

LAFFITTE OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XXVI.

Night in New Orleans, where the former gay life of the streets had for many weeks been hushed by the threatened calamity of an attack, or possible siege.

The air of the city, muggy and lifeless as the thunder showers of the day had left it, was still more unbearable inside the walls of the gaol, where, on the upper floor, in a cell whose one narrow, iron-barred window faced the east, lay Pierre Laffitte. The gaoler's wife came in with a jug of water, and filling a cup, held it to the stricken man's lips while gently raising his head.

"Monsieur Pierre, I trust you will not be angry with me that I sent this afternoon to Father Philippe, and asked that a priest be sent here for your comforting."

"Is it Father Philippe of the Coeur de St. Jean?" he asked.

"Surely, monsieur; and a saint himself," she answered quickly.

"Very well, then, madame; you may send the priest to me," said Pierre, wearily, and wondering if by any chance he might here find a channel through which to communicate with Jean; for he had recalled the name as that of one of the latter's friends.

The woman soon returned, bringing a lighted lamp, which she placed upon the floor, near the foot of the bed, and, Pierre, closing his eyes to shut away the glare, did not see the tall, black-robed form that entered with her, and then motioned her to leave the room.

As she did so, the priest walked to the window and stood looking out, his back turned to the bed, until the last echo of the woman's footsteps died away. Then striding hastily to the door, he closed it softly, and, throwing back his cowl, revealed the pale face of Jean Laffitte.

"Pierre, my brother," he said, taking care to lower his passionate voice to almost a whisper, as he dropped upon his knees beside the bed. "My poor Pierre, tell me who has brought this upon thee."

Pierre smiled, as his hot fingers clasped the cool ones that seemed throbbing with passion and revenge.

he was looking out, when Pierre said, in a voice so solemn as to sound utterly unlike his own. "Come back, Jean; come and sit on the bed, beside me, as thou didst when we were boys together in Languedoc. I am dying; and thank God that I can die with thee near me. Having this, I ask for nothing more. The surgeon told me that if the blood came again from my side I must reckon my life by minutes, and the blood is coming now, my brother. Nay, never mind,"—as Jean started impulsively—"for thou canst do nothing. Let me talk to thee; that is all."

He stopped for a few moments, as if to gather strength; and when he spoke again his tone was more incisive.

"Jean, I can see it all as it will be, if thou wilt do as I say. Go to the governor in person, or, better still, go to Jackson when he shall come. Renew the offer, and show the original papers sent to thee by the English. I heard that Claiborne would have accepted thy proposition, but was over-ruled by the others. I beg, as the last thing I can ask of thee on earth, to show the papers to Jackson. Promise me to do this, and all will be well with thee and thine."

Another brief silence, and then Jean answered with a passion he tried vainly to repress. "I would not, to save my life, give this promise to another. But, my Pierre, as thou hast asked it from me—yes."

The moon's rays had stolen up until the shadows of the window-bars lay across the clasped hands, and struggled faintly along the whitewashed wall, untouched by the light from the dimly burning lamp.

"Then can I go in peace," had come like a sigh from the paling lips, as Jean's head was laid against Pierre's shoulder.

"Put out the lamp," added the dying man, "let us have only the moonlight."

This done, Jean resumed his place by the bed, and again took the hand lying so white in the moon rays.

A deep, struggling sigh stirred the silence.



Truly had Pierre's premonition been verified.

"Nay," he murmured; and his voice, although weak, held yet a note of old-time humor. "Nay, Jean, that would be a puzzle whose answer is beyond me. The bullets that found me were meant for any one of us, and the knife-thrust in my side was given by a man I never saw before. And," he added grimly, after a moment's pause, "no other on earth will ever receive a thrust from him."

"Then thou didst not leave him for me to deal with?"

"No; for I left the blade of my knife in his heart. But ah, my Jean, what treacherous work it was—what a base return for thy frankness and generosity!"

Jean tossed his head impatiently. "Let us not waste time in talking of that. There is now but one thing to consider, my brother, and that is the getting of thee from this place. It is for that I have come, and as soon as I knew thou wert hurt. Father Philippe has every reason to help me; so I went to him, feeling that a priest would not be denied thee. Fortune helped me still more, when a messenger came from the gaoler's wife to Father Philippe, saying that his ministrations were needed by thee. His conscience troubled him, but he let me have my way for to-night, and will himself come to see thee in the morning."

"Did the woman send him word that Pierre Laffitte was dying?" asked the wounded man.

Jean started to his feet. "Say not such a thing, my Pierre. If she did, it was but the silly thought of a woman; and I cannot, with patience, hear thee repeat it."

He seemed cheered by his own words and his voice had its usual ring of confidence and decision.

"I will soon have thee out of this," he resumed, as he stood beside the bed, "and down to Shell Island, where every comfort shall be thine. But, first of all, let me take a look at thy apartment and its surroundings."

He glanced about the cell, taking in every detail of its shape and construction; then, going to the window,

"What is it, my Pierre—art thou in pain?"

There was no reply. "Pierre, my brother, tell me—art thou in pain?" Jean repeated, conscious that the hand he held lay heavy, and was growing cooler.

He laid it tenderly on the coverlet, and, rising, pulled the bed out, so that it was bathed in a flood of moonlight. The whitening radiance touched the half-parted lips and wide-open eyes of a face whose cold pallor would show even whiter in the morning's sun.

Truly had Pierre's premonition been verified; never would those sightless eyes behold the France he had longed to see once more.

The morning of September 14 was clear and cloudless, with the brisk wind distending the canvas of the B. M. brig "Sophia," as she made her way toward the little island off the East Pass known as "The Turtle."

There had been little doubt among the English as to Laffitte's decision, and their opinion had been strengthened to a certainty by reason of the recent attack upon Barataria, the details of which had been reported to Capt. Percy.

It was therefore with a very complacent mind that Capt. Lockyer looked ahead on the little island lying on the heaving water, with the noonday heat shimmering in a dazle of prismatic coloring over its green growths.

He was soon ashore, and glanced around expectantly, but no one was to be seen. His eyes were attracted by a large piece of white paper, outspread upon the impaling thorns of a bush only a few yards off. He went toward it, and soon read what wrought a decided change in his expression of complacency, besides bringing an oath from his lips.

Then, plucking the paper from the bush, he crushed it in his hand, and turning about, went back to his boat, where, with a look of disappointment and rage that told his crew of something having gone wrong, he ordered them to push off.

The paper he was carrying back to the "Sophia" as the result of his mission contained only these words:

"Sept. 14, 1814.

"I will accept no terms with those who make allies of Indians, who incite slaves to insurrection, and whose own cruelty matches well that of their savage associates.

"JEAN LAFFITTE."

Prison doors were not so easily opened as in the past, Beluche and Lopez were still under confinement, together with their crew, and the recently captured Baratarians.

The days at Shell Island passed monotonously. Once, in October, Laffitte made a trip to La Tete des Eaux, where he found only Lazalle and Madame Riefet, Gen. La Roche's sister, who had, for the present, closed her New Orleans house, and was stopping in what her brother considered a safer locality.

The general himself spent much of his time in the city, and Mademoiselle de Cazeneau was now at Kanauhana, where her grandfather was dying.

After hearing from Lazalle of Rose, and her loneliness, picturing her beside her grandfather's deathbed, and recalling the look upon her upraised face when he left her, and the words she had uttered, Laffitte longed to see her, if only to extend his sympathy.

That she would have heard of his disaster there was little doubt; for Lazalle had met him with both hands extended and a dimness of tears in her eyes as she said, "Captain Jean, I am so glad to see you again, and that you were not forced to accept the governor's hospitality. And we were all so sorry for your brother's—"

She hesitated, and Laffitte said quietly, but with unmistakable firmness, "I thank you truly, Lazalle; I understand what you would say, and thank you for it. But please let us talk of something else."

Mindful of Rose's love for marsh lilies, he had brought a large bunch of them from Shell Island, where they grew in great luxuriance and beauty, and now handing them to Lazalle, he requested that she give them to Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, with his compliments.

"Then you will not go over to Kanauhana to-day?" she asked, while inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

Before he could reply, Madame Riefet, who had entered the room and overheard Lazalle's question, exclaimed volubly, "Is it not pitiful to think of that poor child over there, with only the negroes about her and that snappy old Barbe! Mercy! When I was her age the very idea of seeing any one die would make me fly from the house."

She spoke theatrically, with uplifted brows and raised hands; for the erratic, fashionable Madame was, in person and manner, more decidedly French than was her brother.

Madame Riefet's frivolous remark brought before Jean the picture of that little island where he had first seen the figure, scarcely more than a child's, clad in a gayly fringed buckskin dress, with beaded leggings and moccasins, and clinging to a still form from which the breath had but just departed.

"Speak once more to your little Rose!" she had wailed. And he, hardened by frequent contact with death, could not, until now, realize the full depth of such sorrow.

He realized it now, when he had that moonlit cell to remember; the dead face lying in the silver radiance; the unseeing eyes; the parted lips, forever mute, but which, a moment before, were murmuring words that, in all the years gone, were for him and his welfare.

This it was that made Jean Laffitte's face look pale and his manner seem stern, as, after forcing himself to listen for awhile to Madame Riefet's voluble chatter, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

Prof. Bowne's Drachm.

Prof. Borden P. Bowne of Boston university is not only a great wit, but an inveterate punster. One morning in the philosophy class a student who was not willing to accept anything until he saw it raised a great many objections.

The professor answered them as best he could; then, looking around the class, remarked: "Has any one else any scruples?" and proceeded to make a bad pun by adding, "If we could get scruples enough together we might raise a drachm among us."

To which the student replied: "Professor, a good many people take that kind of a drachm without any scruples."

A False Alarm.

The zeal with which the souvenir postal funds pursue their friends in their endeavors to add to their collections may sometimes prove embarrassing. He was telling her of his vacation plans, which, it seems, hovered between a trip to Europe or a visit to Jamaica.

"Either place will suit me," she commented. He looked startled, gazed wildly at the door, and wondered how he could make his escape.

"Yes," she went on, reflectively, "I need some cards from the West Indies, and then there is that new set just issued in England—the Ledbury series—which I positively must have."

President Eliot and the Small Boy. President Eliot of Harvard college always enjoys the quick retorts of small boys in the street. On one occasion a little urchin looked up curiously at him, and President Eliot said: "Hello, boy, what time is it by your nose?"

"Dunno," came the retort. "My ain't runnin' is yours?"

OYAMA TALKS OF THE WAR.

Looks to Navy of Japan to Safeguard His Victories.

This is an unusual and extraordinary picture of Oyama, field marshal of Japan. It was taken in 1894, just after the great Japanese general had made his first capture of Port Arthur—an event he doubtless little thought he would be called upon to repeat ten years later.

Oyama is quite a philosopher about the manner in which his pictures get into the public press and the many curious stories printed of his life. Of this he recently said to an American writer who was visiting him in Japan:

Variety of Stories.

"I have been accused of having been born in almost every nation of the earth.

"Let me see—in 1894, when we were having our war with China and I was learning a great many things that came valuable now, a London newspaper, represented over here by a gentleman whom I knew, seriously published several columns of matter showing that I had been born in Switzerland of a German mother and French father.

"I could hardly complain of such a distinguished honor except that it deprived Japan of any credit there may have been in my birth; but in Japan it is so improbable a story were set afloat I am afraid the gentleman who gave publicity to it would never visit again.

"Would he be sentenced to death? Now, I can't say as to that—there are punishments worse than death, I believe.

"One of the funniest things, though, that I ever saw about myself in print made me Chinese by birth and stated with much show of seeming facts that in my early days I had become a bandit in the interior of China, and that I was so desperate and famed for my deeds that the Japanese government in search for a military genius induced me to abandon my evil ways and become a patriot.

"I suppose if one were able to collect all that is printed about him in the press into one book he would have grave doubts in his mind as to just where he was born or who his parents were."

About Future Wars.

At the time of this conversation Oyama, not yet having fought the second battle of Port Arthur and the



Field Marshal Oyama.

As He Looked in 1904 When Fighting China.

Manchurian campaign, made some remarks about future wars that read very entertainingly now. He said:

"No matter what the outcome of the struggle just beginning between my country and Russia, the great offensive and defensive of the Orient of the future will lie in navies. Once the land rights of the different governments here are settled, the armies in my opinion will sink back to small proportions and be maintained on just about the same basis as is that of the United States.

"But there will be a great advance in naval work and the construction of ships. It will soon be possible for shipyards to be in operation here, and the navies be built here rather than abroad. We have all the raw materials close at hand, and we have the engineers and mechanics developing who will equal, I feel, the best found in the West.

"The coming naval power of the Orient will extend from the Red Sea to Bering Sea, and will have an enormous coast line to cover and protect, as well as a great commerce to encourage. I do not look for many future great wars, but such as are I am inclined to think will be fought out on the high seas and be of short duration.

"Japan does not wish for more war—Japan profoundly desires peace. The commercial and industrial instinct is awake in Japan, and our people would rather work than fight, so long as we can do the former with honor."

Oyama has grown thick-set and chunky since 1894, but is said to be active on his feet and of great physical strength and powers of endurance.

Mr. Dolby's Bad Break.

Nobody but Dolby would have asked such a question in the first place.

"Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over, what kind of hair and eyes would you have?"

"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I look now."

"You would?" exclaimed Dolby, in honest surprise, and to this day he is so stupid that he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

BLOWN FROM RIVER BOTTOM.

New York Tunnel Worker's Marvelous Escape from Death.

To be blown upward through eighteen feet of the mud and clay of the East river bottom, through twenty-eight feet of water and twenty-five feet into the air; to survive the experience and be virtually uninjured, was the experience of Richard Creedon, says a New York dispatch.

Creedon is one of the "sand hogs" digging the East river tunnel. He was caught in a "blow out" of compressed air in a tunnel compartment and went out over the surface of the river like

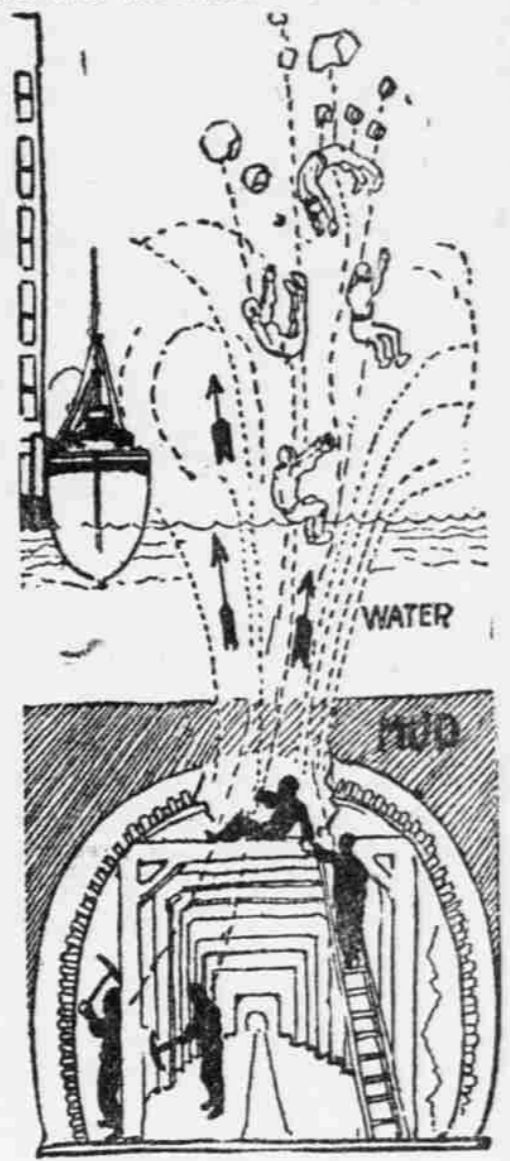


Diagram shows how one of the men working in the tunnel was blown through the roof and the water above it by force of explosion and his resulting fall.

a flying fish. A boat picked him up perfectly conscious, if frightened.

"I don't want another such experience," said Creedon. "I did not lose consciousness at all, and you can imagine my sensations when I found myself being hurled up and up through the daylight from the dark tunnel.

"When I felt myself being drawn up through the mud my arms were stretched up above my head, to which fact I owe my life. You see I had been placing hair and sawdust bags up there to stop the leak, when all of a sudden I was sucked up like the water through a squirtgun. I was powerless to resist the force, and realized that my only hope was to go clear through.

"One time I became stuck in the mud and I began pawing the dirt above my head. I thought I was gone then and then seconds, seemed to me minutes. Then of a sudden there seemed an extra force and I felt my body shooting up through the water and into the air like a rocket. I guess that I can thank the good Lord that I am on earth to tell the story."

RUSSELL SAGE VERY ILL.

Visited Daily by a Physician, Who Says He Will Recover.

The condition of Russell Sage, who has been confined to his home for some time, was much more serious than reported. His physician visited him daily. He is now able to sit up,



Russell Sage.

but Mrs. Sage was obliged to take to her bed, being worn out nursing the aged financier.

What the Senators Needed.

Among the recent cranks who have been driven from the capitol by Capt. Megrew and his force of policemen was a lank, lean, hungry-looking specimen of humanity, who made repeated efforts to interview prominent senators. It was discovered that the man was an agent and that he had a magic liquid for sale, which he called "Robinson's Restorer." "What does your liquid restore?" he was asked. "Everything, pretty near." "Except wasted fortunes," suggested a policeman. "It restores health, intellect, memory, good looks and youthfulness," retorted the man, "and is just exactly what our senators need."

Irrigation.

Nowhere is irrigation practiced so extensively as in India, where about 25,000,000 acres are irrigated. Egypt is next. The Assuan dam in the Nile is considered one of the greatest engineering feats in the history of the human race. Irrigation is new in Australia, but is spreading rapidly there, and the same is more or less true of South Africa. The practice of irrigation has declined or entirely disappeared in many regions where it prevailed in remote antiquity.

Of Interest to Brain Workers.

A medical man who gave evidence in a London chancery division case testified as to the connection between brain work and longevity in a way that charmed the lawyers and will charm other brain workers. One-third of the laborers in rural districts, he is reported as saying, die of brain softening, and the average vegetative rural laborer much earlier than the hard thinking lawyer, simply because his brain rusts from lack of exercise.

Self-reliance.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Indian Matrimonial "Ad."

Babu matrimonial advertisement: "Wanted—A match for an independent, beautiful young widower of 35 years, of respectable and very rich family. Possesses handsome amount of thousands and numerous golden ornaments of his previous wife."—Lahore Tribune.

What Everybody Says.

Jamboree, Ky., April 3rd.—(Special.)—"I suffered for years with my back," says Mr. J. M. Coleman, a well known resident of this place. "Then I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have not felt a pain since. My little girl complained of her back. She used about one-half box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and she is sound and well."

It is thousands of statements like the above that show Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the one cure for backache or any other symptom of deranged kidneys. For backache is simply a sign that the kidneys need help.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure backache. They also always cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary Troubles and Heart Disease. These are more advanced stages of kidney disease. Cure your backache with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you need never fear them.

New Use for Whisky.

A butler, newly engaged, requested his master to allow him some whisky. "There's nothing like it to clean the windows," said he. However, a few minutes later his master chanced to pass through the room, and to his surprise found the glass empty. "Why, James," he asked, "where's the whisky?" "Well, you see, sir," said James, "it's this way; I drank the whisky and then I breathe on the glass."

To Keep Weight Down.

If you wish to keep your weight down, don't drink water at meals. Take tea and coffee. Rise early, walk at least five miles every day, and don't take a nap after exercising. Sleep eight hours only, and on a moderately hard bed. Shun fresh or hot bread. Flee from potatoes, peas, macaroni, olive oil, cream, alcoholic drinks, sweets and pastry.

Seek Bones of Primitive Man.

Paleontologists are hoping to find any day the bones of primitive man in some part of the West, where the deeply eroded canyons have revealed so many wonders of the animal world in the shape of ancestors of the horse and the dinosaur.

Pays Dearly for Stamp.

For using on envelopes two stamps which had already been through the post, an Irish schoolmaster has just been fined £100. Some of women's little daily economies often prove in the end expensive.—London Globe.

CHILDREN AFFECTED.

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies. The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not eat a meal without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added two years ago, a chronic sour stomach. The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience than mine, and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So, I quit coffee, and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum Coffee with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk. My husband then quit coffee and used Postum, quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spots, pain in my heart or sour stomach. Postum has cured them.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.