

# LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown, and Company  
(All Rights Reserved)

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The twelve months elapsing since the September afternoon that witnessed Rose de Cazeneau's disillusion in regard to her trusted "Captain Jean" had been uneventful ones for her, until very recently, when she had met Lazalie under Gen. La Roche's hospitable roof, and, for the first time in her life, found a girl friend.

The dark beauty and indifferent manner of the Spanish girl possessed a strange and powerful attraction for the gentle-natured Rose; and Lazalie, feeling the other's admiration and liking, had reciprocated in a way that brought to the surface her better and more womanly self.

The general had for a guest at this time the son of an old friend, Col. Thomas Stewart of Kentucky, who, sending young Harold to New Orleans upon a matter of business, had asked for him La Roche's hospitality. La Roche and the two girls were breakfasting when Laffitte arrived. Brigida, who was superintending certain domestic matters in a front room of the house, was the first to see his approach.

Gen. La Roche, with the impetuosity of a much younger man, sprang from his chair and crossed the room to grasp Laffitte's hand, welcoming him in words which were but carelessly heard; for the newcomer glanced from Lazalie, who had followed her host's movements, to the childish figure still seated at the table—to the lovely face, flushing and paling by turns, while the violet eyes, with a startled and yet not altogether displeased light showing in them, were raised to meet his own.

Not offering to touch her hand, he said, with a bow, "I hope, mademoiselle, that I find you quite well."

She answered in a low voice, her manner, with the color still going and coming in her cheeks, suggesting nothing more than usual shyness.

wish to present you to my friend, Captain Jean, who has come to see me upon a matter of business. Mr. Stewart"—now speaking to Laffitte, as the young man rose and took the former's extended hand—"is the son of an old friend, whom I think you have met in past years. He was then Ensign Tommy Stewart, but now he is, if you please, Col. Thomas Stewart of Kentucky, a member of General Jackson's staff."

"I remember having met him in New Orleans, some years ago; and I am pleased to make the acquaintance of his son."

As the breakfast proceeded, accompanied by a general and inconsequent chatter, Laffitte's keen eyes took note of the way in which the young man looked at Mademoiselle de Cazeneau; and it seemed to him that not only was she conscious of Stewart's attention, but that it embarrassed her.

A fury, sudden and savage, possessed him at the thought of this handsome young stranger daring to covet what was to him, who had known her so long, the most precious thing in all his world.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harold Stewart. "By Jove, Senorita Lazalie, what a fascinating fellow this Captain Jean is!"

The two were sitting in a shaded summer house, Mademoiselle de Cazeneau having disappeared immediately after breakfast, making—as Brigida told Lazalie—the excuse of wishing to see her grandfather at Kanauhana.

"Have you known him long?" he inquired.

"Yes, for several years," she answered carelessly, adding, as though feeling little interest in Capt. Jean, "I wonder why Rose slipped away alone. She always likes to have me go with her."

If Lazalie could have seen her little friend her wonder would have been increased.



"And why should you, and every one, like him so much—such a wicked, dreadful man?"

Turning from her, and while Albert, the butler, showing as much pleasure as he thought it dignified to manifest, was, by his master's order, preparing another place at the table, Laffitte told Gen. La Roche of the sailors who were waiting outside with their burdens; and the general, preceded by Laffitte, started to leave the room as a cheery whistling, accompanied by the sound of footsteps upon the oaken stairs, announced that Harold Stewart was coming down to breakfast.

Laffitte was already in the hall, and La Roche, pausing a moment, turned back to say, in a carefully lowered tone, "Senorita Lazalie—Mademoiselle Rose, I must warn both of you to have a care how you mention the name of Laffitte in the hearing of young Stewart. Remember," he added, with unmistakable emphasis, "he must be 'Captain Jean,' and no one else, so long as he is here with us."

Lazalie nodded, with a smile of appreciation, but Mademoiselle de Cazeneau looked with troubled eyes at the general as he hurried out.

She was greatly puzzled, as indeed she had been more than once during the past year, to understand how it was that people for whom she could have nothing but respect should seem to find no objection to fraternizing with the dreadful Laffitte, and she was beginning to wonder how much of untruth there might be in the terrible stories she had heard concerning him.

It was all a perplexing puzzle, and the girl sighed as she stirred her chocolate.

Lazalie, hearing the sigh, laughed as her white teeth bit into her toast.

"Why do you sigh so woefully, my little Rose, and look so tragic? These gentlemen have their secrets to preserve, especially just now, when one cannot be sure that his neighbor will not betray him for a chance to curry favor with the governor, or he is not scheming for opening the way to the English."

Rose's reply, whatever it might have been, was checked by the entrance of Gen. La Roche and Laffitte, and young Stewart stared surprisedly at the tall, straight form following his host.

"Mr. Stewart," said the general, "I

Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, her manner softening somewhat at Zenny's evident sincerity. "And why should you, and every one, like him so much—such a wicked, dreadful man?"

The adjectives were indubitably harsh—more so than the manner in which they were uttered, and the violet eyes held a suggestion that the speaker would not object to knowing that her application of them was misplaced.

"Wicked—dreadful!" echoed Zenny, shaking her head violently. "No, no, never is Captain Jean either of these."

"But Mamman Zillah once told me," said Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, with the air of one seeking to remove unpleasant doubts from the mind, "that years ago when she belonged to a man up at Contraband Bayou, she saw Capt. Laffitte and two other men go into the woods with a horse. They had shovels and picks, and she followed them to see what they would do. She saw them digging a hole, like a grave; but it was a big chest they dug up. And there was gold in the chest, for she saw it when the men began filling some bags. Then she was so frightened for fear they would see her that she ran home to her cabin. And—"

Mademoiselle de Cazeneau's eyes opened wide to their full width and her voice took a minor note, while her manner became imbued with horrible suggestiveness—"a few hours later she saw the horse come out of the woods, with the bags across its back; but only Capt. Jean came out of the woods with the horse."

Zenny laughed derisively, and again shook her head.

"That story came on horseback, Missy, along with the others you have heard, and Zillah ought to be well whipped for telling such a wicked lie. If she ever saw such a thing, then the two men had gone off in some other way to look after their own business, which was what Zillah ought to have been doing."

But Mademoiselle de Cazeneau was, although apparently against her own will, still unconvinced, for she added impressively, "Zillah said that they afterward found the two men dead in the woods. And I have heard other stories, too—of how he has made men jump into the sea when he burned or scuttled their ships, and took all they had on board."

"Capt. Jean steal! Capt. Jean murder!" cried Zenny, her eyes flashing with indignation. "Such things he never did, and all such stories are lies—black lies. How can you believe them, or think of them, my honey, when you once thought him so good and noble?"

The question was unanswered, and Zenny, after a moment's pause, added, "If there is any truth in such talk it was wicked Capt. Laro who did these things; but Capt. Jean—never." "Laro—Capt. Laro!" said her young mistress, with a puzzled little frown, and raising a hand to push back the clustering hair from her now cooled cheeks. "Ah, yes; it comes to me; I have heard my mother speak of him; it was he who brought her from France."

"It was he, too, who brought Capt. Jean here to Louisiana."

"He did?" the girl asked in surprise. "And did you know him then—when he was a boy?"

The negress nodded. "He seemed a comrade then, young as he was, of the captain's—a comrade in business. He was a wicked—very wicked man—a scallerat," this Capt. Laro; and it was surely he, and not Capt. Jean, who did the wicked deeds you have heard about, my honey."

"And where now is Capt. Laro—do you know, Zenny?"

"Dead and gone, Missy—so I've been told. And if so, then he is down with the devil, I reckon," answered the old woman grimly, rising to her feet as Lazalie's voice was heard from the hall below, calling, "Rose, my little Rose, where are you?"

(To be continued.)

## SUPPLIES DURING A SIEGE.

Primitive Incubators Used When Gibraltar Was Beleaguered.

Some months after the siege of Gibraltar began Admiral Rodney reached the rock with twenty-one ships of the line and brought in vast quantities of supplies. In April, 1781, about a year after Rodney's visit, Admiral Darby, with the British grand fleet, also anchored at Gibraltar and brought in supplies. On one occasion a vessel from Naples was driven to the rock with 6,000 bushels of barley, which the garrison found of unspeakable value. Then, too, while the bombardment destroyed most of the houses, the English found it possible to raise large amounts of vegetables and garden supplies.

They even raised chickens, following out an original method of incubation, the forerunner of the process in vogue to-day. Eggs were put in tins cans and kept heated by water until they hatched. In order to get the brood cared for it was necessary to take a capon, pull out the breast feathers, scratch the fowl's breast with nettles until it bled and then settle him upon the downy chicks. The relief given the smarting wounds by the soft down of the brood was so great that adoption speedily followed. —Chicago Chronicle.

Wheels Used as Alarm Bells.

Locomotive drive wheels can still make a racket, even after having been worn out for traveling purposes. The railroads give them to small towns as fire alarm bells. They are framed and hung up for that purpose—being capable of alarming a wide territory when properly pounded. Most of the smaller towns in New Jersey have them.

# LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown, and Company  
(All Rights Reserved)

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Zenny, who had little liking for the Spanish beauty, now took herself off, and the two girls soon went down stairs together, to see the Count de Cazeneau, whom, feeble and emaciated, they found lying back among the pillows of his chair.

On the floor, near the count's chair, were two sacks, which both girls saw were the counterparts of those brought to Gen. La Roche's house that same morning, and an old negro—one who seemed trusted in his master's affairs—was on his knees, having just finished tying the mouth of one of them.

His master then, as Lazalie and Rose entered the room, making a motion for him to desist, he had subsided to the floor, apparently waiting for the call to be ended, and Mademoiselle de Cazeneau felt that her grandfather was desirous that his visitors should leave him.

This they did, and were half way across the first field, when Lazalie put an arm about the shoulder of the slight figure beside her.

"Little Rose, when I found you I saw you had been crying, and I've been wondering about it ever since. Will you not tell me what has been troubling you?"

Rose, lifting a pair of earnest eyes to the dark, brilliant face, asked, "Tell me, Lazalie, have you known Capt. Jean long?"

Lazalie came to a halt and her lids narrowed as they dropped over her sparkling eyes, from which all laughter was gone.

"Known him long? Yes, and no. I doubt if any soul, even those nearest him, can claim truthfully to know that man. I lived for many years in my uncle's house, where Capt. Jean also lived; that is, he came and went. But, for the last three years, I've not seen him until this morning."

Something in her tone—something in her face—her manner, caused a suspicion to flash through Mademoiselle

"I happen to know, because I have heard the same tale from my uncle, who knew this boy at that time. The boy is now known to you as Capt. Jean Laffitte."

"Capt. Laffitte!" was the amazed, half incredulous exclamation. Lazalie nodded.

"Capt. Jean Laffitte!" repeated Rose de Cazeneau, her voice faint with astonishment. "And yet," she added, as if trying to grasp the wonderful fact, "he told me, when he brought me to his grandpere, that he had known my mother, but I supposed he had met her in New Orleans."

"Was it Capt. Jean who brought you from the Choctaws?" asked Lazalie, now surprised in turn.

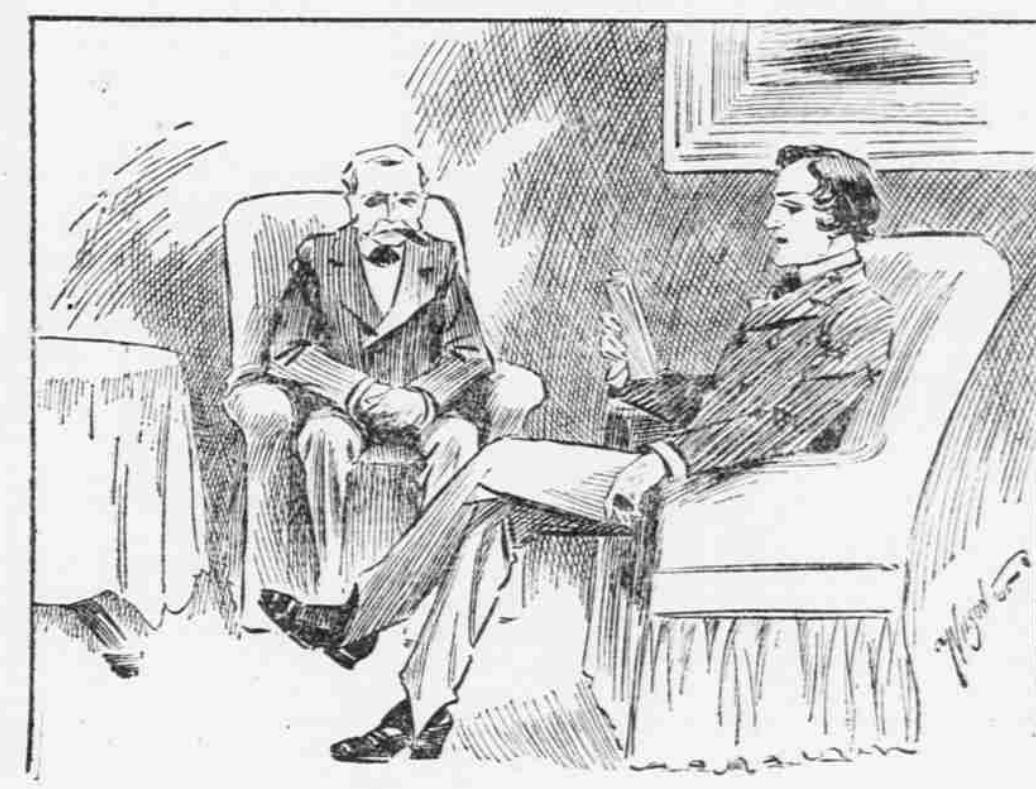
Mademoiselle de Cazeneau nodded, but seemed disinclined to enter into details and fortune favored her in this, for Lazalie said, "There is Capt. Jean now."

He was coming across the fields toward them, apparently on his way to Kanauhana. But, just as they noticed him he took a sharp turn to the left, in the direction of the timber, where, at the edge of the woods, two men stood as if waiting his approach. One of them was Shapira, who was leaning on a long gun, and his companion was Baptistine.

"That man with the gun is the one from whom grandpere rented our new plantation," said Rose, as the two girls, walking slowly, watched Laffitte's tall figure approaching the waiting men. "I wonder where he lives. He is always about the fields and woods, yet there is no house for many miles, except Gen. La Roche's and the one at Kanauhana."

Far in the depths of the wood upon whose edge Shapira and Baptistine stood, and upon the domain of Kanauhana, was the entrance to the so-called "Colonneh."

It was apparently nothing more than a ragged fissure of earth, choked by vines and tangled forest growths, and suggesting only the lair of a wild beast or deadly serpent. But, some



"Then Barataria will defend herself."

de Cazeneau's mind, impelling her to say, before realizing that she had uttered the words, "Lazalie, do you love, or hate, Capt. Jean?"

Lazalie turned so fiercely that her small companion was startled and, regretting her query, hastened to say, "You speak kindly of him, yet your eyes seem to hold no kindness for him. I myself—do you know, I really dread him. I cannot tell what to think about the man; for Zenny says it was not Capt. Jean who killed men and burned their ships, and was a wicked pirate, but that these things were done by another man, whom Capt. Jean was with, and who is now dead."

"Did Zenny tell you the name of this other man—this wicked captain, who did such cruel things?" inquired Lazalie, with assumed carelessness, and her companion could not see the sullen fire in the dark eyes now staring straight ahead.

"Oh, yes; he was called Capt. Laro."

Rose was startled by a peculiar laugh from Lazalie, whose face was still turned away. But the hardening curve of the red under lip, to be seen in profile, told her that she had said something to affect the Spanish beauty unpleasantly.

She could not help feeling uneasy, and after a short silence added, with the wish to say something which might give no offense, "Is it not rather odd that it was this very Capt. Laro who brought my mother over from France?"

Lazalie's face had regained much of its usual expression, and Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, feeling somewhat reassured, slipped her hand within the rounded arm of her friend.

"And my mother told me of such a handsome boy who was in the place with them that night—one this Capt. Laro said he was as fond of as an own son."

A curious look was in the black eyes that glanced sidewise as Lazalie asked, "What was the name of this wonderful boy?"

"That I do not know; my mother never thought to mention it."

Lazalie laughed. "Shall I tell you his name?"

"You! How can you possibly know it?"

formation that he was the boy whom her mother knew, had, taken in connection with her former admiration for him, greatly shaken Rose's recent prejudices, and, with womanly inconsistency, she felt hurt because he was unable to realize this alteration in her feelings.

From pain, she soon passed to anger, the exact source or nature of which she could scarcely have analyzed. But its immediate effect was that she entered into a seeming flirtation with the young Kentuckian, who was only too pleased to respond.

All this furnished a new and singular illustration of love's blindness—these four "playing at cross purposes" and wilfully misunderstanding one another; while, beaming upon them from the head of the table, was Gen. La Roche, his eyes and heart filled with unsuspected admiration and love for the beautiful Spanish girl who—so far as could be inferred from appearances—regarded him simply as her friend and banker.

Just as dinner was over, a mud-bespattered negro and horse appeared before the outer door, the former bearing a letter from Gov. Claiborne to Gen. La Roche, urging his immediate presence in New Orleans.

"Why, you black scoundrel!" thundered the general, his face ablaze with wrath, after he had read the letter and glanced again at its date, "this is five days old and should have reached me four days ago!"

The frightened messenger looked woefully at his left arm, which was in a sling, and explained that, a short distance from New Orleans, down by the little Bayou d'Or, his horse had fallen and broken a leg, while he himself, pitching over the animal's head, had been stunned and lay until found by some negroes living in a cabin near by, who had bandaged his arm and shot his horse.

"Come inside with me, while I make ready to start," said La Roche to Laffitte, after ordering his horse to be saddled; "I want a few words with you."

When in his own room, he handed the letter to Laffitte, and fuming about, lit a cigar, while giving instructions to his valet in a most impatient manner that bespoke mental disturbance.

The governor had written him that, having received, from an unexpected quarter, a proposal promising valuable support for the defense of New Orleans, he had called a meeting of officials and prominent men of the city, at which he—the general—was urged to be present.

"I see," said Laffitte, after perusing the letter, "that the conference was to have taken place two evenings ago."

"Yes—damn it!" replied La Roche, rousing from his abstraction. "But I doubt if Claiborne takes any decisive action before I can get to him."

"You think, then, that there can be no doubt of Barataria's offer meeting with favor?"

"How can there be?" was the dogmatically put question. "Claiborne will not be so foolish—so lacking in foresight, at such a time as this. But," now showing a little anxiety, "even should he refuse, you will not go over to the British?"

The flash of Laffitte's eyes would have been sufficient answer to this. But he said quietly, "In such case I shall remain neutral."

"And if the British attack Barataria?" suggested La Roche.

"Then Barataria will defend herself."

(To be continued.)

## Depended Upon the Appropriation.

Senator Cullom says there were no weather maps and no weather science when he was a younger man. To these new-fangled notions he ascribes the increased volume of modern talk about the weather. In fact, he thinks we should have much less weather were it not for the government's scientific meteorologists.

"The lack of foundation for weather talk," said he in conversation about the cold wave, "reminds me of a Chicago man who came here years ago in behalf of an appropriation for some health project in that city."

"Pleuron-pneumonia," said he, easily, "is just sweeping through Chicago."

"Oh, no," I answered. "You can't mean that severe cases of pneumonia are prevalent now in Chicago."

"Well," he explained, "they will be if we don't secure this appropriation."

—Washington Post.

## All to Be Renounced.

Prof. Duncan Campbell Lee, formerly head of the Cornell department of oratory, is an Adonis in form, a Chesterfield in manner and a Beau Brummel in attire. His one-time colleague, Morse Stephens, could readily obtain employment as a dime museum fat man did he not find history more lucrative. Finally Prof. Harry Powers of the same institution, though one of the most genial of men, was nothing less than Mephistophelean in appearance. Coming down the campus one day this striking trio passed two ladies, one of whom was evidently a stranger being shown the local sights. Her companion was about to explain, "Those were professors—"

"Professors, indeed!" interrupted the visitor. "I should call them the world, the flesh and the devil." —New York Times.

## 200 Persons Over 70 Years of Age.

A canvass of the city and township just made by George Phillips, an old resident, to ascertain how many persons were living at the age of seventy years and upward, found 209—viz.: males, 95; females, 105.

The oldest person found was Mrs. Emily Catten, colored, aged 99 years. Quite a large number were born in this city and vicinity.—Salem Correspondence Cleveland Leader.