

LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He had missed the picture from its place over his hearth at Barataria; but, knowing there were others like it, he had no thought that he was looking upon what had been his own.

Presently, with a sign indicating relief, Jackson handed the last paper to Claiborne, and leaning forward, with his elbows upon the arms of his chair, said, his voice showing more of contentment than anger, "Most edifying assortment of reading, to be sure, Capt. Lafitte. Are these all—these four papers, two of them addressed to you, Capt. Perry's instructions to his subordinates, and the proclamation to the people of this state?"

"These are all, general; and they contain all the information within my power to give you now," Lafitte replied.

Claiborne began to re-fold the papers, while the general turned to Lafitte.

"It is a fine offer you have received—all you can possibly desire."

"I wish—will take, nothing that England can ever have to offer me," Lafitte added, with sudden fierceness.

"I hate the nation, and its ways! Nothing could induce me to accept, row or ever, any terms from the English."

The first unguarded evidence of anything like cordial liking now manifested itself in Jackson's face. Yet there was nothing of this in his voice as he said, "May I ask, then, Capt. Lafitte, if possibly some motive of personal revenge brought you here to-night with a renewal of your offer?"

Lafitte's face flushed through its swartheness; then it paled, and grew stern.

"I understood that you needed soldiers—most of all, artillerymen; and you also needed arms—cannon and muskets. I came to offer all I have left of men and resources, for your use, and that of Louisiana. I ask no pay for myself—only for my men, if you will; if not, then I will try to take care of that, and they are yours without pay. The one thing I demand is what I have stated already—a full pardon for my men and myself—a pardon for all offenses or alleged offenses against the laws of this state or of the United States."

"Assuming," said Claiborne, "that everything is as you say, and that your proposition is accepted, what security have I, as governor of this state, and responsible, not only to its

guard to it. My knowledge of the country is not entirely complete, and I wish to obtain all possible information respecting the roads and waterways."

"I shall be happy to serve you, sir, to the best of my ability; and I thank you, gentlemen—both of you, for the favor you have shown me."

The sudden huskiness of Lafitte's firm voice was the only indication of his pent-up feelings, as he added, "To-night, Gen. Jackson, I thank you in words; but I hope to soon manifest my gratitude in a more substantial form—one that shall cause you to regret for the justice you have shown to Jean Lafitte of Barataria."

He left them—his departure being as rapid and quiet as had been his appearance; and Jackson, turning to Claiborne, said, with a smile of grim satisfaction, "I believe that we can save New Orleans; and if we do, by the Eternal, a good share of the credit will belong to the men whom I called 'pirates and robbers,' and approved of your hanging!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The December sunshine lying about La Tete des Eaux gave a warmth and brightness that would have made the season of the year scarcely to be realized by one born to New England's ice and snow; and the cold breeze stirring among the trees would have been but the frosty breath of early fall, turned by the sunrise to dew that drenched the grass and few fallen leaves.

Gen. La Roche was hurrying through breakfast, while his saddled horse, in charge of a mounted negro, pawed impatiently as he stood waiting for his master.

La Roche had returned home only the day before, for a brief visit, and to assure himself that all was well with his household, consisting now of his sister, Lazalie, and Rose de Cazeneuve.

Even at this, the last hour of his stay, some of the items of news he had brought from the city were being discussed and enlarged upon.

"A curious change of affairs," remarked Madame Riefet, "that Gen. Jackson should now be trusting so much to the Baratarians, who, only last September, were denounced by him, as well as by every one else."

The general laughed.

"Well—yes. In September they were 'pirates,' and 'hellish banditti'; but in December they are privateers, and their leaders are gentlemen. Yet I

by one of our men during that September attack on Barataria, and Claiborne had rescued it, being about as mad over Napoleon as you, yourself, sister mine; and Lafitte had seen it hanging on the wall of the governor's study.

"The other day, at headquarters, I was present when Jackson and Lafitte were having a conference, during which the general spoke of the matter, and rallied Lafitte upon the sentimental price he had named for so valuable a service; he added that probably, like all Frenchmen, he made a sort of male Madonna out of Napoleon."

"I wish you could have seen Lafitte's face when he answered. I revere him as the man I have known and loved since I was a young boy, and who has been as truly my guardian angel as ever a good Catholic could pray the Holy Mother to be. And I wish you could have seen Jackson's face as he heard it."

Madame Riefet gasped, and the two girls exclaimed in amazement.

"It was in France, then, that Capt. Jean knew him?" Madame said wonderingly.

"Naturally, Louise, as Napoleon has never been in this country." The general now consulted his watch, and added, "I must be off; and, by the way, let none of you mention the surprising fact that I have just related, as it might not be pleasing to Capt. Jean. He said no more than I have repeated, and was unmistakably averse to enlarging upon the subject."

"He always seems averse to talking of himself, or of his past life," Lazalie said, as if thinking aloud, while they rose from the table; and Madame Riefet remarked rather severely that it was perhaps because there was some disgrace connected with his past, and that this might be which had made him leave France.

The look of resentful indignation which this uncharitable comment brought to Mademoiselle de Cazeneuve's face was softened somewhat when the general, laying a hand on either of his sister's plump shoulders, said, as he kissed her cheek, "For one so naturally kind of heart as you are, Louise, it is curious what wrongful things you occasionally think in regard to other people."

After he was in the saddle, and the ladies were standing on the veranda to see him depart, he warned Lazalie that, for the present at least, she should confine her aquatic excursions to the immediate vicinity of the plantation. Then, observing the perturbed expression his words had brought to Madame Riefet's face, he added that they were not to worry about the English, as the latter were not at all likely to appear in the neighborhood of Lake Borgne.

(To be continued.)

WHEN AN ELEPHANT GOES MAD.

Becomes Embodiment of Blind Fury and Destructiveness.

A mad dog, a mad horse, a mad bull, these are awkward customers to deal with, but what would you say to a mad elephant! And it is every bit as terrible as it sounds.

"An insane elephant," says a famous hunter of big game, "is the embodiment of blind fury and destructiveness. Sometimes the madness is only temporary, caused perhaps by a fit. It then becomes a matter of strong chains and careful watching.

"An elephant which, for some cause, becomes permanently mad, must be shot without delay. Otherwise it will break loose, roam the country as an outcast of fiendish temper, killing and destroying wherever it goes.

"Acute disease will often drive an elephant into insanity. So will a gunshot. I once killed a bull elephant which for weeks had been raving mad. When I came to examine the body, I found that a heavy ball had been fired by some bungling hunter into the base of the elephant's right tusk, shattering the ivory, and driving jagged splinters into the sensitive flesh of the lip. It must have caused exquisite pain, but, like human toothache, it could not kill. No wonder the poor brute had gone mad."—Montreal Herald.

Conductor Has Reward Coming.

The combination of strike, rain and crowded surface cars has been hard on women and children who must travel up and down town. A mite of a girl stood in the rain at Thirty-third street and Broadway for more than an hour on Wednesday night, trying to get a car up town. Finally a blockade caused a car to stop near her. The conductor was on the rear platform, so hemmed in that he had not collected a fare for twenty minutes.

"Mister Conductor," said the child, crying, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me on."

The conductor grasped the roof of the car, pulled himself up and, standing on the dashboard, lifted the weeping little one into the place he had made vacant. Then he transferred a nickel from his trousers pocket to the coat pocket where he kept the company's money.

"I want your number," said the girl. "I won't ever forget you, and I'll embroider you something nice."—New York Sun.

A Natural Inquiry.

The simplicity of some former inaugural happenings is illustrated by an odd story which has been revived and is going the rounds at Washington. It was originally told by Frederick Douglass in his lecture on John Brown. Just after his first inauguration President Lincoln was one day blacking his boots in democratic fashion when several foreign diplomats called and caught him in the act. One of them remarked, sneeringly: "Mr. President, in our countries the chief executives do not black their own boots." "Indeed," said Mr. Lincoln, with evident curiosity, "whose boots do they black?"

The Handlebars.

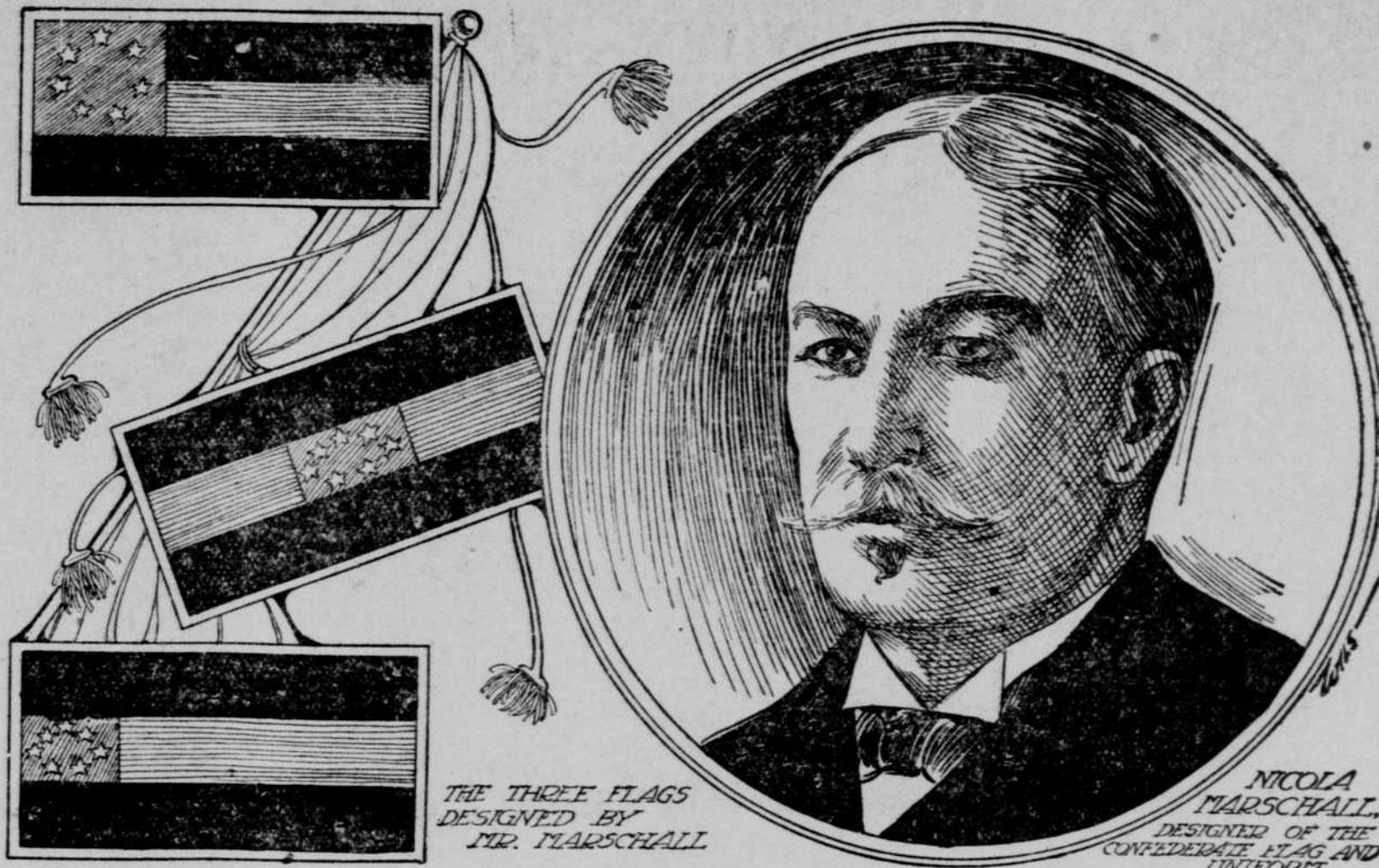
Not long ago a goat was purchased by Dr. Cartwright for his children's amusement. The afternoon of its arrival, according to Lippincott's Magazine, little Margaret, aged 3, went into the yard where her brother was playing with the prize. After a brief inspection of the animal she exclaimed:

"Oh, George, let me hold its handle bars!"

Jealousy of "the Limit."

A young man was jealous of a girl he adored. She was a bit more coquettish than other girls. "Your eyes can flirt in all directions," he said one day, and cut them out. "You

Designed Uniform and Flag for Confederates



Nicola Marschall, the Prussian Artist, Who for More Than Thirty Years Has Lived in Louisville, Prepared the Drawings at the Request of Mrs. Napoleon Lockett in Marion, Ala., Where He Then Resided.

In a well-known business building in Louisville, Ky., is a time-stained room rich in its memories and traditions of the old South.

It is the art studio of Nicola Marschall, portrait painter and designer of the uniform and flag of the Confederate states. From his Prussian home, where he was trained to the painter's art, he came to America at one of the most picturesque periods of this country's history, the gold fever days of '49.

The story of how Mr. Marschall came to design the uniform and flag of the Confederacy is best told in his own words:

"I came to this country," he said, "when I was 18 years of age. I landed in New Orleans and made my way to Mobile, where lived a relative. I met him on the eve of his departure for California.

"My kinsman tried to persuade me to join his mining party and go to California. But I was then as far away from home as I cared to be, and declined. I became acquainted with one of the teachers in a female seminary at Marion, Ala. I became a teacher there, and taught painting, violin, piano, guitar and the French and German languages.

"My studies in Europe of drawing and painting now served me well. I came over here on an old sailing vessel, and well do I remember to this day how I had to draw the picture of every member of the crew, from captain to humblest sailor. I had been in this country one year when my brother arrived here from Prussia.

"In 1857 I returned to Prussia and remained two years, continuing my studies of art. It was while passing through Verona, which then belonged to Austria, that I saw the uniform which years later was to furnish me the design for the Confederate uniform.

"In Verona one day the notes of martial music came to me. A party of sharpshooters belonging to the Austrian army were passing.

"What splendid soldiers, what noble uniforms!" was my comment as I saw them. They were dressed in a striking uniform of gray with green trimmings. The green denoted their branch of the army—sharpshooters—and their rank was indicated by marks on the collars of their coats, bars for lieutenants and captains, stars for the higher officers.

"I returned to America in 1859 and again located in Marion. There I painted many portraits of the wealthy.

"Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, a beautiful woman of an old Virginia family and the wife of a planter, lived at Marion. Her eldest son married the daughter of Gov. Moore and one of her younger sons married one of the younger daughters of Gov. Moore.

"Soon came the first notes of war. Mrs. Lockett was as loyal a daughter as the South had. She came to me one day and said: 'Mr. Marschall, we have seceded, and the Confederate government wants a flag. Will you make us a design? It must not be too unlike the United States flag, but different enough to be distinguished at a distance.'

"I took pencil and paper and made three different designs. The first was of two red stripes and one of white, with a blue field bearing in the upper left-hand corner seven white stars, indicating the number of states that had then seceded. The second design had the field of stars at the extreme left of the white stripe instead of the top red stripe. The third design had the two full red stripes at top and bottom, the white stripe in the middle, with the blue field and white stars in the center.

"The first design, made by Mr. Marschall, was adopted by the Confederate government. This flag—the Stars

and Bars—was raised on the staff above the Capitol at Montgomery, Ala., on March 4, 1861, by Miss J. C. Tyler of Virginia, granddaughter of John Tyler.

Continuing his narrative, Mr. Marschall said:

"Mrs. Lockett thanked me for the designs, and started to go. Then she came back, adding: 'We also want a design for a uniform, Mr. Marschall. Can't you suggest one?'

"The thought occurred to me of the gray uniforms I had seen worn by the Austrian sharpshooters. I made several rough sketches, indicating the gray color, and also the colors on the collars to denote the branch of the service—buff for officers, yellow for cavalry, blue for infantry, red for artillery, etc.

"It did not occur to me then that I had done anything worthy of note. I simply made the sketches at the request of Mrs. Lockett. I knew no more about them from then until I found that the uniform and one of the flags had been adopted by the Confederacy."

When war was declared Mr. Marschall enlisted as a private, going with his command to garrison the forts at the mouth of Mobile bay. He served time and then returned to Marion on a furlough. While at home, on the advice of a friend, he employed a substitute for a year and three months. Then came the call for more volunteers, and again Mr. Marschall enlisted, this time in the Second Alabama regiment of engineers. He served with Col. Lockett, a son of Mrs. Lockett, under Polk, just preceding the fall of Vicksburg. Mr. Marschall served then in the Confederate army until the curtain fell at Appomattox.—New York Herald.

Belief in Supernatural Strongly Prevalent in Tibet.

India and neighboring countries are the home of mystery and the black arts, and devil possession is spoken of and believed in there as much now as it ever was in Palestine in the days of holy writ. Even in the centers of civilization there are fortune tellers and wonder workers to whom supernatural powers are attributed by those who scorn superstitious belief. Says a writer: "Tibetan peddlers have affirmed over and over again that, living in the mountains near the city of Lassa, there are men possessing extraordinary powers, distinct from and far higher than the ordinary lamas of the country.

"These men cure the sick by giving them rice to eat which they crush out of the paddy with their hands. They perform many other remarkable feats. We are told that a young Bengali in 1882 testified before a number of respectable witnesses that, while traveling in Tibet, in the neighborhood of the lake of Manasarawara, he met one of these men, accompanied by a number of chelas, or pupils. The master saluted him, and, finding that he had nothing to eat, gave him some ground grain and tea.

"As the Bengali had no means of obtaining fire the master called for some fuel and kindled it by simply blowing on it with his mouth. He also cured a shepherd who was brought to him suffering from rheumatic fever, and there, by giving him a few grains of rice crushed out of paddy, which he had in his hand."

Every Little Helps.

The Hon. Michael J. Murray of Boston tells an amusing story at the expense of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. One day a poet met the president on the street for the first time since his graduation. While in college he became well acquainted

might wave your hands to somebody," and cut them off. "With your feet you can make signs to some one under the table" and cut those off. "I forgot that you can also speak," he remarked three days later, and tore her tongue out. "You shall not smile," he said, and knocked her teeth out.

"So, I am a bit quieter now," he remarked the day after he had cut her hair off, and for the first time he was going to trust her to herself. "Now she is ugly, but still I feel she is quite my own," he said on leaving her. But when he returned the girl had disappeared—she had run away with the proprietor of a show—From the Pages of Eugen Heitler.

Apology of President Morales.

Two American women who have just returned from Santo Domingo had an audience one forenoon with President Morales, who apologized for his appearance. "The fact is, ladies," said he, "I was so very busy yesterday and this morning that I have not had time to be shaved. They tried to assassinate me, you know, so I hope you will excuse my appearance."

The Mystery of Health.

Whenever any one is released from jail or penitentiary after a long sentence, we read that while he was in poor or downright bad health when he entered he comes out as hearty as a brick. Yet almost without exception jails and penitentiaries are insanitary, sunless places, with no facilities for precautions usually taken by those who wish to get or keep healthy.

The mystery lies in two words—regularity and diet. The first is, perhaps, the more important. Clock-like regularity; everything done on the second and on the same second every day; a recognition of the fact that the body is a machine. Then, as a supplement to this, a simple diet—plain, not too varied—enough to eat, but not too much.—Saturday Evening Post.

Rhode Island Legislators.

In Rhode Island each town and city elects a Senator, no matter what its population. West Greenwich has a population of 600 and a senator. Providence has one representative in the Senate and a population of about 200,000.

"MY WIFE'S PEOPLE COMING."

"We have had a splendid winter" in Western Canada.

Canada's inrush this year is wonderfully great and considerably ahead of any previous year. It is always interesting to those who contemplate moving to read expressions of opinion from those living in the country. It is therefore our pleasure to reproduce the following, written to an Agent of the Government and forwarded to the Immigration Branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa:

Birch Hills, Sask., Oct. 27, '05.

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in dropping you a few lines to let you know how we are getting along up here and how we like the place. We have been here close on to a year now and think the place is fine. We have been out every day this winter working in the bush getting out logs for buildings, etc., getting rails for fencing. We have not suffered with the cold as much as we did in Chicago. My little boys are out every day with their sleighs having a good time. The lowest temperature has been this winter is 34 below, and it is very still, no wind.

We had a splendid summer. We put up about 50 tons of hay and will have about 30 tons to sell. Hay brings \$8 per ton now and will be higher in the spring. We have 20 acres broke and ready for crop. We worked on the Can. Nor. Ry. for awhile this summer and am just 3 miles from the R. R. and town site.

The steel is all laid to within 2 miles of the river and we often see the train bringing supplies for the Bridge.

My wife's people are coming up about May. I wish you would write them and if there should be any one coming to Prince Albert that could do with a half a car let them know. The homesteaders are all taken up within 12 miles of us. I often think if this land were only in the States what a rush there would be. It is the richest land and most productive I ever saw, and the climate is O. K.

I know that people back there that I write to do not believe me when I write them what a splendid winter we are having. They think we are all frozen up. We have only about 8 inches of snow, and there are cattle on the range that have not been rounded up this winter. Day after day the Ther. raises up to 50 and 60, and I don't believe we have had a day this winter that it stayed at zero. My wife says that we used to think that zero was cold in Chicago. But we don't mind it one bit. Christmas night we went out and drove 5 miles with our 2 little boys. It was 20 below, and there was not a whimper from any one of them; I'd hate to do it in old Chicago.

Well, I guess I will close, and you can tell any one in the U. S. that they cannot do better than come to the Prince Albert District. I remain, Yours truly,

(Signed) J. D. Head.

Properties of Crystals.

Although minerals are not credited with principles of growth and living yet they do possess most interesting structural, physical and chemical properties. If a crystal be broken or mutilated in any way whatever, it possesses the power of repairing its injuries during subsequent growth. This capacity for healing, as well as enlargement has been pointed out by many scientific authors, and is beyond the power possessed by plants.

Normal Death Without Pain.

Normal death, if the phrase be permitted, is a painless occurrence, usually preceded by gradual loss of consciousness entailing no more suffering than going to sleep. It is not merely that the pain of death is trifling as compared with the physical pain of a scald—it is non-existent.—Dr. Saleeb in, in the Academy.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA.

Face Like Raw Beef—Thought She Would Lose Her Ear—Healed Without a Blemish—Mother Thanks Cuticura.

"My little girl had eczema very bad when she was ten months old. I thought she would lose her right ear. It had turned black, and her face was like a piece of raw meat, and very sore. It would bleed when I washed her, and I had to keep cloths on it day and night. There was not a clear spot on her face when I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now it is completely healed, without scar or blemish, which is more than I had hoped for. (Signed) Mrs. Rose Ether, 291 Eckford St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

If they are bright with hope there is no lurking spot for despair.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Trouble, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Temper your feelings to the condition of the one who has offended.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Be not slaves to your children, they will have their happiness later.

Importantly to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The life of an old man is like a lighted candle in a draught.

Defiance Starch

should be in every household; none so good, besides 4 ounces more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.