

# LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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## CHAPTER XIV.

The island of Grande Terre, off the coast of Louisiana, runs parallel with the mainland; and at its western end is a secure harbor, reached by the Great Pass of Barataria, whose water is from nine to ten feet in depth.

Here, on Grande Terre, were sold the captured cargoes and prizes; and people from all parts of Louisiana came hither to purchase them, with no apparent attempt or desire to conceal the object of their mission.

Jean Laffitte was, with Pierre, sitting in the dining-room of his own house, of which, however, the latter was nominal master.

"And so Laro is dead, and the Barra de Hierro in English hands," Pierre was saying.

"Tell me of thy plans, and what is to become of the lovely Senorita Lazzale."

At this, Jean, putting aside his former mood, sketched out clearly all his intended operations, telling in detail of his interview with Philip La Roche, who with his widowed sister, Madame Riefel, would take the Spanish beauty into their charge.

It was now some two months since the governor's edict had been issued against the introduction of African slaves; and he had followed this by an address "To all whom it might concern in the territory," stating that it had come to his knowledge that well-laid plans existed to defeat and evade this edict by way of Barataria; and, as Jean now learned from Pierre, a rumor was afloat that the governor contemplated setting a price upon the head of Jean Laffitte, smuggler, slave-trader, and pirate.

"It is only a rumor as yet," answered Pierre, with no sign of anxiety; "and, together with the stories of bad feeling growing between these states and England, it gives the people a little of the excitement they ever seem to crave."

where the evening sky was glittering in the day's gray ashes.

It was the Island Rose; and the song was one her mother had taught her—one Laffitte had heard the girl sing during their journey from the Choctaw country.

"Mademoiselle Rose," he said, speaking very softly, as the sweet voice died away, breathing the final words like a sigh from a breaking heart.

"Who is it—what do you wish?" she inquired (timidly, and not a little startled).

"It is I, mademoiselle. Do you not remember me?"

"Ah!"

It was a cry of joy; and two small hands, white as her snowy draperies, were held out to him.

"It is my Captain Jean. And oh, how glad I am to see you!"

"Are you?" was all he was able to say in reply, as he took her hands, and wondering to himself for being so tongue-tied in the presence of this mere child.

"Surely I am. So often have I asked myself during this long summer where you were and what doing. Oh, Captain Jean, I am so very glad you have come back. And now you will stop in New Orleans?"

She spoke eagerly, fearlessly, as if happy in showing her liking for him.

"I fear not, ma'm'selle. I am here for a few hours only, on business, and came to see your grandfather. You speak of the summer being long. Were you not happy, ma'm'selle?"

She moved uneasily, and her head drooped; but she did not reply.

"Tell me, little Island Rose, were you not happy?" he asked again, taking her hand. "Remember that it was I who brought you here—I, who loved and revered your mother. And I must feel the deepest regret to have been the means of bringing her child to unhappiness. Is not your grandpere kind to you?"

"Ah, that is pleasant for me to hear and to know, Captain Jean," she replied, with childish frankness, releasing her hand and laying it on his arm. "But," now with some anxiety, "how can you ever be able to do much for me, should I need you? It is long since I have seen you, or known where you were; and now you tell me you are here but for a few hours, and will then go away again. I know not where."

Although seemingly "twixt smiles and tears," she spoke with an arch naivete that affected Laffitte most curiously.

"You know Zeney, the one called a witch, your grandpere's slave?" he inquired with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes, of course," answered Roselle, surprise showing in her voice. "She is a dreadful-looking old woman, with big black eyes. At first I was afraid of her, but now I am not, for she knew and loved my mother, and has talked to me of her."

"So? Well, that is quite as it should be. And now, little Rose," again taking her hand, "remember always what I say to you now: Should you ever wish to tell me anything, or need any service you think I can render, all you need do is to tell Zeney, and then allow three days to pass in which to see me or hear from me. Will you promise to do this?"

He bent toward her with an earnestness in his manner that caused her to wonder at the time and afterwards.

"Yes, I promise, and I thank you," she answered softly, and left him.

A few moments later the Count de Cazeneau entered the room and greeted Laffitte with a cordiality he accorded to few men; but the Island Rose did not return.

(To be continued.)

### WRITTEN BY MARSHAL BLUCHER

#### Interesting Letter From Great Soldier to His Wife.

There has just been discovered in the family archives of a landed proprietor in Mecklenburg a hitherto unpublished letter written by the celebrated Marshal Blucher to his wife on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. The letter is couched in the unique style and spelling peculiar to the old soldier, which, however, are partly lost in the following translation from the German:

"Comprene, June 17, 1815.

"Here I sit in the room in which Mary Louisa spent her bridal night. It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful than Comprene. What a pity that I must part from here tomorrow, because within three days I must be in Paris."

"It is possible, and most probable, that Bonaparte will be handed over to me and Wellington. Do not think I can do anything better than to have him shot. This would be a service to mankind. In Paris he is wholly deserted; everybody hates and despises him."

"I believe this will all be over in a short while, and then I shall hasten home. There are many pretty things here, but I must not take anything away."

—Dundee Advertiser.

**Hard on Foreigners in Mexico.**  
"Once while sojourning in the City of Mexico I happened to call upon a friend at one of the principal hotels of that capital," said Representative Southard of Ohio.

"While in his room I noticed a very fine revolver, and, making some comment upon it, he picked it up and began to explain how, although it was of single action, he could fire it as fast as though it were double action. In some way his hand struck the hammer, causing the weapon to explode. In a second my friend turned deathly pale and became so agitated that he could scarcely speak."

"Having noticed that the bullet struck a rug and took a downward course, I didn't see and cause for excitement, and, lifting up the rug, showed him where the lead took lodgement. He became calm pretty soon, and then he explained his agitation. 'Had that bullet gone into the court,' all the hotels down there open into a court, 'instead of the floor, and had it struck any Mexican, my life would not have been worth a ten-cent piece. I have lived down here long enough to know how swift is the punishment meted out to foreigners, even in case of accident, where a native is injured. Indeed, had I been unfortunate enough to have caused the death of one of them, it is quite probable that you, as well as myself, would have been executed. The fact that you had nothing to do with the shooting would have been of no avail, for your presence here would have condemned you.'"—Washington Post.

**Three Balls and Out.**  
"So you refuse to give me the money, eh?" said the profligate son.

"Yes," replied the stern parent.

"Not another cent of my hard-earned coin for you."

"Then here goes," cried the youth as he seized a silver-mounted pistol from his father's desk.

"Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the old man as he sank helplessly into a chair, "what would you do—take your life?"

"Not so you could notice it," replied the wayward offspring as a diabolical grin chased itself over his headless phiz. "I'm merely going to loan this lead pill dispenser to my 'uncle'; see?"

**The Real End.**  
"Yes, he was killed by a blow from a policeman's club."

"Sort of hard wood finish, eh?"—Puck.

**Not to His Taste.**  
Visitor—And are you unhappy?  
Convict—Kind of that way. This here simple life is sorter monotonous.

## A STUDY FROM LIFE

By LEIGH ATWOOD

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It was my first "allowance," you see, that was why I thought so much about it. I know now it is impossible to make an allowance do, and nobody expects it either.

I was only ten pounds short at the end of the quarter; and, really, I hadn't been a bit extravagant, except perhaps for that lovely jeweled muff-chain, which cost—but there, that doesn't matter.

Dad scolded me a little, the old dear, and of course gave me some more money; but it seemed to me I ought to save it myself, yet somehow I couldn't.

However, one day all of a sudden I had a splendid idea. I would write a book! It looked so easy and paid so well, I knew, because Mr. Kingswell, dad's friend, wrote books for which he got heaps of money—thousands of pounds, somebody told me.

It proved to be very much more trouble than you would think. I had read somewhere that one ought to parse every word one writes. I didn't see why. Yet I did it, for of course an author must expect to put up with a little inconvenience; though I am afraid the parsing would have made dear old Miss Howard shudder, for I always hated parsing at school.

I soon gave up the idea of writing a book.

A tale would be quite enough and far less bother. So I burnt the other stuff, parsing and all, and started on the tale. It was easy to decide what it should be about. All the tales I've read have been about a girl, a man and a wedding. So I soon got it done. It was rather a rush to get it copied by post time, but I managed it and sent it off to the editor in whose paper I wished it to appear, and then waited for him to send me the check.

About two days later a big envelope came up with my letters and I couldn't think what it might be; but when I opened it I was indeed surprised. It was my tale. The editor didn't want it.

After breakfast I went into the library and sat down to read the manuscript over. I picked up the printed slip which came with it. Marked on



THE EDITOR DIDN'T WANT IT.

It were two or three words about the tale having "no plot" and being "too crude." It was so absurd, because there was a plot. I know what a plot is. We studied the plots of Shakespeare at school. The plot is the tale, and my tale was about a man who met a girl and married her.

I was thinking this out when Mr. Kingswell was announced. After he had shaken hands he went and stood on the hearthrug with one elbow on the chimney piece, looking at me at the writing table surrounded by all my papers.

"Whatever documents have you there? Are you auditing the household accounts?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I don't have anything to do with the accounts yet; I don't think I could manage them." (Of course I couldn't. Hadn't I made a muddle of my own allowance?)

"Ah! Then you are perhaps calculating your personal liabilities? But, no, I see you are not dealing with figures."

He was laughing, I could tell; but I didn't mind that, some people laugh so nicely, and I determined to tell him all about it.

"I am writing a story," I said, "or rather I have written one, and, would you believe, the editor I posted it to has sent it back."

"It's a habit I am told editors have," Mr. Kingswell replied, quite seriously, though I fancied his eyes were laughing.

"It's a very silly habit," I asserted, "and editors must be very stupid if they are all like this one. Why he says there is no plot in my tale; could anything be more ridiculous?"

"What is the story? Tell me all about it," returned Mr. Kingswell, "and I shall be able to sympathize more completely."

So I told him briefly, of course, for there wasn't much to tell, and when I had finished:

"Indeed, Miss March," he said, "the editor must be mistaken. Given a man and a woman there's bound to be a tale. But let me read it. Perhaps you haven't worked it out properly. You are inexperienced, you know."

I gave him the manuscript and watched while he sat in dad's armchair to read it. He is what you would call a fine man, with such strong shoulders and lovely brown hair with little tips of gray, like silver dust, on it. I was just thinking how nice he looked sitting there, and what a firm nose and mouth he had when suddenly he glanced up and said, abruptly: "So your hero is young and handsome—a real Apollo. You admire handsome men?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I admire strong men, not that sort at all. But I thought it was the usual thing in books."

I didn't say any more till the whole of the sheets had been read. It took some time, for I scribbled awfully when I try to write fast. And then I asked him what he thought was the matter with it. I told him that the editor said it was too crude, and he agreed.

I was offended, and I expect he saw it, for he went on as quickly as possible to explain what he meant. He said a great deal, but as far as I can remember the meaning of it all was that I had had no experience of getting engaged and that sort of thing and that the tale showed this weakness. He said I had much to learn and before I corrected the story I ought to try to improve.

Did you ever hear anything so silly? How could I gain experience in a day or two? Who was there to help me?

I told Mr. Kingswell what I thought of his idea. Of course it would be useful, but impracticable.

I always knew he was a fine chum. I had known him for ever so many years, but I think he was just a trump for what he suggested. It was that he should be my lover for a fortnight, so that I might see how a man would act if he loved somebody. Since he didn't mind the trouble, I was of course perfectly willing, and soon after we had arranged it he left.

But no sooner had Mr. Kingswell gone than I began to feel wretched. It was about his last book. I read it. There was such a nice girl in it about like me I should think. I wondered if she pretended to be his very dear friend while he wrote the book. It wasn't a nice idea somehow.

Next day Mr. Kingswell wrote me a little note asking me to go skating with him that afternoon on the lake. I went, and did enjoy myself immensely. He looked after me and talked so nicely that I was sorry when he had to go back to dinner. Dad was laughing when he met us in the hall. I didn't see why, for I hadn't told him about our plan, and I didn't seem to want to; but suddenly he kissed me and went off in a hurry, which I thought was rather funny of him.

I had always felt a wee bit jealous that Mr. Kingswell always came to see dad and not particularly me; but now when I knew his visits were really mine it was delightful. I had a love by time and the days just flew by. The fortnight began to draw to the end. I counted the days as they passed. I couldn't help thinking how I should miss a lover. For he was a splendid actor; anyone would think he really meant it.

I remember once we went for a walk—dad, Mr. Kingswell and I—when one of those harum-scarum Graham boys dashed up on his bicycle just as we were crossing the road. I can't tell how it happened, but the next minute Mr. Kingswell was lifting me up all covered with road dust whilst dad was anxiously entreating me to tell him if I were hurt. I wasn't, and said so; and really it was a good thing dad had turned to speak to the boy, for it took my "lover" quite a long time to realize there was nothing the matter. He kept on holding me as if he would never let me go and I distinctly heard him murmur: "Thank God for that, my darling," when I said I was all right, exactly as if it really mattered to him.

At length the last day came and Mr. Kingswell did not appear till the evening after dinner. Dad had gone to his study; he wouldn't let me go with him, but said I had to amuse myself till he came back. I took my violin and tried to play—but couldn't. I was too lonely. So I just cuddled up on the big settle and tried not to cry. Some one came in. I thought it was dad until I looked up and saw—Mr. Kingswell.

He looked so stern, I wondered what was the matter till I remembered the fortnight was really over now, and of course he would go back to being just "dad's friend." I didn't know there was such a difference—I wished I had never learned. Everything seemed miserable now; and really our experiment would not be of much use, for I vowed I would never write about Mr. Kingswell in a book—I would just remember him myself.

Of course the right thing for me to do was to thank him for his kindness in helping me, but I was afraid to. He was looking at me so unmercifully, indeed, that I dared not try, especially as I knew my voice would be sure to shiver as if I had just been crying—and of course I hadn't. So I just waited and longed for dad to come in till at last he spoke.

"And so our acting is over, Marjory?"

It was the first time he had called me that, and I liked to hear it. I couldn't think of anything to say, and neither did he for a moment; then he said quite suddenly:

"You think me a good actor, don't you? Marjory—darling—it was real!" I found my voice and gasped out: "Oh! I am so glad."

But I hadn't time for any more, for Mr. Kingswell was only a little way from me, and he takes such big strides!

## IS NOT A CANDIDATE

### ROBBINS DECLINES TO RUN FOR GOVERNORSHIP.

Former Leader of Coal Operators Said to Be After Senatorial Toga—Has Support of Miners and Labor Unions.

Indianapolis, Ind.—F. L. Robbins, president of the Pittsburg Coal company, who held the center of the stage during the heated coal conference in this city, in which he broke away from the "stand-pat" operators and stood by the side of John Mitchell for the re-adoption of the 1903 scale, has absolutely declined to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Pennsylvania. His stand in the coal conference placed the 250,000 voting Pennsylvania coal miners behind him and also gave him the support of the labor unions of the great industrial state. The United States Steel corporation crowd and other great industrial interests in Pennsylvania also were urging him to make the race and insisting that, though certain railroad interests would line up against him, the nomination would be given him on a silver platter.

The railroad interests have been turned against him because of his stand at Indianapolis. He not only opposed and fought the policy against an advance in wages adopted by the bituminous railroads and their railroad coal companies, but his stand also was opposed to the interests of the great anthracite coal railroads. On top of that he assisted John



FRANCIS L. ROBBINS.

(Prominent Coal Operator Who Has Declined a Gubernatorial Nomination.)

Mitchell, in the Indianapolis conference, in showing that the railroads owned bituminous coal mines, and that their ownership brought demoralization to the trade and to wages.

Robbins was born in Ripon, Wis., in 1855. In college he was an athlete, and especially a crack baseball player. He attended Cornell to complete his education. His athletic days he turned to account well. He built up wonderful reserve energy that has served him so well in the long battles in Indianapolis, lasting three and four days and nights with hardly a break. He has turned his muscle into millions and is now known as "the world's largest coal operator and a multi-millionaire"—the employer of 70,000 men. In 1890 Robbins was a large individual operator when he evolved the plan of consolidating the coal companies in the western Pennsylvania district. The Pittsburg Coal company, which has matured out of that thought, has numerous subsidiary and allied companies; it has its own freight cars, its own docks on the lakes, its own lake boats, its own mining towns and its mines, with its subsidiary companies, 21,000,000 tons of coal a year—almost double the normal output of all of the mines in Indiana. Robbins has invaded Ohio and has established his interests in the Hocking valley through half a dozen companies, and he has planted the Illinois Collieries Company in Illinois. It has eight mines, with an output of 1,500,000 tons a year. He dominates the coal trade over the great lakes.

For many years Robbins was the leader of the operators in the joint conferences with the miners in Indianapolis. Because of his "change of heart," which caused him to desert the "stand-pat" forces of the operators, he was officially deposed in the special conference in Indianapolis and J. H. Winder, of Ohio, president of the Sunday Creek Mining company—the second largest producer—was elected official chairman. Robbins was not only deposed but practically ejected and denounced. His usual composure was not ruffled in the least. He moved over to the miners' side of the house and sat down between two colored delegates from Indian Territory. From that position he dissented from the stand of the "stand-pat" operators, who, he said, threatened to precipitate a great industrial panic on the country. He offered to re-adopt the 1903 scale with the present conditions and he has done so and put his men to work. Had it not been for Robbins' stand a national suspension of mining would have been certain.

Though Robbins has declined to be a candidate for governor, it is understood that when the time comes for him to slip into the United States senate he will not show the same reluctance. And in this plan he will have the support of the miners, who say they have always found him a hard fighter but a just opponent.



"Will you promise to do this?"

"I wish there would be war declared against Great Britain!" declared Jean, with sudden animation, as he nodded his acquiescence in Pierre's reasoning. "She has been sneaking around this country ever since her whipping here, trying, without appearing to try, to obtain another hold upon it. She never seems to really know when she is well thrashed."

It was now Pierre's turn to nod.

"If war came," continued Jean, his eyes sparkling as if with satisfaction at the idea, "do you know I think I should go to the governor and offer all I have for his assistance."

"Ah?" said Pierre, with a slight elevation of his heavy eyebrows.

"Yes; for you and I, with our men, could then fight like any respectable citizens in defence of this country against the English."

"That might be," was Pierre's speculative remark. But his tone changed as he added, bending his eyes, filled with a meaning look, upon Jean's impassioned face, aglow with a new and better enthusiasm. "And England hates Bonaparte."

"Hates—yes; but fears, as well. Oh, if I can but help lay low his most hated enemy, I shall feel, in dying for it, the greatest happiness I ever knew."

Pierre whistled softly, and reaching for a flagon of wine, filled two glasses. "Here, Jean," he said, lifting one of them, "let us drink to the overthrow of English power in any land wherein we may abide, and long life and prosperity to him you love."

'Twas twilight was coming when Jean Laffitte took his way to the house of Count de Cazeneau.

Up the avenue of live oaks, upon whose branches the gray moss draped filaments looking ghostly in the twilight, he passed to the pillared portico of the count's residence, and, as was his privilege, entered its wide door unannounced.

The low strumming of a guitar from a near-by room drew his footsteps toward it, and he was soon standing on its threshold.

No candles were lit, but a woman's white drapery gleamed from the farther end, in an alcove-windowed recess looking out to the western sky,

"Oh, yes," was her nasty reply. "He has been—means to be, very kind, I am sure. He has given me many pretty things—clothes, and jewels, and books—things of which I never knew before in all my life."

"Yet, little Rose, I feel that something is troubling you," Laffitte declared confidently. "I wish you would tell me what it is; and perhaps I can find the way to make you as happy and contented as I want to feel you are in this new home to which I brought you."

His voice, with its gentle insistence; the firm pressure of his hand upon her small fingers—these impelled her, after a brief hesitancy, to say, speaking very softly, "There seems to be some mystery about my surroundings—something in my grandpere's life I cannot understand; and this makes me uncomfortable. And he has such strange associates."

It was well for both the girl and the man that the darkness hid the look of the face when he heard these words.

"On the island, where we spent the summer, such rough, dreadful-looking men came to see him, and then disappeared suddenly. I never spoke with them, for he bade me keep out of their way; but they frightened me, for they looked wicked and cruel, and many of them were as dark-skinned as our slaves. Some of them were dressed so oddly, with red caps on their heads, and rings in their ears. I could not but wonder why he should permit such men to enter his house, and what could be their business with him."

"There are many strangers and rough-looking men about New Orleans, little Rose, and we are obliged to come into contact with them in business matters," said Laffitte. "I know these of whom you speak, and I know they would never harm you." And he patted reassuringly the hand she had not offered to withdraw.

"But," he added, "you had better keep away from such men, as your grandpere bade you; for you must believe that he loves you, and knows what is best for you. Remember, too, that so long as I live you can rely upon me to keep you safe from whatever might harm you or make you unhappy."