

LAFFITE of LOUISIANA

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

Less than a week later, one early afternoon, the members of the household at La Tete des Eaux were startled by the booming of cannon in the direction of Lake Borgne.

What had happened was this: An English fleet, with twelve hundred men, had, with the intention of throwing an attacking force across Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, sailed into Lake Borgne and opened an attack upon the Americans, whose presence was a surprise to the enemy, as Capt. Lockyer, commanding the latter, had understood that this point was defenseless.

A fierce battle followed, resulting in a partial victory for the English, who were now masters of Lake Borgne.

It was the Shapira who, late in the afternoon, brought this news to La Tete des Eaux.

The house was soon in a bustle of preparation, the inmates packing hastily the few things they were to take with them in their flight, and concealing such property as would be likely to attract thieving hands among the enemy, who would, with little doubt, visit the plantation, as Shapira reported the woods about Lake Borgne to be filled with British soldiers.

Madame Riefet, when not absorbed by other matters, did not hesitate to express her reluctance toward accepting the assistance of this swartly, brigandish-looking man, whom she had never before seen, and whose very existence had been unknown to her.

"I know something of him," spoke up Mademoiselle Rose. "He is the man of whom grandpere rented Kanauhana. Didn't you know it?"

"Yes," Lazzale added, before Madame Riefet had time to frame a fitting reply. "and we have seen him many times about the woods here. Rose and I once saw Captain Jean talking with him; and I think he is very obliging."

"But all this he tells us of a cave, where we can hide, right here on the plantation, yet which no one has ever heard of before, and no one, excepting Captain Jean and himself, seems to know anything about, sounds very strange and incredible. Did your grandpere know of this cave, Mignonne?"

"I do not know, but I think not. I never heard of such a thing. Yet, madame, it surely is safer to trust this man, who tells us that Captain Jean sent him, than to stay here and risk a visit from those dreadful soldiers."

"We dare not stay, and so we must trust him," said Madame, with a weak attempt at resolution, as she slid a jewel-box into the bundle Violet was preparing to fasten.

Old Zeney had come over from Kanauhana, having insisted upon being taken away with her beloved young mistress; and now she entered the room to announce that Captain Jean was below stairs.

Never had his arrival at the plantation been so welcome as now. Madame Riefet, catching up her out-of-door wraps from the bed, ordered that the various bundles be brought downstairs; for the phlegmatic Barbe had finished tying up the last one as Chloe handed Senorita Lazzale the lace scarf for her head, while Ma'am Brigida was fastening the long cloak she had insisted that her nursing should wear.

"You may feel yourself fortunate, Madame Riefet, that you are able to leave here by daylight, and not, like some people I know, be roused from sleep to find yourself a prisoner in English hands," said Laffite, as they joined him on the staircase.

As they were descending the stairs, he called to Shapira, who was standing on the veranda, and then hurrying down, gave the latter some instructions which the others did not hear as they passed out of the house and faced the slaves, now huddled in a terrified mass, with their faces full of despairing expectancy.

Some of the women began lamenting wildly when they found that they were not to go away. But Laffite, in his usual authoritative fashion, quieted the babbling, and ordered Shapira to take them to the Colonneh, which—as he now decided—was not to be used as a hiding-place for those whom he himself had, so unexpectedly, been able to assist.

One of his own craft, commanded by Baptistine, was lying off the Owl's Point, awaiting the signal which would announce the coming of Laffite, who, bent upon a private mission in the neighborhood, had not reckoned upon the present denouement.

But now, in view of all the circumstances, he considered this, the boat, a more desirable means for conveying the ladies directly to Shell Island, where now were only old Selpio, Juniper and the boy, Noto.

Waiting therefore until he saw Shapira start for the Colonneh, followed by the now quiet slaves, Laffite, who had meantime explained his plan to

his own charges, told them to follow him, and set out hurriedly in an opposite direction from that taken by Shapira and his dusky retinue.

The forest was darkening with late afternoon shadows as the fleeing party followed, in comparative silence, the tall form that led them.

At length the party emerged from the deeper shadows of their wooded way, and came into a cleared space, where the knoll known as "The Owl's Point" projected into the bayou; and halting here, Laffite looked about him, while the others stood grouped a little distance away, awaiting quietly his movements.

But before he could give the signal to Baptistine, whose craft was concealed around the bend of the bayou, two men burst from the cover of a thicket opposite Laffite, a gun was leveled at his breast, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Surrender, you cursed pirate!"

Rose de Cazeneuve, with a wild cry, rushed between the weapon and Laffite, while Barbe, who had been staring—as though he were a ghost—at the holder of the gun, echoed the shriek of her mistress.

"Do not—do not shoot your child!" she screamed; and, at her words, old Zeney, who stood nearest the stranger, gave him one searching look, and rushed in turn between her mistress and the gun, just as it shot out a jet of flame.

A second report mingled so closely with the first as to make them seem but one; and Zeney, with the man who had shot her, fell to the ground.

All had happened so quickly that Laffite, who was, for an instant, unnerved by Rose de Cazeneuve's effort to save him, had scarcely time to draw a pistol before his unknown assailant fell, as if from the discharge of his own weapon, which had killed Zeney.

In their surprise and fright, and by reason of the confusion, no one except Laffite had comprehended any meaning in the words which followed the wild cry of Barbe, who now stood sobbing hysterically, with her arms around her half-swooning mistress, while Lazzale, with dilating nostrils and blazing eyes, sought to release herself from Madame Riefet.

Baptistine, who had heard the shots, reached the shore in a small boat pulled by some of his crew, soon after Shapira appeared at the edge of the thick woods from whence had come the bullet that had killed Zeney's slayer.

The English sailor, at Laffite's com-

mand, now surrendered his arms to Shapira, and was promised freedom, in exchange for a truthful statement of the motive which brought his companion and himself to the spot.

He said that the other man had been unknown to him until that same morning; and all he now knew of him was that he was a scout, picked up from among the Indians, and bought to serve the English, Capt. Lockyer, who was in command of the English fleet upon Lake Borgne, having learned that Laffite was in that vicinity, had selected this scout to find and capture the man upon whom he longed to execute personal vengeance. His orders had been to bring Laffite to him, alive, if possible, and dead, rather than not at all; and the sailor, having been one of the crew who rowed the British officers to their mortifying conference at Grande Terre, had been sent with the scout in order to identify Laffite.

Such was the end of the man in whom Barbe had recognized the brilliant officer of former years,—recognizing, despite the shock of grizzled hair, and the changes wrought by time and a lawless life in the face and form that had tempted the new year's elopement.

Meantime, Baptistine had landed; and leaving his men in the boat, he came leisurely to where Laffite was questioning the English sailor. The Baratarian's shrewd eyes had glanced over the scene; and the fallen bodies, the group of excited women—all that he saw, told his alert perceptions what had presumably taken place, while the sight of his commander, standing unharmed, and Shapira's attitude, as he leaned upon his gun, assured him that the danger, such as it might have been, was past.

Hence his nonchalant, strolling gait to where Laffite stood.

The latter saw him at once, and interrupted himself to bid Shapira see that the sailor awaited his further orders. Then drawing Baptistine aside, he gave him instructions in regard to placing the ladies and their maids aboard his boat.

"But it seems very dreadful to leave poor Zeney lying there," said Rose, with a tearful backward look, as Laffite was assisting her into the small boat.

"It is not possible to do otherwise, child," he answered gently, lightening his pressure upon the small hand he was holding. "All that can be done

for her now, I will see is done before I join you. Will you not trust me to do that?"

The expression of the tear-stained eyes raised to meet his look answered him without the need of speech.

"You are not coming with us?" she began, when Madame Riefet interrupted her with a shrill—"Not coming with us! Oh, Capt. Laffite, we cannot go without you. And these strange men! Indeed!—now angrily—"we will not!"

He had put Rose aboard the boat, and turned to assist Lazzale, while he answered Madame Riefet's outburst calmly, although there was evidence of impatience held in check.

"I intend to escort you personally to Shell Island, madame; but it is best that you all go aboard the boat which my captain here has waiting around the point. He will take you to it, and then return for me, as I have a duty here which I cannot very well perform until you and the other ladies have gone. There may be other Englishmen prowling in the vicinity; and the sound of the firing may bring them this way. If this should happen, I can manage matters to far better advantage by knowing that you are out of harm's way."

Madame made no reply, but permitted him to place her in the boat. Ma'am Brigida followed her, Violet coming last; and the sailors pushed off as Baptistine sprang aboard.

"Why does not Barbe come with us?" Madame Riefet demanded abruptly, as she saw the French woman walk to where Shapira was bending over the body of Zeney, intending—as ordered by Laffite—to carry it into the woods for burial.

Laffite answered from the shore, she screamed; and, at her words, old Zeney, who stood nearest the stranger, gave him one searching look, and rushed in turn between her mistress and the gun, just as it shot out a jet of flame.

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LITTLE EXPLOSIONS

Editor (severely)—Don't you know enough to write facts instead of fiction in this paper?

Cub Reporter—Why, sir, my story tells just what happened.

Editor—Tells what happened? Why, here in the first paragraph you say that an automobile was going slowly down the street.

Mrs. Golswizer—"Our new cook is a deaf and dumb old maid."

Mrs. G.—"Nothing at all."

Mrs. G.—"Then I can't understand why she's an old maid."

Caught in a Mis-Statement. Homely Lecturer—Women, my friends, are invariably hard please.

Homely lecturer (irritably)—Yes, sir, I am.

Homely lecturer (proudly and indignantly)—Yes, sir, she is!

Exchange of Confidences. Husband (during the honeymoon)—I was awfully nervous when I proposed to you. I was afraid you would not accept me.

Wife—And I was awfully nervous for weeks before you proposed. I was afraid you wouldn't.

Voice Culture. Baby heard Lella say that one of the girls in the choir had strained her voice. A few days afterward Lella went into the kitchen and there on the floor sat Baby, holding the tea-strainer to her lips and singing through it.

"Oh, Baby," she said, "put up the tea-strainer."

But Baby answered, "No, I'm straining my voice."—Little Chronicle.

An Impolite Bill Collector. Hunter—I say, when can you find it convenient to pay that little bill? I've called at your place at least half a dozen times.

Fox—And thereby betrayed your unfamiliarity with polite customs. Having made one call, you should have waited until it was returned before making another.

Bridget's Trifling Mistake. Lady—For goodness sakes, Bridget, what kind of greens are these?

Bridget—The spinnage was fed to the cow by mistake, ma'am, so I cooked up one of them parlor palms. The guests won't know the difference.

Lady—But, Bridget! Those palms were artificial.—Detroit Free Press.

More Serious Than He Thought. Dr. Wipe—No, you haven't got appendicitis. Booze is all that ails you—stop your drinking and you'll soon be well.

Lushington—Great heaven, doc, don't say that. Why I had no idea it was so serious. I thought that all I needed was an operation or two.

Practical Girl. Why do you waste so many hours on beautifying devices?" inquired the old-fashioned woman. "Why not devote that time to thinking beautiful thoughts?"

"Oh, fudge!" retorted the modern dame. "My beau isn't a mind-reader."

His Sense of Responsibility. "You don't quote me exactly," said the statesman.

"Certainly not," answered the confident reporter. "If I had confined myself to your remarks the paper would not have considered the article worth printing."

Sounded Ominous. Paw Hoptoad—I see this bigamist Hoch is liable to get a habeas corpus.

Maw Hoptoad—Well, I don't feel sorry if he does. There ain't nuthin' too bad fer a man like him.

Whiffs of Spring. "The scribe's pen has set the whole village agog."

"Is it so powerful?"

"Age! The villagers say that unless it be removed they will poison the hogs."

ACCOMMODATING. "I've got a patentable idea that I expect to make a fortune out of," said the local inventor.

"What 'tis" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"A scarfpiece that will prevent a young man from getting tangled up in his best girl's hair," answered the genius.

It.

Cholly Sappay—"Such an odd girl, don't y' know. When she was introduced to me she burst out laughing."

Miss Peppery—"Yes, she's hysterical."

Cholly Sappay—"Aw—really?"

Miss Peppery—"Yes, she frequently laughs at nothing."

Further Information Wanted. She—How did you spend your time while you were away?

Her Husband—I counted the minutes until I could see you again.

She—Um—that would not take long. What did you do with the minutes after they were counted?

After the Party. The Sister—She was fishing for compliments, as usual.

The Brother—Well, I don't know what she was fishing for, but she seems to have landed that fellow who used to call on you.—Detroit Tribune.

One Secret She Keeps. "She says she knows a few things about you, but she refuses to tell what they are."

"Yes; she's referring to a few truthful remarks I made about her."

Only One of Her Kind. "She is a marvelous woman."

"What has she done—written a book?"

"No. She met a fellow with a cough and didn't tell him of a sure cure."—Illinois State Journal.

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CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

When the Back Aches and Bladder troubles Set in, Get at the Cause.

Don't make the mistake of believing back ache and bladder ills to be local ailments. Get at the cause and cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands, Captain S. D. Hunter, of Engle No. 14, Pittsburg, Pa. Fire Department, and residing at 2729 Wylie avenue, says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly back ache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again I would get them first thing, as I know what they are."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Getting Closer to Heaven.

Once in the Pacific coast forests, the writer came upon a magnificent sugar pine, the only tree of its kind for miles around and a landmark even in that region of giant trees. My guide, as he looked up at the top, which lifted itself almost into the clouds, remarked: "If a man could climb that tree on a Christmas morning he could hear the church bells ringing in heaven."—Exchange.

Find Buried Treasure.

In the immediate neighborhood of the little town of Klingman, in Switzerland, a case was found containing an assortment of 829 gold coins. Most of the coins are of the years from 1602 to 1704. It is thought that the gold was buried at the time of the Spanish war of succession. The gold value of the coins is estimated at 35,000, and the numismatic value at over 100,000 francs.

Bacilli Are Scarce in Egypt.

A German physician has discovered that the air of the Egyptian desert is about as free from bacterial life as the polar regions or the high seas. Tubercle bacilli are killed when exposed six hours in the sunlight. He considers the desert especially suitable for rheumatics and patients suffering from kidney diseases and tuberculosis.

For Growing Girls.

West Pembroke, Me., April 24.—Mrs. A. L. Smith, of this place, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for growing girls. Mrs. Smith emphasizes her recommendation by the following experience:

"My daughter was thirteen years old last November and it is now two years since she was first taken with Crazy Spells that would last a week and would then pass off. In a month she would have the spells again. At these times she would eat very little and was very yellow; even the whites of her eyes would be yellow.

"The doctors gave us no encouragement, they all said they could not help her. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she has not had one bad spell. Of course, we continued the treatment until she had used in all about a dozen boxes, and we still give them to her occasionally, when she is not feeling well. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine for growing girls."

Mothers should heed the advice of Mrs. Smith, for by so doing, they may save their daughters much pain and sickness and ensure a healthy, happy future for them.

True Greatness.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—President Roosevelt.

THE CITY SAVINGS BANK.

This bank was organized in 1884 and has been in continuous operation since. Through the trials and vicissitudes of the last twenty years it has proven to savers that its system is thorough and its security unquestioned. It is governed by state law and supervised by the State Banking Board, its purpose is to assist those who are systematic savers. How thoroughly it is doing so is evidenced by the 6,500 people who are its customers. It pays 4 per cent interest on deposits and maintains strict secrecy in its relations with its customers.

If you desire the opportunity of laying aside a bit of money and receive a liberal rate of interest for it or desire to conduct your business through an old established bank where it will receive prompt and satisfactory attention, write for particulars to the City Savings Bank, 201 So. 16th St., Omaha, Nebraska.