

# LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
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## CHAPTER X.

A night had passed, and the island of Martinique lay drowsing in the sleepiness of midday. In Fort Royal bay, before the sleepy town, lay three ships at anchor.

The one nearest shore was a brigantine, beautiful in model and French in build; she carried a long eighteen-pounder amidships, and her bulwarks were pierced for lighter guns. This was the "Black Petrel," and she displayed in the American ensign, now hanging limp in the motionless air, as were the like colors shown by the "Condor," rocking nearby in the lazy tide.

Down in the luxuriously furnished cabin of the brigantine, Laro and Lafitte, seated, and in earnest conversation, paused occasionally to scrutinize this craft.

"Perhaps she means no mischief," muttered the former; "but the very flag she flies, and the red showing on her decks are enough to set my teeth on edge."

"You say you heard ashore last evening, as did I, that she stopped only to fill her water butts, and is bound farther south."

Lafitte laid down the glass, and laughed a little bitterly; but he made neither reply nor comment.

"Did old De Cazeneau seem inclined to treat his granddaughter with kindness?" Laro inquired, after a short silence, and as if considering it wise to change the subject.

"Yes, for all I could see; and he is likely to do so while she makes no demand upon his gold."

Laro uttered an oath and drained his glass.

"That man has been growing more and more miserly ever since his pretty daughter ran away with that cursed Englishman, and I have often thought it might have been money in my pocket if I had let Stanley's blood out of his veins the night of the gover-

nor's ball before he levanted with the girl."

Jean let this pass without remark; but, as Laro replenished his glass, the young man said, "If you are not careful you will get your brains as befogged as they were when I tried to talk with you this morning."

"Befogged, was I, my son? Yet not so much but that I recall every word you told me of what has happened since you left Lazalle and me on the Barra de Hierro, and went to play gentleman awhile in New Orleans. By the way, Jean," he added, as from an after thought, "that was an odd thing for you to do—go off on a wild goose chase to the Florida wilds to bring De Cazeneau's brat away from the Choctaws."

There was a smouldering anger in Lafitte's eyes as he turned them upon Laro's mocking face.

"I told you that the Indian runner, Bird-Wing, came from his tribe to Count de Cazeneau, bringing a letter from Mrs. Stanley, imploring his forgiveness, as she was dying, and beseeching his protection for the daughter she must leave among the Indians. He asked for my services, and I gave them gladly, for his daughter's sake."

Lafitte looked steadily at Laro, who, in a mocking tone, asked, "Did you find her still such a charming demoiseille? I dare swear you did not, if there be truth in the reports that the Englishman left her long ago—left her to wear out her life among their red neighbors."

Lafitte rose and went over to the port-hole, turning his back as he answered, "I found her dead, with the Indians mourning for her as for one well loved. Her child, with her maid, Barbe, a French woman, I brought to the count."

"What is the child called, and how old said you she was?" Laro inquired, now in a more serious tone.

"She is fourteen, but such a pale little slip that she neither looks nor seems her age. She bears the same given name as her mother—Roselle; but the Indians called her 'Island Rose.' Their cabin was on a small island, and, in spite of their rude surroundings, the mother seems to have reared the child most carefully. The count has formally adopted her, and she is now known as Roselle de Cazeneau."

Lafitte said this with a dignified coldness, and as if wishing, by a full explanation, to dismiss the subject.

Laro did not answer, and Lafitte continued:

"I am reminded to ask you again if you will take my advice as to this present cargo of slaves. I tell you that the governor's recent proclamation will cause trouble, if you attempt to bring them to New Orleans at present. Pierre told me, only the day before I sailed, of some talk he over-

heard between Governor Claiborne himself and two gentlemen with him, when one of their coach horses cast a shoe, and they were delayed at the smithy while our men remedied the accident."

"Oh, I say, as seems to me I am always saying nowadays, that your idea is the right one," was the surly answer. "We'll up sail at midnight, when we can reckon upon slipping away from under the nose of that infernal Britisher out there, and make for our own snugery, where Lazalle has, no doubt, been wondering at my being so long away. Once in the channel that brings us to the Barra de Hierro, and anchored before it, all the craft England can send would have hard work to get at us. We will take the niggers there for awhile, and turn them out on the island, to work our crops, until Claiborne takes another nap and forgets all about the recent agitation."

He had, while speaking, again picked up the spyglass, and focussed it upon the man-of-war, where nothing was changed among the red-coated lancers.

"Have you anything more to say to Jude?" inquired Lafitte, after a few moments' silence upon his part, while Laro was swearing at the enemy he was scanning.

"No," replied the latter, without taking the glass from his eye; "for, befogged as you thought me, I gave him his orders this morning, before I came aboard this craft."

"Very well," said Lafitte, paying no attention to Laro's covert defense of himself. "Then nothing remains to be done until night."

"Nothing," the other man assented; and Lafitte left him.

The "Black Petrel's" gunner, Lopez, an old fellow of Laro's, leaned against the taffrail smoking, while he looked scowlingly at the English vessel. Near Lopez lounged Garonne, mate of the

brigantine, whose natural brutality had been increased by generous imbibings of spirits taken from the despoiled ordinary punishment for such an offense, but had for several days in succession, caused the Indian to be stripped, tied to the mast and flogged unmercifully, after which he was treated with unsparring severity by the mate.

"Ehewah's back bears scars that only revenge will heal," declared Lopez in conclusion, and now speaking in his own tongue. "He has been changed ever since. No man ever had a kinder care or softer touch for a mate who was sick or hurt, as have to remember from the time, two years ago, when I was laid up with a cracked head, at Tobago. But now he glares like a wild cat when one of us crosses his way, and he has not spoken ten words since he was last inadoed."

Lafitte's only comment was to bid Lopez keep silence upon the subject and to have a watchful eye upon Ehewah.

(To be continued.)

## RESULT OF SEEING "DOUBLE."

### Convivial Gentleman Feared He Had Committed Bigamy.

"It is remarkable how the after effect of too much strong drink will influence different men," said Cornelius Gardner. "Usually when a man drinks so much that he sees double the remembrance of that fact does not worry him the next day. He considers it as a sort of joke, and is inclined to boast of it. I met a man to-day, though, on whom it had a most remarkable effect. He is an actor whom I have known for some time and who a few months ago married a very pretty girl, to whom he is absolutely devoted. Never was a man more in love than he is with his wife. His only fault is that once in a while he stays out with the boys and takes a little more than is good for him."

"When I met him this morning he looked very worried, almost distracted. It was also evident that he had a little 'hang over' from last night. I asked what the matter was."

"Trouble at home, I'm afraid," he answered.

"Did your wife give you a curtain lecture?"

"I wasn't in any shape to know what was said or happened, but I'm afraid Lilly will get a d'oree."

"Why?"

"I don't know how, but I'll bet I've committed bigamy. I can take my oath there were two wives there. No more of the hard stuff for me if I get out of this!"—New York Herald.

### TOO MUCH BOTHER TO TRADE.

#### Storekeeper Was More Philosopher Than Business Man.

"When I was staying up in a little place in Maine last summer, where I frequently go for a few weeks' rest," said Capt. Clarence True, of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. N. Y., "I made the acquaintance of 'Cy' Still man, who kept the store. 'Cy' was a unique character. He was fat, slow and supremely lazy, but he was also the local philosopher and highly respected."

"I had a 'spell of wet weather' and I needed a pair of rubbers, so I went down to 'Cy's' store to get them. 'Cy' was in his old wooden armchair, with his feet up on the counter, puffing on a corncob pipe.

"'Cy, I want a pair of your rubbers. Number eights,' I said.

"'Sorry I can't oblige ye, Cap,' he replied, after puffing awhile in silence and without making a move. 'I'm all out of rubbers, but I can let you have some tenpenny nails.'

"'What are you talking about, Cy. I saw a whole box full of rubbers behind the counter only yesterday.'

"'Oh, did ye? Well, I guess they're still there, but dumb it, I don't want to bother to sell 'em. What's the use? I'd only have to go and buy a lot more to stock up with ag'in. No, I'm sorry, but I'm all out of rubbers.'

"'And he wouldn't sell me a pair. That's the queerest storekeeping I ever found.'

#### Honors Were Even.

It was at the Republican State convention in Trenton, New Jersey, that several of the delegates became interested in a discussion on the ethics of bill-collecting in the professions of law and medicine.

"Let's see," said a prominent lawyer to a well known physician, "are you not the medicine man who is so particular about his fee that he always inquires whether or not a patient carries life insurance before accepting the case?"

"Yes, I'm the man," replied the disciple of Hippocrates with a genial smile, "and unless I'm mistaken you are the lawyer that told a young fellow, who asked you if he might sue for the hand of your daughter, that he could if he'd permit you to draw up the papers in the case and give you a retainer of twenty-five dollars."

"The others in the crowd agreed that honors were even.—Chicago Record Herald.

#### A Budding Diplomat.

She was exceedingly pretty, with soft blue eyes, a scarlet mouth and little wisps of gold blowing around her brow, for all the world like tendrils. But as she looked up from her desk and saw the troublesome boy whispering behind his book, her eyes dilated and two perpendicular lines between her eyebrows were plainly visible.

"Tommy! Tommy Taiter!" she called sharply, with a tone of command in her silvery voice. "You are whispering again."

But Tommy was not only troublesome; he was clever as well.

"Please, ma'am," he said, putting down his book and looking at the young teacher sweetly, "I was just tellin' Billy Brown what nice things all the gentlemen say about you when you walk along the street."

#### On Lone Tree Hill.

On Lone Tree hill, in grip of death, Ten thousand shrieks of agony And groans and shrieks of agony Assail the leaden sky.

Wild calls for help and prayers to Him Who "heeds the raven's cry."

To Him whose ways were peace and love, Who died forgiving all, Who taught the brotherhood of man, Who "sees each sparrow fall," His tender heart must heed such moan, Such anguish and such woe; He sends his angel Aziel, Eldest re-organizer below.

Peace wafts prayers and wells her eyes; These sighs and sounds of misery, But o'er hands and seas Are heard by heaven and earth's hearts, And wail's anguished cry; And oh! ten thousand mothers' hearts, That break but cannot die.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

#### Boy Fought With Deer.

Willie Stevens, 17 years old, saw a deer come out of a swamp near Susequahanna, Pa., the other day. He crouched down in a quiet corner with a stone in his hand, and as the deer passed hurled the stone and struck the animal, crippling it. The deer tried to escape, but the boy overtook it and struck the beast in the head with another stone. The deer turned at bay and rushed at the boy. The latter dodged and caught the animal by one of its hind legs. Both went down together and rolled over and over in the struggle. Stevens finally managed to get a grip on the deer's neck and with an old pocket knife cut its throat, thus ending the struggle.

#### An Oriental Answer.

It was in a Maine Sunday school says Lippincott's Magazine, that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil if he understood the meaning of the words "an old cow."

"Been cow a long time," was the prompt answer.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clarke.

# FOIBLES of FASHION

## Fanciful Ideas in Muffs.

While flat muffs are more fashionable than the round variety the difference is not owing altogether to a preference for the flat, as the short-haired furs are made up in the first form, while the long haired are made into large round muffs.

Many of the flat muffs assume a rounded outline or even a tendency to a point at the lower part while the tops are narrower and are often curved or indented.

Many of the season's muffs and neck pieces are designed for special costumes and not for general wear. In muffs fancy runs riot; on some of the fanciful ones to go with certain costumes. Not only is lace used, but passementeries, bands of embroidery, and contrasting furs are used to make them more elaborate, if less beautiful and artistic, than though the fur itself were all.

Furs are even dyed to match gown materials, and browns and grays in many different shades are shown.

## Autumn Calling Costume.

Here is an attractive calling gown, simple and in good taste. The ruffles are finished at the bottom with folds. The bands are of hand embroidered strips of the broadcloth of which the

gown is made. The vest-yoke and lower sleeves are of tucked liberty silk. The hat, with a soft roll and knot of velvet, is felt, both velvet and hat being of the new coque de roche shades.

## New Use for Lace Collar.

One of the latest ideas for the use of the already heavily burdened lace collar is to make it, like charity, cover a multitude of sins in a loose negligee-gown. For strict lounging purposes no one cares for a mass of frills and embroideries and lace streamers, but often one wishes to see an intimate friend without taking the trouble to change from a plain little negligee to one more elaborate. In such case the provided with a large, cape-shaped lace collar, ready to be slipped quickly on, and the transformation is complete.

A beautiful little house gown may be fashioned from figured taffeta, with a pale green ground, liberally sprinkled with small, set garlands or pink roses, just such a silk as one's grandmother may have worn. The bodice is made with a neck cut modestly round and with rather tightly fitting backs and fronts. At the waist the bodice is sharply pointed before and behind, and is piped in every conceivable seam with pale green velvet. The skirt is very full and very long, and about twelve inches above the hem has a quaint arrangement of velvet bows and ruchings that might well have been copied from some old portrait or daguerreotype. The sleeves furnish the finishing touch to the quaint-effect, buttoning along the outer seam from the elbow down over green velvet buttons.

## Opera Glass Bags.

Heavy open laces are made over satin linings into opera glass bags this year. They are white, as a rule, but can be made in colors, lining and lace to match. A plain square bag is drawn up at the neck with ribbons carried through embroidered rings, set on the inside, the throat of the bag finished with a deep ruching of chiffon. A larger bag for carrying more of milady's trinkets is similarly made and set here and there on the outside with silver paillettes. So are other of the opera glass bags, which are drawn up at the mouth over two ball-finished bars of silver or gold. These bags are rounded at the lower corners, finished at the sides with dainty ribbon rosettes, and the ribbon handles are knotted. There may be paillette spangles or not, and of silver or gold.

## Utilizing Old Lace.

A rapid and easy way of embroidering and one which enables a woman to use up odds and ends of old and new lace, especially in floral design, is to cut the leaves from the net foundation and apply on a cotton, wool or silk gown. Work over the design, covering the figures well, with embroidered silk or mercerized cotton. The result is excellent. The embroidery stands out and the lace pattern answers the same purpose as a stamped design and in most cases is more attractive than the conventional patterns found in the shops.

## Odd and Pretty Work Basket.

A cornhusk and linen work basket is by no means so unattractive as it

sounds. Braid the husks and join the braids, shaping into a wide basket. Make a cover and join it to the basket by a knot of husks. Line the inside with coarse cotton pads for both the bottom and sides of the basket.

Over this place a simply embroidered linen lining, carefully fitted, supplied with pockets, and caught to the basket so that it can be removed to be laundered. Into the bottom set a heavy pin and needle cushion, also covered with a washable linen cover. The basket, odd and so easily kept clean, will be a boon to any housewife.

## Black Taffeta Popular.

Black taffeta gowns are having a big vogue among women who make it a rule never to be without a black gown of some sort, even if they wear it but seldom. Black velvet is oftentimes employed for trimming in cases where elaborateness is desired. One beautiful model recently shown had the entire lower portion of the skirt consist of a very full-flaring, fitted flounce of velvet. In other cases simple stitching is resorted to.

Another favorite trimming for taffetas is mousseline, for an indisputable charm exists in the combination of opaque materials with gauzes, chiffons and laces and it finds its perfection in their combination, which is, of course, intended only for dressy gowns.

One of the new sleeves is made up of taffeta puffs and cross folds of the silk an inch wide, having plaited ruffles on the edges. The effect is very full and the sleeve from the elbow down is completed by a long gauntlet of brocade, draped on the bias and trimmed at the wrist with several quillings of Mechlin lace.

## Pale Green Cloth Waist.

Blouse of pale green cloth, trimmed with straps of white cloth, which are themselves trimmed with rows of pale green soutache and with motifs of soutache and blue velvet. The waistcoat is of white cloth, ornamented with little gold buttons.

The full sleeves are finished with bands of white cloth, trimmed with motifs of the soutache and velvet, which form loose cuffs over tight under cuffs of white cloth, ornamented with gold buttons. The tucked collar is of white, with a turn-over of blue velvet.

## Apple Pudding.

Butter a deep pudding dish and sprinkle with bread crumbs; line the sides of a dish with a rich pie crust and put a narrow strip around the bottom, so as to leave the center of the bottom uncovered; next fill the dish with finely cut apples with some sugar sprinkled between them; add a very little nutmeg, a pinch of cinnamon and a little butter in small pieces; cover with the same crust and bake one hour; when done turn the pudding out on to a dish and serve with hard sauce.

## Raspberry Bavarian Cream.

Soften a quarter of a package of gelatine in half a cup of raspberry juice; dissolve over hot water; add the juice of half a lemon, a cupful of raspberry juice and half a cup of sugar; stir over ice water, and when it begins to "set" fold in a cupful and a half of double cream beaten solid. Pour into a mold. When cold serve surrounded with the froth from whipped cream.

## Shading in Colors.

Beautiful ostrich feather sets, null and long round box, appear this year in the shaded effects which are to be found in so many things. There is the popular bellotrope, shading to palest lavender, and to go with another popular shade of the season—brown—the feathers graduate from a rich dark tone to a delicate cream. They are charming.

## Batter for Pineapple Fritters.

Beat one egg without separating the white and yolk. Add half a cup of flour and one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt, and beat with a spoon until perfectly smooth. Then beat in one-fourth of a cup of milk.

## What New York Leaders of Fashion Are Wearing.

Black velvet, piped and trimmed with white net.

Pale green velvet, with shaded green laces.

White jet is used with beautiful effect on some of the white gowns.

With the silk dressy gown a cockade of silk to match is worn in the hair.

Velvet flowers in lovely shaded colors are used on some of the best hats.

Shoulders are spreading out to a prodigious and most unbecoming width. New ostrich plumes show the light color at the stem, deepening toward the tip.

One plaited length of ribbon looks like a cross between a cockade and a pompon.

Colors in English Velveteen.

Lovelier than ever in coloring, and of superlative quality, English velveteen.

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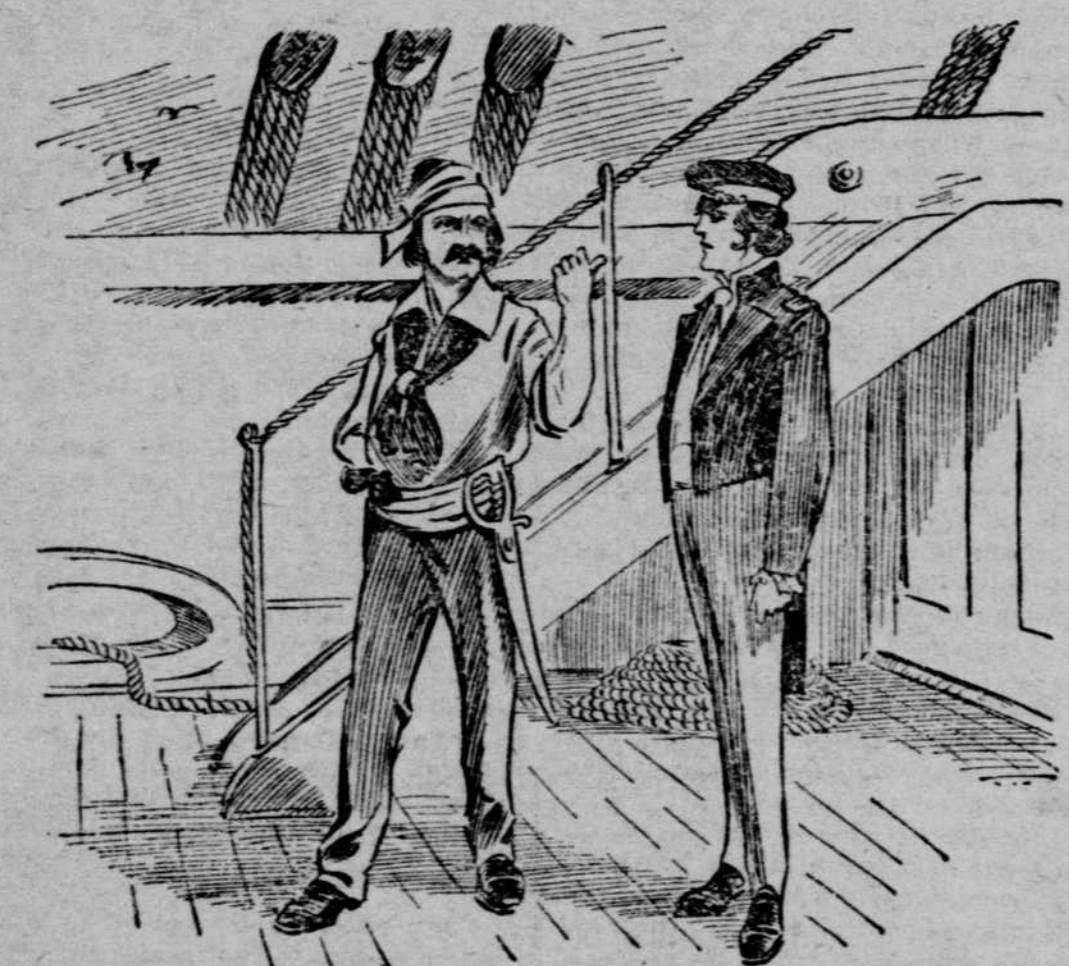
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