

B. AFITTE of LOUISIANA

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CHAPTER II.

Through the weeks of the late summer, old Tatro, the butler, had been attending the meetings held by the peasants. But, being a firm believer in the old regime, he had reported faithfully to Monsieur le Baron all that had transpired at these gatherings, telling him of the vicious speeches made by Fauchel, and of the latter's evident determination to influence the peasants against the people of the chateau.

On a certain September morning, after one of these reports from Tatro, the baron said, "Flad Margot, and send her to me."

When the faithful old servant had left the room his master looked out of the window toward the park; but his darkly circled eyes saw something quite different from the trees so hunted against the cloudless blue of the sky.

They saw the pale, angry face of Tomas Fauchel, the young schoolmaster, who, meeting the baron as he came from the magistrate's door with the pretty, sixteen-year-old daughter of the Huguenot minister clinging to his arm, had said, as he barred their way, "To-day, Monsieur le Baron, you have won, and have taken for wife her whom her dead father gave to me when he refused you, a Papist. But I warn you to beware of the day when I shall seek my revenge!"

The baron, in the strength of his vigorous manhood, and in the happy dreams of his passionate love, had laughed at the melodramatic threat of his humble rival. And today, white-haired and lonely, he smiled disdainfully as he recalled it.

But the smile died softly in a sigh that was almost a moan, as thought of the narrow mound he had looked upon the spring before, blanketed with violets and snowdrops, in the old churchyard by the Loire, near the cottage where he had known a brief year's dream of happiness.

all others, to protect my boy's future, and provide for his welfare."

"That will I do with my life!" Margot declared fervently.

It was toward sunset that same day when Jean came running in to announce that he had seen soldiers riding up the winding roadway that led through the park.

Bidding the boy keep out of sight until the cause of such a visit could be ascertained, Monsieur le Baron descended to the reception-room, where the officer in command of the soldiers soon presented himself, and delivered a letter from Couthon, in which the baron's hospitality was requested for the bearer and his escort.

The fact was that Etienne, recently angered by his father's refusal to increase his already liberal allowance, had, with characteristic villany, let fall some insinuations impeaching the latter's loyalty to the Revolutionary cause; and the officer, who had been ordered upon a mission which would take him several leagues beyond the chateau, was instructed to stop there upon his return, the object being that the Committee might, from the manner in which the baron received his uninvited guests, form a better idea as to his true sentiments.

Jean did not deem it wise to present himself until the dinner hour should arrive, but had passed the time in questioning Margot and Tatro as to the probable meaning of this strange invasion of the chateau's privacy. Then, going in to the dining-room with an unusually subdued air, although his heart was fluttering with excitement, the lad's shyness evaporated in a glad shout at sight of the officer standing before the fireplace, where burning logs made cheerful the apartment and warmed the chill evening air.

"Aha!" he cried, precipitating himself upon his father's guest, whose arms went quickly around the boy-

There was silence, as if those outside were surprised at signs of an unexpected resistance.

There were more than fifty men outside; with them were some women; and Tomas Fauchel was their leader. "Monsieur le Baron, will you permit me to arrange the defence as I see fit?" inquired the young officer, turning to his host.

"Most assuredly, sir; for I have full confidence in your ability," was the reply.

"Then extinguish every light in this hall, and close all the doors leading from it, so that all here will be in darkness," said the lieutenant, now speaking authoritatively. "And do you, Greloire,"—looking toward his soldiers—"with Murier and Leboeuf, stand here beside Monsieur le Baron. Watch that broken window, and put a ball into every head that appears there."

Greloire saluted silently, and the officer continued: "If Tatro will act as guide, to pilot myself and the others out through some unobserved way, we will make a detour, and treat our friends to an attack in the flank."

Some of the hurled-in torches lit the hall for a moment; but they were quickly extinguished by the baron.

A moment later the discharge of musketry outside told the lieutenant and his men had come upon the scene. Then the air was rent by more yells and imprecations, but with a sound in them bespeaking dismay on the part of the surprised marauders.

A second volley rang out, and the officer's voice was heard. "Steady, my men. Load and fire at will, or club your muskets. Teach these people a lesson—one in the name of the Assembly."

Those in the hall now saw a flaming torch thrust through the window. It was held by Tomas Fauchel, who waved it wildly as he shouted, "Show thyself, thou craven baron, for neither man nor devil shall force me from this place until I have kept my oath, and killed thee!"

The light of his torch fell upon the uplifted face—white and stern—of the baron, who said, laying his hand upon the musket with which Leboeuf was taking aim at the half-crazed fanatic, "Do him no harm, let him live."

Fauchel, who had heard the words, answered them with a mocking laugh, and quickly extending his other hand, pulled the trigger of a pistol, as he tossed his torch into the hall and yelled, "Die, thou damnable Papist, and take to hell with thee no thanks of mine for sparing my life."

The baron reeled, for he was struck fairly in the forehead. But he was caught by Leboeuf, and his dead form was not laid upon the floor before Greloire had planted a musket-ball in Fauchel's head, and tumbled him from the ladder—dead as the man he had assassinated.

His followers, terrified by the lieutenant's unexpected attack, were now flying like scared sheep; and the fight was ended.

An hour later the silence that wrapped the chateau would have repelled the thought of such an uproar having raged within it so recently. The dead had been laid in upper rooms, and Margot had gone to her own part of the house, leaving Jean in the drawing-room with the lieutenant, who was now walking up and down, and now sitting on the divan, beside the passionately grieving boy, to whom he spoke words of tenderest sympathy, stroking the dark hair, or holding the burning hands in a cool clasp that was infinitely soothing.

Some of the soldiers took turns at mounting guard in the lower hall, for fear of a possible renewal of the attack. But the peasants' outburst was evidently spent, for the present, at least, as nothing happened to disturb the silence of the succeeding hours.

(To be continued.)

Time of Penance Shortened.

Abel Hummel, whose experience with divorcees is probably as large as that of any other two men in this country, tells a story of a pretty woman who had just been freed from bonds that were very galling. In her joy at her release she declared to her friends that she would not marry again for at least two years. Just a year later her engagement to another man was announced, with the information that the wedding would take place in three months.

"How's this?" asked one of her friends. "How about that two-year business?"

"Oh," she replied, "I have concluded that I'm entitled to eight months off for good behavior. Same as they get in jail, you know."—New York Times.

The First Requisite.

"Not long ago," said Nat Goodwin, "I was lunching with a friend, and two grass widows, neither of whom had been divorced."

"One of the widows held up wishbone of the chicken."

"Let's see which will be married first," she said to the other grass widow.

"It seems to me," remarked my friend grimly, "that you'd better see which will be unmarried first."—New York Times.

Wasted Time.

District Attorney Jerome, however reformed he may be now, was a great card player in his early days, so much so that his mother, who was a pious woman, said to him one day by way of remonstrance:

"A great deal of time is wasted, dear, is there not, in playing cards?"

"Yes, mother," he smiled in reply, "there is. In shuffling and dealing."—New York Times.

SCIENCE and INVENTION

Magnetic Manganese Alloy.

The production of magnetic alloys from non-magnetic metals is a matter of recent successful experimentation, particularly with respect to the production of manganese steel. With the same manganese that obtained a practically non-magnetic iron alloy a magnetic copper alloy may be produced. The non-magnetic metals, copper, aluminum and manganese, combined in certain proportions, produce an alloy having considerable magnetic properties. No combination of copper and aluminum produces a magnetic alloy; hence the presence of magnetic properties must be ascribed to the manganese. The manganese was submitted to the temperature of liquid air, but no change was found to occur, the metal remaining non-magnetic. This was found to be the case with the copper and aluminum. A curious point was that reversibility was brought about by aluminum. The magnetization of the alloy increased with the increase of aluminum, the maximum being attained when the alloy contained equal proportions of aluminum and manganese. The alloy was extremely brittle and resisted all attempts to forge it cold or hot at various temperatures, even at red heat. With an ordinary horse shoe magnet the magnetization is distinctly apparent.

Electricity Runs This Plane.

In nearly every trade the introduction of electricity as a motive power has wrought great changes in the amount of manual labor performed, serving to operate automatic machinery or to drive tools with which the work is done. Thus the former laborer now guides the implements, without exerting his muscular power, or else watches the machine and



Planing Mill in Miniature

keeps it in running order. Even the carpenter is now to be provided with an electric tool, designed to replace one which required no little exertion on the part of the operator. Hereafter, instead of pushing his plane several times over the surface to be smoothed, the carpenter will simply slide it over the board once, using only a fraction of the strength formerly necessary.

This new plane is fitted with an electric motor, which may be run with current taken from an incandescent lamp socket. The plane proper consists of a series of blades arranged on a rapidly revolving shaft, after the manner of the knives on a large power planer. Provision is made for adjusting the height of the knives to cut either a thick or thin shaving, thus doing away with the necessity of running the tool over the board more than once. The only disadvantage seems to be that the plane is not practicable in all localities, owing to a lack of electric current; but this objection is rapidly disappearing, in the cities, at least, and nearly every carpenter shop has already made some use of the electric current, either for lighting or power purposes.

William E. Lee, of Weymouth, Mass., is the inventor.

Artificial Gutta-percha Cables.

Scientists, as is generally known, have long been seeking a substitute for rubber and gutta-percha. These two products, which are a necessity to the electrical industry, are becoming each year more difficult to procure and consequently more expensive. The substitutes so far brought out have usually left much to be desired after being subjected to a time test, and it is therefore interesting to note, according to Engineering, London, that the German telegraph department has for nearly two years had some cables of artificial gutta-percha in use which, it is claimed, have so far given every satisfaction. The material is the invention of Adolf Gentsch of Vienna, and is described as a mixture of rubber and a palm wax of the same melting point as the rubber. Electrically the product is considered equal to the natural gutta-percha, and it softens only above 60 degrees Centigrade, the mixture remaining homogeneous at these temperatures. The cable in question is six miles in length and connects the Island of Fohr with Schleswig. The Gentsch gutta-percha cables are 20 per cent cheaper than gutta-percha cables.

An Electrical Chronometer.

An electrical chronometer, which gives the time of an automobile race to the one-hundredth of a second, has been invented in Paris. An instrument is placed at the starting point and another at the finish, the two being connected by a charged wire. When the start is made a current is sent through the line, which deflects a needle, making a dot upon a paper on a revolving drum. At the finish another dot is made upon the paper. A scale on the paper shows the exact time.

Passing of the Gondola.

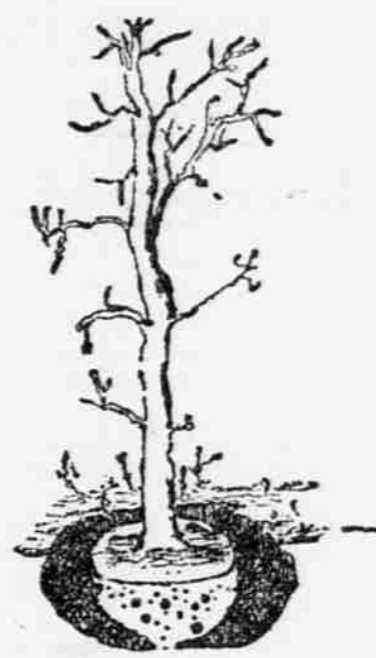
The gondola is doomed. The municipality of Venice has resolved to purchase electric motor boats.

TO TRANSPLANT LARGE TREES.

Successful Method of Moving Kings of the Forest.

W. J. A.—Could one transplant a large tree? What is the safest method of doing this work?

In order to transplant a large tree successfully it must be removed with a large ball of soil adhering to the roots, in order to protect the tiny rootlets from being destroyed. This is best done when the ground is frozen deep enough to hold the ball together. Cutting through the frozen ground is hard work and takes much time and to avoid this before the ground is frozen dig a trench around the tree and fill enough from it to leave the proper sized ball. Dig down and under the ball all around toward the center, but leave the center undisturbed and the tree in its natural position. This will give the ball the shape of a bowl standing on flat bottom as shown by the sketch. Now fill in the trench with coarse manure or anything that will prevent the frost from penetrating to the bottom of the trench, but



A Large Tree Ready for Moving.

do not cover the ball. The object is to let the ball freeze solid or enough to stand moving without falling to pieces. After they are frozen and cannot all be moved through the winter and work would be delayed until spring, the balls can longer be kept frozen by covering them well with straw or coarse hay.

When ready to remove the tree, clear the trench of the litter, fasten a rope to top, pull the tree over and cut loose the remaining part under center and bring the tree flat to the ground. To get the ball out of the hole throw some dirt in center of the hole, say six inches or more, then raise the tree and pull it over and down to the ground on the opposite side. Then throw more dirt in center and bring the tree back and down to its first position again. Every time this is done the ball is raised in the hole and in a short time the hole will be filled and tree and ball will lie on level ground.

To roll on to low down wagon or sled wind a rope or chain around the ball the same way as rolling a log and a steady team will do the rest.

Holes to receive the trees should also be dug before the ground is frozen. In setting be careful to fill in solid around the ball, using tamper to pack the ground. The diameter of the ball is governed by the size of the tree, say thirty inches for a four to five inch, five to seven feet for trees; eight to ten inches in diameter. The depth of ball varies from sixteen to thirty-two inches in the center which on account of conical shape, is always the thickest. Plant about the same depth as the tree stood before removing.

Fall and Pipe for Water Flow.

A. H.—How much fall is required to bring water 1,150 feet up and down hill; the first 550 feet would have a fall of about sixty feet and then there is about sixty feet of a rise? The flow of water would supply a village. What sized pipe would be required?

This question is quite too indefinite to be answered satisfactorily. A literal answer would be that a foot of fall would be sufficient to bring water this distance, but the amount of water brought would not be enough to supply a village. If the correspondent stated how much water he wanted, then the question could be definitely answered. However, I have figured out for three different sizes of pipe, the amount of water approximately which would be brought in twenty-four hours in these circumstances. With a four-inch pipe about 120,000 gallons per day would be supplied, with a six-inch pipe about 340,000 gallons, and with a twelve-inch pipe about 2,900,000 gallons.—J. B. R.

Mice Attacking Grain in Barns.

X. Y. Z.—What can be placed around the sills of barns and in the straw to keep mice from destroying the grain.

The remedy is the use of the ordinary caustic potash, or even caustic soda, which is so generally sold in tins as concentrated lye. When this is placed in the openings it will drive away rats for a long time. The material, after having absorbed the moisture from the air, adheres to their feet, blisters them and makes them very sore. The animals are thus driven away from the place. A rather barbarous remedy which has also been suggested is to mix freshly made plaster of Paris with dry food such as flour, oatmeal or bread, and put this where these animals can get it. A dish of water is placed near the food, and the animals drink eagerly on account of the thirst which the dry powder induces. The plaster then sets inside them and kills them.



Humour of the Day
Why the Hump is There.
"Can you tell me," said the seeker after knowledge to the showman, "what the hump on that camel's back is for?"

"What's it for?"
"Yes; of what value is it?"
"Well, it's lots of value. The camel would be no good without it."

"Why not?"
"Why not? Yer don't suppose people 'ud pay sixpence to see a camel without a hump, do yer?"

Satisfied.



"I'm satisfied that you never intend to pay me that five you borrowed."

"Well, if you're satisfied, I am."

Quicker Way.

"Who owns these acres?" asked the stranger, as they stopped to look at a low, marshy tract of land by the roadside.

"It's in dispute," said the real estate agent. "I believe there's a suit of some kind on hand now to quiet the title."

"If they want to do that," queried the other, "why don't they turn a lot of boys loose on those frogs?"

A Time Limit.

"I'm afraid you smoke too much for your own good," said the physician.

"Well," admitted the patient, "I do smoke almost continuously from morning till night."

"Why do you do that?" asked the M. D.

"Because it's the only time I have to smoke," replied the victim. "I have to sleep at night."

Modern Recass.

"Have you practiced on the piano?"

"Yes, mother."

"And read Prof. Simson's lecture on Greek art?"

"Yes, mother."

"And studied your calculus?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then you may go out and play for ten minutes."—Life.

Just a Mere Incident.

Manager—Well, I've engaged all the specialties for our new musical comedy, the scenery is done and the music is about finished.

Author—All right. I'll drop you a postal with the libretto on it to-morrow.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

What Did She Mean?

Plodder—My wife told me today she wished I took after my brother.

Newitt—Oh, yes; your brother became rich. That's what she meant, eh?

Plodder—Well, she's got me guessing. He died rich, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Chance for a Bargain.



Little Flossie—Oh, mamma, here's your chance to get me a little brother real cheap. It doesn't matter if he is soiled. I can wash him.

More Haste.

Briggs—I see that while young Fiddieback was eloping with Miss Redbud her father overtook them.

Griggs—Didn't he use the automobile?

Briggs—Oh, yes; but the car was soiled inside them and kills them.