

# LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
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## CHAPTER IV.

Toulon, on the Mediterranean, was at this time the great military depot of France. Its inhabitants numbered about twenty-five thousand; and more than fifty frigates and ships of the line rode at anchor in its harbor, while within its spacious magazines was collected an immense quantity of military and naval stores.

Scarcely a day passed during the fall and early winter of 1793 that did not bring to the city families and individuals from all parts of France, seeking protection from the Revolutionists' cruelties—outrages which the Committee were either unable to control, or to which they were indifferent.

At Toulon, the friends of the old monarchy argued among themselves that the violence with which their land had been filled was too terrible to be longer endured; and they began to discuss the idea of surrendering the city, its magazines, forts and ships, to the combined English and Spanish fleets lying outside its harbor, and thus help to bring about a return of law and reason to insane France.

Among those in Toulon who heard of the proposed surrender was Margot, who, with Jean and Pierre, safe under the humble roof of their new home, had for these many months enjoyed a security she had never before known. In a measure her own mistress, and removed from the dread of Etienne, she found reliance and peace in the kindly guidance of Pere Huet, to whom the boys went each day for instruction, his abode being some distance from Margot's small house, which was in a retired part of the city, near the suburbs.

A surrender suggested to her the possibility of bringing scenes of bloodshed and violence; and the very name of "English" was to her—as also to most of her compatriots—the syn-

onym of what was utterly detestable. Her fears were realized when the surrender was accomplished, and the English ships sailed triumphantly into port, landing five thousand of their own troops and eight thousand Spaniards.

This proceeding was regarded with the greatest alarm and indignation by the Revolutionists, who, considering the surrender an act of treachery, resolved to retake Toulon, and drive the allies from the soil of France. Two armies were marched upon Toulon; and a siege was begun which for three months made but little apparent progress.

Affairs within the city became unsettled, and were soon almost demoralized; and Pere Huet having fallen seriously ill, Margot's heart grew heavy, as Jean, seeming to throw off all restraint, wandered day after day about the streets, associating with soldiers and rough characters.

Margot had not dared to communicate much of her misgivings from the day, now several weeks past, when, after remonstrating warmly as to some offense he had committed, she bade him ask himself if his father would have approved the act, and started back, as from a man's threatened attack, when the boy turned fiercely upon her.

"Never name him to me again!" he cried, with heaving breast and flashing eyes. "I have no father. Do you know my name here in Toulon? It is the same as Pierre's. He is Pierre Lafitte, and I am his brother, Jean Lafitte. And, be I saint or devil, to the end of my life I am Jean Lafitte!"

He looked so big and terrible in his rage that Margot, silent and frightened, felt that he was almost a stranger to her—this boy she had carried in her arms, and whom she had loved and watched over for so many years.

It was the last night of November, when darkness fell early over the city, and Margot was preparing her lonely evening meal. Where Jean and Pierre were, she knew not, but presumed that, as was often their habit, they would sup with some of their soldier acquaintances.

Although the evening was cold, the usual number of pedestrians were abroad, these being mostly soldiers, who were seeking excitement and gos-



"And, be I saint or devil, to the end of my life I am Jean Lafitte!"

so dark," replied Jean, grasping the soldier's hand. "And you?"

"Much better for the fine supper I have been eating," said Greloire, a note of laughter in his voice.

Pierre now fell behind, and the three stepped more briskly.

"What have you to tell me?" inquired Jean, after they had gone a few paces, and Greloire remained silent.

"Did your lieutenant send you—was he wishing to know of me?" asked Jean eagerly. But there was no answer.

"Well, yes, and no," replied Greloire, speaking slowly, as if considering his words, and adding, as he looked down into the boy's upraised face, which even the dim light of the stars showed to be filled with keen disappointment, "Surely you have every reason to know his love for you; and he is one who never forgets. But his days are now filled with that which leaves little time for him to think of anything but this siege. He is outside the city, with the Revolutionary forces."

"He without, and you within, fighting against him!" burst from Jean's lips, as he drew himself away.

"Sh-h!" whispered the soldier. "These streets may seem deserted; but 'tis as well not to speak loud words for the winds may carry them to where the wrong ears may hear them."

Jean laughed softly, and came closer to Greloire.

"Aha—I see how it is."

"Be all the more careful, then, my young master," warned the soldier.

There was silence for a time, while the three walked slowly along until they reached a street where the houses were far apart; and the last one of all, from whose windows came a faint gleam of light, Jean pointed out to Greloire as his present abode.

"And so that is where you are living," said the soldier, as they stood looking toward it. "I tell you, lad, that had I the chance to possess so quiet a home, I should stop within it, and not be wandering into such shambles of carnage and blood as is the city now. Take my advice, and keep away from Le Chien Heureux. I can now come to your house; and that will be the best place for me to see you. But, if you are to undertake the mission of which I spoke, the less you see of that scoundrel Laro, the better will it be."

"Laro is my friend," declared Jean, his quick temper rising like a flash of fire. "He is my friend, and even you must not name him in such fashion to me."

"So?" said Greloire calmly, taking his hand from the boy's arm. "Then I doubt if you are to be trusted, and regret telling you as much as I have. Laro is not to be trusted. He is almost old enough to be your father; and, his suspicions once aroused, he has sufficient craftiness to surprise your secret, and use it for our harm."

Jean was silent, and Greloire went on in a milder tone. "Now tell me, were you in my place would you not think twice before risking secrets with such a keeper—one who cares so much for Laro as to have temper with an older friend, who, knowing the man's reputation, warns you against him?"

"I am not angry, Greloire," declared Jean penitently, "and regret that I was so. Pardon me."

"All right—all right, mon ami," was Greloire's hearty reply. Then, again lowering his voice, he asked in a half quizzical tone, "And do you wish to see our little colonel?"

"Yes—indeed yes! You know that I would not give one of his fingers in exchange for a dozen Laros."

"Bien," said Greloire. "Now I must be going. So adieu, and my compliments to the good dame Margot."

With this he turned about, and whistling softly, went back the way they had come, while the two boys, after watching him a few moments, bent their steps toward the cottage. (To be continued.)

slip at the various eating and drinking places frequented by them.

One of these was called "Le Chien Heureux," a two-story house situated down near one of the quays. Lights were blinking brightly from its small windows, and inside several stoves were burning, where Thiel, the landlord, and his one assistant, were preparing supper for several civilians and soldiers who sat about, talking and drinking, at the various small tables.

Sitting near the fire, two soldiers and a citizen, together with Jean and Pierre, were listening to a man in their midst, who, from his talk and appearance, seemed to have been an extensive traveler. This was Laro, an habitue of Le Chien Heureux when on shore from the "Aigle," a rakish-looking brigantine, of which he was owner and captain.

Jean listened with an attention which, for some reason, appeared to amuse Laro, who, now and then, with a quizzical smile lighting his black eyes, glanced askance at the boy's enraptured face.

Laro's story had been listened to by others seated around the tables, who occasionally reminded Thiel to hurry their suppers.

The next minute a soldierly-looking man came in, in the uniform of a petty officer showing as he unclasped and threw off the heavy cloak that had enveloped him. After demanding supper as speedily as possible, he seated himself some distance away from the group at the fire.

But Pierre had been staring open-mouthed at him; and now the sound of his voice caused Jean to start, and turn his head quickly in the direction of the shadowy corner where the soldier was seated.

"Greloire!" he breathed.

"What is that, my cocksparrow? Toulon harbors many a stranger tongue, to be sure, but I speak only my own."

### ILLUS OF TELEPHONE GIRLS.

#### Customary Salutation Constantly Rings in Their Ears.

"When a central operator hears somebody crying 'Hello' to her on the street, nine times out of ten she ignores the greeting," said a telephone expert. "Why? Because she takes the salute to be a delusion."

"A girl who, day after day, hears 'Hello, hello,' dinned into her ears, and who is constantly responding with 'Hello, hello, hello,' in time grows to hear and repeat the word mechanically; and when she leaves her work that word is still ringing in her ears. She can hear people saying 'Hello' to her on all sides, but the greeting of the real thing is so confused with the ghosts of dead labor that she seldom notices the first salutation of a friend."

"And did you ever know, by the way, that nine out of ten persons who habitually use the telephone have what we call 'telephone ear'?" In its first stage the telephone ear becomes acute and sensitive; but after long use the hearing becomes more or less blunted, and half the complaints against poor telephone service may be attributed rightly to the 'telephone ear.' Try it some time. If you habitually use the right ear, next time use the left and see if it isn't twice as satisfactory. It is a good plan for those who use the telephone much to frequently switch ears. This keeps the hearing equally balanced, and might ward off a permanent deafness."

#### Two Recommendations Needed.

Slowly—Doctor, I suppose you can recommend your tailor to me?"

Doctor—Certainly, but you will have to get some one else to recommend you to my tailor.

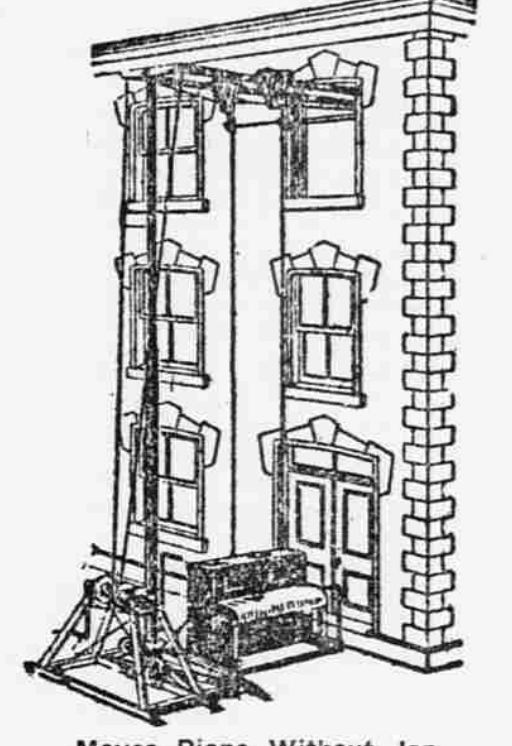
# SCIENCE and INVENTION

### Statistics on Coal Supply.

According to Statistician Edward W. Parker of the United States geological survey it will be from 180 to 230 years before anthracite coal will be exhausted in this country, although were the present rate of exhaustion and waste to continue the end would come in eighty years. But while he anticipates some increase in this direction in the next decade, after that he looks for a marked tendency to economize the supply. He notes the interesting fact that, although the production of anthracite has not kept pace with that of bituminous coal, it has increased faster than the population in the region where most of it is consumed. In 1880, he says, 1.82 tons of anthracite were produced for each inhabitant of the anthracite using portion of the country. This was increased to 2.47 tons per capita by 1890, and in 1900 to 2.53 tons. Using the entire population of the United States as the basis the per capita production of bituminous coal was .85 ton in 1880, 1.76 tons in 1890 and 2.76 tons in 1900. In 1860 two-thirds of the coal produced in the United States was Pennsylvania anthracite, while in 1870 anthracite constituted one-half the total, and for the last five years it has amounted to about one-fifth.

### Moves Pianos Without Jar.

Hoisting large and bulky articles to the upper floors of a building takes skill and experience, and is seldom attempted except by those acquainted with the business. The method ordinarily used is to put up a block and tackle, which is always very cumbersome and in which heavy timbers



are necessary. A Canadian has devised the very useful apparatus shown in the illustration. It is designed for the purpose of hoisting and putting through windows in the upper stories of buildings large, heavy and bulky articles. The apparatus is so constructed that it can be set to communicate with the first, second and third stories of buildings and when the work is done it can be quickly taken down and compactly put together for transportation. One of the chief advantages is that large articles can be put through the windows, as the parts take up little space. Pianos could be hoisted with little or no strain to the instrument, with no danger of scratches. It would also do away with the trouble of getting up narrow stairways and passing around sharp corners. The article to be hoisted is placed on the carrier, which is raised by the usual rope run over pulleys and attached to a roller turned by a crank. Riggers could use this apparatus to advantage, as could also piano movers or movers of safes.

Lorenzo D. Frazer of Toronto, Ont., is the patentee.

### New Process in Alloys.

A Philadelphia man claims to have overcome the difficulties besetting those who have attempted to make alloys of copper and iron, and to have discovered a process of alloying these metals perfectly homogeneously. The process consists of melting copper with a mixture of oxide iron and calcium carbide. Any oxide of iron, either hematite or the black oxide, can be used. A mixture of three parts of oxide of iron and one part calcium carbide is made, and, if it is desired to obtain a 50 per cent alloy of copper and iron, eighteen parts of this mixture should be used to eight parts copper. The copper is melted in a crucible and the mixture added, a little at a time, the bath being stirred and the temperature raised gradually. When the operation is completed the alloy is found in ingots of any other desired form. If an alloy containing as much as 85 per cent of iron is required the process is reversed, a bath of iron being substituted for the bath of copper and a mixture of oxide of copper and calcium carbide being added. The inventor claims that, on account of the fact one of the metals is presented to the other in a nascent condition, a perfect union is formed.

### First Knowledge of Ice.

There is a small ice plant at Jerusalem which has been in operation for three years. An oil engine of three horse power furnishes the power, while the freezer is of French manufacture. The sale of ice amounts to 700 pounds a day, and the capacity of the works is 1,400 pounds daily. The demand is increasing among the inhabitants, who, until this plant was established, had never seen ice.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.

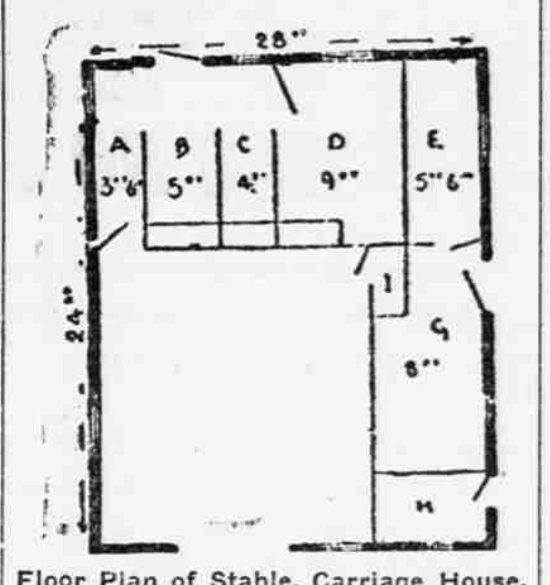
### COMBINED BARN AND STABLE.

Roomy and Comfortable and Comparatively Inexpensive.

G. M. H.—Please publish a plan for a small barn and stable to contain the following: Box stall, single horse stall, cow stall, a room for two carriages and sleigh, room for four tons of hay, coal bin, wood house and water closet. I wish to join it by a hall to the house. What quantity of shingles, lumber, etc., would be required to build it?

The accompanying plan provides one horse stall, one cow stall, and box stall, besides coal bin, wood house, harness room, water closet and carriage room. The loft above is large enough to hold the hay required. The door in the drive house can be made to drive in at the end as shown or in the side if desired.

The amount of material required, roughly estimated, would be as follows: Fourteen squares of shingles, 22 pieces 2x6 or 3x5 for rafters, 1,300 feet of sheeting, 1,800 feet of inch weather boarding, 1,600 feet of 2x10



Floor Plan of Stable, Carriage House, Coal Bin, Etc.

A passage way; B, horse stall; C, cow stall; D, box stall; E, coal bin; F, carriage room; G, wood house; H, water closet; I, harness room.

inch joists, 900 feet of inch flooring for upper floor, 800 feet of 2x4 scantling for balloon frame. The lower floor is not estimated, but should be laid with concrete or made of earth, especially in the wood house and drive house.

### Tar and Gravel Roof.

P. A. L.—Could a cheap and durable roof covering be made with gravel and some adhesive material? Would it answer for a flat roof? Where could the material be procured? Would a roof of cement plates be practicable?

Very flat roofs can be made of gravel, tar and felt paper. The sheathing for the roof should be matched lumber, then tar paper should be put on and laid the same as shingles, the lower part of tar paper should be laid in coal tar for about ten inches up and nailed down to the roof. The paper should lap over each layer, so that when the roof is covered it will be three ply. After the paper is laid cover the roof with hot coal tar and sift on gravel while tar is soft, so it becomes imbedded in it. The coal tar can be procured at any hardware store. Cement plastering on wood for roofs would not be a success, as it would be sure to crack and not be water-proof.

### Building a Bedroom.

M. N.—I wish to build a bedroom about fourteen feet by ten, to the end of a sitting room. It will be warmly built of frame, and well, but not expensively finished. It will contain one window and there will be no upstairs over it. I would be very much pleased to obtain from you an estimate of what it would cost to build it in this county.

It is difficult to give an estimate of the cost of the addition to the house, as sufficient details are not given regarding the construction—whether the roof is a gable or just a lean-to. Estimating on a building ten by fourteen, eight feet high, with a lean-to roof, with walls sheathed on outside with inch lumber, then paper, and weather boarded, the addition should cost about fifty-seven dollars, including mason work.

### Cement Curbing for Well.

S. D. M.—I am sinking a well and have come to a running sand bottom so that I cannot stone it up. Could I make pipes of cement concrete and put them down in sections? How thick would they require to be and how much cement would be needed, provided the inside diameter were three feet?

You can case your well with concrete tile as you describe, but there would be danger of the tile sinking in the quicksand, if the sand is very bad. Tile four inches thick would be sufficient. It would require about one-half barrel of Portland cement for a tile three feet long. Very fine screened gravel will make a better tile with less cement than if sand were used. Sand may be used, but it will require more cement in doing so.

### A Concrete Wall for Sliding Doors.

M. W. McC.—In building concrete walls would it be practicable to construct them so as to allow the doors and windows to be shoved back into them instead of swinging open?

You could not build your wall so as to have the doors and windows slide back into them, unless they were made thicker than ordinary walls for barns. The writer has built concrete walls under barns, and never built a wall over one foot thick. By building a hollow wall for doors and windows to slide into the space your molds would take up would leave only a thin wall on each side. Windows and doors could be arranged to slide back on the inside of the wall.



### Humour of the Day

Bliss Beyond Compare.  
Fond mother—You will be five years old to-morrow, Willis, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else—  
Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em.—Youth.

Couldn't Lose.  
"I've got a bet on to-day's ball game."  
"Who do you want to see win?"  
"I don't care."  
"I thought you said you had a bet on the game."  
"I have, but I can't lose."  
"How's that?"  
"Why, I bet a kiss with my best girl."



A Knock.  
Mrs. N. Peck—You don't know how to appreciate a good wife.  
Mr. N. Peck—Well, I haven't had a chance yet.—Comic Cuts.

The Pleasures of Imagination.  
"It is not so much what a thing is as what we think it is that influences us," I insisted earnestly, for I believed in looking on the bright side of things.  
"True," said the unsentimentalist. "Notling adds so much to the bouquet of the wine as the right label on the bottle."

Gaining an Emphatic Answer.  
"I beg, I beseech you to be my wife," he pleaded. "Oh, do not say 'No.'"  
"Mr. Nerve," replied the fair girl, "I had not thought of saying 'no' to you. I'm sure you wouldn't take that for an answer, and so permit me to say, 'Not on your life!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Somewhat Different.  
DeBorum—I hope you do not think I have prolonged my stay unnecessarily.  
Miss Caustique—Oh, no; it isn't your staying so late that I object to.  
DeBorum—What, then?  
Miss Caustique—To your early coming.

Drawing the Line.  
"This world is but a vale of tears," said the sentimental landlady. "Even the beautiful rose has its thorn."  
"Oh, I don't mind a little thing like that," rejoined the prosaic bachelor.

An Extinguisher.  
Gusher—She told me I was the light of her life.  
Flusher—Well, that was encouraging.  
Gusher—Yes; but her father happened along just then and put the light out.

Went Out Through the Roof.  
She—Jackson never goes out with his wife.  
He—He went out with her this morning.  
She—Your surprise me!  
He—Yes; the gasoline stove exploded.

Not Universal.  
Tommy Figgjam—Paw?  
Paw Figgjam—Yes, my son.  
"Do they kick on the street railway services everywhere?"  
"No, my son; only where they have street cars."  
"Oh!"



Cause for Doubt.  
The Passenger—Can I get through here?  
The Gateman—You may try it, madam, but I doubt it.

At the Seance.  
Widower—Is that my wife?  
Medium—It certainly is.  
Widower—Lord help me! And to think that I put ten tons of granite over her!

Always Something on Foot.  
"Chicago girls have to stand for a good deal from the joke writers."  
"Yes; but they have the broadest kind of feet to stand on."