

# LAFFITTE OF LOUISIANA

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## CHAPTER XII.

An hour before sunset the fog rolled up, revealing the man-of-war anchored near enough for the men on her deck to be seen plainly without the aid of a glass. The anchors of both vessels were raised at once, and the chase was renewed, with the pursuer not a mile away, and heading about southwest, which would soon bring her within range of the brigantine, whose course lay due west.

A curl of smoke soon rose from the Englishman's deck, and a few seconds later there came the report of a gun. "A pressing invitation for us to show our colors," remarked Laffitte, as he watched the shot strike the water.

A short time passed, with the "Black Petrel's" crew uneasy and Lopez swearing softly in his native tongue. The pursuer then began a more persistent firing with her bow-guns, but none of the shots reached their mark.

Presently Laffitte, who was standing near Lopez, asked quietly, "How would a shot work now? Try, and see."

The old gunner, with a shout due to his long repressed feelings, set about leveling his gun, calculated the distance, and obtained the proper elevation.

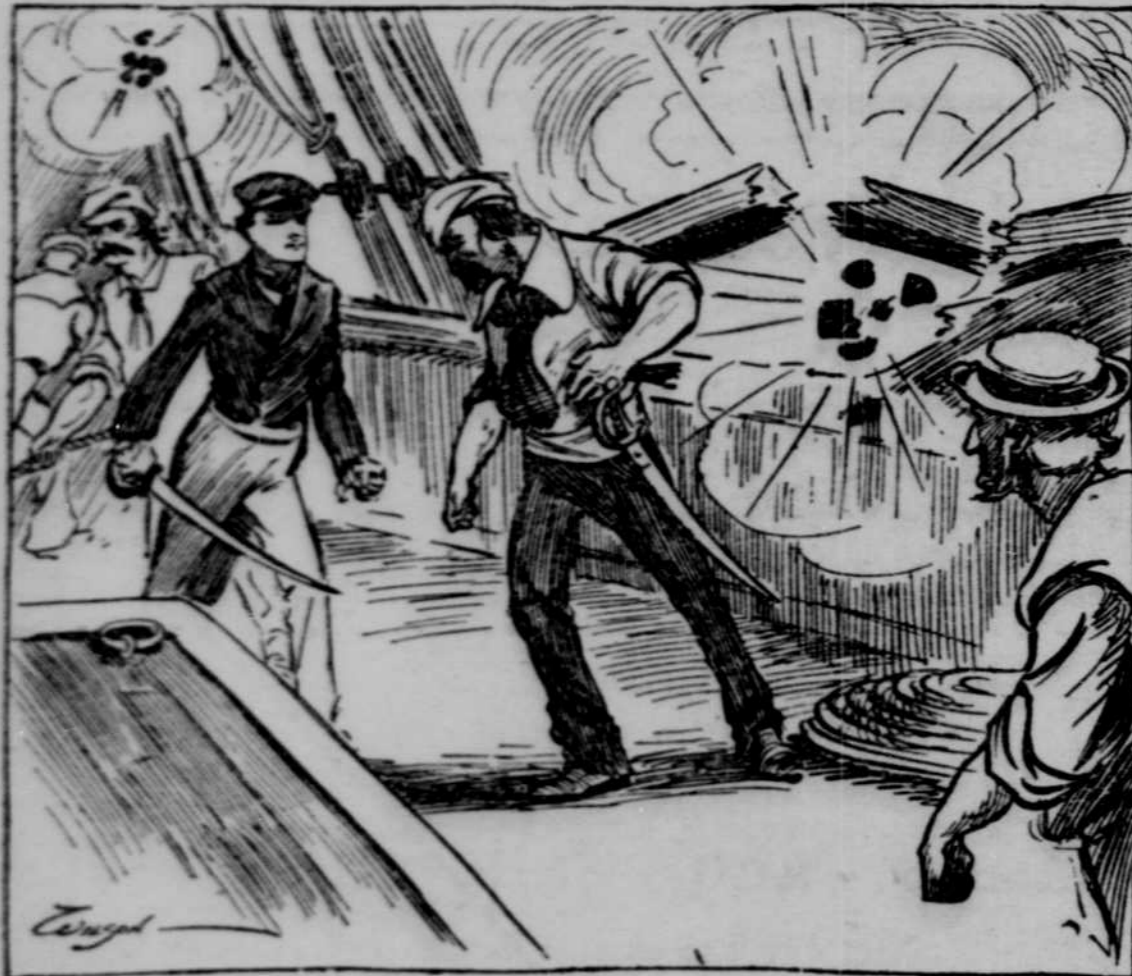
There was a report, soon followed by a trembling of the enemy's spars; and the brigantine's crew crowded to see the result.

"You have struck their foremast, just below the futlocks," announced Laffitte, looking through his glass.

"Aye, sir; and I will sing them another such sweet song," said Lopez coolly, watching his men reload the gun.

The enemy had meantime come a little closer, and was dropping shot viciously about the brigantine.

"Lopez, make haste with the gun!" cried Laffitte, with an oath. "Give them a dose such as will set them to repairing damages, and—turning to the crew—"should she get close enough



With a cursing cry he sank.

to try any tricks with grappling-irons, have the cutlasses ready, my hearties. And remember that it is no quarrel." A sound, half roar, half snarl, came from the men; and the next moment there was a whistling amongst them as a cannon-ball struck the bulwark in front of Laffitte, the air with bits of wood, and then glancing into the water.

A large, sharply pointed piece of ragged wood struck him in the side, and with a cursing cry he sank, face downward, upon the deck, the blood from his wounds splattering those nearest him, several of whom had been hit by the flying splinters.

Laffitte sprang forward, and placing his arms around the quivering form, turned the distorted face to the air. Then, looking up at the gunner, who was staring wildly at the sight, he cried, "Fire, Lopez, as you never fired before!"

A prompt discharge followed the order, and a wild shout of joy went up from the crew of the "Black Petrel."

The enemy's foremast was again struck, this time with disastrous effect, as could be readily seen; for her crew were getting the sails off with all possible speed. Her fore-royal and top-gallant sails were cleft up, and the top-sail-yard let go by the run, while the mast was swaying perceptibly.

Laffitte, by Laffitte's command, had been borne to the main cabin, where he was laid upon a divan; and the brigantine had been ordered to come to anchor. The enemy had already done this, and, in her present crippled condition, there was nothing to fear from her, as the distance between the vessels was too great for advantage in firing, even had the Englishman been in proper form to continue the fight.

Laffitte was breathing heavily, in broken gasps; and beckoning to Laffitte, he asked to have sent away those who were about him, still striving to check the blood that flowed so freely as to soak the red of the divan until it showed black.

Laffitte sent the others away, and sitting down by the dying man, took one of the hands that were already growing cold.

"Jean, you will take care of Laffitte," said Laffitte, "and Laffitte's black eyes, their mockery forever slain, looked at him with appealing wistfulness.

Laffitte nodded, and pressed the hand he held.

"She will have plenty of wealth, as you know; see that it is delivered to her safely, and kept securely afterward. Take the girl away, Jean; take her to the nuts, in New Orleans; as I should have done before this; and do you and she have the church say masses for my soul. My soul! he repeated, in a quick gasp. "To where will my soul go?"

music, when Laffitte came ashore, leaving Garonne in charge of the brigantine.

His course lay inland, at first over waste fields, and then cultivated ones, of sugar cane, coffee and tobacco. Then came some banana and fig plantations, interspersed with groves of palms and cocconut trees, until, after a walk of twenty minutes, he reached a clearing in which stood many small huts, evidently dwellings; and apart from these rose the walls of a stone building, surrounded by a high wall, with circular towers at the angles.

Laffitte crossed the open space, and stopping before a stout oaken door in the wall, called for admission. But there was no response; and, after a longer silence than suited his humor, he fell to striking upon the door, while he called still louder.

This resulted in its soon being opened cautiously to show a stalwart giant, whose black face and naked arms showed all the darker by contrast with the white cotton of his raiment, draped in a barbaric fashion that told of its not having known thread and needle.

"My young captain!" he exclaimed in Spanish, a pleased surprise lighting his grave face; and catching Laffitte's hand, he kissed it as the latter, in reply, greeted him as you, Ezrah. Is it all well here?"

"Yes, my young captain. All is well; but it will be more than well, now that you have returned."

Laffitte waited until the Arab (for such he was) had closed and barred the gate; and then, in a few words, he told him of what had taken place, adding that Laffitte's body would be brought ashore later in the day, for burial.

Ezrah listened with a face showing no emotion whatever, save perhaps that of anger that the nation his master had taught him to hate should have been the means of the former's death.

His young mistress, the Senorita Lazalle, was of course not yet awake; and Laffitte, after bidding the Arab to leave her undisturbed, went to his own apartments.

Lazalle was now sixteen; and, since leaving a convent school in Seville, two years before, her entire time had been passed upon the Barra de Hierro, to which Laffitte—her only living relative—had brought her, and where she had seemed fully contented with her luxurious and independent life.

Laffitte, of necessity, passed much of his time away from the Barra de Hierro; and, during his absence, Lazalle was his head and ruler, except when Laffitte found it necessary to visit the island. Then the Spanish girl gave place—and with entire willingness—to the man whom, from their first meeting, she had loved with all the fervor of her uncurbed nature.

(To be continued.)

## ORCHIDS COST HUMAN LIVES.

Dangers of Hunting for Beautiful Plants Are Great.

It is said that 2,000 different species of orchids have been discovered and introduced to civilization. A recent investigator into the history of this plant, according to the Detroit News-Tribune, says that one human life has been sacrificed to each specimen of this flower. Orchids flourish in the most deadly swamps of Mexico, in the torrid and malarial districts of the Indies, in the Brazilian forests and in places infested by pestilence, fierce animals and fiercer tribes of savages, some of which believe that the orchid is an object of veneration, to tamper with which means certain death if caught.

One of the most beautiful of all orchids, an exquisite white flower of the Sobralia genus, was actually discovered in a fastness of the mountains on an altar on which human beings had recently been sacrificed. This was a greivous enough place of discovery, but it has a parallel in the case of another equally lovely flower which was discovered wreathed around human bones exposed in a native cemetery in New Guinea. So firmly were some of the plants attached to the bones that they could not be removed and one was actually brought to England growing in the inside of a human skull. Of eight hunters who went to Mexico to hunt orchids seven lost their lives within a year and the sole survivor returned with his health ruined.

## Cause of Thanks.

It was a Coffee county boy who married and went to Texas, and upon arriving there wrote promptly back to his friends that he "got there safe and well."

And that was the very last time that he ever did write to them. They waited and they waited, and they wondered and they wondered, and they wondered, and never a word further from the wanderers. Some anxiety was felt, or would have been felt, but for one old woman of distant kin, who whenever his name was mentioned would always say:

"Well, he got that safe, and they're all well, thank God."

Finally his name was dropped, himself forgotten, till one day, ten years after his departure, something brought up his name, and the old query came up, "Why doesn't he write?"

"Well, anyhow, he got that safe and they're all well, thank God,"—Nashville Banner.

## Novel Relay Swimming Race.

A novel cross-channel swimming race from Calais to Dover has been promoted by the Belgian Swimming federation for a challenge cup, to be known as the cross-channel cup. The competition is open to the world for teams of five amateur swimmers. The first swimmer of each team would swim as far as possible across the channel. The second man would then take up the task, and would be followed by the others in turn. The team whose men first reaches shore would win the cup. The race is to take place in July or August.

## Howard Gould Spends Money.

Howard Gould is not saving much money just now. He is building a sea wall around his Long Island home which will cost \$1,000,000. His cow shed cost \$50,000 and his chickens cost \$150,000 and the new Killarney castle will cost \$5,000,000.

# WITH THE VETERANS

Never Mind the Old Times. Never mind the old times; They were bright and sweet; Sunny smiles above you— Violets at your feet; But the new times wear a smilin' face That's mighty good to meet; An' you'd better find the light that makes the mornin'!

Never mind the old times; They were great, I know; Old friends that we loved so! But the new times sing the song of Hope We sweeter roses grow, An' you'd better find the light that makes the mornin'!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**Eccentric Colonel Burke.** "Yes," said Gen. Coates. "I knew Col. Martin Burke, who was in command at Fort Lafayette when prisoners therein quartered made the fort and the commander subjects of controversy. Apart from any controversy, Col. Burke was an interesting personality and an old character. I remember him as one of the old school army officers given to some eccentricities that made me smile then and often cause me to smile now. He occupied a trying position, but he made mind his own business a matter of professional pride, and he never would go near Washington for fear that some investigating committee would get hold of him.

"The boys on duty at Fort Lafayette had a constant reminder of the colonel's kindness of heart. He found, on occasion, a dog hurt in collision with an army wagon or a gun carriage, and he was in pitiable condition, and the colonel's orderly reported that he was no better than a dead dog. The colonel, however, ordered the poor little beast taken to his own quarters, and in due time the dog recovered, with a supreme disregard of all military regulations and proprieties.

"This latter quality undoubtedly grieved the colonel, but he stood by the mischievous puppy through thick and thin, and wherever the colonel went with his traditional dignity went Sam, the puppy, with his abnormally developed bump of mischief. The colonel always appeared on dress parade in the full dress of the old-time regulars, and he held every man in line to a most serious cast of countenance and most dignified manner. The uniform, as Burke wore it, was queer enough to make any man smile, but Sam, at these parades, was a full comedy in himself.

"He would caper about the colonel's legs, indulging in pranks that would make a horse laugh, and yet the colonel stood there in stately pose, blind to the puppy's pranks, but watchful as to the expression on the faces of the fellows and men in line. These poor fellows nearly died of suppressed laughter, and they were always wondering what Sam would do next. But whatever they expected him to do, he always did something else, and no matter what he did, the colonel stood by him.

"The men on duty at Fort Lafayette in the latter part of the civil war may have forgotten the most notorious prisoners held there, but I will venture to say that not one of them has forgotten the eccentric colonel or his patient orderly, or the dog Sam. Those nearest the colonel testified that the orderly never showed impatience or irritation except on one occasion. The colonel had worked late one night on some perplexing papers, and, halting for a moment in his work, pushed his spectacles up on his head, instead of taking them off.

"This was his regular habit, but on this occasion he pushed the glasses back farther than usual, and when, on resuming his work, he put his hand up he found no spectacles. This was disconcerting and irritating, and he shouted, 'Orderly, orderly, come here, sir!' The orderly had been sound asleep for two hours, but he jumped up, wriggled into his clothes, and presented himself to his absent-minded colonel. Burke looked him over in disapproval of his unusual appearance and snapped out, 'My glasses.'

"The orderly turned on his heel without a word and in a minute placed before the colonel two glasses, a pitcher of water and a decanter. Burke looked at him in amazement and roared, 'My glasses, you fool. My spectacles, my spectacles!' Then the worm turned. 'Yure glasses, colonel,' said the orderly, 'are on the top of your head, sir. An' we call 'em from now on 'up' that.' The colonel in high dudgeon put his hand to his head, but found the glasses, and then said, 'Having found the glasses, go to bed at once. I never would have found them myself.' Any reference to Hotel Lafayette, or Bastille Lafayette, or Fort Lafayette always brings to my mind the figure of quaint but soldierly Col. Martin Burke.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**The Flag at Washington.** Our recent articles about the display of the United States flag in former years bring out many reminiscences. Another old veteran writes: "It is a somewhat curious fact that previous to the War of the Rebellion the flag was not often seen in the national capitol or anywhere else. I know a veteran born in Kentucky, who says he entered the service in 1861, at the age of 17 years, and until he enlisted and was mustered into the service he had never laid eyes on the flag and did not know what it looked like." A flag has been displayed over the capitol at Washington for a good many years, probably fifty, though there is no authentic record of its having flown officially for that length of time. It is only since the war that each end of the capitol has had its own flag. During the early days of the disturbances which brought on the war of the rebellion, the one little old flag on the west front of the capitol was discontinued. 'It roused sectional feeling to see it flying there' was the somewhat reasonable reason given by the officials, whose duty it was to see that the flag was kept flying.

"This reason may have seemed good to the jellyfish patriots in Washington who were bossing things at the

capitol at that time, but it did not go with the 'First Defenders' of Pennsylvania, the gallant little body of 500 men, who hurried to Washington on the very first train after the presidents call for men to wipe out the stain of the fall of Fort Sumter. These 'First Defenders' antedated all other troops in getting into Washington, and they camped in the basement of the capitol on the night of April 17. They asked why the national capitol displayed no colors, and were told the reason as above. This angered one of the 'First Defenders,' and he climbed the perilous height of the then unfinished dome, carrying with him the large regimental flag of his organization. This flag he nailed to the dome, and there it remained until the elements whipped away the last thread of it, long before the close of the war. A storm was raised when people got up in the morning and saw the old flag flying from the dome, and many were the inquiries as to how it got there, but it was many a long year before the truth came out. The soldier who did it knew that he would be severely disciplined if he told what he had done, and his comrades who had helped him were loyal to him. The flag was there, and no man could be found who would take it down."—New York Press.

**The Badge Money Cannot Buy.** A heavy disk of bronze, bearing the state seal surrounded by the inscription, "Department of Michigan, G. A.



Michigan," designates the comrades of the Michigan department. Upon the reverse appears the little bronze button surrounded by the words, "38th National Encampment G. A. R., Boston." This disk is pendant from an oxidized silver pin by a cherry ribbon on which is the place and date of the national encampment in gold letters. The pin is lettered "Organized May 6, 1868, Michigan."

**Their Sons in Civil War.** An inquiry whether any man was living in North Carolina who had sons in the confederate army is eliciting replies of an astonishing character.

A letter from Hillsboro states that James D. Daniel of Orange county, now 97, had five sons in the confederate army. Three of these are living.

In the same township W. G. Wright is still living, 88 years of age. His son, J. B. Wright, was in the confederate army.

At the soldiers' home one of the inmates named Bunn served in the same company with two sons. There is also at the soldiers' home a veteran who served in the Indian war of 1835 and never received a wound. He is 93 years old and is active and interested in everything.—New York Herald.

**Point of Law Cleared Up.** A decision upon a point involved in the law granting the wife or widow of an honorably discharged union soldier or sailor may, if circumstances require, after her death be provided with a funeral at the expense of the county has recently been rendered by the attorney general. In the case considered the widow of a soldier at Clifton Springs went to Mount Morris to visit and died while there. The undertaker who had charge of the burial presented his bill to the G. A. R. post at Clifton Springs. The question arose as to whether the county wherein she had her legal residence or the county wherein she died should pay the burial expenses. The attorney general decided that Livingston county, where she died, was responsible for the bill.—New York Press.

**Regimental Histories.** Regimental histories enriched by the reminiscences and documents of surviving comrades produced under keen criticism are the best possible foundations for an accurate history of wars. It is to be regretted that so many organizations have neglected so far to record their doings, but recently there has been shown a general desire to repair the omission, and many regimental histories are appearing.

**Monument for Crater Battlefield.** The survivors of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry have made plans to erect on the Crater battlefield in Prince George county, near Petersburg, a handsome granite monument to cost \$7,000. The monument is to be erected in memory of those of the regiment who fell in the Crater fight. It was this regiment that dug the tunnel for the mine.

**Veterans Passing Away.** The sad news is sent out from Washington, on the authority of Pension Commissioner Ware, that the old soldiers are dying at the rate of 150 a day. This is a higher rate than ever before in the history of the pension bureau.

# AGRICULTURE

**Build Up a Field.** There is no lesson so effective as the object lesson. We try to induce the farmer to drain and fertilize all his farm, but we will have little impression on him till we have been able to place some object lesson before him, such as inducing the leading farmers in every locality to take one field and build it up, as it were, to a high state of fertility. A few farmers have done this under the instruction of professors of the agricultural colleges, and more are doing it. Their example is being followed by the farmers immediately around them, who have been impressed by the things that are shown.

By the building up of a field the farmer himself will learn about his land many things that he never knew before he began that work. It is surprising how many things there are about farms that their owners do not know. There was one man that lived in a locality where the popular impression was that the land could not be drained. They said that the texture of the soil was such that the water simply evaporated from its surface, but did not pass through it. Under the instruction of the state agricultural college the man put in a series of drains, and, behold, they worked to perfection. The other farmers in that vicinity came to see his drains and were moved by what they saw to construct drains of their own.

This man had land that was deficient in potash. By draining he lowered the soil water more than a foot and lay bare a layer of soil that was rich in potash. The roots of the plants went down to it and the owner of the field was relieved of the necessity of sending away for potash. He possibly had never discovered this truth till he began to build up a field.

One field on a farm should be made to bear the greatest possible crop; that the value of the farm for crop production may be understood. It will be an experimental lot and its value will depend on the care that is given it and on the figures that are written down as to its cost and products. There are very few fields that cannot be improved either mechanically, in fertilizing or in moisture contents.

## Buckwheat, Rye and Fertility.

The discussion of buckwheat as a feed reminds us to say that it has even a greater value as a fertilizer of the soil, as we demonstrated fully on sandy land that had been reduced to the unprofitable point by too much cropping to wheat; that was several years ago, however. Rye was used in connection with the buckwheat, but the element most needed, the rye affording some feed during the operation, and helping to put the soil in good mechanical condition. First, winter rye was sown in the fall, pastured then, late, and early in spring. Then allowed to grow until in bloom, when it was plowed under and sown to buckwheat. That, in turn, was plowed under and again sown to winter rye. The following spring red clover was sown in the rye, when an excellent stand resulted and the soil was again in condition to play its part in crop growing.

## The Dust Bath.

To keep the fowls free from lice during the winter months nothing is so good as the dust bath. Don't think that lice don't multiply in winter, for they do, especially those great gray fellows. Get a box, a barrel, or anything that will hold the dust away in the dry, and now fill it or have the children fill it with road dust. Now is an excellent time, for later the roads will be too damp with the fall rains and heavy night dews to dry out and make much dust. Then when the fowls must be kept confined and the earth is hard and frozen, put some of the dust in the shallow box, set it in the sunshine or light of the poultry house windows, and notice how they enjoy that dust bath. Remember, the dust must be dry and if possible warm it, slightly warm. Chickens will not dust in damp earth in winter time.—Farm Star.

## Multiplier Onion.

The old-time "multiplier" onion is not of much importance now. It is a persistent grower and succeeds most anywhere. Sometimes it gets to be little better than a weed. But it had some points in its favor. It had a habit of getting up in the spring at the first opportunity and for a short time was passably good. Its place in the garden could not be filled, even by the earliest of vegetables. It would take care of itself when once planted, and would hold its own against grass and weeds if given an equal opportunity with them. It might yet be given a place in many a garden to the benefit of the owner.

## Building a Cistern.

If after a cistern has been built in the customary manner with brick and cement a wash is made of clear cement and water, and brushed upon the walls like whitewash, the walls will be found to have been rendered impervious to water. A cistern can be made of cement alone, and if the earth in which it is made is of a solid clayey nature the wall of cement need not be over two inches in thickness. Bricks would have to be used for the arch, but it is better not to make an arch. Cisterns are usually under floors, and if not they can be floored over and the under side lathed and plastered with adaman. It becomes hard as stone, is rot-proof, dirt-proof and moisture-proof. Built in this way a cistern can be made more cheaply, as it does not have to be so deep, and can be larger in diameter. A cistern should always be circular, as it makes the walls stronger and takes less material for a given amount of water stored. Two parts of sand to one of cement are about right.—The Rural New Yorker.

A well-built drain is a permanent improvement.

# DAIRY NOTES

**Alfalfa as Cow Feed.** It has often been said that from a chemical standpoint alfalfa is an ideal ration for milk cows but this is not a fact. A cow weighing 1,000 pounds and giving her full capacity of milk should receive twenty-nine pounds of dry matter, 2½ pounds of digestible protein, thirteen pounds of digestible carbohydrates and one-half pound of other extract daily. If a cow should receive thirty pounds of alfalfa a day with no other feed she would not get enough dry matter by 1½ pounds. She would receive thirty-two per cent too much digestible protein and not enough carbohydrates or fat. Theoretically speaking, in feeding alfalfa to dairy cows it should be fed in combination with some crop which will supply the nutrients in which alfalfa is deficient, such as corn fodder. Alfalfa and corn fed in combination results in greater efficiency in that it requires less dry matter to produce one pound of butter fat or 100 pounds of milk. The nutritive ratio of alfalfa, that is the proportion of protein or albuminoids to carbohydrates and fat, is undoubtedly too narrow for best results. Corn and other crops supplementary to alfalfa must find an important place in farm practice in the irrigated west.—Denver Field and Farm.

## Cheap Man, Poor Butter.

At one place that I called last summer, the creamery had but four months before passed into the hands of the farmers. They had asked various creamerymen for advice and were told that the most important thing to do was to hire a first-class buttermaker and not allow a few dollars in wages to stand in the way. They, however, were of the opinion that a good enough man could be obtained for \$35 or \$40 and got a young man from the latter figure. In four months they lost nearly \$400 on the butter and the day I got there he had left them after washing up, and when I got there about 7 o'clock in the evening the cream was at a temperature of 70 and had 5½ degrees of acidity—plenty ripe enough to churn. There was no water in the glass on the boiler and no water in the tank, the pump was broken, and the churn, which was a new one, was in a very bad condition. I got some ice and cooled the cream down and stayed two days breaking in a new man, who, I am pleased to say, has been having good success, some of the credit for which may be due to his wife, who works in the creamery with him.—Prof. J. G. Moore.

## Magnitude of the Dairy Business.

In an address delivered at the recent meeting of the National Butter Makers' association at St. Louis, M. M. Wentworth of State Center, Iowa, in giving some figures of the magnitude of the dairy and creamery interest, said that the production of butter this year in the United States would amount to 1,500,000,000 pounds. The value of the output, exclusive of Sunday days and holidays, was, he said, \$1,000,000,000 daily. To move the year's production of butter would require 43,750 cars, each containing 20,000 pounds. This succession of cars would extend 330 miles if placed end to end or from the world's fair grounds to a point forty miles beyond Chicago. If placed in sections of twenty-five cars, 1,750 locomotives would be required to haul the butter output, and it would take 8,750 train men to operate the trains. If sections were placed six miles apart the first section would be whistling in Manila, Philippine islands, before the last section left the world's fair grounds.

## Cause of Stringiness in Milk.

Stringiness in milk is caused by fungi which develops in the system of the cow. In an affected cow the temperature is raised one or two degrees above normal. Like most other fungi this does not grow out into filaments in the milk while within the body, but in five or six hours after the milking the surface layers are found to be one dense network of filaments. If a needle is drawn up into a long thread, care should be taken in the water supply which is likely to cause stringiness and two drams bisulphite of soda daily until the stringiness disappears is recommended.

## Foundation of Dairying.

The motherhood of the cow is the foundation of dairying. This foundation has not been understood in the past, and the mother quality was set at naught. The care and feeding of the mother are things that should receive our first attention, but they have been the things to receive attention last. As soon as the cow is dry it has been the custom to cut down her feed and sometimes to let her go with only hay and a poor quality of hay at that. This is not a treatment that is likely to develop the calf within her or to improve the milking qualities of the cow herself.

## Apples Good for Cows.

One of the theories that have been exploded as worthless is the old imagination that cull apples fed to cows would dry up their milk flow. Another absurd proposition is that sour apples will create sour milk. As a matter of fact apples which are not decayed are the very best condiment for dairy stock and tend to increase rather than diminish the flow of milk. Scientifically speaking the composition of the apple as a feed is: Water, 80.8 per cent; protein, 7 per cent; carbohydrates and fat, 18.2 per cent.

## Avoid Mongrel Bulls.

A farmer can afford to pay \$5 for the service of a thoroughbred bull than to have the use of a mongrel bull for nothing. He can have a grade calf of the highest excellence; if a female, she would sell for twice what a heifer by a mongrel bull would bring. If a male, it would bring one-third more as well, and if raised for beef, would bring nearly double what the mongrel steer would bring, and do it in the first cross.—Clark Bell in Country Gentleman.