

# LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
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## CHAPTER X.

A night had passed, and the island of Martinique lay drowsing in the sleepiness of midday. In Fort Royal bay, before the sleepy town, lay three ships at anchor. The one nearest shore was a brigantine, beautiful in model and French in build; she carried a long eighteen-pounder amidships, and her bulwarks were pierced for lighter guns. This was the "Black Petrel," and she displayed the American ensign, now hanging limp in the motionless air, as were the like colors shown by the "Condor," rocking nearby in the lazy tide.

Down in the luxuriously furnished cabin of the brigantine, Laro and Lafitte, seated, and in earnest conversation, paused occasionally to scrutinize this craft.

"Perhaps she means no mischief," muttered the former; "but the very flag she flies, and the red showing on her decks are enough to set my teeth on edge."

"You say you heard ashore last evening, as did I, that she stopped only to fill her water butts, and is bound farther south."

Lafitte laid down the glass, and laughed a little bitterly; but he made neither reply nor comment.

"Did old De Cazeneuve seem inclined to treat his granddaughter with kindness?" Laro inquired, after a short silence, and as if considering it wise to change the subject.

"Yes, for all I could see; and he is likely to do so while she makes no demand upon his gold."

Laro uttered an oath and drained his glass.

"That man has been growing more and more miserly ever since his pretty daughter ran away with that cursed Englishman, and I have often thought it might have been money in my pocket if I had let Stanley's blood out of his veins the night of the gover-

count has formally adopted her, and she is now known as Roselle de Cazeneuve."

Lafitte said this with a dignified coldness, and as if wishing, by a full explanation, to dismiss the subject.

Laro did not answer, and Lafitte continued:

"I am reminded to ask you again if you will take my advice as to this present cargo of slaves. I tell you that the governor's recent proclamation will cause trouble, if you attempt to bring them to New Orleans at present. Pierre told me, only the day before I sailed, of some talk he overheard between Governor Claiborne himself and two gentlemen with him, when one of their coach horses cast a shoe, and they were delayed at the smithy while our men remedied the accident."

"Oh, I say, as seems to me I am always saying nowadays, that your idea is the right one," was the surly answer. "We'll sail at midnight, when we can reckon upon slipping away from under the nose of that infernal Britisher out there, and make for our own snugery, where Lazalie has, no doubt, been wondering at my being so long away. Once in the channel that brings us to the Barra de Hierro, and anchored before it, all the craft England can send would have hard work to get at us. We will take the niggers there for awhile, and turn them out on the island, to work our crops, until Claiborne takes another nap and forgets all about the recent agitation."

He had, while speaking, again picked up the spyglass, and focussed it upon the man-of-war, where nothing was changed among the red-coated loungers.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" inquired Lafitte, after a few moments' silence upon his part, while Laro was swearing at the enemy he was scanning.

devils in his heart; and these will, sooner or later, make a merry hell for you, and perhaps for all of us."

Garonne, whose look of scowling anger had changed to one of sneering scorn, uttered a burst of vile profanity, and striking the taffrail with a broad fist, brown as mahogany, exclaimed roughly, "Let me hear no more such talk from you, Lopez; old messmates as we are, you are going a bit too far. You prate like some old housewife in her dotage."

Lopez, with an angry snarl, straightened himself, and turning away, saw Lafitte coming toward him. Garonne also saw the latter, and, advancing said, "No sign yet, captain, of a visiting boat from over there," indicating with his thumb the man-of-war.

Lafitte nodded a careless recognition of the mate's remark and passed on to Lopez.

"I had thought that when the cool came the Englishman might have tried to board us for an interview," the young man remarked in the kindly tone his men knew as well as they did the coldly imperious one that never failed to hold in check the most lawless amongst them.

"Much better they keep away," said Lopez slowly, in the English tongue—one he spoke but imperfectly. "Much better, sir; but to me it the surer shows that we are watched."

"Well," said Lafitte, still looking at the vessel, "let them watch their fill, while the daylight gives them the chance. At midnight the wind will be of a sort the 'Black Petrel' needs, and we will give them a cleared patch of the sea to watch when the light comes again."

Then he asked, "What were you and Garonne quarrelling over, as I came up?"

Lopez glanced about and saw that Garonne and the Indian had disappeared. Then, turning his eyes to Lafitte, he answered in a lowered voice, "Do not think I am becoming soft-hearted, my captain, that I have to say I fear Garonne make harm for all, by bastinadoing a Mucyas like white man sailor. This I was telling him."

"The 'Black Petrel' had—as Lafitte knew already from Laro—some three weeks before encountered a richly laden Spanish brig, bound for a West Indian port. A fierce fight had ended in victory for the brigantine, after which the prize was burned, and the survivors of its crew set adrift in open boats.

There were twenty slaves aboard, together with a rich cargo, and in the latter were found a number of uncut gems, from which the Indian had been suspected of stealing a large ruby, awarded to Garonne as part of his share of the plunder. Ehwah, upon being accused, refused to admit or deny the theft, and Laro, contrary to his usual custom, had left the Indian to be dealt with as his accuser saw fit.

Garonne, whose natural brutality had been increased by generous imbibings of spirits taken from the despoiled vessel, was not content with inflicting ordinary punishment for such an offense, but had for several days in succession, caused the Indian to be stripped, tied to the mast and flogged unmercifully, after which he was treated with unsparing severity by the mate.

"Ehwah's back bears scars that only revenge will heal," declared Lopez in conclusion, and now speaking in his own tongue. "He has been changed ever since. No man ever had a kinder care or softer touch for a mate who was sick or hurt, as I have to remember from the time, two years ago, when I was laid up with a cracked head, at Tobago. But now he glares like a wild cat when one of us crosses his way, and he has not spoken ten words since he was bastinadoed."

Lafitte's only comment was to bid Lopez keep silence upon the subject, and to have a watchful eye upon Ehwah.

(To be continued.)

### EARLY CARRYING OF MAILS.

In 1747 Newspaper Changed Day of Issue to Suit the Carrier.

The New York postoffice is the largest supporter of the postal department, to which it returns \$6,000,000 or more clear profit. This is some advance on the good old times, as may be seen from Bradford's New York Gazette of Dec. 6, 1747: "Cornelius van Denburgh as Albany Post designs to set out for the first time this winter on Thursday next. 'All letters to go by' him are desired to be sent to the postoffice or to his house near the Spring Garden."

During the Hudson river navigation the Albany mail was transmitted by sloops, but in the winter a messenger, as above mentioned was required, and it is probable that he traveled on foot. The winter average of the eastern and southern mails is given in the same paper and same date as follows:

"On Tuesday the Tenth Instant at 9 o'clock in the Forenoon the Boston and Philadelphia Posts set out from New York to perform their stages once a Fortnight during the Winter months and are to set out at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning. Gentlemen and Merchants are desired to bring their Letters in time. N. B. This Gazette will also come forth on Tuesday Mornings during that time."

It is evident that the Gazette, which was a weekly published on Wednesday, changed its day to accommodate the mails.—Troy Times.

### An Oriental Answer.

It was in a Maine Sunday school, says Lippincott's Magazine, that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil if he understood the meaning of the words "an old cow."

"Been cow a long time," was the prompt answer.

## Drinks Not Well Known

Violet cordial, a liquor beloved of Yorkshiresmen, is one of the best of the home-brewed drinks. Made from freshly-plucked sweet violets, it is often kept for years by farmers, who drink it sparingly in tiny glasses, yet it retains all the delicious aroma of the fragrant flower from which it takes its name.

Home-made sloe wine is a drink which takes a lot of beating as a thirst-quencher. It is especially popular in Durham.

Cowslip wine is another prime favorite unknown to the inhabitants of cities. So, too, are a host of "teas," famous in rural parts not only for their refreshing, but also for their curative powers.

Years ago, before the tea from India and China could be bought cheaply, beverages brewed from mint, pennyroyal, dandelion, wild thyme, marjoram, camomile, balm, calamint and similar herbs, were almost universal.

Even to-day their fame is not dead, and they are frequently resorted to by housewives in hot weather, and when any small ailment shows itself in their families.

Leaves plucked from strawberry

plants and currant bushes make a fragrant beverage, as do ribwort and thoroughwort, the latter both as a refresher and a curative, being found in very many households.

Strange as it may seem, a drink can be made from sawdust. Here is the recipe:

Two tons of sawdust are boiled with sulphuric acid for three hours, the liquid matter then extracted by pressure, neutralized, left for eighteen hours to cool and clarify, and then fermented for four or five days.

The resulting alcohol is afterward distilled and rectified, but a yield of about nine and one-half quarts of spirit to every hundred-weight of sawdust is obtained. Quantities of this are consumed in France.

Palm wine is made from the sap oozing from the cut-off blossom stems of the oily palm tree, and of the cocoa tree. It is a pleasant, refreshing beverage, and not sufficiently known.

Ishtimiyana is the weird name given to a deadly intoxicant made from molasses by the natives of Natal. An analysis of this drink made some time ago by an eminent doctor showed that it was 50 per cent stronger than any known alcohol.—Straw Stories.

## Habits of the Flounder

The expression "as flat as a flounder" has become proverbial, but it does not apply to very young flounders, which differ so much from the adult ones that they can hardly be recognized as belonging to the same family as their parents. Most boys and girls are familiar with full-grown flounders, but very few of them, and few older people, know anything about the appearance of young flounders and the wonderful transformations they undergo.

The flounders begin life as do ordinary fishes. When they first emerge from the egg they swim vertically, with the head turned upward. Their bodies are symmetrical and their eyes are on opposite sides of the head. Gradually the position of the body changes from vertical to horizontal, and the fish remains thus for some time, swimming like ordinary fishes; but while still very small there is foreshadowing of the bottom life they are destined for, and they enter upon a series of remarkable changes.

The most striking of these changes

is in the position of the eye. In some flounders the eye moves around the front of the head; in others it moves directly through the head. This shifting of the eye's position is accompanied by a change in the position of the body, which ceases to be upright and becomes more and more oblique. The side of the body from which the eye is moving gradually becomes inferior to the other, until by the time the change of the eye is complete the fish swims with its blind side underneath, and this position is ever after maintained. The flounder then ceases its free swimming habit and sinks to the bottom.

Some species of flounders are right-sided and others are left-sided. In the right-sided forms the left eye moves to the right side, and the left side becomes undermost. In the left-sided species the opposite conditions prevail. It rarely happens that right-sided species have left-sided individuals, and vice versa. In a few species both right-sided and left-sided fish occur in about equal numbers.—St. Nicolas.

## Danger in "Big" Shooting

The disturbing element in hunting elephant or seladang or rhino has been always, to me at least, the feeling of uncertainty as to whether or not I could stop the animal if I wounded it and it charged me, as it did on an average of once in three times.

Based on my experience, therefore, I should place the elephant first and the rhino third after the seladang, which is fully as formidable as the Cape buffalo, and is mis-called the bison all over India. Each of these animals is dangerous on different and individual grounds; the elephant, though less likely to charge than any of the others, is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly coiled, he is coming your way.

I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in clinging mud in dense cover, with the jungle crashing around you as though the entire forest was toppling, as the

elephant you have wounded comes smashing his way in your direction.

The seladang is dangerous, partly because of the thick jungle he seeks when wounded, but more especially because of his tremendous vitality and his usual, though not invariable, habit of awaiting the hunter on his tracks, and charging suddenly, swiftly and viciously. It requires close and hard shooting to bring down one of these six-foot specimens of Oriental cattle.

The danger of the tiger and of the lion is in their lightning activity and ferocious strength; but you have the shoulder in addition to the head shot, if broadside; or if coming on, the chest, all sure to stop if well placed. The reason the rhino is so formidable is because its vulnerable spots are so hard to reach.

Its brain is as small in proportion as that of the elephant, and may be reached through the eye, if head on, or about three inches below and just in front of or just behind the base of the ear, according to your position for a shot.—Outing.

## The Old Pirate's Dreams

As a man I write of the boyish dreams Of yesteryear by the coastguard's blaze.

When the sea-scarred sailor's war-plowed seams Suggesting tales of his lawless days— Lively glowed in the log-fire gleams. As he sang this lay of lays:

The flag was as red as blood, With a hairy spot of black, An' the Spider bared her deadly fangs As she crawled on the windward tack!

He warmed to his story and clove the air With his long clay pipe as he led his men Into the heart of the battle's glare: And he yelled his "Yo-ho!" once again, Till he broke his "sword" on the arm of his chair.

With a stifled sob, and then— The flag was as red as blood, With a hairy spot of black, An' the Spider bared her deadly fangs As she crawled on the windward tack!

"Why do your eyes shine, boy?" said he,

As he drained his mug and his lips he smacked. Then he told me of Morgan and Kidd And rattled their deeds, their chains, and their bones;

While the wind came moaning up from the sea, And the tune rose, faint and cracked:

The flag was as red as blood, With a hairy spot of black, An' the Spider bared her deadly fangs As she crawled on the windward tack!

He would chuckle a bit, then sort of choke. "Ah, hey! I could turn 'e sick an' pale Wf' fright an' 'e an' 'booze an' blood In the tropic calm an' the reef-born sea, For I ha' trodden the red-stained oak Under many an' many a queer, queer sail."

And then he would hum and croak:

The flag was as red as blood, With a hairy spot of black, An' the Spider bared her deadly fangs As she crawled on the windward— Crawled on the windward tack! —Stephen Chalmers in New York Times.

## Bottled Sea Water Good

"I have never understood," said a doctor, "why somebody didn't bottle the Atlantic ocean and sell the water under a fine name as a mineral water."

"The water of the Atlantic contains some of the most wholesome mineral salts and has a decided value medicinally. Some of my patients keep it on hand much of the time, and profess to find it vastly beneficial."

"One of these men gets the sea water several miles off shore and at high tide so as to be reasonably sure that it is free from pollution. He bottles it in good-sized demijohns, and lets it ripen such as the famous Juniper water of the Dismal Swamp is ripened for carrying to sea on board vessels making long voyages."

"Did you ever smell any of those Kentucky sulphur waters after they have lain barreled in a cellar for a few weeks? The odor is pretty bad, but it isn't worse than that of ripening sea water."

"When you take out the cork the whole household knows it. After a while the sea water loses its offensive smell, and then it is ready for use."

"I thoroughly like it, and if I were in the habit of doing things that lead men to drink mineral waters before breakfast I think I'd prefer plain Atlantic water to a good many that I could name which sell at pretty high prices."

"I don't know whether my patients have ever calculated the cost of bottled Atlantic, but if the bottling was done wholesale instead of retail it ought not to come very high, and it is certainly one thing that no trust could ever monopolize. I've a notion that the fellow who first puts up sea water in an attractive form and gets the attention of the public will make a handsome little fortune before his competitors can cut in and undersell or outadvertise him."—New York Sun.

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## POWER OF TRUE SYMPATHY.

Given Must Have Clear, High Standard of His Own.

From the top of a mountain you can see into the valley around about—your horizon is very broad, and you can distinguish the details that it encompasses; but, from the valley, you cannot see the top of the mountain, and your horizon is limited, says Annie Payson Call in Leslie's Monthly.

This illustrates truly the breadth and power of wholesome human sympathy. With a real love for human nature—if a man has a clear, high standard of his own—a standard which he does not attribute to his own intelligence—his understanding of the lower standards of other men will also be very clear, and he will take all sorts and conditions of men into the region within the horizon of his mind. Not only that, but he will recognize the fact when the standard of another man is higher than his own, and will be ready to ascend at once when he becomes aware of a higher point of view. On the other hand, when selfishness is sympathizing with selfishness, there is no ascent possible, but only the one little low place limited by the personal selfish interests of those concerned.

## Reads Like a Miracle.

Moravia, N. Y., Dec. 12 (Special)—Bordering on the miraculous is the case of Mrs. Benj. Wilson of this place. Suffering from Sugar Diabetes, she wasted away till from weighing 200 lbs. she barely tipped the scales at 130 lbs. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure her husband says:—

"My wife suffered everything from Sugar Diabetes. She was sick four years and doctored with two doctors, but received no benefit. She had so much pain all over her that she could not rest day or night. The doctor said that she could not live."

"Then an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped her right from the first. Five boxes of them cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills were a God-Sent remedy to us and we recommend them to all suffering from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases including Bright's Disease, and all kidney aches, including Rheumatism.

## Oath According to the Koran.

All Achmet, an Arab, was a witness in the New York court of special sessions recently. He refused to take the Christian oath, saying he would swear as becomes a member of his race and faith. He was allowed to do so, and this was the oath he took: "I swear by the beard of the prophet, by the kasba, by the black stone and by my harem to tell the truth, all the truth, and only the truth."

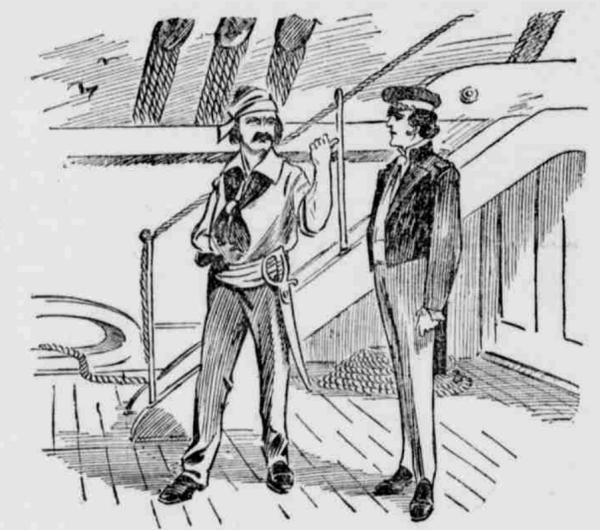
## Nothing Neuralgic

is so sensitive to cold as a nerve and this is the cause of



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"I fear Garonne make harm for all."

nor's ball before he leapt with the girl."

Jean let this pass without remark; but, as Laro replenished his glass, the young man said, "If you are not careful you will get your brains as befogged as they were when I tried to talk with you this morning."

"Befogged, was I, my son? Yet not so much but that I recall every word you told me of what has happened since you left Lazalie and me on the Barra de Hierro, and went to play gentleman awhile in New Orleans. By the way, Jean," he added, as from an after thought, "that was an odd thing for you to do—go off on a wild goose chase to the Florida wilds to bring De Cazeneuve's brat away from the Choctaws."

There was a smouldering anger in Lafitte's eyes as he turned them upon Laro's mocking face.

"I told you that the Indian runner, Bird-Wing, came from his tribe to Count de Cazeneuve, bringing a letter from Mrs. Stanley, imploring his forgiveness, as she was dying, and beseeching his protection for the daughter she must leave among the Indians. He asked for my services, and I gave them gladly, for his daughter's sake."

Lafitte looked steadily at Laro, who, in a mocking tone, asked, "Did you find her still such a charming demigrelle? I dare swear you did not, if there be truth in the reports that the Englishman left her long ago—left her to wear out her life among their red neighbors."

Lafitte rose and went over to the port-hole, turning his back as he answered, "I found her dead, for the Indians mourning for her, as for one well loved. Her child, with her maid, Barbe, a French woman, I brought to the count."

"What is the child called, and how old said you she was?" Laro inquired, now in a more serious tone.

"She is fourteen, but such a pale little slip that she neither looks nor seems her age. She bears the same given name as her mother—Roselle; but the Indians called her 'Island Rose.' Their cabin was on a small island, and, in spite of their rude surroundings, the mother seems to have reared the child most carefully. The

"No," replied the latter, without taking the glass from his eye; "for, befogged as you thought me, I gave him his orders this morning, before I came aboard this craft."

"Very well," said Lafitte, paying no attention to Laro's covert defense of himself. "Then nothing remains to be done until night."

"Nothing," the other man assented; and Lafitte left him.

The "Black Petrel's" gunner, Lopez, an old fellow of Laro's, leaned against the taffrail, smoking, while he looked scowlingly at the English vessel. Near Lopez lounged Garonne, mate of the "Black Petrel," a heavily built, brutal-faced Portuguese, as swarthy as his companion.

Some distance forward, leaning against the bulwark, his arms folded, and his stolid face turned toward the sinking sun, was the statuesque form of Ehwah, the only Indian aboard—a young sub-chief of the Mucyas tribe, inhabiting an island of the southern seas.

"I have been watching him, and I tell you the dog is not to be trusted," the gunner was saying. "Laro seems nowadays to have no eyes save for his rum; and this, if he has not a care, will lead us all into some infernal trap, where we may feel the rope around our necks."

"Have a care, Lopez," said his companion sternly, "that you get not the taste of another rope first, upon your bare back, for showing disrespect to your captain."

"You have been over-free with that sort of rope already; and this lies at the bottom of what I thought it my duty to warn you against," was the surly retort. "An Indian never forgets the hurt he never forgives; and forgiving is something an Indian would scorn as we would scorn cowardice."

Garonne, with an oath, asked what he meant.

"I will stake all the silver and gold that fell to my share from the fight three weeks ago with the Spanish brig, that Ehwah will never forget the splicing to the main mast you gave him for stealing your ruby. Every blow of the rope's end awoke a dozen