

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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

The island of Grande Terre, off the coast of Louisiana, runs parallel with the mainland; and at its western end is a secure harbor, reached by the Great Pass of Barataria, whose water is from nine to ten feet in depth.

Here, on Grande Terre, were sold the captured cargoes and prizes; and people from all parts of Louisiana came hither to purchase them, with no apparent attempt or desire to conceal the object of their mission.

Jean Laffitte was, with Pierre, sitting in the dining-room of his own house, of which, however, the latter was nominal master.

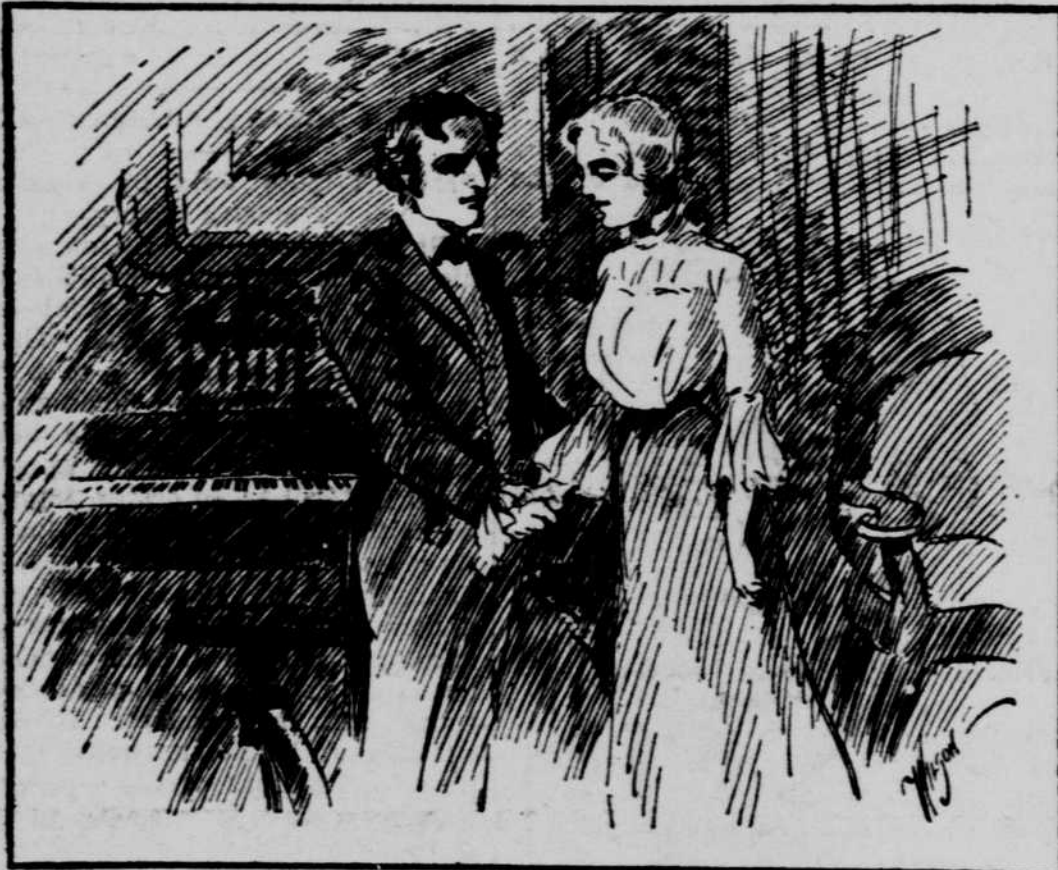
"And so Laro is dead, and the Barra de Hierro in English hands," Pierre was saying.

"Tell me of thy plans, and what is to become of the lovely Senorita Laffitte."

At this, Jean, putting aside his former mood, sketched out clearly all his intended operations, telling in detail of his interview with Philip La Roche, who with his widowed sister, Madame Rieffet, would take the Spanish beauty into their charge.

It was now some two months since the governor's edict had been issued against the introduction of African slaves; and he had followed this by an address "To all whom it might concern in the territory," stating that it had come to his knowledge that well-laid plans existed to defeat and evade this edict by way of Barataria; and, as Jean now learned from Pierre, a rumor was afloat that the governor contemplated setting a price upon the head of Jean Laffitte, smuggler, slave-trader, and pirate.

"It is only a rumor as yet," answered Pierre, with no sign of anxiety; "and, together with the stories of bad feeling growing between these states and England, it gives the people a little of the excitement they ever seem to crave."



"Will you promise to do this?"

"I wish there would be war declared against Great Britain!" declared Jean, with sudden animation, as he nodded his acquiescence in Pierre's reasoning. "She has been sneaking around this country ever since her whipping here, trying, without appearing to try, to obtain another hold upon it. She never seems to really know when she is well thrashed."

It was now Pierre's turn to nod. "If war came," continued Jean, his eyes sparkling as if with satisfaction at the idea, "do you know I think I should go to the governor and offer all I have for his assistance."

"Ah!" said Pierre, with a slight elevation of his heavy eyebrows. "Yes; for you and I, with our men, could then fight like any respectable citizens in defence of this country against the English."

"That might be," was Pierre's speculative remark. But his tone changed as he added, bending his eyes, filled with a meaning look, upon Jean's impassioned face, aglow with a new and better enthusiasm, "And England hates Bonaparte."

"Hate—yes; but fears, as well. Oh, if I can but help lay low his most hated enemy, I shall feel, in dying for it, the greatest happiness I ever knew."

Pierre whistled softly, and reaching for a flagon of wine, filled two glasses. "Here, Jean," he said, lifting one of them, "let us drink to the overthrow of English power in any land wherein we may abide, and long life and prosperity to him you love."

Twilight was coming when Jean Laffitte took his way to the house of Count de Cazeneuve.

Up the avenue of live oaks, upon whose branches the gray moss draped filaments looking ghostly in the twilight, he passed to the pillared portico of the count's residence, and, as was his privilege, entered its wide door unannounced.

The low strumming of a guitar from a near-by room drew his footsteps toward it, and he was soon standing on its threshold.

No candles were lit, but a woman's white drapery gleamed from the farther end, in an alcove-windowed recess looking out to the western sky, where the evening sky was glittering in the day's gray ashes.

It was the Island Rose; and the song was one her mother had taught her—one Laffitte had heard the girl sing during their journey from the Choctaw country.

"Mademoiselle Rose," he said, speaking very softly, as the sweet voice died away, breathing the final words like a sigh from a breaking heart.

"Who is it—what do you wish?" she inquired timidly, and not a little startled.

"It is I, mademoiselle. Do you not remember me?"

"Ah!"

It was a cry of joy; and two small hands, white as her snowy draperies, were held out to him.

"It is my Captain Jean. And oh, how glad I am to see you!"

"Are you?" was all he was able to say in reply, as he took her hands, and wondering to himself for being so tongue-tied in the presence of this mere child.

"Surely I am. So often have I asked myself during this long summer where you were and what doing. Oh, Captain Jean, I am so very glad you have come back. And now you will stop in New Orleans?"

She spoke eagerly, fearlessly, as if happy in showing her liking for him. "I fear not, ma'm'selle. I am here for a few hours only, on business, and came to see your grandfather. You speak of the summer being long. Were you not happy, ma'm'selle?"

She moved uneasily, and her head drooped; but she did not reply.

"Tell me, little Island Rose, were you not happy?" he asked again, taking her hand. "Remember that it was I who brought you here—I who loved and revered your mother. And I must feel the deepest regret to have been the means of bringing her child to unhappiness. Is not your grandpère kind to you?"

"Oh, yes," was her hasty reply. "He has been—means to be, very kind, I am sure. He has given me many pretty things—clothes, and jewels, and books—things of which I never knew before in all my life."

"Yet, little Rose, I feel that something is troubling you," Laffitte declared confidently. "I wish you would tell me what it is; and perhaps I can find the way to make you as happy and contented as I want to feel you are in this new home to which I brought you."

His voice, with its gentle insistence; the firm pressure of his hand upon her small fingers—these im-

pelled her, after a brief hesitancy, to say, speaking very softly, "There seems to be some mystery about my surroundings—something in my grandpère's life I cannot understand; and this makes me uncomfortable. And he has such strange associates."

It was well for both the girl and the man that the darkness hid the look of the face when he heard these words.

"On the island, where we spent the summer, such rough, dreadful-looking men came to see him, and then disappeared suddenly. I never spoke with them, for he bade me keep out of their way; but they frightened me, for they looked wicked and cruel, and many of them were as dark-skinned as our slaves. Some of them were dressed so oddly, with red caps on their heads, and rings in their ears. I could not but wonder why he should permit such men to enter his house, and what could be their business with him."

"There are many strangers and rough-looking men about New Orleans, little Rose, and we are obliged to come into contact with them in business matters," said Laffitte. "I know those of whom you speak, and I know they would never harm you." And he patted reassuringly the hand she had not offered to withdraw.

"But," he added, "you had better keep away from such men, as your grandpère bade you; for you must believe that he loves you, and knows what is best for you. Remember, too, that so long as I live you can rely upon me to keep you safe from whatever might harm you or make you unhappy."

"Ah, that is pleasant for me to hear and to know, Captain Jean," she replied, with childish frankness, releasing her hand and laying it on his arm. "But," now with some anxiety, "how can you ever be able to do much for me, should I need you? It is long since I have seen you, or known where you were; and now you tell me you are here but for a few hours, and will then go away again, I know not where."

Although seemingly "twixt smiles and tears," she spoke with an arch naivete that affected Laffitte most curiously.

"You know Zency, the one called a witch, your grandpère's slave?" he inquired with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes, of course," answered Roselle, surprise showing in her voice. "She is a dreadful-looking old woman, with big black eyes. At first I was afraid of her, but now I am not, for she knew and loved my mother, and has talked to me of her."

"So? Well, that is quite as it should be. And now, little Rose," again taking her hand, "remember always what I say to you now: Should you ever wish to tell me anything, or need any service you think I can render, all you need do is to tell Zency."

and then allow three days to pass in which to see me or hear from me. Will you promise to do this?"

He bent toward her with an earnestness in his manner that caused her to wonder at the time and afterwards.

"Yes, I promise, and I thank you," she answered softly, and left him.

A few moments later the Count de Cazeneuve entered the room and greeted Laffitte with a cordiality he accorded to few men; but the Island Rose did not return.

(To be continued.)

WRITTEN BY MARSHAL BLUCHER

Interesting Letter From Great Soldier to His Wife.

There has just been discovered in the family archives of a landed proprietor in Mecklenburg a hitherto unpublished letter written by the celebrated Marshal Blucher to his wife on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. The letter is couched in the unique style and spelling peculiar to the old soldier, which, however, are partly lost in the following translation from the German:

"Comprenez, June 17, 1815. 'Here I sit in the room in which Mary Louisa spent her bridal night. It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful than Comprenez. What a pity that I must part from here tomorrow, because within three days I must be in Paris.'

"It is possible, and most probable, that Bonaparte will be handed over to me and Wellington. Do not think I can do anything better than to have him shot. This would be a service to mankind. In Paris he is wholly deserted; everybody hates and despises him."

"I believe this will all be over in a short while, and then I shall hasten home. There are many pretty things here, but I must not take anything away."

"BLUCHER."

—Dundee Advertiser.

Hard on Foreigners in Mexico. "Once while sojourning in the City of Mexico I happened to call upon a friend at one of the principal hotels of that capital," said Representative Southard of Ohio.

"While in his room I noticed a very fine revolver, and, making some comment upon it, he picked it up and began to explain how, although it was of single action, he could fire it as fast as though it were double action. In some way his hand struck the hammer, causing the weapon to explode. In a second my friend turned deathly pale and became so agitated that he could scarcely speak."

"Having noticed that the bullet struck a rug and took a downward course, I didn't see and cause for excitement, and, lifting up the rug, showed him where the lead took lodgement. He became calm pretty soon, and then he explained his agitation. 'Had that bullet gone into the court,' all the hotels down there open into a court, 'instead of the floor, and had it struck any Mexican, my life would not have been worth a ten-cent piece. I have lived down here long enough to know how swift is the punishment meted out to foreigners, even in case of accident, where a native is injured. Indeed, had I been unfortunate enough to have caused the death of one of them, it is quite probable that you, as well as myself, would have been executed. The fact that you had nothing to do with the shooting would have been of no avail, for your presence here would have condemned you.'—Washington Post.

Misunderstood. During the inauguration of Flavel S. Luther, the new president of Trinity college, a student said:

"I want to tell you about a mishap that befell Dr. Luther one morning last month. 'He boarded one of our Hartford street cars, rode a mile or so with his eyes fixed on his newspaper, and close on the end of his journey, looked up and spied one of his students crumpled in a corner. 'The student was in a wretched plight. His clothing was stained, his linen soiled, his hair unbrushed. His face was pallid, and his eyes were bloodshot and dull. He looked ill; he looked a wreck, and it was easy to see what the trouble was. 'Dr. Luther, fresh and vigorous from his bath and his good breakfast, rose to get off. As he passed the unclean student he said, grimly: 'Be on a drunk? 'The student's sleepy eyes rolled languidly toward Dr. Luther, and in a dull and listless voice, the young man said: 'So have I.'"

A Difficult Position. Rev. M. A. G. Himalaya, whose sun machine has been one of the features of the St. Louis fair, was talking the other day about the troubles of the St. Louis aeronauts.

"My friend," he said of one of the aeronauts, "was placed, as it were, on the horns of a dilemma, for on one side was the peculiar construction of his balloon, and on the other side were the peculiar rules of the committee."

"My friend's plight resembled," said Father Himalaya, "the plight of a certain clergyman in Lisbon. This clergyman, in the midst of a sermon, suddenly paused. He looked about him thoughtfully. Then he said in a strange voice:

"Now, my beloved brethren, I find myself in a position of some difficulty; for if I speak too low those at the farther end of the church will be unable to hear me, and if too loud I shall awake our honorable fellow-townsmen, Don Alfonso Gonzales."

Three Balls and Out. "So you refuse to give me the money, eh?" said the profligate son. "Yes," replied the stern parent. "Not another cent of my hard-earned coin for you."

"Then here goes," cried the youth as he seized a silver-mounted pistol from his father's desk.

"Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the old man as he sank helplessly into a chair, "what would you do—take your life?"

"Not so you could notice it," replied the wayward offspring as a diabolical grin chased itself over his headless phiz. "I'm merely going to loan this lead pill dispenser to my 'uncle'—see?"

OLD CROSS OF LOUISBURG.

Interesting Relic Owned by Harvard University.

In a closet in the library at Harvard college is stored one of the few existing relics of the campaign of Sir William Pepperell and his New Englanders against the French stronghold of Louisburg, in the year 1745.

This relic is an iron cross that is believed to have adorned a church in Louisburg. How it came into the possession of Harvard is not known at this time, as no antiquarian has ever taken the trouble, it appears, to establish its history since it became a college possession.

About sixty years ago Mr. John L. Sibley, then librarian at Harvard, found the cross in a lot of discarded articles stored in one of the smaller buildings on the college grounds. It was marked with a tag on which was written the statement that the cross was brought from Louisburg by one of Pepperell's soldiers. Mr. Sibley attempted to trace the history of the relic in order to discover under what circumstances, and by whom, it was presented to the college, but so far as his successor knows, he made no headway in his quest.

In 1841, shortly after its discovery by Mr. Sibley, the cross was stored in a small building that stood back of the Charles river national bank, near the college. The building was burned in 1845, and the cross was found in its ashes, undamaged except for slight pitting caused by the heat.

Taken in hand by Mr. Justin Winsor, then librarian, the cross was given a heavy coat of gilding, such as it had borne originally, and was fixed to the east wall of Gore hall, in the library building. Here it remained for many years, until alterations made its removal from the wall necessary.

It was next stored in the cellar of the library, remaining there until the early '80s, when it was firmly fixed in the stone peak of the gable over the entrance to the library.

The cross is made of soft iron and appears to have been the work of a Louisburg blacksmith, the workmanship being rougher than would have been produced by the skilled iron-mongers of France.

The cross to-day weighs about ten pounds. Its cross-piece is 21½ inches long, terminating in fleur-de-lis, which are 4½ inches wide by 6 inches long. An ornament of similar proportions caps the upright, or standard, the total length of which at present is 29 inches. Before broken off the cross was about 40 inches long. Both cross-piece and standard are 1 inch wide and ½ inch thick.

FOR LEGS OUT OF SHAPE. Pneumatic Rubber Forms Available Now to Make Them Beautiful.

Pneumatic rubber leg forms are now on sale. Advocates of these first aids to the unshapely man contend that no more violation of material propriety is involved in their use than in the employment of padding to correct drooping shoulders or in using braces to remedy the effect of a stooped back.

The forms may be so inflated as to round out unnatural bends. They can be had from stock or made to individual measurements. They are light in weight, comfortable and invisible, being worn on the inner side of the trousers legs, and they allow of easy adjustment.

Tailors view this innovation approvingly, as it assists them in producing proper results.

Jumping Egg. A little patience and a lot of lung power and you can perform the marvelous trick of making an egg leap from one wineglass into another without using your hands. Place a hard boiled egg in a claret glass (as shown) with a second wineglass close

alongside. Now blow sharply down in the direction of the perpendicular arrow, and you will see that egg vault safely into the other glass. A china egg is lighter, better, and, if your egg is not properly hard boiled, cleaner!

Conditions a Century Ago. A copy of the New Hampshire Gazette published at Portsmouth, N. H., in September, 1810, informs us that there were at that time 29,474 slaves in the territory of New Orleans on which a tax of \$22,000 was paid. In the election returns it shows that Lisbon, then called Concord, had 145 voters, and was strongly republican.

Give Wild Creatures Liberty. Because the state of Vermont removed the bounty from wildcats and lynxes, Jesse Bentley, a trapper, living at Sunderland, in that state, deliberately released three lynxes which fell into his traps.

Nature's Wise Provision. The bones of flying birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the least weight.

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"God Reigns and All is Well." "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world."—Robert Browning.

No sparrow falls, no flower lives its day without His loving care that guards all ways. "Will shall His wonders tell?"

God reigns and all is well! The stream of living water ever flows. The wilderness shall blossom as the rose. Love conquers death and hell.

God reigns and all is well! His love accepts His children's sacrifice. To blend with angel-tones our praises rise. Our songs of triumph swell.

God reigns and all is well! None asks in vain for help to bear the cross. The poverty of life, the pain and loss. The solemn passing-bell.

Of youthful hopes, their knell. Rings in our hearts; yet love and mercy In benediction make our lives complete. God reigns and all is well!—Martha A. Kladder.

Lillian's Thoughtfulness. It is not absolutely certain that Lillian Russell expects her audience to join in singing the choruses of her songs when she returns as a star in "Lady Teazle," but it is positive that she wants them to understand what she is singing about. For she has announced that she will have all the lyrics printed in pamphlet form and distributed nightly to the audience.

Miss Russell explains that she wants her auditors to be as familiar with the lyrics when they leave the theater as they are with the airs. The pamphlet will contain an introduction by John Kendrick Bangs, who, together with Robert Penfield, is responsible for the book of "Lady Teazle."

Steeplechasing on an Ox. Attempts are being made in France to train oxen for saddle riding, and several races have been organized to test their capacity. They have been trained not only as racers on "the flat," but also as successful jumpers. The above illustration is from a photograph of a well known French sports

man riding his ox at a leap-off. The bride and saddle used are similar in general design to those used for hunters, with the exception that a very powerful bit is employed. As in their excitement the animals are disposed to lose their temper, the precaution is taken of studding the points of their horns.

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NURSE OF JAMES G. BLAINE.

Colored Girl Who Watched Over Him in Infancy, Still Lives.

After living for 55 years in an old house in Uniontown, Pa., which has just been torn down to make way for the march of progress, "Aunt Keziah" Jackson, for years a nurse of James G. Blaine, has gone to live with her son, Charles Jackson.

She is now aged 83. The childhood home of "Aunt Keziah" was at Brownsville, about twelve miles from Uniontown. The Browns were among the most highly respected colored people of that section, and Keziah Brown, in her youth, was almost constantly at the home of Ephraim L. Blaine, father of the future "plumed knight" of American politics.

At the time of the birth of James G. Blaine, Jan. 31, 1830, Keziah Brown was a girl of eight years, and from the time that the future statesman was five months old until he was two years of age, the little colored girl looked after him almost constantly.

When young James was old enough to go to school he was led there by the little colored girl, and "Aunt Keziah" now frequently says with pride: "Jim Blaine, even when he was a little boy, was the smartest one in the school, and his father used to say, 'He is the smartest boy I have and he will live to be a senator or congressman.'"

Another incident concerning the Blaine family which is related by "Aunt Keziah" is that when Gen. Andrew Jackson passed over the old national pike through West Brownsville in 1833 on his way to Washington to be inaugurated a second time as president, she was then a girl of eleven years, and with other children went out to see the president pass, and the children shouted, "Hurrah for Jackson," and James G. Blaine's father, who was a staunch Whig, reprimanded them for thus greeting a Democrat.

KILLED DEER WITH FIST. Cook Had Little Trouble to Secure Game in Honduras.

"A few weeks ago, just before I left for Denver, we had venison for dinner which our cook killed with his fist. Game is so plentiful that all one has to do is to stand on his back porch and use a revolver to obtain almost anything in the way of meat that one could wish for."

H. W. Lang, vice president of the Denver-Honduras Banana company, was telling of the attractions of his Honduras home.

"The manner in which our cook obtained the venison was this," continued Mr. Lang. "We had been having high water in the Uluva river, which flows through our plantation, and one morning our cook noticed a herd of half a dozen deer swimming across it. He jumped in a canoe, and killed one with a blow of his fist. However, deer are not the only game which we have a chance to try a shot at."

"Leopards, alligators, beautiful tropical birds of every description, snakes of wonderful hues, are all numerous. Wild ducks can be secured in plenty—a few hours' shooting brought me fifty the other day, and parrots, which make excellent eating, having much the flavor of squabs, are also plentiful."—Denver Post.

Mounted Coffee Cups. Silver mounted coffee cups on the order of those in which certain confectionary shops serve hot chocolate or coffee are utilized these days for the dining table. They add a decorative

note, particularly if Coalport, as in the illustration, or some other fine porcelain, be the ware selected. A cup and saucer complete the set and spoons to match the silver mount are added, when it is desired to have everything in accord.

Salmon Dammed Stream. A heavy fall of snow in Scotland a few weeks ago caused the River Tay to rise suddenly. One of the big dams in the stream overflowed with the result that the salmon lying in the numerous pools at once made a rush to get higher up the stream. A workman, engaged in carting stones from the bed of the river, was astonished at the moving mass of salmon passing. So phenomenal was the shoal that the carter deemed it wise to stop his charge in the middle of the ford to allow the fish to pass. The salmon swam like lightning through the wheels of the cart and around the horse's legs. In the space of a few minutes several hundreds passed this particular point.

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