

LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
(Copyright, 1903, by Little, Brown, and Company)
(All Rights Reserved)

CHAPTER XVI.

As she looked about her, in the tangled and shadowy forest, where the night was already coming darkly, a new terror arose within her, and she sought to return by the way she had come, but this was only to find her steps cut off by still denser masses of forest growth. Even as she stood hesitating, there came a faint cry, like that of a child, and a rush of hopefulness thrilled her at the thought of something human being near in the gloom and oppressive stillness.

Then there fell upon her a freezing terror, as she suddenly recalled the slaves telling recently of a panther's voice having been heard at night, near the settlement; and she remembered that they had likened it to the crying of a child.

Trembling with fright, she stood, glancing about in terror, wondering which way to turn, when another sound came faintly. It was a sound she had heard before, and one no hearer could ever forget; a short, quick bark, followed by a prolonged howl—the cry of the timber wolf.

Gathering her draperies closely, she sprang forward again, all color gone from the dainty little face, now ashen with fear, against which the bushes and low branches beat unmercifully. Again and again the fendish cry rang out, to be succeeded by another, and then another, as if the first call had summoned a multitude of wolves to the chase. But, for all her dainty femininity, she had a man's heart for courage in the face of danger; and, as she still kept on, with clenched hands and panting breath, a small cabin showed in a clearing before her.

A new strength came to her at sight of this refuge, and she rushed toward it, to find only an untenanted ruin, with its door fallen from the hinges.

But she saw upon the floor a large iron ring, which indicated the entrance

The touch and the words struck sharply through her benumbed senses; and with a cry of affright, she struggled to free herself.

"What is it?" asked Lafitte, now speaking firmly and quickly. "Are you hurt, child—are you injured in any way?"

"Do not—do not!" the girl commanded, now uncovering her face, and looking up at him with an angry light sparkling in her eyes. "How dare you?"

Drawing back a step, Lafitte stared at her in amazement, until suddenly recalling what Nato had told him a short time before, and realizing that what he had then feared was indeed true, he stood before her speechless, a new agony growing in his pale face. For a moment she met his eyes unflinchingly. Then, dropping her own, turned from him with a shudder, as she said coldly, "I wish to be taken to the house, Captain—"

She stopped as if checked at the thought of uttering his name.

"In a moment, mademoiselle," he answered with the cool courtesy he would have shown a stranger. "Your grandpère has been alarmed on your account. He had sent for you to come and bid me adieu; and then, when your absence was discovered, it was quite late."

She said nothing, nor did he, for the space of a full minute. Then, with his face turned to the darkness outside, he resumed:

"If the day may ever come when you can think of me with less condemnation, remember always what I tell you now. I do not, nor can I ever, blame you. And, if I can ever serve you, you have but to command me, always and forever."

Some of the slaves, who had returned from the hunt, now sent up a joyous shout at sight of their "Mlle Ma'm'selle" unhurt; and, rising, she

in the Mississippi valley, occupied by some two hundred and seventy persons, many of them women and children, of whom all but seventeen were put to death by the Creeks, one of the tribes which the English had won over for allies.

Gov. Claiborne had foreseen this threatened peril, but was powerless to avert it, for his forces were few and scattered, while the Indians seemed innumerable, and moved with wonderful activity. But the governor did all in his power to restore confidence; and not long afterward Gen. Jackson utterly destroyed the Creeks at Talladega.

"My heart may be telling me wrongly, Pierre," Jean said, as the two sat talking in their abode at Grande Terre—a cabin outside, but luxurious within, "but I have a feeling that if I now go to the emperor I may find the opportunity for serving him; and that this may prove to him the love that has never died."

"Perhaps," answered Pierre, hesitatingly. "But what is it that makes you think you may be of service to the emperor and France?"

"To say truth, I have no idea that is definite; but I feel an irresistible inclination to go, and see if the opportunity offers."

"If you should find service over there—then what?"

"Why," replied Jean, "then you can wind up our matters here, and come over to join me. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? That is assuredly what I would do, if—" and Pierre hesitated for an instant—"I could."

"And what can prevent?"

"In such a case," Pierre replied deliberately, "there would be a valuable cargo to come with me, and watchful enemies here to blind. Then possibly, or most probably, by summer or fall, with the English vessels patrolling the waters around us, the safe getting away might not be so easy a matter."

"Summer and fall are not now," was the oracular declaration; "and by the time they come, it may be that the English will have been made to slink home again, as once before."

"I don't feel at all sure as to that," Pierre commented, as he rose to cover the embers upon the hearth. Then, turning to Jean, he continued, as though there had been no interruption, "I tell thee, lad, that Louisiana has always possessed a great attraction for Great Britain."

"Grant it," said Jean, rising and stretching himself. "Then all the more reason why, in case they succeed in obtaining it, that we should wish to live somewhere else."

"Ah, but I am not saying that they will rule here!" exclaimed Pierre, with a showing of anger at thought of the possibility suggested by Jean's words. "God forbid!"

"Amen to that," said Jean, laughing at the quick change in his foster-brother's manner and look; and they soon parted for the night.

It was a bright morning in May that the "Black Petrel," with Jean Lafitte and a picked crew, and bearing a cargo of rich merchandise, sailed from Barataria; and Pierre, his heart filled with loneliness and misgivings, sat on the bluff, watching her sails until they melted away on the horizon.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT THE AGE OF A CROW.

A Tag Would Indicate That One Lived More Than Twenty Years.

A farmer living near Orrville, Ohio, says a correspondent of the Toronto Globe, has just received a much-prized little aluminum plate marked as follows: "Return to George McCarren, Orrville, O." with which an interesting story is connected.

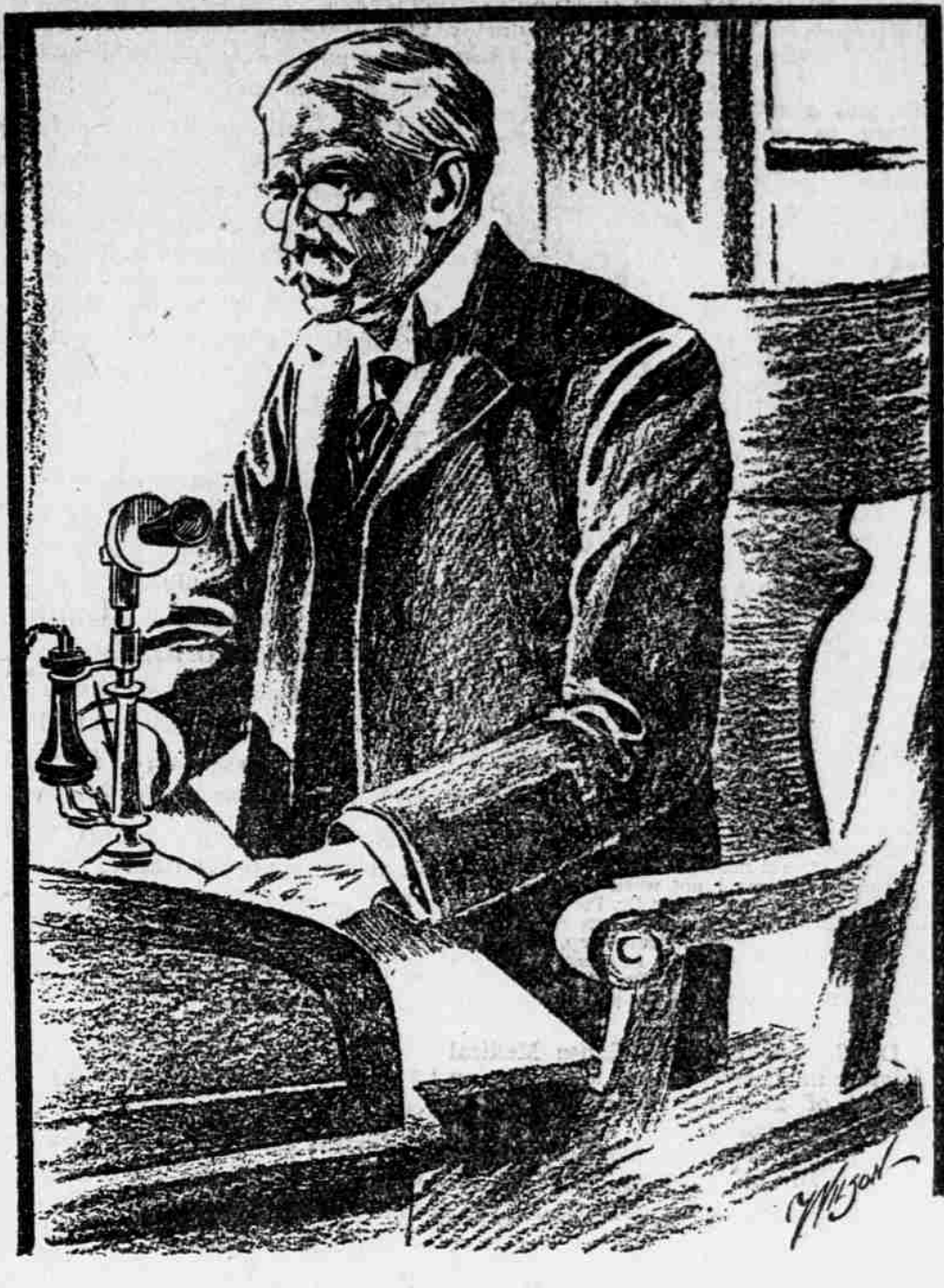
George McCarren, Sr., father of the man who received the little billet of aluminum, was an eccentric naturalist and spent much time in the study of birds and insects. During McCarren's youth, about twenty years ago, he says he remembers being told by his father, the elder McCarren, of a dispute the latter had with a fellow naturalist at Akron, Ohio, as to the age to be attained by a common crow, and finally, to settle the matter, McCarren attached an aluminum tag to the crow captured in the fields and sent the bird forth with the plate securely fastened to its neck by wires. The legend on the plate requested the finder to return it to McCarren in case anything should happen to the bird.

As McCarren, Jr., remembers it, the two men made a bet as to whether the plate would be returned within twenty years. If the crow were killed or died they counted on the little billet being found and returned to the address on the plate. If this were not returned they believed it would be sufficient evidence that the bird would still alive. McCarren bet that the plate would not be returned within that time; hence he won the bet. The crow was killed by a farmer boy named Angers in Holmes county last week, and the billet returned to the son of the better, the elder McCarren having died before he could realize the proceeds and the satisfaction of winning his wager. The little billet is highly prized by the McCarrens as a memento of the father's eccentricity.

Egg of Captive Rattlesnake.
One of a boxful of four rattlesnakes sent to Fred Kempel from California three or four days ago laid an egg, which is said to be almost without precedent, as snakes in captivity never breed.

The egg is only a little smaller than a hen's egg, and the small rattle can be plainly seen curled up inside of the opaque membrane. It is expected to hatch within a day or two. Few naturalists have ever been able to locate the eggs of the rattlesnake, owing to the fact that the snake is exceedingly torpid at the time, and seeks the bottom of its hole, so as not to be prey for the birds, which attack it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SHADY DEALINGS CHARGED TO NEW YORK FINANCIER



TO PROBE FINANCIAL SCANDAL.

Creditors Want Large Sum from New York National Bank.

Archibald G. Loomis has resigned as second vice president of the National City bank, New York, because of the disclosures growing out of the Munroe & Munroe scandal.

Mr. Loomis' withdrawal from the bank does not end the connection of the Standard Oil institution with the Montreal and Boston stock-washing scandal.

The bank got \$60,000 from Munroe & Munroe on the day of the failure, and Samuel Untermyer, counsel for Receiver Work, claims that this money should go into the general fund for division among all of the creditors. Unless the bank voluntarily makes restitution of the \$60,000, suit will probably be brought for its recovery.

This may make necessary the calling of James Stillman, president of the Rockefeller bank, as a witness. When Mr. Loomis goes on the stand he will not be connected with the bank, and the directors are anxious that none of the officials or employees shall be called to tell of the bank's dealings with the Munroes.

The creditors are confident, however, that the full relations of the bank with the enormous washing of Montreal and Boston have not yet been disclosed, and some of them declare that the books of the bank should be produced in open court and closely examined.

Frank Brewer, the broker who got 30,000 shares of Montreal & Boston stock from the Munroes on the day of the failure, but was only charged on the books of the firm for 15,000 shares, is said to have been the personal broker of Mr. Loomis.

Why Brewer should have been made the gift of 15,000 shares, worth at the time \$52,500, is one of the many mysteries of the scandal not yet cleared up. Mr. Loomis will be questioned about this phase of the case.

JEWISH PROVINCE IN AFRICA.

British Government Offers Large Tract for Settlement.

Three commissioners representing the Zionist movement have just started to British East Africa to inspect a tract of land as large as Wales, which the British government has offered the Jews of all parts of the world as a place of settlement preparatory to the realization of their ultimate object of occupying Palestine.

The tract is described in a recent lecture by Sir Henry Johnston to "the Friends of Jewish Freedom" as a fertile, well watered country, with a climate "like a perpetual mild summer," situated some twenty miles from the Uganda railway. This Jewish colony is to be under a Jewish administrator, subject to British rule, with a large degree of autonomy. It will be a place of asylum for the distressed and oppressed Jews of eastern Europe.

The government's offer has been provisionally accepted by the Zionist committee, and commissioners, as already stated, have been sent to ascertain the feasibility of the proposal to build a new Jewish state in this region.

Knew the Crowd.

A street preacher in a west of Scotland town called a policeman who was passing and complained about being annoyed by a certain section of the audience, and asked him to remove the objectionable ones.

"Weel, ye see," replied the cautious officer, "it would be a hard job for me to spot them; but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you."

"What would you do?" eagerly inquired the preacher.

"Just ga' round wi' the hat!"—Ram's Horn.

NO MORE ROMANCE IN WAR.

Preparation and Combat Brought to Scientific Basis.

In spite of all that the military critics may say, war as a romantic occupation is doomed. The killing of men on the field of glory in days long past is still pictured as a "pretty pastime," as Napoleon said. But the favorite old figures of tradition are fast disappearing before the steady advance of science.

To-day Browning's boy rider who was shot in two while bearing news of the capture of Ratisbon to the emperor would be a matter-of-fact telegrapher sitting quietly at his instrument, and Beranger's grizzled veteran of the guard returning to die with the colors would be barred at the recruiting office because he could not tell blue from green without glasses.

Gen. Greely grew enthusiastic the other day while describing before the Military Service Institution at Governor's Island how the Japanese had "wired" a whole army spread out before the enemy. He quoted approvingly a war correspondent who said that the clicking of the telegraph instruments at his headquarters meant more to Kuroki than the sound of the guns. What room will be left for romance when the general commanding the army of the right can telephone to the commander-in-chief's office forty miles away to have ten regiments and four batteries expressed to him by special train? He might as well be ordering dry goods or hardware, for all the sentiment to be got out of such a situation.

Kuropatkin's headquarters railway carriage and touring cars for side trips are only indicative of what may be done when his methods are perfected. When that time comes, the dashing cavalry leader brevetted for gallantry on the field of action will have nothing to boast of except that he burst seven tires while charging across the tack mines of an enemy two counties away. There will be no more Sheridan's rides.

When a lookout officer stationed in an impregnable bomb-proof with an automatic range-finder shall direct by wireless telephone the firing of smokeless guns of hidden batteries against an invisible enemy war will degenerate into a mere scientific test between rival lens-makers and electrical-supplies concerns. The last step will be a herculean war and a pensionless retired list.

International Animosities.

In his reminiscences of diplomatic life Andrew White tells a pleasant anecdote of Empress Frederick, the German emperor's mother. The American ambassador had mentioned a certain pathetic picture of George III to the king's great-granddaughter, and in talking of the long-ended bitter feeling between the United States and Great Britain he said: "It is a remembrance of mine, now hard to realize, that I was brought up to abhor the memory of George III." At this the empress smiled and answered—and all who have known her will imagine the note in her voice—"That was very unjust, for I was brought up to adore the memory of Washington."

—Chicago Chronicle.

His Own Pronunciation.

When congress resumed business the other day the house did not remain in session very long, an adjournment being taken on account of the death of Representative Mahoney of Chicago.

"Mr. Mahoney," said a Washington man, "was a quaint character in many ways, one of them being in the manner he pronounced his name. He put the accent on the first syllable and used the long sound of 'a' in the bargain. And he was a very good Irishman at that."

CONSTANT ACHING.

Back aches all the time. Spolls your appetite, weakens the body, worries the mind. Kidneys cause it, all and Doan's Kidney Pills relieve and cure it.

H. B. McCarver, of 201 Cherry St., Portland, Ore., Inspector of freight for the Trans-Continental Co., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for back ache and other symptoms of kidney trouble which had annoyed me for months. I think a cold was responsible for the whole trouble. It seemed to settle in my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills rooted it out. It is several months since I used them, and up to date there has been no recurrence of the trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Spanish Bridal Customs.
In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or god-mother. Neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive departure after the ceremony. The wedded pair go quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before leaving they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

Professor's Atrocious Pun.
Professor Strunk of the English department of Cornell university is a fond papa, as well as a desperate punster. His favorite form of exercise is trundling a baby carriage along the campus walks. On day while he was so employed a friend hailed him with the query: "Giving your son an airing, Billy?" "No," replied the professor with dignity. "I'm giving my heir a sunning."

Victim of Necessity.
With her husband in the hospital, Mrs. Wood, wife of a London drayman, sold her fireguard for 25 cents to buy food, and soon afterward her three-year-old child was burned to death.

HIS EXPERIENCE TEACHES THEM

That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. Remarkable case of George J. Barber—Quick recovery after years of suffering.

Easterville, Iowa, Jan. 23d.—(Special)—The experience of Mr. George J. Barber, a well known citizen of this place, justifies his friends in making the announcement to the world "Bright's Disease can be cured." Mr. Barber had kidney trouble and it developed into Bright's Disease. He treated it with Dodd's Kidney Pills and to-day he is a well man. In an interview he says:

"I can't say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had Kidney Disease for fifteen years and though I doctored for it with the best doctors here and in Chicago, it developed into Bright's Disease. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes cured me completely. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best in the world."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Bright's Disease.

It is very difficult for a man to believe that a girl with golden hair and blue eyes would ever tell a fib.—Baltimore American.

10,000 Plants for 16c.

This is a remarkable offer by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes

Salzer Seeds have a national reputation as the earliest, finest, choicest the earth produces. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
1,000 splendid Onions,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE.

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 26c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of the earliest Sweet Corn on earth—Salzer's Fourth of July—fully 10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, etc. [W. N. U.]

When Vanity enters at the front door Reason steals out the back way.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

A good reputation is a fair estate, but there are others on which it is easier to get a mortgage.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your Druggist will refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 5 to 14 days. See.

The best way to avenge ourselves is not to resemble those who have injured us.—Amiel.

Smokers find Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar better quality than most 10c brands. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Rattle brains always make the most racket



He stood before her, speechless.

to a cellar; and, seizing this, she pulled at it with all her strength.

A small section of the floor lifted, creaking on rusted hinges, and dashing wildly through dust and cobwebs that rose with it, she plunged into the shallow opening, earth-walled and floored, the dust filling her eyes and nostrils, and half-choking her, as she panted sobbingly for breath.

A few moments later she grew cold with an agony of apprehension, when she heard the noise of her pursuers' feet upon the flooring over her head, and their snuffing at the cracks in the cellar door. How long it lasted she scarcely knew, cramped as she was in the darkness, aching, throbbing—half-swooning, with the dreadful creatures howling and snarling above her head; how long it was before the baying of beagles, faint at first, sounded in her ears.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, growing strong and clear; and then she heard the shouting of voices.

This brought a new fear—for might not these come from those fully as much to be feared as were the wolves? The island, as she knew, was several miles long; and she had always known that it held others besides her grandfather's household.

She listened tremblingly, a new dread encompassing her as the voices of the beagles now broke out close to the cabin. Then there was a rushing sound, followed by an uproar indicating a fierce struggle. At length the combat seemed to surge through the cabin door, and a voice which she recognized as that of black Zeb, one of her grandfather's most trusted slaves, shouted, "Dar goes de last debbil, makin' for de woods! Shoot him, boys—shoot eb'ry hider yer can see!"

Roselle called to him, but her voice sounded faint and unnatural to her own ears. Then the door was lifted, and the blinding light of a torch flashed in her face.

"Take me out; take me home!" she cried, raising her arms appealingly, while she sobbed like a terrified child.

A man's voice, one she was too bewildered to recognize, answered her. "Little Rose—my precious little island Rose!"

A husky, shaking voice murmured these words against her ear, where she felt the pressure of warm lips.

"Ah, thank God, I have thee safe again!"

smiled upon them as they gathered around her.

Two of them, under Lafitte's direction, made a seat of their interlocked hands, and, bearing her between them, set out for the house, with flaring torches lighting the way.

The proclamation of Gov. Claiborne resulted in inducing Count de Cazeau to return to his New Orleans home earlier than usual; and Lafitte's house in the city was closed, while a trusted negro overseer was left in charge of the blacksmith shop, with orders to say that his master had gone away upon matters of business.

It was to Grande Terre that Pierre had gone, feeling that a time was near at hand for the joining of issues between his confederates and the government, and wishing, as always, to share the fortunes of his foster brother.

On the western shore of Grande Terre, with several miles of forest lying between it and De Cazeau's house, was the so-called "fort" of the Baratarians, standing upon a grassy eminence dotted with magnificent live oaks, and terminating at a bluff not many feet above the sea.

It consisted of a fair-sized building and several smaller ones, all of wood, enclosed within a stockade; and a few cannon protected the fleet—now consisting of two brigatines, some small schooners and sloops, and a large number of smaller craft—anchored in the harbor at the rear of the island.

Outside the stockade were many huts, constructed of logs, and with thatched roofs, where were always domiciled a small army of Lafitte's retainers, while he—when at Grande Terre—and a few of his sub-leaders had their quarters inside.

Shell Island, already mentioned, up one of the almost inaccessible bayous, was his most frequent abode, where he kept about him only a few devoted followers; and here, amid impenetrable forests, was conducted the building of vessels.

War between the United States and Great Britain had been waging for a year or more; but it had not yet threatened Louisiana, nor had any preparations been made at New Orleans to resist an attack from the enemy.

But, in the summer of 1813, occurred the horrible massacre at Fort Mims.