

# LAFFITTE OF LOUISIANA

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

Less than a week later, one early afternoon, the members of the household at La Tete des Eaux were startled by the booming of cannon in the direction of Lake Borgne.

What had happened was this: An English fleet, with twelve hundred men, had, with the intention of throwing an attacking force across Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, sailed into Lake Borgne and opened an attack upon the Americans, whose presence was a surprise to the enemy, as Capt. Lockyer, commanding the latter, had understood that this point was defenseless.

A fierce battle followed, resulting in a partial victory for the English, who were now masters of Lake Borgne.

It was the Shapira who, late in the afternoon, brought this news to La Tete des Eaux.

The house was soon in a bustle of preparation, the inmates packing hastily the few things they were to take with them in their flight, and concealing such property as would be likely to attract thieving bands among the enemy, who would, with little doubt, visit the plantation, as Shapira reported the woods about Lake Borgne to be filled with British soldiers.

Madame Riefel, when not absorbed by other matters, did not hesitate to express her reluctance toward accepting the assistance of this swarthy, brigandish-looking man, whom she had never before seen, and whose very existence had been unknown to her.

"I know something of him," spoke up Mademoiselle Rose. "He is the man of whom grandpere rented Kanauhana. Didn't you know it?"

"Yes," Lazalle added, before Madame Riefel had time to frame a fitting reply, "and we have seen him many times about the woods here. Rose and I once saw Captain Jean talking with him; and I think he is very obliging."

"But all this he tells us of a cave,

One of his own craft, commanded by Baptistine, was tying off the Owl's Point, awaiting the signal which would announce the coming of Laffitte, who, bent upon a private mission in the neighborhood, had not reckoned upon the present denouement.

But now, in view of all the circumstances, he considered this, the boat, a more desirable means for conveying the ladies directly to Shell Island, where now were only old Scipio, Juniper and the boy, Nato.

Waiting therefore until he saw Shapira start for the Colonne, followed by the now quiet slaves, Laffitte, who had meantime explained his plan to his own charges, told them to follow him, and set out hurriedly in an opposite direction from that taken by Shapira and his dusky retinue.

The forest was darkening with late afternoon shadows as the fleeing party followed, in comparative silence, the tall form that led them.

At length the party emerged from the deeper shadows of their wooded way, and came into a cleared space, where the knoll known as "The Owl's Point" projected into the bay; and sitting here, Laffitte looked about him, while the others stood grouped a little distance away, awaiting quietly his movements.

But before he could give the signal to Baptistine, whose craft was concealed around the bend of the bay, two men burst from the cover of a thicket opposite Laffitte, a gun was leveled at his breast, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Surrender, you cursed pirate!"

Rose de Cazeneuve, with a wild cry, rushed between the weapon and Laffitte, while Barbe, who had been staring—as though he were a ghost—at the holder of the gun, echoed the shriek of her mistress.

"Do not—do not shoot your child!" she screamed; and, at her words, old Zeney, who stood nearest the stranger, gave him one searching look, and rushed in turn between her mistress

form that had tempted the new year's elopement.

Meantime, Baptistine had landed; and leaving his men in the boat, he came leisurely to where Laffitte was questioning the English sailor. The Baratarian's shrewd eyes had glanced over the scene; and the fallen bodies, the group of excited women—all that he saw, told his alert perceptions what had presumably taken place, while the sight of his commander, standing unharmed, and Shapira's attitude, as he leaned upon his gun, assured him that the danger, such as it might have been, was past.

Hence his nonchalant, strolling gait to where Laffitte stood.

The latter saw him at once, and interrupted himself to bid Shapira see that the sailor awaited his further orders. Then drawing Baptistine aside, he gave him instructions in regard to placing the ladies and their maids aboard his boat.

"But it seems very dreadful to leave poor Zeney lying there," said Rose, with a tearful backward look, as Laffitte was assisting her into the small boat.

"It is not possible to do otherwise, child," he answered gently, tightening his pressure upon the small hand he was holding. "All that can be done for her now, I will see is done before I join you. Will you not trust me to do that?"

The expression of the tear-stained eyes raised to meet his look answered him without the need of speech.

"You are not coming with us?" she began, when Madame Riefel interrupted her with a shrill—"Not coming with us! Oh, Capt. Laffitte, we cannot go without you. And these strange men! Indeed!"—now angrily—"we will not!"

He had put Rose aboard the boat, and turned to assist Lazalle, while he answered Madame Riefel's outburst calmly, although there was evidence of impatience held in check.

"I intend to escort you personally to Shell Island, madame; but it is best that you all go aboard the boat my captain here has waiting around the point. He will take you to it, and then return for me, as I have a duty here which I cannot very well perform until you and the other ladies have gone. There may be other Englishmen prowling in the vicinity; and the sound of the firing may bring them this way. If this should happen, I can manage matters to far better advantage by knowing that you are out of harm's way."

Madame made no reply, but permitted him to place her in the boat. Ma'am Brigida followed her, Violet coming last; and the sailors pushed off as Baptistine sprang aboard.

"Why does not Barbe come with us?" Madame Riefel demanded abruptly, as she saw the French woman walk to where Shapira was bending over the body of Zeney, intending—as ordered by Laffitte—to carry it into the woods for burial.

Laffitte answered from the shore, "Barbe will come with me; and there myself I wish her to do, Madame Riefel, if you will kindly permit."

He had, unnoticed by the others, laid a detaining hand on Barbe's arm, and whispered, "I wish to speak with you; wait here until the boat returns."

She gave no sign of having heard him, but stood silently, until, as Violet was following Brigida into the boat, she turned and walked over to where lay the dead.

(To be continued.)

### Duly Qualified Kisses.

Some individual with oceans of time on his hands has conceived the idea of hunting through the works of English novelists for the purpose of finding all the adjectives used to qualify the word kiss. The result is as follows:

Cold, warm, icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguiling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh-as-the-morning-breath, breathing fire, divine, satanic, glad, sad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, heavenly, execrable, devouring, omniscient, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, slight, careless, anxious, painful, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immoderate, sisterly, brotherly, and parasitical. The task seemed interminable, and he gave up at this stage.

### Australia's Rabbit Plague.

The last spell of heat cleared off a multitude of rabbits directly around Broken Hill, and although there are still many about, they are not nearly so plentiful as a few weeks ago. However, apparently there has been no diminution of the holdings a few miles from Broken Hill. At one well-known station the lessee has been trapping the rabbits at the tank when they come to drink. In this way no fewer than 35,000 rabbits have been exterminated at one tank in a fortnight. A cartload containing 700 rabbits, was put on the scales and weighed one ton.—Melbourne Argus.

### Historic Thimbles.

In Mrs. Vanderbilt's collection of thimbles, which is the envy of her friends, there are several that are not only very beautiful, but historically valuable as well. Among the latter, and probably most highly valued by their fortunate owner, is one which was originally worn by Queen Elizabeth; another, which shows its royal owner knew its use, was the property of Princess Alice; still another dainty conception in gold and enamel once belonged to the Princess of Wales, while most valued of all is one said to have been used by Queen Victoria when she was a girl.

# JOHN HENRY

ON SUMMER RESORTS.

By HUGH McHUGH  
(GEORGE Y. HOBART)



"The Afternoon Parade."

Me for that summer resort gag—Oh! fine!

I fell for a Saratoga set-back this summer, but never no more for mine. At night I used to sit up with the rest of the social push and drink highballs to make me sick, so I could drink Saratoga water in the morning to make me well.

That's what is called reciprocity, because it works both ways against the middle.

Isn't it the limit the way people from all over the country will rush to these fashionable summer resorts with wide-open pocketbooks and with their bank accounts frothing at the mouth!

The most popular fad at every summer resort I've ever climbed into is to watch the landlord reaching out for the coin.

Husbands make bets with their wives whether the landlord of the hotel will get all their money in an hour or an hour and a half.

Both husband and wife loose; because the landlord generally gets it in ten minutes.

At some of the hotel dining-rooms it costs six dollars to peep in, eight dollars to walk in and fifteen dollars to get near enough to a waiter to talk soup.

You can see lots of swell guys in the dining-rooms who are now using a fork in public for the first time.

This reminds me of an experience I had in a certain summer resort dining-room not long ago.

At a table near me sat Ike Gooseheimer.

Ike is a self-made man and he made a quick job of it.

Ike was eating with his knife and doing it so recklessly that I felt like yelling for the sticking plaster.

After I had watched him for about five minutes trying to juggle the new peas on a knife, it got on my nerves, so I spoke to him.

"Ike," I said, thinking possibly I might cure him with a bit of sarcasm, "aren't you afraid you will cut yourself with the sword?"

"Oh! no, no," Ike answered, looking at the knife with contempt; "there is no danger at all. But at the Palmer house in Chicago—Ah! there they have sharp knives!"

Ike is beyond the breakers for mine. The races at Saratoga were extremely exciting.

A friend of mine volunteered to pick out the winners for me, but after I lost eight dollars I decided that it would be cheaper to pick out a new friend.

But I do love to mingle with society at the summer resorts.

It isn't generally known, but one of my great-grandfathers was present when the original 400 landed at Plymouth Rock.

My great-grandfather owned the rock.

A couple of nights after the original 400 landed on Plymouth Rock the leader of the smart set, Mrs. Von Tweedledum, gave a full-dress ball.

My great-grandfather looked in at the full-dress ball and was so shocked that he went and opened a clothing store next day.

Society never forgave him for this insinuation.

But say, isn't it immense the way



"Ike Is a Self-Made Man."

the doings of these society dubs are chronicled in the society papers?

In case you haven't noticed them I would like to put you wise to a few: SOCIAL GLINTS FROM THE SUMMER RESORTS.

Among the smart setters now present at Saratoga is John J. Souzebuilder, the well-known millionaire from Cincinnati. He is here to follow the races, but he seems to have

an idea that the horses live in the hotel barroom, because that is where he does most of his following.

Cornelius Sudsifter, the well-known inventor of the patent chowless chowchow, is paying deep attention to Esmeralda Ganderface, the brilliant daughter of old man Tightfast Ganderface, the millionaire inventor of a system of opening claims by steam. Cornelius and Esmeralda make a sweet and beautiful picture as they stroll arm in arm to the post office,



Mercedes and Peter.

where Cornelius mails a check for the week's alimony to his former wife, who is visiting lawyers in South Dakota.

Hector J. Roobornik, well known in society, is spending the summer at Atlantic City. Hector was formerly a Bohemian glass blower, but he is now rich enough to leave off the last part of his occupation, so he calls himself just a bohemian—which is different. Hector is paying deep attention to Phyllis Kurdsheimer, the daughter of Mike Kurdsheimer, the millionaire inventor of the slippery elm shoe horn.

Gus Beannoister, the widely known bunion broker and society man of South Newark, is summering at Cape May, where he mingles with the other pets of fashion. Gus finds it very hard to refrain from looking at people's feet during the bathing hours, but otherwise he is doing quite well.

Hank Schmittpickle and his latest wife from Chicago sailed on the steamship Minnehaha last week to spend the season in the British capital. The Schmittpickles will occupy the villa at No. 714 Cottagechess place, Bitteringham Park, near Speakeasy Towers, on the Old Kent road, Bayswater, across from Shoreditch—God save the king!

Mercedes Cauliflower is summering at Narragansett Pier, and her fiancé, Mr. Peter Cuckoobird, is dancing attendance upon her. It will be remembered that Mercedes is the daughter and heiress of Jacob Cauliflower, the millionaire manufacturer of boneless tripe, which has become quite a fad in society since the beef trust got chasty. Peter Cuckoobird is a rising young bricklayer on his father's side, but on account of the fortune left him by his mother, he is now butterflying through life in a gasoline barouche with diamond settings in the tires.

Hank Dobbs and his daughter, Crystaline, sailed on the Oceanic yesterday for the Riviera. Before the steamship pulled out Hank admitted that he didn't know whether the Riviera was a city or a new kind of cheese, but if money could do the trick he intended to know the truth.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shine von Shine were divorced yesterday at the home of the bride's parents in Newport. The ceremony was very simple but expensive to the ex-husband. Considerable alimony changed hands.

The private cottage of Mrs. Ofurich Swellwell at Bar Harbor has been beautifully decorated in honor of the approaching divorce of their daughter, Gladys, from her husband, Percy Skiddoo. Percy is the well-known manufacturer of the reversible two-step so much used by society.

Cards are all out for a divorce in the family of the Von Guzzles, but owing to a typographical error in the cards it is impossible to say whether it is the old man or the son. Both employ blonde typewriters. (Copyright, 1901, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Seals Much Wax.

The great seal, of which the lord chancellor is the official custodian, uses up over four hundredweight of sealing wax per month.

# HORTICULTURE

SPOTTED ASPARAGUS BEETLE.  
Insect Which Does Much Damage to the Plants—How to Fight It.

One of the pests that affect the asparagus plants in the middle west is the Twelve-spotted Asparagus beetle. The insect is red with 12 black spots. The eggs are laid on the asparagus early in the spring and after hatching do a great deal of damage to the young plants. In the accompanying cut after Chittenden, of the department of agriculture, some of the important stages



The Asparagus Beetle, Larva, etc.

of growth are illustrated; a shows the beetle; b, the egg; c, newly hatched larva; d, full grown larva; and e, pupa. All are very much enlarged.

In treating to exterminate the pest dust the young plants when wet with dew, with plaster of Paris mixed with some arsenical poison. During hot weather frequently all that is necessary is to simply brush the larvae from the plants. It is a good thing ordinarily to allow fowls to run in the asparagus beds. It is generally advised when cutting the asparagus to leave a few shoots, for beetles will deposit their eggs on these and they may then be cut down and destroyed.

### WELL-FED TREES.

They Come into Bearing Later, But Last Longer Than Those Underfed.

It is a matter of common observation that fruit trees on thin soils come into bearing early, exhibit a strong tendency toward fruitfulness, for a comparatively short time, and die, and that trees on good, strong land come into bearing as a rule somewhat later, grow to much greater size, and live for a very much greater number of years, says H. J. Waters, director of the Wisconsin experiment station. It is safe to say that well fed trees may have more than double the number of productive years than those which are underfed usually have.

The fact is strikingly shown by the results of an experiment conducted by the New Jersey experiment station with peaches, in which it was observed that on the unmanured land the crops secured at the end of eight years were so small as to very materially reduce the average for the whole productive period, while in the case of the manured land the average for the entire period was not only not reduced, but very materially increased. Thus, the crops secured from the manured trees, after those receiving no manure had practically ceased to bear, were greater proportionately than those secured previous to that time. That is to say, that the properly fed trees were at their very height of productiveness at the time when the unmanured trees had practically ceased to bear.

### AGING TREES BEFORE PLANTING.

Can Be Done by the Farmer to Advantage If He Economizes on Space.

In my orchard I started to test a plan that I am working out much more extensively on my own farm, that of growing the orchard before I plant it out, says A. Sulley, of Connecticut. This is, instead of planting three or four-year-old trees in the orchard, put them in a nursery row about two feet apart and trim about the same as if planted in the orchard. Grow them two years, pull up, trim again, and again plant them, giving them more space, and at the end of two more years take to the orchard. I have taken this experiment far enough to feel sure that I can grow 1,000 trees on a quarter of an acre at less expense than in the field and have the latter clear to improve or crop in full. Do not confound this work with the old idea of bearing age trees. They must be handled on or near the farm where they are to be used, as the bulk will prevent shipping them. It is exactly the same process as is used by many ornamental stock growers, and for the same purpose.

### Blight on Strawberries.

Leaf blight, or rust, of the strawberry is familiar to everyone. The disease occurs throughout the entire country, making its appearance in early spring in the form of whitish or purplish spots on the leaves. Eventually the entire leaf dries up into a brown mass. It is controlled by the familiar mentioned formula. If attack has been pronounced the preceding year the spraying needs to be done early. After fruit is off clean up beds, burn leaves and cultivate.

### Need Cultivation.

The old as well as the newly set raspberry plantation needs cultivation. For the reds which are given to sending out new canes, we like to plow them with that almost discarded bar plow, throwing the dirt from them and afterwards working down the middle with a cultivator.