

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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

Soon after midnight, with a south-south-west wind that was all the "Black Petrel" could desire for a speedy filling of her sails, the ship started northward, to a safe retreat—the island known to Laro and his followers as the "Barra de Hierro."

The day was coming, gray and heavy looking, with a misty cloud bank in the east promising fog later on. Overhead, the pale dawn was extinguishing the stars above the sea that stretched, a dull green floor, in every direction.

Laffitte, asleep in his cabin, was aroused by a knocking upon the door; and, to his instant query, Garonne's voice replied, with a suggestion of satisfaction in its gruff tone, "She is after us, sir, sure enough."

"Where away?" demand Laffitte, when he had admitted the mate, and was making himself ready to go on deck. Laro was already there, for he could be heard shouting to his men. "Heard up the shot, Lopez?" he roared. "Heard them knee-high, I say; for that cursed Britisher shall swallow them by the whole sale if she comes meddling here!"

"Where away, I say?" Laffitte repeated, with a note of sternness, as Garonne, instead of answering, had paused in the doorway, and was looking intently over his shoulder at something in the main cabin.

"Three points on the starboard bow, sir," the mate now hastened to say, with an apologetic gesture. "She is not yet to be made out clearly; but the lookout reports her as very like the man-of-war we left in Fort Royal last night."

When Laffitte came from his room he found Garonne, who had left him a few minutes before, still standing in the outer cabin, and looking around keenly, as if something were amiss.

Laffitte questioned him, and he replied that when entering the former's cabin he had seen the Indian, Ebeah, glide from that of Laro, and disappear hastily, as though not wishing to be observed.

Laffitte laughed lightly. "If he was in there while you were knocking at my door, Garonne, he would scarcely, unless he has suddenly become deaf, fail to realize that he would surely be seen coming out. What cause for suspicion can lie in his coming here? You know well that he is in the habit of doing so, and that Captain Laro permits it."

Garonne growled something under his breath—doubtless, profanity; but this was suppressed, as Laffitte seldom failed to emphasize his disapproval of such language in his presence.

"Have you a positive reason for suspecting anything wrong from Ebeah's being here now?" he demanded sternly.

"Only that he has not been coming about here of late," said Garonne sulkily.

"Has he been forbidden to do so?" was Laffitte's next question, and Garonne admitted that he had not.

Then Laffitte, dismissing the subject, went above, followed by the mate, who, as the former had long known, was about the only man among his followers who had, in secret, but little liking for him.

The sun had lifted above the horizon, but its rays were dulled by the low-lying cloudiness stretching away across the zenith from end to end, as would a gray wall. To the southward the sky was clear, and defined against it like a phantom ship that seemed to be sailing toward the "Black Petrel" was a large craft, which, growing more and more distinct, appeared to have fresher wind than that now partially filling the brigantine's sails.

Laro, standing beside Laffitte, as they both watched her, muttered a curse.

"She is getting the benefit of what we have had and left, in the way of breeze. But we'll trust the devil to fatter her hereabouts, and help us to boulder further along, although I am of half a mind to let her catch us, if that be her intention; and then, if she carries to catch impertinent questions, give her a good dose of iron."

"Better keep away and mind our own matters, unless she has the wish, and gets the chance, to interfere with us," replied Laffitte, moodily.

Both men were silent for a while, as they watched the stranger drawing nearer. Then there came a noticeable softening of Laro's face as he turned suddenly to Laffitte, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said, in a tone which caused the dark eyes to turn from the approaching ship and rest wonderingly upon the speaker, "Jean, lad, dost remember the old days, when we first met at Le Chien Heureux, where I taught thee to sing 'As tides that flow—as winds that blow'? Madre de Dios—but thou wert a boy to make any man's heart hold thee close, as mine has done all these years. And

I wonder—aye, oft do I wonder, has my love of thee brought thee to last night? I have been rough with thee, lad, at times; aye, surely I have of late. But my love for thee is the same this day as it has ever been. Never doubt that, Jean, my lad, whatever befalls!"

Started at the manifestation of such a mood in Laro, Laffitte looked at him with a silence due to amazement.

"I had a strange dream last night, Jean," continued Laro, in a tone curiously unlike his usual one; "a dream I feel is meant as a warning. I have Indian blood in my veins, and so you can better understand the dream, and what it means to me, for it comes only to those of my race whose end is near. But I have no fear, and care nothing as to how my end comes—whether it be by shot, shell, or the sword."

He stood more erect as he said this, and spoke with an air of bravado.

"But somehow it has stirred old times," he added, relapsing into the odd softness of look and voice.

"Rouse yourself, Laro—what has come to you?" said Laffitte sharply; for he was beginning to wonder if this were anything more than a new phase of maudlin excitement.

But Laro remained silent, his eyes fixed upon the deck.

"What is this dream which seems to have affected you so powerfully?" presently inquired Laffitte, thinking that perhaps it might be better to humor Laro than to show disrespect for his peculiar mood.

The broad brown hand went again to rest upon Laffitte's shoulder, and Laro looked off over the sea with eyes which seemed for the moment to have lost all interest in the approaching vessel.

"It was this, my lad: I sat at a table heaped with fruits and wines, and about me was such as makes the heart of man glad to be alive. But suddenly there came a flash of lightning, with an awful peal of thunder, and looking out upon a portico near me, I saw a form clad like an Indian warrior riding a horse black as the gates of hell. Straight up the steps of the portico the steed galloped, and into the room, where it circled around the table, until the warrior drew his bow and let fly an arrow that struck my glass, and sent the wine, blood-red, pouring over me and my guests in a stream which grew, and grew, until it was a red river flowing over the table, and washing it away, and I awoke, shivering, to see Ebeah standing by my bunk, telling me that a craft was in sight which looked like the Englishman."

Laro's bearing, so changed and soft-

with us?" muttered Garonne, standing near the group about the gun, and Laffitte noted the gleam of hatred that, for the second, made Ebeah's face fiendish as he glanced at the speaker.

"Wind or no wind," returned Lopez, in a growl, "we are taking our own course, and if yonder gentlemen trouble us, their own fault it will be if burnt fingers they get for meddling."

"Stand by to take in the stunsails!" the voice of Laro broke in. The captain seemed to have recovered fully from his recent mood, and to have forgotten the dream that inspired it.

"Lively, you dogs!" he shouted. "Lively, there, and if that craft wants to overhaul us, let her make the trial."

The "Black Petrel" now changed her course, and the other vessel did the same, this indicating that she intended to give chase, but the brigantine was by far the better sailer, and, had Laro chosen to run southward, he might have escaped.

This, however, would have carried the "Black Petrel" away from her proposed destination, a thing that Laffitte, no less than Laro, scorned to permit, especially as the pursuer was of a nation hated by both of them. They were therefore of one mind in the determination not to submit to personal inconvenience on account of the Englishman.

The latter drew still closer as the day wore on, when a little after noon, the fog bank, which had been promised at sunrise, rolled in over the sea, enveloping pursuer and pursued as in the folds of a heavy blanket.

Laffitte was for keeping straight to their course, but Laro, with sulky persistence, claimed that their better plan would be to anchor. He knew that early the next morning—should the fog lift by sunset—he could reckon upon reaching the channel flowing in ward to the Barra de Hierro, and, although its bars and reefs, while familiar to himself and his men, guarded a course the stranger could not follow in safety, he did not care to risk point ing out the way to his island retreat.

(To be continued.)

CHASED BY A WHITE WHALE.

Fishermen Escape Only by Rowing Into Shallow Water.

Spouting and thrashing the water with his big tail, the monster white whale, which has been sporting off the north shore from Lynn to Rock port for two weeks, gave two Beverly fishermen a chase.

Friday Captain John Haskell, who commands the steam yacht Aurora owned by Dudley L. Pickman, a Beverly summer colonist, was out fishing when the whale came up near him. The whale spouted and acted ugly, so that Captain Haskell, experienced as he is, began to glance shoreward and figure on the distance to the beach.

The whale began to hit up his speed and Captain Haskell began to bend to the oar. Hoping to stop the fish, Captain Haskell threw one of the oars overboard, and then bent down again. He did not watch to see whether the fish swallowed the timber or not, but pulled hard for the shallow water and was soon out of danger.

Former Alderman Fred W. Trowl o Beverly Farms, also had an experience with the monster which he does not care to repeat. He was out fishing of Pride's crossing when the whale suddenly appeared, headed directly for the tenderboat. The former alderman concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and began to hit up a fast stroke toward the beach. He also escaped the fish by running in to shallow water, the whale being unable to follow him.

The whale is a good-sized one, and Gloucester fishermen are talking of organizing a whaling party and hope to capture the white prize.—New York Herald.

Germany Has a Perfect System for the Collection of Debts.

Writing from Bamberg, Consul W. Bardel calls attention to a German way of doing things.

"The most influential and most important credit agency," he says, "is an association called the Verein Creditreform. This association is composed of the best element of bankers, manufacturers, merchants and tradespeople in over 400 cities in Germany, 175 in Austria-Hungary, 75 in the Netherlands and with branches in every large city of Europe. While these work entirely independent each in its own district, they exchange their experiences in a systematic and honest way."

"The object is to look after delinquent debtors, to inquire carefully into the solidity of business houses and to give verbal or written reports on their standing. A responsible secretary is constantly in charge of each office. His pay depends upon the amount of fees paid by the members. The association issues cards of introduction for the use of traveling salesmen which enable them to obtain fairly correct reports on the trade they have to visit in any place, no matter how remote from home."

"Finger Bowl Unnecessary."

"So you had a good time in the city, Hiram?"

"Oh, bang up, Martha. Why, cousin took me out to dinner and it was great."

"I hope you knew how to conduct yourself properly, Hiram!"

"Oh, yes; but at the tail end of the dinner the waiter brought me a glass bowl full of water."

"Of course, Hiram!"

"But, Martha, I had drunk so much by that time that I couldn't drink a mouthful more!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"That One Was Enough."

"They had been married six long months and the honeymoon had evidently disappeared for keeps."

"I've only had one wish ungratified since our wedding day," she said.

"And what is that?" he asked in a tone redolent with indifference.

"That I were single again," she replied.

Woman's Love

O! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
O! say not a woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever!

O! say not woman's false as fair;
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy chases.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves for ever!

The BOLDNESS of JAMIESON

BY JENNY EDDY

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It was mid-afternoon when Tom Jamieson finished the last cigar in his case. Two hours more to New York and nothing in sight to amuse him.

He had devoured all the magazines on his trip out. Up to the present moment he had smoked his way back. There seemed nothing for it but two hours of ennui and that he decided he could better endure from his comfortable seat in the Pullman.

He had not been in since noon, else he might earlier have discovered that there was something on the train which would help the hours to pass with amazing rapidity. He discovered it at once on entering his car, for there in the seat in front of his, which had been vacant out of Chicago, sat quite the most charming girl he had seen since—well, since as acknowledged leader of an exclusive coterie in New York he had repressed all his emotions under the imperturbable exterior which was his ideal of good form.

Jamieson noticed with satisfaction that every detail of the girl's equipment was correct; that the elderly person beside her was likewise irreproachable in appearance and manner. Their conversation was distinctly audible to him and he gathered at once from the flat a's and distinct r's that they were from the far west. That was Jamieson's first shock. That any girl bred outside of his own sphere should have such perfect poise and grace was incomprehensible. He pondered the problem while the pair in front busied themselves reading. At last a low laugh roused him. The elderly woman looked up at the same time.

"Oh, it is delicious, auntie! Such a situation, and the hero! What splendid nerve! You must read it."

The girl forced the open magazine into the unwilling hands of her aunt who apparently preferred to finish her own story. Jamieson, leaning forward to raise the shade, glanced down at the book.

"What was that story about, anyhow?" he wondered. "I certainly read it last week. Seems to me that hero with the splendid nerve faked acquaintance with a girl he had never met and she permitted it, knowing the difference all the time. Bad form! Bad form!"

He bought a copy to verify his suspicions, then eagerly awaited the aunt's comments. At last she looked up with a doubtful smile.

"It's very well told, my dear Jessica," she said, "but you know in real life if such a thing ever occurred—I don't suppose it could, of course, but if it did happen by any chance, it would be extremely bad form."

Jessica laughed gleefully. "Of course it would be bad form, auntie; that's just the point. That's why I admire him. He wanted to meet her so much he couldn't wait for conventions and he simply took charge of events himself. I'd like to meet him—a man with just such stupendous nerve."

Jessica stopped to select her word. "She wouldn't say brass or cheek, because they're slang, and she speaks well," meditated Jamieson, listening shamelessly. "She has used nerve once, so I'm betting that she will finish out with effrontery."

But Jessica did not finish her sentence. Something in the scenery attracted her attention and the story was stopped.

In the days that followed Jamieson often had visions of a lovely, girlish face turned distractingly away from him and a daintily booted foot which had peeped from under a mass of laces when the owner had disappeared in the shadows of a cab. The initials J. D. seemed transferred from her suit case to his brain. That he should

"So she let me bring her," interrupted Jessica.

"Richard, you remember Al Danforth? This is his daughter Jessica. Miss Danforth, my husband."

Jessica flashed one glance at Jamieson, then dutifully followed her hostess' lead and passed on down the line. She heard the quiet voice behind her saying the proper things to the members of the receiving party. When she had reached the end she felt him gently draw her arm through his and lead her away. For a moment neither spoke. Then she looked at him coldly.

"May I know to whom I have the honor?"

"I suppose my conduct seems unpardonable to you, Miss Danforth. The situation is so unusual—forgive me—but New York is so different from the West." Jamieson stopped, not knowing how to proceed.

"You mean I should not have come alone?"

He nodded.

"And you saw and—and came to my rescue? There was a light in her eyes that was anything but forbidding."

"How can I ever thank you? It would have spoiled my whole season if—"

Jamieson smiled. "You see, I was on the train when you came. Do you remember the story you liked so much—the hero with the splendid nerve? I sat behind you and I couldn't help hearing. I think you said you would like to meet him in real life—the hero with the stupendous— You never finished that sentence, do you remember?"

Jessica laughed. "Yes, I remember. I couldn't find the word I wanted."

"Wasn't it effrontery?" asked Jamieson, with a boldness born of the consciousness that he was getting on.

"Perhaps it was—then," agreed Jessica. "That was before I met him."

the hero with the stupendous—courage."

Their eyes met frankly in a glance of perfect understanding as the orchestra struck up the opening waltz. Jamieson rose and bowed formally.

"I believe this is our waltz, Miss Danforth," he said, and Jessica, rising also, placed her hand in his.

FELT LACK OF HOSPITALITY.

Unfeeling Cruelty and Suspicion Toward a Dog and Some Dust.

Jack Mitten and his Newfoundland dog, Prince, of Skagway, Alaska, appeared at the Sherman house one night, but decided not to stay. Two difficulties stared them in the face. The first was that the gold hunter had run out of cash and had only a bag of yellow dust to offer in return for lodging. The second difficulty was the clerk's refusal to allow the dog to share the miner's room.

"I wouldn't part with the dog for a night," said Mitten. "Either we sleep together or not at all. We've weathered it up on the Skagway for three winters—tenting together and all that, and we ain't going to part company here in God's country. That dog, sir, once saved my life."

He offered the clerk an ounce of gold dust, but received only suspicious looks.

"This is Chicago," said the clerk. "Only the coin of the realm goes here. Go down on Halsted street with your gold bricks."

Mitten, when he arrived, still wore his fur boots and sealskin gloves. His face was weatherbeaten and his collar was turned up about his ears. With his dog he started out to find another hostelry.

To a crowd of curious bystanders who surrounded him Mitten said that his companion was the prototype of Jack London's dog in "The Call of the Wild." "It'll be a hard winter up in Skagway," he declared, "but I'm going to get out of this man's land on the next train."—Chicago Tribune.

Odd Tales Revived.

Senator Depew's Gordon Ear story "off my own tree," was printed in the Worcester Press so long ago as 1878, to this effect: A hears passing by a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied: "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied."

It was an old Worcester county story, antedating by generations the story of the two men who went into a drug store and told the proprietor they had made a soda water bet and would have their sodas now, and when the bet was decided the loser would drop in and pay for them, if that would be satisfactory to the drug-gist. He answered that it would, and after the sodas had been enjoyed he asked: "By the way, what was the bet?"

"My friend here," said one of the men, "bets that when Bunker Hill monument falls it will fall toward the north, and I bet it won't."—New York Sun.

Spurned.

They met on another planet. When the thing that men call death had freed them of foolish vestments. And given them deeper breath. There, at the gate of a garden, He saw her serenely stand. He eagerly rushed to kiss her. She merely held out a hand.

"But, darling," he said, "we promised Ere we parted there, you know. That our love should last forever—Dear heart, why treat me so? I swore that I would follow Wherever you should stray. And I have hastened, sweet one; I died but yesterday."

She looked upon him coldly. And then she made reply. "Hunt out some other darling. Good morning and good-by. You said that you would follow. But that was long ago—You didn't pine and dwindle And die for me—ah, no!"

Coal of No Benefit to Him.

"Andy" Welch, one of the best-known harness turfmens, and owner of Charter Oak park, in Hartford, and Oakley park, in Cincinnati, returned to Kentucky to visit his old friend Madden after the close of the harness-racing season at Memphis. Madden has the most beautiful estate in Kentucky, and Welch always visits him at this season of the year. While Welch and his host were riding along they came across an old negro, bent with age and shaking with the early cold.

"Which would you rather have, a quart of whisky or a ton of coal?" asked Welch, seeking to jolly Uncle Jasper.

"Missus Welch, de Lord knows as ah allus burns wood," replied the quaking dandy.—New York Times.

A Bad Pen.

Senator Pettus of Alabama was writing with a noisy, spluttering pen. Laying the pen down, he smiled and said:

"Once I was spending the evening with a friend of mine in Selma. We sat in the dining room, and from the kitchen came a dreadful scratching sound."

"Martha," said my friend to the maid, "what is that scratching in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in."

"Hub," said Martha, "dat's no dawg scratchin' de do'. Dat's de cook a-writin' a love letter to her honey suckle."

Refused to Talk.

In a town in Pennsylvania last summer a meeting was held by several prominent gentlemen, the object being to use their combined influence to stop the deafening noise they usually had on the Fourth of July. Imagine their surprise when a reporter asked a doctor, one of their number and a very influential man, the following question:

"You are in favor, are you not, of a sane and sensible observance of the Fourth of July? The public, I am sure, would be glad to hear your views on—"

"Young man," interrupted the doctor, "do you think that is a proper question to ask a surgeon?"

Station for Lieut. Grant.

Lieut. U. S. Grant III, grandson of the late President Grant, has been detailed to the white house as military aid to President Roosevelt and will be stationed at Washington barracks.

CONDITION OF THE AZTECS

Survivors of Ancient Race Chiefly Laborers in the Fields.

The Aztecs of old were not only great soldiers, but also diligent cultivators of the soil, and had acquired considerable proficiency in agriculture, says the Southern Workman, although they had no horses, oxen or other animals of draft. To this day the men earn their living chiefly as day laborers in the fields now owned by the Mexicans.

The staple product now as of yore is the maize, and next to it the maguey or agave, the sweet sap of which is the principal material for the famous Mexican pulque. Some species are cultivated as vegetables, others for the sake of their leaves, which yield a strong fiber that can be woven into fabrics. Hence the saying that the azave supplies the people with drink, food and clothing.

The men have little ambition to excel in handicraft. Farriery and carpentry are about the only trades they care to take up. In the cities they work as porters, carriers or peddlers in a small way.

Like all southern Indians, their complexion is of a ruddy chocolate brown, and they are not particularly good looking. Most of the women now have large hands and feet, probably the inheritance of generations of hard workers. And they are strong. In the warehouse of a wine merchant an Aztec porter was seen to take a cask of claret on his back and carry it quite a distance. The load certainly weighed not less than 400 pounds and no white man would have thought of lifting it.

The law requires the people in the cities to forsake the Indian breechcloth and poncho and assume the regulation garb of the poor working class of Mexico—the wide, loose trousers of cotton cloth or manta, with jacket to match—but the breechcloth is worn outside of the trousers and thereby replaces the civilized suspenders.

ICY WATER AND HEALTH.

Benefits to Be Derived from Cold Baths and Vigorous Rubbing.

"A cold bath—we might as well get at the straight of the thing—is not really a matter of cleanliness so much as a matter of getting the skin livelier up and the capillaries and veins next to the surface full of blood. Ice-cold water or scalding hot water will do that, but tepid water—no, no."

"The skin is almost exactly the same kind of an excreting organ as the lungs. The same products seep through the pores as are carried off in the breath, and the air purifies the blood in the same way. But the greater part of the skin is smothered up in clothes day and night. What the cold water of the bath dissolves is matter well away. And the rubbing dry is pretty vigorous exercise, if you want to know. Any rubbing is bound to push the blood along toward the heart and help the circulation, because there are valves in the veins which prevent the blood from going in any other direction than toward the heart. Whatever loose flakes of outer cuticle are rubbed off we needn't worry about; plenty more where they came from. The extra food the increased appetite demands will make good that trifling loss."—Everybody's Magazine.

Cook's Feelings.

Mrs. Mellem is one of those inoffensive persons who are continually dreading that they may, by some mischance, hurt the feelings of others. Added to this, she has had considerable trouble in getting a suitable cook, and does not wish to offend her.

"John," she said to the man servant on the morning following the party, "do you happen to know whether—that is—I mean, can you find out without asking the cook, whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable," added the good soul.

"If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon, and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her more uncomfortable than she is."—London Tit-Bits.

It Took the Cake.

"One day when the Chicago and Cleveland teams were playing I watched the battle from my own private knothole in the fence," says Jimmy Welsh.

"McCormick was pitching in splendid form for Cleveland. The cheers that went up when he struck out Billy Sunday were still ringing in my ears when Mike Kelly hit the ball far over the right field fence for a home run."

"Just at that moment a domestic carrying a big chocolate cake had come out on the steps of a house behind me. The ball hit the cake and scattered it into a thousand pieces."

"Who did that?" yelled the girl, looking up at me, for she hadn't seen the ball and didn't know how it all happened.

"Mike Kelly," I shouted, with my eye glued to the knothole.

"Well, well," she said, good naturedly, "that takes the cake."

The Doctor's Twins.

A worthy Glasgow doctor, while enjoying a holiday in Arran, took the opportunity along with a friend to go whitening fishing. During operations the doctor's sinker came off and was lost.

Here was a dilemma—no sinker, no more fishing that day. Ha! happy thought, his flask; no sooner said than done. The bottle was filled with salt water, carefully corked, and sent down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval, "Ha!" quoth the doctor, "a bite, and up he pulls at racing speed a fine pair of whitening, one on each hook."

"Ha! doctor, twigs this time," exclaimed his companion.

"Yes," quoth the doctor, "and brought up on the bottle, too."—London Answers.

Studies Malarial Fever.

Prof. Ronald Ross of the University of Liverpool will, after his return from Panama, deliver a series of lectures in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania on "Causes and Cure of Malarial Fever."



Garonne growled something under his breath.



Quite the most charming girl.