her life—her brave, handsome Captain Jean! How she had missed his chivalrous, protecting friendship—the latent strength and decision showing in all he did and said! How she had missed the gentleness and reverence with which he always addressed her—the kindly deeds he was always striving to do for her.

The sun was nearly two hours high on the following day when the boat bearing Lafitte back to Grande Terre stole out from the wooded mouth of the Bayou.

Looking toward the island, Lafitte noticed an unusual volume of smoke lingering above the tree tops, and wondered why the men had so much fire at this hour of the day. Then, turning his eyes to the east, he saw a fleet of vessels apparently going down the gulf. While the boat sailed down the island's shore the smoke against the southwest sky showed more dense, and Baptistine, pointing to it, said, "That smoke looks to be not innocent camp-fire nor chimney smoke, my captain."

Lafitte was about to reply, when the boat came abreast of an opening in the trees, through which some of the buildings were seen to be on fire. A chorus of exclamations and execrations broke from Baptistine and the crew, and one of the latter cried out, "This is the work of those cursed English!"

large armed force was quickly organized to descend upon Grande Terre.

More bitter than ever before were Lafitte's thoughts that night and the following day. All seemed hopeless—no hope, no light, as he reviewed the situation, he became stunned beyond all ability to feel the rage which at another time would have been likely to control him.

But, true to his nature, he did not permit himself to be overwhelmed by the great disaster and sorrow that had come upon him. A trusty messenger had been dispatched at once to a point not far from New Orleans, where were those to be relied upon for the latest news from the city; and, upon the third day after the attack upon Grande Terre, the messenger returned with information that determined Lafitte to proceed there at once.

Pierre was at New Orleans, in gaol, wounded; some said mortally, others declared he was dying.

Wrapped in a long, dark cloak, with the broad brim of his hat making a deeper shadow over his face, Lafitte, as he stepped aboard the craft that was to convey him from Shell Island, looked a commanding figure of stern sorrow.

The men were reluctant to see their leader going into New Orleans, but none of them dared express this feeling in words, except as they talked among themselves.

"If any harm comes to him we'd better join the English, and help burn New Orleans," said one, as they watched Lafitte's boat pulled up the stream.

"Caramba!" growled a Spaniard. "It is to the cutting of the illustrious Senator Governor's throat I would prefer to give my attention."

"So would I," declared a Yankee, lounging next to the last speaker. "It is the governor's fault that Grande Terre was attacked. Captain Lafitte said so."

"New lace waist, trimmed with pale green satin ribbon, the ends of which pass through silk rings to match and are finished in little ears."

The full sleeves and deep cuffs are trimmed to correspond, the latter finished at the wrists with lace ruffles. The girde is of satin, matching the ribbon.

Colors to be worn late, and all shades of mauve and violet will be especially popular. For the late spring and summer white will be the thing, just as white satin reigned supreme this winter. Modified redingotes will be worn this spring, but so many cheap ones have already been seen that their popularity has rather waned. Made by a good tailor and on simple lines, worn over a plain skirt and by a woman who holds herself well, they are extremely good looking.

The Louis XVI. and XV. coats are holding their own, and are economical and in good taste always, and for hotels and moving about from place to place, either here or abroad, a couple of these jackets would be just the thing, say, a light, low-necked one of flowered silk, to wear with light skirts, and a black one of silk or satin, with lace jabot and light waistcoat.

Pansy is a Modish Color.

Pansy color will be popular this spring. It is a color that is neither a purple nor a lavender, but which suggests the full blown pansy in its softest, richest tones. One can get a great deal of wear out of a pansy cloth gown, as it can be trimmed with one of many colors and frequently changed. Green, white, black, coral color and violet all go well with pansy color.

There is a perfect fad for trimming a gown in such a way that the trimming can be taken off and other trimmings put on. A pansy-colored gown can be trimmed with new green. This makes a very dressy suit with its gorgeous green vest, while the hat has its shaded green plume.

Later in the season the green can be removed and white satin can be applied in its place. Now there comes the white mull, or the white lawn shirt waist, or the shirt waist of white nainsook, or of any delicate washable material.

Representative Kehoe of Kentucky tells of a considerable judge in his state who passed a sentence on a man convicted of murder. The judge said: "Mr. Dodson, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hanged. It is my wish that you and all your friends on the river to know that it is not I who condemn you; it is the jury and the law, Mr. Dodson. At what time, sir, would you like to be hanged?"

The prisoner made answer that it was a matter of indifference to him, and that he was prepared to be swung off at any time. The judge continued: "Mr. Dodson, it is a serious matter to be hanged. It can't happen to a man but once in life, unless the rope should break before the neck is broke, and you had better take all the time you can. But since it makes no difference to you, you may hang four weeks from to-day at 12 noon, but you may have a good dinner first."

Prof. Bowne's Drachm.

Prof. Borden P. Bowne of Boston university is not only a great wit, but an inveterate punster. One morning in the philosophy class a student who was not willing to accept anything until he saw it raised a great many objections.

The professor answered them as best he could; then, looking around the class, remarked: "Has any one else any scruples?" and proceeded to make a bad pun by adding, "If we could get scruples enough together we might raise a drachm among us."

To which the student replied: "Professor, a good many people take that kind of a drachm without any scruples."

Making Maids of Honor Useful.

Taking a leaf out of the book of Mary Queen of Scots, the empress dowager of China, it is said, is going to have her handmaids in the palace taught to sew and spin. In lieu of the tambour frame they will be supplied with looms and learn the useful art of weaving towels and other domestic linen.

WHAT SMART WOMEN ARE WEARING

The Paris Gowns.

From Paris comes word that the new gowns for the elegantes which have fled to the Mediterranean, which compares to our Florida, are practically all made with the fullness of the sleeve pushed quite up to the top of the arm. The lower part is very often, it is true, gathered or gauged or made essentially full; but all this folding is caught in to the shape of the arm, so as to outline it, and in many cases the fullness left loose at the top is practically a deep epaulet and no more. Skirts are also made to fit closely to the figure at the top and flow in full folds below the knee, the length all round being as nearly the same as the necessity for walking allows—that is to say, in the front the skirt is made to lie as much on the ground as it can do without tripping up its owner constantly, and then the sides and back are alike three or four inches on the ground. Such skirts are unsuited for the promenade, for which cloths are provided. Many of these have short jackets, or boleros, over deep silk belts, and in no case are the sleeves exaggerated in any fashion, but generally are simple coat sleeves. French women who dress well do so by exercising common sense in such matters; nothing can be too "fussy" for the smart costume; but the simple, everyday frock is a practical affair before all.

White Lace and Ribbon.

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very convenient to purchase a little coat and skirt and more than convenient to wear the suit with a pretty shirtwaist underneath.

"For spring," said a modiste, "I look forward to the coat and skirt idea almost exclusively. True there is a great deal of talk about the old-fashioned basque and the bodice. But I look for a Renaissance of the two-piece suit, the coat and the skirt. And I am sure that it will be twice as popular as ever."

Chiffon Washable.

Good chiffon can be washed again and again and used until literally worn out, looking "as good as new" each time. Use tepid suds, made with a pure white soap, and add a teaspoon of alcohol to each quart of suds. Rub gently between the hands, applying the soap directly to the very soiled places. When clean, squeeze in the hand, instead of wringing, as wringing or hard rubbing is liable to separate the threads of the fabric. Rinse in tepid water, with alcohol, as before. Squeeze again, this time in a clean towel. Pull gently into shape and iron while wet, letting the iron, which must be very clean and smooth, go right on the chiffon with no intervening cloth.

Stiff Collars With Tailor Suits.

Embroidered linen collars—stiff, mannish, straight linen collars, their character utterly belied by the graceful little designs with which they are embroidered—are worn with tailor suits, and finish in a soft silk tie. They make a pretty change, too, to the stocks you've worn all winter.

Short Evening Coat.

The above coat is white broadcloth, with lining of heavy white silk. The shaped yoke of unique design is of Russian lace, the rounded scallops outlined with a blased fold of cloth and white braid. Similar treatment is given the deep cuff on sleeve.

Two Pretty Effects.

Very fetching is a gray plaid costume seen in one shop. It is made with a three flounced skirt, edged with plain gray cloth. The blouse bodice is full, with seams only under the arms. It is trimmed with a round sailor collar and chemisette of lace. The short sleeves are made of two ruffles corresponding to the skirt effect.

Another smart frock is carried out in very lightweight velvet. Tucks and pointed bands of stitched cloth trim the skirt. The short coat has lapels of stitched cloth, a tiny vest, and a wide upper portion to the sleeves. The cuffs are finished with stitched cloth.

Pretty Kimonos.

There is nothing prettier nor more girlish in the way of dressing sacques than a short kimono, especially when its Japanese character is brought out by the material of which it is made.

If a plain color is used, let it be of some soft pale shade, with the bands that border it of a contrasting color.

If there is time and work to spare, a design of scattered blossoms, embroidered in natural colors, makes up charmingly and makes it still more Japanese. Drapery silks, well covered with chrysanthemums or cherry blossoms, are the next best substitute, and are both wide and inexpensive, although a number of cotton stuffs, which will bear repeated washings, are much less expensive and almost as effective.

A new black veil is sprinkled with

With the Housewife

Kitchen towels should be washed out every day after the dinner things are washed and boiled at least once a week.

Wooden spoons should be used always when making sauces and beating cakes. If metal spoons are used they become ground down at the point and also wear out the saucepan.

An egg whisk made of wire set in a wooden handle is a necessity in every kitchen. It is required for clearing soup, beating whites of eggs or cream and to make chocolate froth.

Directly a saucepan is empty and taken from the fire fill it with cold water. When time allows, add a piece of soda and boil out the vessel. Saucepans treated like this are easy to wash and always in good order when wanted.

Peacock Eyes.

The iris in the superb tail feathers of the peacock is the model for a beautiful design in spring materials. Peacock "eyes," so-called, are sprinkled upon the lustrous surface of a changeable silk, where green and blue are interchangeably woven.

Peacock "eyes" with high metallic luster are achieved by using the changeable bluish-green paillettes, either on lace or velvet. These are truly superb.

The paillettes are used on a bodice, in yoke and on girde, and occasionally on the cuffs of the sleeves. The fashionable sequined cuff affords abundant opportunity for applying these paillette spangles. The paillette girde is a feature of new spring gowns.

Wedding Cake.

One cup of butter, 2 of sugar, 3 of flour, 4 eggs, 1 pound of raisins, 1 pound of currants, 1/2 pound of citron, 1 teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and 2 teaspoons of baking powder well mixed with the dry flour. Flavor with lemon. The fruit should be chopped fine and well mixed with flour. The cake will seem very stiff, but it is all right. Bake in slow oven.

Boudoir Confidences

Rice cloth in pale colors is a pretty and inexpensive fabric for home frocks.

Something new are the deep collar and cuff sets striped horizontally with pale blue or pink.

Chiffon voile comes in pale checks and is very like the real voile, only much less expensive.

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MARVELS OF AMERICA

SCENES OF BEAUTY UNEQUALED ON THE EARTH.

No Wondrous Sight Shown the Traveler Abroad But Can Be Duplicated Here in Our Own Land—A Few Instances Taken from Lung List.

When Payne wrote "There's No Place Like Home," he gave poetic expression to the love he bore toward the ingle-nook, more precious than "temples or palaces." What flowers of rhetoric could approach in power of assertion, these five little monosyllabic words, "There's No Place Like Home"—to galsay which were impossible!

It is the great privilege of Americans to be able, without hyperbole, to apply them to travel, for what is there in any part of the habitable globe more fraught with interest, instruction, education, refreshment of mind and body and uplifting of soul than nature has provided, with hand so lavish, for the delectation of those having the good fortune to dwell in this goodly land?

Would he see a Riviera? We have several on the shores of the azure waters both of the gulf and the Pacific, far distancing that laved by the Mediterranean.

Does he pine for snow-capped mountains? Let him repair to the plains whence Pike's Peak, Mt. Logan and our other great elevations rear their hoary summits into cloudland.

Would he witness a majestic cataract? There is but one without a rival, the imperial Niagara—in the chain of our great lakes, most turbulent of links.

Neither Nile, Niger, nor Ganges—great rivers though they are—are comparable to our own Mississippi, well named "The Father of Waters." Our peerless Hudson excels in picturesque effect the vaunted Rhine.

What of the beauties of the Golden Gate, on whose shores sits enthroned queenly San Francisco, pronounced peerless among cities by a much-travelled European prince of imperial blood.

Where is there, even in miniature, anything to vie with that earthly paradise, the Valley of the Yosemite; what to compare with the deep and rugged gorge through which passes to the sea the impetuous Colorado river?

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, one of the world's wonders, is as yet but partially explored.

Why, then, travel abroad, while all these and vastly more than can be here enumerated, remain unseen, at home.

"Are not Abana and Parphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" said Naaman the Syrian of old, when ordered by the prophet to betake himself to the Jordan for healing. Who can help admiring his pride of country and robust patriotism? Most worthy are they of emulation.

Be it for health or recreation, there is no grander travel field than we have at home.—Travel.

The Judas Kiss.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, the brilliant and original chief of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, was asked the other day by a reporter why he did not investigate rouge.

"Rouge," the reporter said, "may be very harmful, very poisonous, sir. Don't you think that it requires investigation?"

Dr. Wiley smiled.

"No," he answered, "I can't say I do. If rouge were poisonous, unnumbered women would have died of it long ago."

"By the way, I'll tell you a queer thing about rouge. It is something that I came upon one day in a pharmacy, and I think it illustrates an odd phase of human nature."

"A young girl was buying a pot of rouge and I heard her murmur to the clerk:

"You guarantee that this will not rub off?"

"I do, indeed," the clerk answered. "This, like all of our rouges, is warranted to stand the hardest kiss of investigation that any of your women friends will try on it."—Salt Lake Tribune.

English Employes in Ruts.

Mr. Ruggles of Chicago continues his description of English business ways in Vanity Fair. "I have seen only one office where there is any real enthusiasm, and the employes seldom have any interest in the business beyond drawing their salaries. In most of the factories, and even in the offices, they are taught a certain round of duties, and they are allowed to do nothing else. They seldom suggest improvements for fear of losing their places, where in America they'd soon lose their places if they didn't make suggestions. Here, it's the firm in its private offices, and everybody else doing as little as possible, and never stepping out of the rut they're put in; and there it's everybody working together, coats off, and the head of the concern glad to listen to the office boy, and to do as he says if it means results."

British Agricultural Schools.

In 1904 British educational institutions received nearly \$50,000 for farm studies, and special grants, aggregating several thousand dollars, were made to various agricultural and industrial societies. Dairying and sheep raising are receiving special attention, and some important results recently have been attained in curing or preventing diseases peculiar to sheep.

Knew What He Was Doing.

Postmaster Willcox has a friend who is the possessor of an only son. One day his mother heard him sliding down the banisters of the front stairs and asked him what he was trying to do.

The little fellow thought a moment and then said, "I am making a pair of pants for a poor orphan boy."—New York Times.

Japs in California.

California believes that it has one-third of the 100,000 Japanese now in this country. In 1880 there were only eighty-six Japanese in the state. When the war is over there is likely to be a rush of Japanese immigrants.