

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Night in New Orleans, where the former gay life of the streets had for many weeks been hushed by the threatened calamity of an attack, or possible siege.

The air of the city, muggy and lifeless as the thunder showers of the day had left it, was still more unbearable inside the walls of the cell, where, on the upper floor, in a gaol whose one narrow, iron-barred window faced the east, lay Pierre Lafitte.

The gaoler's wife came in with a jug of water, and filling a cup, held it to the stricken man's lips while gently raising his head.

"M'sieur Pierre, I trust you will not be angry with me that I sent this afternoon to Father Philippe, and asked that a priest be sent here for your comforting."

"Is it Father Philippe of the Coeur de St. Jean?" he asked.

"Surely, m'sieur; and a saint himself," she answered quickly.

"Very well, then, madame; you may send the priest to me," said Pierre, wearily, and wondering if by any chance he might here find a channel through which to communicate with Jean; for he had recalled the name as that of one of the latter's friends.

The woman soon returned, bringing a lighted lamp, which she placed upon the floor, near the foot of the bed, and, Pierre, closing his eyes to shut away the glare, did not see the tall, black-robed form that entered with her, and then motioned her to leave the room.

As she did so, the priest walked to the window and stood looking out, his back turned to the bed, until the last echo of the woman's footsteps died away. Then striding hastily to the door, he closed it softly, and, throwing back his cowl, revealed the pale face of Jean Lafitte.

"Pierre, my brother," he said, taking care to lower his passionate voice to almost a whisper, as he dropped upon his knees beside the bed. "My poor Pierre, tell me who has brought this upon thee?"

Pierre smiled, as his hot fingers clasped the cool ones that seemed throbbing with passion and revenge.

"Nay," he murmured, and his voice, although weak, held yet a note of old-time humor. "Nay, Jean, that would be a puzzle whose answer is beyond me. The bullets that found me were meant for any one of us, and the knife-thrust in my side was given by a man I never saw before. And," he added grimly, after a moment's pause,

if to gather strength; and when he spoke again his tone was more incisive.

"Jean, I can see it all as it will be, if thou wilt do as I say. Go to the governor in person, or, better still, go to Jackson when he shall come. Renew the offer, and show the original papers sent to thee by the English. I heard that Claiborne would have accepted thy proposition, but was overruled by the others. I beg, as the last thing I can ask of thee on earth, to show the papers to Jackson. Promise me to do this, and all will be well with thee and thine."

"Another brief silence, and then Jean answered with a passion he tried vainly to repress. "I would not, to save my life, give this promise to another. But, my Pierre, as thou hast asked it from me—yes."

The moon's rays had stolen up until the shadows of the window-bars lay across the clasped hands, and struggled faintly along the whitewashed wall, untouched by the light from the dimly burning lamp.

"Then can I go in peace," had come like a sigh from the pining lips, as Jean's head was laid against Pierre's shoulder.

"Put out the lamp," added the dying man, "let us have only the moonlight."

This done, Jean resumed his place by the bed, and again took the hand lying so white in the moon rays.

A deep, struggling sigh stirred the silence.

"What is it, my Pierre—art thou in pain?"

There was no reply.

"Pierre, my brother, tell me—art thou in pain?" Jean repeated, conscious that the hand he held lay heavy, and was growing cooler.

He laid it tenderly on the coverlet, and, rising, pulled the bed out, so that it was bathed in a flood of moonlight.

The whitening radiance touched the half-parted lips and wide-open eyes of a face whose cold pallor would show even whiter in the morning's sun.

Truly had Pierre's premonition been verified; never would those sightless eyes behold the France he had longed to see once more.

The morning of September 14 was clear and cloudless, with the brisk wind distending the canvas of H. B. M. brig "Sophia," as she made her way toward the little island off the East Pass known as "The Turtle."



Truly had Pierre's premonition been verified.

"no other on earth will ever receive a thrust from him."

"Then thou didst not leave him for me to deal with?"

"No; for I left the blade of my knife in his heart. But ah, my Jean, what treacherous work it was—what a base return for thy frankness and generosity!"

Jean tossed his head impatiently.

"Let us not waste time in talking of that. There is now but one thing to consider, my brother, and that is the getting of thee from this place. It is for that I have come, and as soon as I know thou wert hurt. Father Philippe has every reason to help me; so I went to him, feeling that a priest would not be denied thee. Fortune helped me still more, when a messenger came from the gaoler's wife to Father Philippe, saying that his ministrations were needed by thee. His conscience troubled him, but he let me have my way for to-night, and will himself come to see thee in the morning."

"Did the woman send him word that Pierre Lafitte was dying," asked the wounded man.

Jean started to his feet.

"Say not such a thing, my Pierre. If she did, it was but the silly thought of a woman; and I cannot, with patience, hear thee repeat it."

He seemed cheered by his own words and his voice had its usual ring of confidence and decision.

"I will soon have thee out of this," he resumed, as he stood beside the bed, "and down to Shell Island, where every comfort shall be thine. But, first of all, let me take a look at thy apartment and its surroundings."

He glanced about the cell, taking in every detail of its shape and construction; then, going to the window, he was looking out, when Pierre said, in a voice so solemn as to sound utterly unlike his own. "Come back, Jean; come and sit on the bed, beside me, as thou didst when we were boys together in Languedoc. I am dying, and thank God that I can die by thee near me. Having this, I ask for nothing more. The surgeon told me that if the blood came again from my side I must reckon my life by minutes, and the blood is coming now, my brother. Nay, never mind," as Jean started impatiently—"for thou canst do nothing. Let me talk to thee; that is all."

He stopped for a few moments, as

side her grandfather's deathbed, and recalling the look upon her upraised face when he left her, and the words she had uttered, Lafitte longed to see her, if only to extend his sympathy.

That she would have heard of his disaster there was little doubt; for Lazalie had met him with both hands extended and a dimness of tears in her eyes as she said, "Captain Jean, I am so glad to see you again, and that you were not forced to accept the governor's hospitality. And we were all so sorry for your brother's—"

She hesitated, and Lafitte said quietly, but with unmistakable firmness, "I thank you truly, Lazalie; I understand what you would say, and thank you for it. But please let us talk of something else."

Mindful of Rose's love for marsh lilies, he had brought a large bunch of them from Shell Island, where they grew in great luxuriance and beauty, and now handing them to Lazalie, he requested that she give them to Madeleine de Cazeneau, with his compliments.

"Then you will not go over to Kanauhana to-day?" she asked, while inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

Before he could reply, Madame Riefet, who had entered the room and overheard Lazalie's question, exclaimed volubly, "Is it not pitiful to think of that poor child over there, with only the negroes about her and that snappy old Barbe! Mercy! When I was her age the very idea of seeing any one die would make me fly from the house."

She spoke theatrically, with uplifted brows and raised hands; for the erratic, fashionable Madame was, in person and manner, more decidedly French than was her brother.

Madame Riefet's frivolous remark brought before Jean the picture of that little island where he had first seen the figure, scarcely more than a child's, clad in a gray fringed buckskin dress, with beaded leggings and moccasins, and clinging to a still form from which the breath had but just departed.

"Speak once more to your little Rose!" she had wailed. And he, hardened by frequent contact with death, could not, until now, realize the full depth of such sorrow.

He realized it now, when he had that moonlit cell to remember; the dead face lying in the silver radiance; the unseeing eyes; the parted lips, forever mute, but which, a moment before, were murmuring words that, in all the years gone, were for him and his welfare.

This it was that made Jean Lafitte's face look pale and his manner seem stern, as, after forcing himself to listen for awhile to Madame Riefet's voluble chatter, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

CZAR FLED FROM THE WORLD.

Father of Present Monarch Lost Nerve After Disaster.

When the Czar Alexander II was assassinated, Alexander III retired to Tzarskoe Selo, and shutting himself up with an enormous guard of chosen soldiers lived a voluntary prisoner, impervious to the movements of the outside world. Sergius himself was unshaken. He determined to seek out and rally his brother to the great charge of governing Russia to the glory of the Romanoff family. In a very simple, but very dramatic, fashion Sergius afterward told the story of his astonishment when he reached the precincts of the palace to find them invested by a living wall of silent Cossacks armed to the teeth. Inside was hardly a sign of life. Alexander was not in the palace. He was said to be somewhere in the great park, part of which contained a forest of primeval trees. Here only were heard cheerful sounds of human activity, for wood-cutters were at work; and after trying in all directions Sergius at last made overtures to them to inquire if they had observed the Czar passing. Judge of his own surprise when he found the wood-cutters to be Alexander himself and his son, the present Czar. They were in their shirt sleeves, the boy aiding in stacking the wood that had been cut, and in this way Alexander had been seeking forgetfulness of the world and surcease of the sorrow of having been born a Russian Czar.

Engineers Find Bearings in Fog.

"When I was a guard," said Mr. Richard Bell, M. P., yesterday, "I could sit in my van with my eyes shut and tell where the train was at any moment. Working one section continuously one gets to learn the rhythmic song of the road and how it varies at each signal box, station, curve, gradient, tunnel and bridge."

A False Alarm.

The zeal with which the sovereign postal fiends pursue their friends in their endeavors to add to their collections may sometimes prove embarrassing. When, in telling her of his vacation plans, which, it seems, hovered between a trip to Europe or a visit to Jamaica.

Either place will suit me," she commented.

"Either place will suit me," she commented. He looked startled, gazed wildly at the door, and wondered how he could make his escape.

Yes," she went on, reflectively.

"Yes," she went on, reflectively, "I need some cards from the West Indies, and then there is that new set just issued in England—the Ledbury series—which I positively must have."

President Eliot and the Small Boy.

President Eliot of Harvard College always enjoys the quick retorts of small boys in the street. On one occasion a little urchin looked up curiously at him, and President Eliot said: "Hello, boy, what time is it by your nose?"

WHAT SMART WOMEN ARE WEARING

Parisian Idea in Corsets.

The Parisians, always evolving some new thing in corsets, are wearing stays made of what is called "tricot," a corset, apparently, formed of knitted silk.

The latest tricot corsets are cut very long, indeed, well away to the knee, a circumstance which must puzzle those who are not aware that the corset is not boned in its extremities. It is a knitted silk substance, yet does not stretch, so that it holds a superabundant figure in with exceeding comfort and firmness, while lending itself quite to the movements of the figure.

This tricot corset, which has been offering itself, though not in such notable form, for some time, promises rather well for comfort, while its excellence is guaranteed by the fact that the Parisienne has adopted it.

German Pudding.

Beat 3 eggs slightly, add tablespoon of sugar, ¼ teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of milk; cut stale bread in slices 1 inch thick, soak in this mixture, and cook in hot buttered spider until brown on both sides. Serve with apricot sauce.

Apricot sauce—Drain canned apricots from their sirup and rub through a sieve to 1 cup of pulp and 1 cup of heavy cream beaten until stiff; sweeten to taste. Peaches can be used the same way, either canned or fresh.

Apple Puffs.

Sift together 2 cups of flour, 3 level teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon of salt; stir into a soft batter with a scant cup of milk, 1 egg well beaten and a tablespoon of butter melted; put the batter in 8 buttered muffin pans and stick into the top of each piece of apple; sprinkle with sugar—seasoned with spice and bake. Eat with butter on it; makes a good dessert by making a pudding sauce.

Spring Tailor-Made Walking-Costume.



In black-and-white check, with turban toque. The skirt is trimmed with lines of black braid between the box-pleats. The tight-fitting bodice has revers and cuffs of white edged with black, and velvet-covered buttons.

Sheer Face Veils.

The newest of the face veils are so sheer that it will be necessary to purchase a more liberal allowance of them than heretofore. There is nothing which will give such an air of genteel poverty to even the most successful costume as a veil which has lost its freshness. The various periodicals ostentatiously devoted to a woman's interests from time to time give directions how to freshen an old veil, but the result of following such instructions is pretty nearly always loss of time, loss of the veil (such as it was), and only too often loss of temper as well. The old veil is seldom if ever worth the effort of refurbishing.

Black Cloth Frock.

A black cloth frock is a standby which most women like to have in their wardrobes. A pretty specimen of the tailor-made order had an all-round skirt braided with about seven rows of flat black braid, and a braided corselet band. The back was arranged in a few tiny flat plaits. This skirt could be worn with any kind of blouse, and was accompanied by the tiniest braided bolero. This made an extremely neat spring costume.

Heating Food Without Fire.

At various recent food exhibitions there has been on show an invention for heating food without fire and without the usual troublesome accessories of pots and pans. An innocent looking tomato soup tin has four holes punched at one end, and immediately that is done the whole thing begins to fizz and boil. It is left for five minutes, until the heating materials evaporate, turned upside down, and left for another five minutes, then it is opened in the ordinary way, when thoroughly cooked soup can be poured out. Its name is calorist, and the food, which is prepared by some well known firms, is of the first quality. About a dozen varieties of soup can be had, and the same number of entrees besides coffee, cocoa and chocolate.

Tied Girdle is Quite Frenchy.

It is quite possible to have a different girdle for every gown, and to have them look natty and nice with no trouble at all, by adopting the following plan:

Take two yards and a half of ribbon more or less, according to the waist measure. After skirt and waist are properly adjusted place the center of the ribbon at the center of the waist front. Run the ribbon around the waist, cross at the back and bring the ends in front again. Cross them

Utility in Silk Slips.

Slips of colored silk are worn under sheer gowns, and a fashionable woman stocks her wardrobe with no less than half a dozen of these priceless underdresses in various colors. White is a staple color for a slip; pale blue and pink are much more effective, and they enhance the beautiful hand work on the gown. The pink is equally dainty and effective, and when this color is more becoming to a woman than blue it is wise for her to choose it, though the latter is more of a summer shade than those bordering on the rose.

Boudoir Confidences

Numbers of hats are made of transparent Neapolitan in black, white and colors.

"Alice" blue, a bright blue over gold, takes its name from the president's daughter.

Polka dots, little woven rings and triangles of color, appear on the choicest white fabrics.

A waistcoat belt that is half girde and half waistcoat has little thumb pockets slit in the front.

Clever girls are braiding their own linen frocks with narrow linen soutache over a stamped pattern.

Even the long, tight coats are cut very low in front, to show as much of the frilly blouse as possible.

A front panel covered with French knots in self color is a feature of one or two pretty linen gowns.

Bunches of gold and silver and green grapes are tucked in the twists of hats bent close to the hair.

Catchy Silk Stocks.

Keep up your taste for fetching collars. One I saw is made of shaded taffeta—the bluish green, the pinkish brown and the brownish yellow, whereof so many taffeta shirt waist suits are made. There's the high stock and then in front a little knot and from this two ends, which are just like an ordinary four-in-hand, only that the lower half of each end consists of a piece of accordion-plaited silk which spreads out in a flirtatious little fan. Quite catchy, too, are those with bows for a finish, because the ends of the bows are also accordion-plaited.

With a little piece of accordion-plaited silk it is apparently possible to make a natty neck finish for any frock.—Exchange.

Silver to Be Much Worn.

Silver appears in all the most fashionable dresses and millinery, and there is no denying how immeasurably superior it is in effect and in good taste to the gold trimmings which were so lavishly used last year, and which always were inclined to suggest vulgar ostentation. Besides, the hue of silver blends with a number of colors which cannot be combined successfully with gold. Green and gold is suggestive of Mr. Tracy Tupman as a brigand with the "two-inch tail," which so greatly excited Mr. Pickwick's ire; green and silver gives a vision of Undine. Blue and silver, violet and silver, rose and silver, black and silver are all delightful combinations, whereas the introduction of gold in the place of the white metal would at once result in garishness.—Exchange.

Baked Indian Pudding.

Sift slowly three tablespoonfuls of yellow meal into one pint of boiling milk, stirring all the time to keep from being lumpy.

Let boil gently five minutes. Be careful not to burn; then add one pint of cold milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger (or, if liked, one-half grated nutmeg), and two eggs beaten.

Stir all well together.

Pour in a buttered baking dish, and bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Now It's the Redingote.

The redingote suit is shown in all materials. Blue is not the most fashionable color this spring, but a blue chiffon taffeta gown made with a redingote skirt was very modish. Both skirt and redingote were side plaited and were finished at the hems with a fancy braid, in which white, green and a little bright red appeared. The redingote opened in the front and the braid was carried up on either side.

A very wide crush girdle of the taffeta and a smart little bolero formed the waist of the gown.

New Wrinkle in Batiste.

Batiste with broderie anglaise designs are charming for blouses. This very thin cotton cannot be as durable as linen—or as linen ought to be—but it is so pretty that it attracts. Dotted swiss, dimity and Persian lawn are other thin fabrics used for dainty blouses. They are being worn under jackets at the present time, of course, with the addition of under-slips of lawn or China silk.

With the Housewife

Tin vessels of all kinds may be kept from rusting by placing them near the fire, after they have been washed and wiped dry.

One of the new wall coverings that are printed in soft tones and dainty patterns, yet can be sponged off with water, is best for a nursery.

If a lamp gets overturned water will be of no use in extinguishing the flames. Earth, sand or flour thrown on it will have the desired effect.

Match marks on a polished or tarnished surface may be removed by first rubbing them with a cut lemon and then with a cloth dipped in water.

BEAUTIFUL BELT NOVELTIES FROM PARIS.



WHAT MODERN SURGEONS DO.

Make it Possible for Man to Live With a Hole in His Heart.

Members of the medical profession have had their attention drawn to the peculiar case of a marine engineer, says the New York Herald's Paris edition, who lived one month with a fissure in the walls of the heart.

At the inquest at Penze it was stated that he fell off an omnibus with his full weight on to his arms. He received internal injuries, and the post-mortem examination showed that a slit in the heart, probably due to the accident, had been gradually extended by the heart's action.

The wonderful skill of modern surgeons has proved that it is possible for a man to live with a hole in his heart. Some time ago, it will be remembered, a remarkable operation was performed upon a male patient in the London hospital, who had been stabbed to the heart in a street brawl. The case was taken in hand the moment the patient entered the hospital, and a metal plate was placed over the heart after it had been sewn up. The man recovered, and is now alive and well, with the metal plate still over his heart. He was recently arrested for burglary and is serving a term of imprisonment. The success of this case was attended to almost immediately after the wound was inflicted.

Modern surgeons have learned their share of the lessons of the South African war. Patients were received in the hospitals with the most extraordinary wounds. A soldier entered one of the London hospitals with a wound on his upper lip and another at the bottom of the left shoulder. He said a bullet had entered his mouth when he was lying down and had passed clean through his body, injuring some of the arteries near the heart. The only after-effect he suffers from is a pain in the left arm.

Trimming for Lingerie.

Fashionable women are taking plain white corsets and trimming them with lace around the top, putting on the lace in little drapings across the front. It is caught up with ribbons. Inside there are set many little ruffles of silk to produce a fullness across the bust.

A trousseau set consisted of ten pieces. There were the usual pieces of underwear to put next the skin. These were made of nainsook and trimmed with pale blue dyed lace, with satin ribbons, very narrow and tied in many rosettes. A white corset was trimmed with pale blue lace, and there was a night robe trimmed in the same way, with two petticoats to match. With this set there went a little kimono jacket, cut off just below the waist line and elaborately trimmed with novelty plaid taffeta, laid on in flat bands.

Smart Walking-Gown.

This is built in a light cloth, and trimmed with rows of braid and fancy buttons. The collar and vest are of white, embroidered in color to match. Hat of white straw trimmed with lilac.

Profit in Making Rag Dolls.

Two women, one having business ability, and the other artistic talent, started out some little time ago to earn their living. They chose the manufacture of rag dolls. They took a room on a business street, and began to supply the dolls by the wholesale, to firms who would sell them at retail.

The artistic woman painted the faces, and the companion did the more practical part of forming the bodies and making the costumes of the dolls. The business grew. The price of the dolls rose in proportion to the elaborate makeup of the doll, till some of them brought \$8 to \$10.

The young women no longer could do all the work themselves. They began to give out the little garments, caps and socks to be made by the dozen. This business has progressed until now two floors in a building on a public street are utilized. Quite a staff of helpers is employed. The success of the firm has come from the practical way in which the members went to work, their reliability and the excellence of the article supplied.

How Salmon Are Hatched.

The Oregon State fisheries exhibit, which will be located in the north end of the forestry building at the Lewis and Clark exposition, Portland, Ore., will be one of fascinating interest to Eastern people visiting the fair. The exhibit will show the methods used in hatching salmon, the chief fishing resource of Oregon, and there will be many specimens of the "lordly chinook," the king of fresh water fishes. Some of the largest fish of the spring catch, weighing eighty-five or ninety pounds, and measuring five and one-half to six feet long, will be preserved in formaldehyde in inverted glass jars made especially for the purpose. The exhibit will be the finest of its kind ever displayed at an exposition.—Recreation.

An Irresistible Conclusion.

He was a critic, so he said.
He wrote his way to fame.
If nonsense chanced to fill his head,
He wrote it just the same.
His essays were made up of queer
Opinionated trinkets,
And people trembled at the sneer
Of Jingle Burnum Jinks.

He showed where Shakespeare sometimes
Failed.
Although his work was fair,
At Swift he arrogantly railed;
He patronized Voltaire.
The life work of the world's great men
He'd crush in forty winks.
And very few escaped the pen
Of Jingle Burnum Jinks.

But those who followed him at length
Grew very sad indeed.
They cried: "Pray show us, in your
strength
What is there left to read!
Upon what author may we lean
As one who really thinks?"
He answered with an air serene,
"Why, Jingle Burnum Jinks."
—Washington Star.