

BAFFITE of LOUISIANA

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CHAPTER XVIII.

When Lafitte and Greloire were ushered into Napoleon's cabinet, and the former's eyes fell upon him he had for so many years longed to see, his first sensation was that of pain.

The slender form was gone—lost in the personality of the stout, middle-aged man, who, lounging in a velvet-cushioned chair, looked at Lafitte carelessly—coldly, as at an entire stranger.

His appearance and attitude bore out Greloire's remark—that it was said the emperor was "strangely indifferent to everything." Every line of the listless face and relaxed form indicated this.

As the ex-soldier approached and bowed low, a faint smile lightened Napoleon's repellent expression, and he said graciously, "Greloire, I am pleased to see you, and to know that you have not forgotten one who thought highly of you in more prosperous days. Who is this you bring with you?"

"Sire, Captain Jean Lafitte, of Louisiana," answered Greloire, after a moment's hesitation; and Lafitte, coming forward, bowed respectfully.

"Jean Lafitte," Napoleon repeated slowly, looking not at the former, but at Greloire. "I have heard the name before, but not to the wearer's credit. I am you, Greloire,"—and his voice took a yet icier note—"you, who are his sponsor, your Captain Jean Lafitte, of Louisiana, dare present himself before me?"

"I, Jean Lafitte, will answer your question, Sire; I, Jean Lafitte, of Louisiana! And I say to the man whom my boyish heart adored, and whom my man's heart loves, that I dare present myself to him because I have ships, gold, men, at my command, and all these, with my own life, are his, if he can find use for them."

There was a short silence, and one that seemed heavy, after the passionate voice had ceased. Then an icy tone made sharp contrast as the emperor said, "These ships, men, and gold, Captain Lafitte—how is it that you come to have them?"

Lafitte found it difficult to control

your?" urged Lafitte, making a final appeal.

"No—no. Go, you and Greloire; you must leave me, for I feel it unwise that you remain another moment. You can do nothing—nothing, for me. But I am glad to have seen you—both of you; and I thank you, Jean, my valiant ghost from the past, for your offer and your love."

The emperor, as he spoke, leaned forward in his chair; and there was a caress in his smile and tone, as well as in his touch upon Lafitte's hand.

"If ever a time should come, Sire, when I can serve you, may I have the honor and happiness of receiving your commands?" was asked longingly.

"And you would come to me?" "Come to you?" said Lafitte, in a tone so emphatic that the emperor made a gesture of warning. "Yes, Sire, through all the ships England might seek to intercept."

"If this be so, Jean, then perhaps you may some day hear from me. Meanwhile your adopted country (and I hope I may some time see it) is at war with England, my most implacable enemy; and the conflict may afford you an opportunity for freeing the name of Lafitte from obloquy. And, when this is done, I would ask of you to assume again your rightful name—the one belonging to your father's title and estates."

"My father's name and estates, Sire? Surely these are but phantoms of the past, with which I, Jean Lafitte, can have no connection."

The speculative eyes turned a smiling glance upon him as the emperor said, "It is scarcely a safe thing to aver what may or may not be in the future. You, who seem so desirous of serving me—cannot you promise me this?"

"Indeed, yes, Sire," was the fervent answer as the speaker bent to touch with his lips the hand pressing his own.

"Be it so. Now"—and the clasping hand released its hold—"you must leave me; and be sure to remember my wish that you remain with Muriel until you hear from me. Good-night, Greloire. Good-night, Jean."

Good-night, Jean.

It was somewhat bulky, and as his fingers broke the last wrapping, a collection of papers, some of them discolored by years, others evidently of more recent date, fell upon the cabin table. And in their midst shone the dull gold frame of an ivory-painted miniature.

For a second Lafitte stared at this; then, picking it up, he looked intently at the gypsy-like face of the portrait. "Ah, mon Dieu! How came the emperor by this?" he cried chokingly, the sight of the beautiful face, which Margot had taught him to love as the mother whom he had never known, waking the past more real than the present.

Greloire, who was lighting a cigar, said dryly, "Examine the papers, and if they do not tell you, perhaps I can do so."

Lafitte glanced at them hurriedly. They comprised his parents' marriage certificate, and all the other papers together with the jewels, that had been in the small iron box so many years ago. There were also more recent papers, showing that the property in Languedoc had been released from sequestration, and held in trust by Napoleon, emperor of France, for "Jean, son and heir of the Baron —, and sometimes known as Jean Lafitte, of Louisiana, in North America."

All the documents were there, showing in detail the legal proceedings, instituted and perfected under the Consulate, and confirmed under the Empire.

As the last paper fell from his hand, Lafitte buried his face in his crossed arms amid the heap of precious things upon the table.

All the past was rolling in upon him, a sea of living reality, so distinct and intense that the present appeared dim and vaporous.

What had, but last night, seemed to him legitimate in the light of his every-day world, as he met its events, now looked honor-stained when confronted with the appealing sweetness of the pictured face that had represented to his boyhood all that was best and purest, and the present sight of which had brought so vividly before his mental vision the dimmed face of faithful Margot, and that proud, stately man he had known as father, of whom he could recall no word or act dictated by other than a sense of the highest honor toward his fellows.

And Bonaparte, the idol of his youthful heart, but for so many years doubted and mistrusted,—he had obtained and treasured these proofs of the wayward boy's position as that father's son and heir, while the son himself was risking in alien lands the sacrifice of his rightful name and heritage!

An anguished silence kept him mute; and Greloire, as if understanding this, said nothing.

(To be continued.)

SOME PRANKS OF LIGHTNING.

Fantastic Tricks Played Upon Unfortunate Victims.

One of the fantastic tricks which lightning plays upon its unfortunate victims is a kind of flashlight photography. There are numerous instances of this which are more or less "authenticated," but they seem almost too wonderful to be believed. One of these is of a young man in New Jersey who was struck by lightning and was taken in an ambulance to the hospital at once. There seemed to be no wound except a small mark on the back, but while the doctors and nurses were examining him a picture began to develop on the skin. Soon before the wondering eyes of the watchers appeared a perfect picture of the figure of Christ nailed to the cross. The explanation is that on the wall opposite the bed on which the young man lay was the picture which was reproduced on his skin.

Another instance is of a man who was struck by lightning, and on his chest were red marks resembling the tree with all its branches under which the man was standing when he was killed. From France comes the story of a peasant girl who was driving a cow from the pasture when she was overtaken by a storm, and she and the cow took refuge under the tree. A bolt killed the cow and stunned the girl. When she recovered consciousness she found on her chest a picture of the cow she had been driving.

The chateaufine of the castle of Benatonnaire was sitting in a chair in her salon when the chateau was struck by lightning. She was quite uninjured, but on the back of her dress was found a perfect copy of the chair on which she had been sitting, down to its minutest ornament. These are a few of the many strange pranks which lightning plays upon us.

Might Be Called Hard Luck.

"Some years ago," said E. E. Moore, "when I lived down on the eastern shore of Maryland, where I was born, I had passed a whole day gunning for rabbits and I had not killed one. On my way home through the woods I met a boy who had a live rabbit. Ashamed to go home empty handed I gave the boy twenty-five cents for his rabbit."

"I then said to myself, I will kill Mr. Rabbit to a bush and kill him, and the folks at home will say Ed shot a rabbit." I took a shoestring and fastened the rabbit to a bush, and then stood off, took aim and fired.

"When the gun had stopped kicking I saw Mr. Rabbit flying through the woods. My bullet had cut the shoestring in twain and had set the animal free."—Baltimore American.

"A Rolling Flat."

The time seems to be approaching when the motor car will be like a gypsy caravan, only more commodious. At the automobile show in Paris there is a vehicle which a lady describes in these caustic terms: "Just fancy! It is a rolling flat. There you are with your salon dining room, bedroom and dressing room. How delightful to flit about the world without leaving your home, and to carry your own fireside through all the wonderful countries you want to see!" Charming news for hotel keepers! Instead of putting up at their pleasing, but expensive caravansaries, the automobilist will take his domestic interior about with him on wheels. It only remains now to christen it the Romany Car.—London Chronicle

FABLES OF FASHION

Chateaubriand Steak.

There is nothing a man appreciates more than a good chateaubriand steak and it is something that is seldom found to perfection on the home table. The following is an excellent recipe. Trim off fat and skin from three pounds of beef, cut from the center of fillet, and flatten with broad-bladed knife. Sprinkle with salt, brush over with olive oil and broil for twenty minutes. With it serve the following sauce, which is the most important part: Cook three tablespoons butter, one slice carrot, one slice onion, bit of bay leaf, sprig of thyme, sprig of parsley, and half teaspoon peppercorns, until butter is browned. Add four tablespoons flour, one and a half cups brown stock, and one-half teaspoon meat extract. Bring to boiling point, strain, add one tablespoon lemon juice, two tablespoons chopped parsley, one tablespoon butter, bit by bit, and salt to taste.

Latest for Gloves.

A pretty fancy for the woman who likes something different in gloves are those with narrow gaitlet cuffs, embroidered with steel beads. They are to be found on both black and white gloves, the black being stitched with white and the white with black. The gaitlets are regularly turned down over the cuff of the gown or reversed, turned back over the hand. They are but little more than an inch wide, and the embroidery is charming.

Striking Skating Costume.

In aubergine colored face-cloth, trimmed with design in broad Russian braid; a white embroidered vest showing at the throat and waist. Tote of the same cloth and ermine furs.

Importance of the Veil.

The veil is always an important accessory to the hat, and veil modes change even more often than hats. The correct veil just now with the tailor hats, meaning the simple toques, turbans and Amazons worn with the short skirted tailor suits, is of a fine figured lace, the color of the suit, or of some special trimming on the hat. These veils are finished, as indeed, are all, on three sides, and when gathered up at the back fall in a short cascade. For dressy hats a few large mesh nets, dotted with a few large chenille or velvet dots, are correct. Sheer Chantilly lace and fine chiffon with lace insets are also worn by smart women; but the long automobile veil is not worn except for real protection from the cold and wind.

Ruchings.

Now that ruchings have again firmly ensconced themselves in popular favor, they are to be bought by the box, as they were more years ago than most women like to acknowledge they remember. There are six yards in a box. Ruching cuts to better advantage in a long piece, and is less expensive. These are the cheaper varieties.

Caring for the Face.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel. Treat it as you would the finest porcelain, tenderly and delicately, for your face is not covered with parchment or cast iron. Learn how to "dabble" the face with a fine cloth as a method of drying. This preserves the delicate appearance of the skin.

Circular Capes Return.

One of the prettiest evening wraps, and one which almost any deft-fingered girl can make for herself, happens, fortunately, to be the newest of fashions—the circular cape.

It is long, and, being circular, is full enough to fall into graceful, rippling lines. Nothing before ever seemed to quite take the place of the old-fashioned fur-lined circulars, but this new little wrap, while not so formal, is given so much more flare and curve that it seems built on peculiarly girlish lines.

The cape forms almost a complete circle, the two pieces being cut in front, on the straight of the goods, the bias seams joining at the back. If a silk lining is used, take the silk lengthwise across the circle from corner to corner, with the widths above and below graduated as necessary. In this way the fewest number of seams are contrived.

Turn up the lower edge of the cloth and baste flat, pressing it well. Then baste the silk lining in and blind-stitch to the outside.

A few rows of stitching will give body to the front and do away with the necessity for an inner stiffening.

The little upper capes are cut exactly like the outside, but are only eight and the other ten inches deep. These shoulder capes should not be hemmed, as broadcloth—the only material appropriate—will fall into softer lines with the raw edge.

Tact in Dress.

Tact in dress is necessary to every woman who hopes to become representative of that refinement which is the chief ornament of womanhood or girlhood. It is rare that one sees French people dressed out of keeping with their surroundings or position. In the latter half of the nineteenth century a noted woman of France, Mme. de Girardin, said: "Style ought inevitably to vary according to the position and age. It should fit itself to the fortune, to the habits, to the form, to the circumstances and indeed to every detail in the life of those who wish to appear its leaders." This truism is as real to-day as at the time it was written, but unfortunately outside of la belle France this fitting of self to one's sphere is honored more in the breach than in the observance.

Shoulder Capes.

Another fashionable accessory to toilets at home and abroad is the pretty shoulder capes. True, Fashion decreed the long shoulder seam must go, but the long effect from the throat to the elbow is more than ever in evidence, as the deep fringed and fringed shoulder capes emphatically testify. Some are merely round or pointed deep collars, showing much beautiful handwork in applications of lace and embroidery on sheer materials, to be

worn either over a shirt waist, or filling the neck of a decolette gown.

Some of the deeper ones are more like berthas, falling over the shoulders from a more or less low line, with high but sheer guimpe above or nothing but a string of pearls around the throat. The "Marie Antoinette" scarf is worn with evening gowns, and ties with long ends knotted at the bust.

Hoods Again Popular.

Old-fashioned hoods are once more popular. Sometimes these are part of the evening wrap or cape, but more often they are merely a piece of shirred and quilted silk puffing over the coiffure with a wide ruffle filled in with plisse chiffon around the face. With one of these tied under her chin, her dainty hands nestled in silk lace mittens and a silk pocket hanging by a ribbon at her side, the modern girl is a replica of the girl of quaint antebellum days.

Date Cookies.

One large cup of dates stoned and cut in small pieces, one cup sugar, one egg, two-thirds cup of butter, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg. Stir all together, then add two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar and one of soda, one-half cup of water or milk, vanilla, add more flour if needed. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.—Boston Globe.

Cranberry Pudding.

One cup sugar, one cup milk, two teaspoonsful melted butter, two cups flour, two cups cranberries, two teaspoonsful baking powder or two small teaspoonsful cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Stir all together and bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with sweet sauce.

Pretty Silk Waist.

Blouse of pale green taffeta, gathered along the shoulders. The stole

collar, ornamented with gold buttons, is finished at the bottom with little fancy revers edged with a little ruffle of white mousseline de soie, which also borders the fronts.

It is finished around the neck with a little collar of black velvet trimmed with embroidery, and the cravat and high standing collar are of lace. The draped leg-of-mutton sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

Wraps for Evening.

Wrap miffy in fine furs, satin or ermine when she goes to the play. There are some very dainty wraps for evening wear made of cocks' feathers, of ostrich feathers, of marabout, and, cheapest of all, of chiffon trimmed with ostrich tips. These last, like the wide lace scarfs, are not only suitable with light gowns, and for a protection to the shoulders when in evening dress but they give such a charming finish to the gown that no woman can stand aside from the temptation.

Evening Gown Trimmings.

Trimmings of flowers are much used on evening gowns. For this purpose the small chiffon roses that come by the yard are very useful. There are other trimmings shown in wider and more elaborate designs of lattice work garnitures made up in bachelors' buttons and daisies and the like, which make beautiful berthas.

Brown Bread.

Two cupsful of cornmeal, one cupful of graham, one-third cup best molasses, two cups sour milk, one teaspoon rounding full of soda, one teaspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly and pour into a mold and steam five hours. The milk should not be very sour. If it is, use part sweet.

New Style in Rings.

There is a variation of the two-stone ring, in which two diamonds or contrasting stones are set diagonally. Instead of the simple claw setting the two stones are set deep in the gold, which curves down on either side to the body of the ring.

FOR EXTREME WEATHER.

1. Smart walking costume, with Russian blouse of caracal, having velvet belt and collar and the split sleeves caught with fancy buttons.

2. White baby lamb coat, with cape, cuffs and facings of the black Persian lamb, trimmed with gold embroidery and ornaments.

3. Figured zibeline coat suit, with cape and cuffs of sable.

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33. Figured zibeline coat suit, with cape and cuffs of sable.

HER BLOOD TOO THIN

GENERAL DEBILITY RESULTS FROM IMPOVERISHED BLOOD.

The Remedy That Makes New Blood Banishes Weakness, Headaches, Indigestion and Nervous Troubles.

Hundreds of women suffer from headaches, dizziness, restlessness, languor and timidity. Few realize that their misery all comes from the bad state of their blood. They take one thing for their head, another for their stomach, a third for their nerves, and yet all the while it is simply their poor blood that is the cause of their discomfort.

If one sure remedy for making good, rich blood were used every one of their distressing ailments would disappear, as they did in the case of Mrs. Ella F. Stone, who had been ailing for years and was completely run down before she realized the nature of her trouble.

"For several years," said Mrs. Stone, "I suffered from general debility. It began about 1896 with indigestion, nervousness and steady headaches. Up to 1900 I hadn't been able to find any relief from this condition. I was then very thin and bloodless. An enthusiastic friend, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to give them a trial and I finally bought a box.

"I did not notice any marked change from the use of the first box, but I determined to give them a fair trial and I kept on. When I had finished the second box I could see very decided signs of improvement in my condition. I began to feel better all over and to have hopes of a complete cure.

"I used in all eight or ten boxes, and when I stopped I had got back my regular weight and a good healthy color and the gain has lasted. I can eat what I please without discomfort. My nervousness is entirely gone, and, while I had constant headaches before, I very rarely have one now. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to women who suffer as I did."

Mrs. Stone was seen at her pretty home in Lakewood, R. I., where, as the result of her experience, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are very popular. These famous pills are sold by all druggists. A book that every woman needs is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. It is entitled "Plain Talks to Women," and will be sent free on request.

Chinese farmers are beginning to demand modern tools, especially such as are useful for intensive farming.

Earliest Green Onions.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., always have something new, something valuable. This year they offer among their new money making vegetables, an Earliest Green Eating Onion. It is a winner, Mr. Farmer and Gardener!

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 16c. and they will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow:

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
1,000 splendid Onions,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

In all over 10,000 plants—this great offer is made to get you to test their warranted vegetable seeds and

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of Salzer's Fourth of July Sweet Corn—the earliest on earth—10 days earlier than Cory, Peepo'Day, First of All, etc. [W.N.U.]

That which is stolen by the tongue cannot be restored by taffy.

NO SLEEP FOR MOTHER

Baby Covered With Sores and Scales—Could Not Tell What She Looked Like—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"At four months old my baby's face and body were so covered with sores and large scales you could not tell what she looked like. No child ever had a worse case. Her face was being eaten away, and even her finger nails fell off. It itched so she could not sleep, and for many weary nights we could get no rest. At last we got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The sores began to heal at once, and she could sleep at night, and in one month she had not one sore on her face or body.—Mrs. Mary Sanders, 709 Spring St., Camden, N. J."

God often says, "Wait;" but he never says, "Worry."

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 3/4-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray Sweet powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The hypocrite's religion is the most repulsive of all his traits.

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Defiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

The most hopeless task is that of saving the world with a scowl.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All drug stores return the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' signature is on each box. 25c.

Money can do everything except the things we want it to do.



"I, Jean Lafitte, will answer your question, Sire."

himself—to make his voice and bearing accord with the respect he felt, and had but now expressed, for the man whose sarcastic calm turned back the impetuous torrent of his feelings. But the tone in which he replied was quiet, although husky with repressed emotion.

"Despite, Sire, the tales which have distorted my name and acts, and which I perceive have reached your ears to prejudice you against me, I claim that what I have of property was personally gained by legitimate means—in trading, and also by warfare which was perfectly honorable in its way. I have come with the same heart for those whose love you once cared, to pray that you let me serve you, if I may, and die happy, in winning back the peace of mind a reckless boy threw away."

A new light swept like a softening hand across Napoleon's austere face.

"Captain Lafitte, you are right," he said, with an entire change of voice and manner. He extended his hand; and Lafitte, with a rush of new emotions, bowed deeply, and pressed it to his lips.

As he raised his