



BOUFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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CHAPTER I

Paris, in the year 1790, and the garden of the Tuilleries bright with the sunshine of an autumnal day. Two boys, seated in the grass near a path not far from one of the ponds, were playing with a turtle they had captured.

The humble origin of the elder, a lad of thirteen, was evidenced by those physical signs which are usually associated with people of his class; but the other, three years younger, bore all the indications of gentle birth. His sire was a baron of the "ancien regime," while Pierre's father had been a peasant, and his widowed mother the faithful nurse of her who had lived but two months after giving birth to the boy Jean, whom Margot loved as her own Pierre.

Presently there came along the promenade a trio of court gallants, attired in the extreme of the prevailing fashion, beruffled, bejeweled, and perfumed. One of them was a slenderly built young man, whose sharp features, pale-blue eyes set closely together, thin lips, and weak chin, gave ample proof of his nature and disposition.

A more striking contrast to the younger boy could not well be imagined. Yet the same blood ran in their veins, for the new-comer was Etienne, Jean's half-brother, who had, for some time past, been occupying an unimportant position at court.

He espied the two boys before they noticed him, so engrossed were they in heading-off the turtle, whose instinct seemed to tell it how to find a way to the near-by pond.

The three courtiers paused in the pathway; and Etienne, stepping quickly over the grass, gave the turtle a well-directed kick that sent it splashing into the water.

He and his friends then laughed boisterously, while Jean and Pierre sprang to their feet, the former's eyes

white with rage. "But you shall answer for such insolence!"

"As you please, monsieur, and whenever you shall say," replied the sous-lieutenant, glancing past him at the two boys, who were now close to one another, directly behind Etienne, their faces filled with surprise and satisfaction at seeing him thus brought to bay.

"I know you for what you are, you Corsican beggar," Etienne hissed, backing off over the grass; "and never fear but that I will remember." Then he turned, and the trio departed.

When they were gone, the sous-lieutenant joined the two boys, who were now standing by the edge of the pond, searching for some trace of their late captive.

As he approached, Jean looked up at him, and, with characteristic impulsiveness, caught one of his hands, while Pierre, with a peasant's dumbness, gazed at him with an admiration his stupid tongue would never have been able to express.

"I love you for that!" exclaimed the younger boy, his face aglow with enthusiasm. "Ah, but it was a fine thing to see Etienne balked, for once!"

"And who is this Etienne?" inquired the officer, scowling, as he looked down at the water.

"My half-brother."

"Your half-brother!" repeated the questioner, his voice showing surprise. "Saure! Your life must be a pleasant one, if what I saw be a fair sample of his usual mood and manners."

This day was followed by many another, which at irregular intervals through the next two years, found the man and boy together; and a strong, loyal love sprang up between these two, so far apart in age, and still farther in their respective natures.

Seasons came and passed—springs,

ity of the servants, went with him; but a few of the latter remained at the Paris house with Etienne, who, detesting the quiet life of Languedoc, refused flatly to go there.

Another reason for his determination lay in the fact that he was now—secretly, of course—in Robespierre's employ; a thing Monsieur le Baron suspected, but of which he had no absolute proof; and the servants who stopped with the young man were Revolutionary in sentiment.

At the beloved old country-house, where everything was more to his taste than in any other spot on earth, Jean forgot much of what had filled the air of Paris with such horror. He and Pierre, rioting in vigorous health, went roaming about, hunting in the park for small game, or hidden away snugly in a remote part of the wood, devoured a book of travels which told of pirates and soldiers of fortune, who had reaped many a harvest of riches upon the Spanish main.

This book was the key-note of Jean's dream-world; and it had long been a pastime of the boys that he should read it aloud, while Pierre listened with absorbed attention.

Thus it was that the exploits of De Soto, Pizarro, Cortez, and the minor leaders of adventurous bands were, for these two boys, the ideals of their own careers should be when manhood set them free to achieve their ambitions.

The gardens about the place were a wilderness of bloom, left very much to nature, and entirely free from the marks of that formal science that showed in the generality of French gardens—the style which had come into vogue with Le Notre, in the time of Louis XIV.

But outside the park, where the boys were not permitted to go, it was easy to realize something of the turmoil that was shaking Paris, miles away, and also the country nearer about, where the peasants were holding meetings, secret at first, but becoming more open as the Jacobins waxed stronger with each successive day.

The principal leader and speaker among the peasantry was one Tomas Fauchel, who had recently come from Paris, and who appeared, for some reason, to have an especial hatred for Monsieur le Baron. But the latter, whose attention was engrossed by his books and papers, knew nothing of this, as he rarely went abroad, and seemed to grow more reserved and gloomy as the days wore on.

The 14th of July—the anniversary of the French nation's independence—came and went; and, on the night of August 10th, the Assembly having removed from Paris all the regiments suspected of being loyal to the king, there was no armed force to resist the mob that, insane with blood-thirsty passion, broke into the Tuilleries, butchered the king's attendants, and took away, as prisoners, the few who were still alive.

Over the chateau in Languedoc that August night, the same stars that glittered above the carnage of Paris shone upon a scene of peace. But Monsieur le Baron's heart was growing heavier, and his woful eyes were fixed upon the stars, as he lay in bed looking out of the window. A foreboding of evil crept chillingly about him, and a note of coming woe seemed to sigh in the wind stirring among the olive and pepper trees that made a small grove outside.

But in his chamber beyond, Jean, unconscious and happy, slept a sleep such as could never more be known on earth by the king's little son, whom, only a few months since, the two lads—Jean and Pierre—had looked at with worshipful awe, as a being infinitely above themselves, and one who could by no possibility ever experience the hard brunts of life.

Viewed in the light of such a change, men seem but little better than the pieces upon a chess-board. Fate and time are invincible powers, moving pawns into the knights' squares, and sweeping kings, queens and knights into oblivion.

(To be continued.)

PERFUME FROM ALOE TREE.

Resinous Aromatic Juice That is of Great Value.

The aloe wood tree is a native of the mountains east and southeast of Sylhet, in Burmah, and in Bengal. It is valuable on account of a dark resinous aromatic juice with which the wood is sometimes gorged. This resin, or agar as it is colloquially termed, is used for its perfume and supposed medicinal properties. It is very costly and is used both for incense in religious and other ceremonies and also in the preparation of a perfume called agar attar, which is practically as costly as attar of roses.

The most interesting feature in connection with the aloe wood tree is the uncertainty as to whether any particular tree will be found to contain the precious resin. A tribe of hill men known to the natives as agar kumlans make it their business to search for the resinous wood. Their trade is a secret which they always endeavor to preserve from all natives or other tribes. A party of agar kumlans goes off into the mountains with provisions for as long as three months, and they prosecute their tedious search in districts where probably a human being is not seen from one month to another.

Trees have to be chopped down and hacked to pieces before it can be ascertained whether they contain any of the resinous deposit, and sometimes after a wearisome search through half a dozen trees, young and old, not a single piece of agar is discovered. Again, it may be that a rich find is made and then the collector is repaid for half a month of work.—Bombay Gazette.



Colors of the Moment.

As the season advances green and blue separately and again combined may be said to be the colors of the moment. Pongees and raw silks are popular fabrics. A model of dark blue pongee, with a raised stripe running through it, has a skirt with very little going, and it is tucked horizontally all the way around the hip, having a box plait down the center of the front and back. These tucks are stitched about six or eight inches in depth and then allowed to flare with four deep tucks running vertically round the bottom, each of these tucks headed by half-inch wide row of entre doux. The skirt is cut straight around, and the bodice, which is tucked in half-inch tucks, blouses slightly over the belt. A beautiful white Irish lace yoke and collar complete the neck, and the sleeves are gathered into the yoke quite full and fall to the line of the elbow. Here again is a puff and below is a tight-fitted sleeve of Irish crochet.

Combination Under Garment.

The advantage that the combined under garment means is a reduction of bulk at the waist and over the hips is a well-recognized one and is apparent at a glance. The model illustrated appeals to every woman who aims to keep her outlines as nearly perfect as possible and is not in need of fullness over the bust. As shown it is made of nainsook with a low round neck, but it can be cut with the square outline, or in V shape, or left high as may be preferred and all materials in vogue for underwear are appropriate. In the case of the model the trimming is embroidery, but here again a choice is allowed as washable laces are much liked and frills of the material also are in vogue.

The garment is made with front, back, side backs, under arm gores and back portion of skirt. The front is fitted by means of double darts, so making the garment absolutely smooth fitting and the necessary fullness at the back is provided by the skirt, which is gathered at its upper edge and joined to the body portion.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 yards 36 inches wide, with 3 1/2 yards of wide embroidery, 3 yards of narrow, 2 1/2 yards of insertion and 2 yards of beading to trim as illustrated.

Leather Trimming.

A decided novelty in the way of trimming for some of the new nun's veiling waists are the turn-over collar and cuffs made of soft leather. An example of this is a pale blue waist trimmed with collar and cuffs of soft tan leather, in shape somewhat similar to the embroidered and lace collar and cuff sets so much in demand during the spring and summer season.

Leather trimmings are being used to some extent on the new tailored suits and raincoats, so that this novelty may meet with quite as much of a success as a waist trimming as in the other lines of ready-made garments.

Girl's Russian Dress.

Simple little frocks, with skirts and body portions in one suit little girls admirably well and are eminently fashionable. This one is peculiarly attractive and can be made with the slightly open square neck, as illustrated, or be rendered high by the addition of the shield and standing collar, and also allows a choice of the full length double sleeves or the outer ones in half length only. The model is made of royal blue cashmere, with trimming of embroidered banding edged with black, and is both effective and durable, but all the material in vogue for little girls' dresses are equally appropriate.

The dress is made with front and back and is laid in a box plait at center front and back with outward turning tucks at each side, the closing being made invisibly at the back beneath the box plait. The long sleeves are in bishop style, gathered into straight cuffs, while the outer ones are in half length and in bell shape. The shield is quite separate and, when desired, is arranged under the dress closing at the center back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is 5 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 5 yards 32 inches wide or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 4 1/2 yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

Washing Rugs.

Good rugs may be washed repeatedly without harming them. In fact, washing a good rug only makes the colors more luster. A writer in the House Beautiful tells how to do it successfully: Tack the rug on a bit of bare floor, the back piazza being as good a place as any. Scrub thoroughly with warm ammonia suds, and

rinse with many clear waters until all the soap is removed. Let the rug dry on the floor without removing the tacks, then take up and it will not shrink, roll, nor pull out of shape.

Misses' Fancy Blouse.

Broad shoulders make the latest edict of fashion and are rendered exceptionally attractive in this very pretty blouse, which includes the shallow round yoke, which also makes one of the latest and newest features.

The model is made of tobacco brown voiling, with yoke and cuffs of ecru lace and the trimming band of silk embroidered with little circles and stitched with corticelli silk. It can, however, be reproduced in any reasonable material and is quite as well adapted to the odd waist as to the frock. The waist and sleeves are both gathered at their upper edges and joined to the band, which closes with the waist at the center front, while the yoke is closed at the left shoulder seam. The collar is one of the new ones, of the turn-over sort, and can be slashed and worn with a tie, as illustrated, or left plain as preferred.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which is optional; fronts, back, sleeves, yoke and trimming band. When the lining is used the sleeves are faced on indicated lines to form cuffs, but when it is omitted cuffs of the required depth are made separate and joined to the lower edges of the sleeves. The waist is gathered at its lower edge, made to blouse slightly at back as well as front, and is closed invisibly by means of buttons and loops.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yards of all-over lace for yoke and cuffs, and 3/4 yards of silk for trimming band.

A faded cotton dress can be made white by boiling in cream of tartar water.

A little soap mixed with stove blacking will produce better and more lasting lustre than without.

For sponging out bureau drawers or sideboards use tepid water containing a small quantity of thymol.

The wax from dripping candles can be removed from table linen by a generous application of alcohol.

Alum, the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in a pint of starch, will bright-

en the color in calicoes, gingham, and muslin.

The little soft make excellent dusting dishes.

Carved furniture will resist dust cloth can be made as new by brushing it with a brush dipped in kerosene.

Fashion in Capes.

Short circular capes are all the fashion right now. Those most in vogue for early autumn weather are of coarse lace; any lace like Cluny, Bruges or point Venise is in favor. The capes vary in length. Sometimes they fall just to the shoulders, others reach to the bust line, and still others touch the waist. In ecru or dyed to match the color of the gown they will be the most fashionable during the early fall. The smart girl is sure to contrive many novel ways of adding to the charm of her cape. She may fasten it down the front with big, artistic-looking buttons, or it may have the effect of being tied together with many smart-looking little black satin bows. If she wishes to more decidedly change its effect, she will slip satin messaline or velvet ribbons through the meshes of the lace at either side of the front. At the neck the ribbons are tied in rosettes, and then again a bit further down.

Handy Oil Dropper.

A medicine dropper as an adjunct to the making of mayonnaise has the inspiration of a housewife not long ago. Everyone who ever tried to make mayonnaise knows the bother of adding the oil slowly, drop by drop, until the dressing is thick enough. This woman experienced the same difficulty and met it with the 6-cent medicine dropper, which adds the oil with machine-like regularity and precision.

Glaced kid is considered smart on outing hats.

Wide-plaited ruching is very unbecoming to many.

With a knockabout coat a woman is ready for anything.

Make up your mind to the waist coats; they have come to stay.

Gilt braid and buttons still give evidence that the war is not ended.

Dolmans and mantles are the latest importations for winter cloaks.

Even scant pouches are doomed; the fittest waist has been accepted.

Feather rosettes for stiff hats have rivals in those of taffeta and of ribbon.

Grate and scrape the corn from enough ears to make one pint of pulp.

Break the cobs in halves, put them in a kettle with enough cold water to cover them; cover the kettle, and boil the ears briskly for half an hour. Then strain this water into another saucepan and let it boil down to less than a pint.

When reduced to the proper quantity, add to the corn water the corn pulp and let it simmer five minutes; then season with salt, a little sugar and a dash of pepper. Add one pint of hot cream, one tablespoonful of butter and a heaping tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a little milk. Let the whole just boil up after the flour is in.

Put a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley in a soup tureen, pour in the soup, and serve.

With the Housewife

WITH A STOLE EFFECT.

Fancy waists are always in demand and this one has the merit of being quite novel as well as eminently graceful. As illustrated it is made of white silk, with the yoke and cuffs of cream-colored lace over chiffon and finished with applique, the scarf of white embroidered crepe de Chine finished with a narrow ruche and edge-

with fringe. The waist is full below the tucks and is closed invisibly at the left of the front on a line with the scarf. To make the waist for a woman of medium size will be required 4 1/2 yards 21, 3 1/2 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yards all-over lace and 3/4 yards of silk for scarf.

WITH THE TRA DEWS

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH A STOLE EFFECT.

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH A STOLE EFFECT.

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH A STOLE EFFECT.

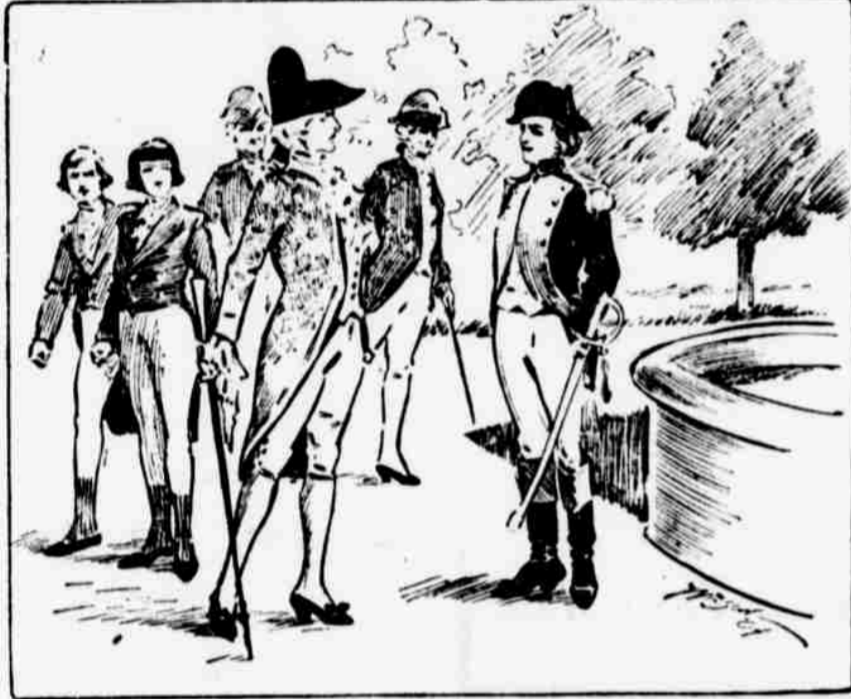
WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH A STOLE EFFECT.

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

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WITH THE HOUSEWIFE



"I am an officer, monsieur, as you can see."

blazing angrily as they met those of his half-brother.

"Sneaking spoil-sport! How dared you," cried the boy.

"Dared!" repeated Etienne jeeringly, while his companions again laughed uproariously. "Mais, you impudent young cub, I think it were well to cool your temper by sending you after your turtle." With this he seized Jean by the collar, as if to throw him into the pond.

The lad, mute with passion, struck out fiercely with his fists, until Etienne, his rage making him forget his dandyism and fine raiment, grasped more firmly the jeweled cane he carried, and began to rain blows upon the head and shoulders not so very far below his own not great height, while he held fast to Jean's collar with a grip whose firmness was out of keeping with his frail and puny build.

A clear, icy-toned voice suddenly cut the air like a flash of steel.

"Pardon, monsieur; but would you not like assistance?"

It was the sous-lieutenant, whose look had affected Jean so oddly a short time before.

"I have been an unintentional spectator of your unmanly conduct, monsieur," continued the young officer, in the same low, even tone, as he calmly faced Etienne; "and what I have heard and seen of its beginning compels me to take the part of this young gentleman you have so needlessly abused and angered."

"Dane! Who are you, to dare speak to me in such fashion? Etienne demanded furiously, his white fingers again gripping the cane in a way suggestive of a desire to use it in a new quarter, while he advanced a few steps toward the sous-lieutenant, who stood with his hands still clasped behind his back, and a fine scorn touching the severe line of his lips.

"I am an officer, monsieur, as you can see," he replied, his tone in keeping with his disdainful composure; "and one who, by training as well as by nature, cannot but object to see such a display of cowardice in any man, be he courtier or simple citizen."

"Mille tonnerres!" cried Etienne,

summers, falls, and winters,—to be strung, like beads, upon the rosary of time; and nearer were drawing those bloody days of France, which are to live forever, with their gory hue undimmed, although the crimson flow that stained them has been dried by the suns of many years.

In late April of 1792, Monsieur le Baron was still domiciled at his Paris house, and early April usually found him in his Languedoc chateau.

For two years past, Etienne—the simpering coxcomb of twenty-seven—had retained his position at court; and the atmosphere thus brought about his father tended to throw the latter more into the company of former friends, many of whom were deep in political intrigues, and sought to claim him, after his dozen years' absence from their circles.

At the suppers and card parties which made unusual gaiety in his father's long-closed house, Jean was admitted with the freedom of an acknowledged favorite. Keen of wit, and somewhat precocious, owing to the intimate companionship of Monsieur le Baron, he absorbed the talk going on around him, and assimilated it with an intelligence to which his elders gave no thought.

Unusually tall for his years, he had a slender, sinewy body, and limbs whose muscles had been thoroughly developed under the careful tutelage of old Otto, the baron's butler, who, until middle life had been a soldier.

It was he who had taught Jean to ride and shoot; and he had initiated the lad—young as the latter was—into the intricacies of foil and rapier practice.

Affairs in Paris were becoming more and more unsettled. The lawlessness and brutality of the masses grew in strength and daring, and many of the nobles had fled from France, or buried themselves in the country, away from the violence which they were helpless to prevent, or too loyal to seemingly countenance by their presence and neutrality.

It was early in the summer when, with many misgivings as to the future, Monsieur le Baron finally left Paris and retired to his country place in Languedoc. Jean, together with Margot, her boy Pierre, and a major-