LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

CHAPTER V.

It was the afternoon of the fourth day when Jean, fearing lest Laro might come to seek him, and thinking that perhaps Greloire also would be coming, decided to go to Le Chien Heureux. Pierre having already gone out to see some of his military friends.

The air was crisp, and Jean, walking rapidly, was turning the corner of the street leading down to the inn, when he saw Laro approaching.

"Ha, runaway!" the latter called out, a smile lighting his dark face. "I was but just coming to see you. I put to sea this night."

Jean started and stared.

"Aye; this very night with the 'Aigle' set sail for Louisiana," continued Laro. "Would you not like to go with me—you and Pierre? I will take both, if you but say the word."

Jean's cheeks were filled with sudden color, and his eyes sparkled with excitement. But this all passed away as he said sighingly, "Aye, I would like to go; but—"

"Then it is but for you to come," urged the tempter.

Jean paid no heed to this, but inquired, "Why are you going in such haste?"

"Well," replied Laro, lowering his tone. "There is in the city a certain wealthy royalist who has fled from Paris with his daughter Roselle, a most beautiful demoiselle of eighteen. He and a few others have made it worth my while to carry them to Louisiana, where they will seek new homes.

"Come, lad," he added coaxingly; "make a run of it, and come with me over seas. Come with me, I say, and you'll reap more gold in shorter time than did ever an aristocrat of France."

"Not on this trip, Laro," replied Jean, calmly, but with unmistakable firmness. "You have said you would be coming and going; so some day I will turn my back upon France and go with you."

"Well, well; be it so, then," said Laro, although with evident reluctance. "But you'll not speak to any one of our sailing to-night?"

"Nay—not I. Why should I?" asked Jean, as he opened the door. "I'll see you again before sailing-time."

Jean walked slowly along the streets, seeing nothing for a time. He was going toward home, and had almost reached the narrow street upon which stood Margot's cottage, when he saw approaching that which sent his dreams flying, and with them all thoughts of Laro and Louisiana.

It was Greloire, who appeared to have seen him at the same moment; for he paused, as if waiting for the boy to come near.

"Tell me—have you seen him? What said he?" Jean demanded, before they had gone half a dozen steps.

"Never mind whether or not I have seen him," replied Greloire, rather slowly. "Let it suffice that he knows of my having met with you, and of your anxiety to see him. But he bids you, with his love, to stop at home for the present. Wait quietly here, as he asks of you, and you will be sure to see him in a short time."

"See him—here!" exclaimed the boy. "How can that be?"

"I cannot tell you that; only wait, and you shall see. He was not pleased that I ever thought to encourage your leaving the city; and so you must promise not to attempt it."

A rebellious light shone for a moment in the dark eyes turned to meet the soldier's stern look. Then it was gone, and Jean answered with a deep sigh, "Yes; I will do as he wishes."

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It lacked but a few minutes of eight o'clock, and the neighborhood of Le Chien Heureux was unwontedly quiet. Inside, however, there was the usual gathering of soldiers and citizens.

Laro was not in the room with the other customers; and Jean, upon inquiring for him, was told in a low tone by Thiel that the captain was in his own apartment.

He then invited Jean to follow him, and, after bidding Pierre wait where he was, and to open the door to no one, he led the way to the passage.

Dropping on his knees, he grasped a ring, and a square of the apparently solid wall rolled up with a grating noise until it was level with his head, as he still knelt; and a rush of damp air, as if from out of doors, stirred the short locks on Jean's forehead, as he stared with wonder-filled eyes into the dark opening that gaped before them.

A minute later the boy's eyes were nearly blinded, as he followed his companion into a cave-like room, with a floor of rock, which was also the material of its ceiling and walls. It was furnished but scantily; and around a table at the farther side were several men, while somewhat apart from them sat two women.

As Thiel entered, with Jean close behind him, the men ceased talking, and stared with evident displeasure at the boy—all except Laro, who called out, "Aha, my young mate, is it thyself? Welcome, my sea-gull!"

He put out an inviting hand; then, as the lad came to his side, he said, turning to a slenderly built man, of middle age seated next him, with an elbow on the table and a hand supporting his cheek, "Count de Cazeneau, permit me to present to you my young friend, Jean Lafitte, who is some day to be my mate, and who is as dear to me as an own son."

The count did not change his position, but stared moodily at the handsome boy while murmuring a courteous acknowledgment of his presence. As for Jean, he scarcely heard the words, so engrossed had his senses become with the beautiful face confronting him from the other corner of the room.

The young lady was looking at him; and from her clear blue eyes there flashed a smile that opened the red lips to show two rows of little pearl-like teeth, as she said in a voice whose sweetness held yet a note of command, "Come over here, pretty boy, and talk to me. I was feeling lonesome in this dreadful place, and if the sight of you is so pleasant, what may not your words do to cheer me?" And she smiled again.

He knew her to be the count's daughter, of whom Laro had spoken; and he felt a still more poignant regret that he was not to sail in the "Aigle" that night.

"Have you been long in Toulon?" Jean inquired, somewhat at a loss what to say, and yet longing to manifest his sympathy for so lovely a being.

"Since last summer," she answered; and bent toward him as from a sudden impulse while she said, "Did you ever meet people who were strangers to you, and yet who from the moment you looked into their faces seemed otherwise?"

She had laid a hand upon his shoulder, and a puzzled expression showed in his face as he looked into her earnest eyes. But this gave way to a half-mischievous but wholly winning smile as he replied, with a gallantry hardly to have been expected in a lad of his age, "Never—until this moment."

She laughed, and drew her hand away, the wild-rose color deepening in her cheeks

The smile was gone as she said, speaking in so low a tone that he scarcely caught her words, "Is he related to you—this Laro?"

"Oh, no, ma'm'selle," he whispered; "I have known him only a few weeks."

"And do you like him?"

She—perhaps unconsciously—raised her voice a little; and the gravity of its tone, coupled with that which showed in her face, caused Jean to stare at her with surprise.

She leaned forward until her face was close to his own.

"Jean Lafitte," she said slowly and distinctly. "I never had a brother; but if I could have one, I would wish him to be like you. I should not like it that you grew to be a man such as I feel this Laro must be."

Again Jean was slow in thinking what to say; and all he did was to look into her lovely face—into the lustrous eyes fixed so intensely upon him.

"You may forget me, Jean," she resumed, as he did not speak; "but I shall hope not. Yet, for fear I may slip from your memory, I will give you this ring of mine;" and she drew one from her finger. "I wish you to wear it, and to think it says always, 'Roselle de Cazeneau gave me to you; and she will always pray for you—that you may be a gallant gentleman, loyal to what is true and right.' Will you have the ring say this to you?"

Her words touched deeply the boy's chivalric, impulsive nature; and bending over the hand that proffered the ring, he pressed his lips to the jeweled fingers.

"Thank you," he said, as, now with a smile, she slipped the little circlet upon the fourth finger of his left hand; and the touch of her own, warm and gentle, sent a thrill of delight through his young veins.

"I shall never forget you," he declared, looking up into her face; "and no matter what or where I may be, you and yours will always have my love and service."

"It is now my turn to thank you," she said; "for"—and a far-seeing look chased the smile from her eyes—"who shall say but that I or mine may call upon you to make good your promise?"

Before he could reply, they were interrupted by the entrance of Laro, with Thiel close behind him; and following the two was Pierre, who with open eyes and mouth stared about him wonderingly.

Laro gave his orders hastily, but clearly, after which he turned to Pierre, who stood near him.

"Good night, my boy; I am sorry you are not to go with me, for I would like greatly to have your stout heart and strong arm aboard the 'Aigle.' You will come with me next time?" laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

Jean remained silent, standing with lowered eyes, while the bell jangled a second time.

"I'll be in this port again within two years," added Laro, "and then I am sure you will be ready to come with me. Until then, dear lad, good night." And he moved away, motioning for the others to follow.

"Good night, Jean, and adieu," said Roselle, as she was about to pass him. "Do not forget me, nor what I have said to you."

She was gone, leaving the boy standing mute, sensible of the odor of violets, and regretting ruefully his inability to have acknowledged her gracious farewell. But the sound of Thiel's voice soon aroused him from his self-reproachings.

"Come," the landlord said sharply—"come with me."

The hooks of a rope ladder were soon fastened into two iron rings bolted to the rock. A coil of rope was then put through the opening, and lowered carefully, until Laro, who kept a hand upon it, felt it grow taut with a pull from below.

"Good night again, boy; my heart is sorry to leave thee behind," he said to Jean, who was close to him. "Good-by, again, and good luck!"

He had, while speaking, stepped through the opening, and, as the farewell came from his lips—disappeared down the ladder.

Ropes were fastened under the arms of the young girl and of her maid. One of the count's friends followed Laro; then the maid after him; next the count himself, and then his daughter, the two remaining gentlemen going last of all.

There was no sign of fighting when Jean and Pierre left Le Chien Heureux that night;; and the sough of the rising wind was all that broke the silence.

"Next time I will surely go," Jean said to himself, as he and Pierre, after putting out the light which Margot had left for them, took off their shoes and crept softly upstairs to their respective bedrooms. "Laro said he would return within two years; and in two years I shall be larger, and she will not call me a boy. I will go, and I will find her."

(To be continued.)

"I will give you this ring of mine."

An Insult to the Cook.

"We had just engaged a new cook," said the young matron. "I was going out, and as lots of little things were lying around in my room, I locked the door. Imagine my surprise when I returned to be greeted in the hall by a veritable fury impersonated by this same newly-arrived cook. She hurled all manner of violent language at me, and, surprised as I was, and incoherent as she was, I managed to make out that she had been accused of being a thief.

"Why she felt so bad about it was the puzzle. 'Why do you lock your door?' she howled. Of course, that explained it all, and so, very gently, I asked her how she had known it was locked. She was only silent a moment in order to think up an answer. 'I wanted a needle, and so I went up—' she was saying, when I interrupted with: 'But that was quite wrong.' I was just about to send in an alarm when my husband came home. He did the rest. We dined out."—Philadelphia Record.

Respect for Age in Japan.

In Japan there is no such thing as disrespect from youth to age. No Japanese boy or girl could ever think in a light or disrespectful manner of his or her superiors or teachers; and this may account for the earnestness so unusual among young children. When a student enters a master's presence in Japan he bows to the floor, and when the lesson is finished he bows again, with expressions of the deepest gratitude, as he takes his departure. The teacher, sitting in most cases upon his feet on the flor, gravely returns each salutation, then lights his little pipe and waits for his next class. There is no hurrying of masters from room to room, as in some of the schools in our enlightened land.

"BUNKO MAN'S" LONG CAREER.

Death of Tom O'Brien Recalls Stories of His Success.

News of the death of "Tom" O'Brien, the notorious confidence man and originator of the gold brick, in a French penal settlement at Cayenne, recalls the story of attempts made five or six years ago by his Chicago and New York friends to rescue him. Annie Gray, O'Brien's New York sweetheart, who had been devoted to him all through his trial for murder and imprisonment, was author of the plot.

A syndicate, said to have been composed of eight confidence men in the two cities, raised the money and chartered a swift steam yacht, which lay for days off the island of Cayenne waiting for a chance to pick up the convict.

O'Brien had been furnished money to bribe the guards, and every precaution had been taken to insure his escape, but the authorities learned of the plan and redoubled their vigilance. When the steam yacht appeared off the coast of the penal settlement it was watched by a warship. At last the plan was abandoned.

When O'Brien was sentenced to Cayenne for life for the murder of "Kid" Waddell, a fellow confidence man, in a Paris hotel, he closed a career of crime that for years had baffled the efforts of the best detectives on two continents.

He organized the confidence business thirty years ago and reduced it to such a system that he became known over the world as the "king of bunko men." O'Brien not only worked confidence games himself but directed dozens of other crooks in nearly all the large cities. He dressed like a prosperous business man and wore long whiskers. He was in close touch with politicians in every city where he operated.

But O'Brien's political pull finally failed him. He sold a gold brick to an Albany real estate man for $10,000 and was arrested. He got a man to go on his bond for $10,000 and sailed

"TOM" O'BRIEN

for Europe. At Liverpool he was arrested, returned to this country, and sentenced to ten years in prison. He secured temporary release on habeas corpus and escaped to France.

O'Brien "went broke" in Paris and it was when he was refused a loan that he shot his old "pal," Waddell.

Getting Rich Slowly.

Ordinarily a great fortune is built up like a stone wall—a stone at a time. The young man who declines to lay the first stone, because it comes so far short of a wall, will never make progress in financial masonry. An immense proportion of the people of this country live up to their incomes, laying aside nothing for the traditional rainy day. Because they can not save $1,000 in a bunch they save nothing. The greatest financial kings of the world have not been above taking care of the pennies even. The great financial institutions look after even the fractions of pennies.—Troy Press.

Will Climb Mount Rainier.

F. Augustus Moorehouse, an aristocratic citizen of London, England, has arrived in Tacoma for the purpose of climbing Mount Rainier. The fact that the mountain has never been ascended in the winter time does not daunt him, and he will leave this week for Paradise valley, on the mountain's south slope. Moorehouse says he has plenty of leisure and will remain at the task until it is finished. He has been through the Alps repeatedly and believes that a 15,000-foot mountain like Rainier can be easily ascended despite its system of fourteen glaciers.

Labouchere's Christmas Gifts.

Henry Labouchere, editor of London Truth, recently held his twenty-fifth annual doll show. About 28,000 dolls and toys were provided by readers of the paper for distribution at Christmas among the children in the hospitals, workhouses, workhouse infirmaries and poor law schools of the metropolis. There was a separate gift for every child, as well as large toys and dolls for general use by the youngsters in the different institutions. As in many previous years, an anonymous donor has sent 11,000 new sixpences for the children.

Getting Over a Difficulty.

In the north there lives a farmer whose sense of humor failed him on his wedding day. He lived at some distance from his bride-elect, and on the eventful morning he set off for the station in good time, but he met one friend after another, with the result that he missed his train.

Naturally he was very much upset, but bethought himself of the telegraph. This was the message he sent—

"Don't marry till I come.—William."
—Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

YOUNG AND SHORT SENATORS.

Old Men No Longer Monopolize Seats in Upper House.

Although the senate is supposed to be composed largely of old men, young men are rapidly gaining the seats. Mr. Hemenway, who will be the new senator from Indiana, is 44. He and his colleague, Senator Beveridge, who is 42, will be among the youngest men in the senate. But Senator Dick of Ohio, who succeeded Senator Hanna, an old man, is only 46. Senator Knox, after several years as attorney general, is young as men are accounted nowadays, being 51, which happens also to be the age of Senator Crane of Massachusetts, who entered the senate with him. The prospective senator from Nevada, Mr. George S. Nixon, will probably be the shortest in stature of all that branch of congress. He is described as nearly a head shorter than Senator Knox, although, like nearly all the short men of the senate, possessed of much ability.—Washington Post.

TELLS OF SAMAR DISASTER.

Gen. Corbin Sends Details of the Recent Massacre.

Gen. Corbin's report of the uprising in the Island of Samer and of the battle in which Lieut. Stephen K. Hayt and thirty-seven of his command of scouts were killed, has been received by the war department. The report says:

"The Pulajanes are on the warpath in Samar in considerable numbers, as may be judged from the following: 'On Nov. 10 about 400 Pulajanes and several hundred volunteers joined in an attack on a detachment of twenty Philippine scouts at Oras, Samar. Killed one hospital corps man, wounded twelve Philippine scouts, missing five, said to have been boloed while in the river.'

"And again on Dec. 16, Second Lieut. Stephen K. Hayt and thirty-seven enlisted men, Thirty-eighth company, Philippine scouts, were killed by Pulajanes at Dolores, Samar. First Lieut. George F. Abbott requests help from the military authorities. Town is threatened by 1,000 Pulajanes. Situation critical in both instances. I offered the Philippine government all the assistance desired. As yet none has been accepted."

Joke on Archbishop Ireland.

Archbishop Ireland doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one could guess his episcopal rank from his street garb. Traveling one day in a rural district, he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation, asked him: "You're a priest, father, aren't you?" In a bantering mood, the archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered: "No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest." The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said, soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

Belated Receipt for a Slave.

In looking over his morning mail this morning, J. R. Ratekin, a Shenandoah, Ia., seedsman, received a letter from a man at Wabbeneka, Ark., containing as an enclosure a receipt dated back sixty-six years ago for a slave girl. The receipt was also a warranty and read as follows:

"Received, Sept. 3, 1832, of John Roberts, $576 in full for the purchase of a negro girl named Charlotte. Said girl is about 14 or 15 years of age, and I warrant her to be sound in body and mind and a slave for life. I will also defend all claims against said girl. Joseph W. Hill."—New York World.

Buffalo Bill Going to France?

It is said that William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") intends to expatriate himself and become a citizen of France. Cody is well along in years and his family troubles have worn him down considerably. For this reason he is desirous of turning over his Wild West show to younger hands. He is going to Europe with the show in February, and it is said that if he can settle his wife's suit for divorce and dispose of some other matters he will never return to America, but will spend the remainder of his days in France.

Tribute to Oklahoma.

S. M. McHarg, a Grant county farmer, found his wheat so short that he cut it with a header. Wishing to conserve the soil moisture for wheat sowing in the fall he planted the land to corn. To his surprise the corn matured and yielded about thirty-five bushels to an acre. His wheat averaged about $18.25 an acre and his corn $10.50, a total of $28.75 an acre, or $915 for his thirty-acre field. This is a convincing example of the resources of Oklahoma's soil and climate.—Kansas City Times.

The Supply of Petroleum.

In 1902 Russia supplied over 11,500,000 tons, or more than 51 per cent, of the world's product of petroleum; the United States produced not quite 10,000,000 tons, or 41 per cent, of the world's product; the rest was divided among Galicia, a province in Austria, 573,440 tons; Roumania, 320,000 tons; Sunda Islands, 280,000 tons; India, 180,000; Japan, 120,000 tons; Germany, 50,000 tons; South America, 15,000 tons; Italy, 2,800 tons.

Storr's Biting Sarcasm.

It was Emory Storrs who said that a fellow lawyer reminded him of a beautiful house with massive portals and impressive cornices which, when you opened the front door, landed you immediately in the back yard.

For every one way there is to make a friend there are several thousand to make an enemy.

The Commercial Shark.

The shark, which is so abundant in the waters of Central America, is to be utilized in commercial products. A company has been formed which converts sharks' fins into jelly and tinned soup, makes fine machinery oil from their livers, handsome leather, equal to alligators, from their skins, walking sticks from their back bones, and numerous articles from their jawbones

Bacon—Why does he call his dachshund "Procession"? Egbert—Because it takes him so long to pass a given point.

Last year the Sure Hatch Incubator Co. of Clay Centre, Neb., shipped 600 incubators to Germany and several thousand to Australia, South Africa and South America.

Too Much Warmth.

"Well, sah, w'en de preacher told Br'er Williams dar wuz a warm welcome waitin' for him on de other side, you could 'a' hearn him hollerin' for ice clean 'erost de settlement!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Beautiful Old Age.

Roses are most beautiful just before the petals fall. So it is often with old age touched with kindliness and tender sympathy.

Perfectly Congenial.

Naggsby—When a man and his wife think the same thoughts simultaneously, it is a sign that they are exceedingly congenial. Waggsby—So? Well, then, my wife and I are congenial all right, for the other night, when she said that she wondered why I'd ever been such a fool as to marry her, I had been sitting there in silence for half an hour wondering over the same identical thing.

Oldest National Color.

The oldest existing national color is the red and white crossed flag of Denmark.

To Make Eyes Darker.

Going to bed early will make the eyes deeper in hue. The woman who wants her light brown eyes to appear black will go to bed an hour sooner. She will sleep facing a dark curtain and will waken gradualy in the morning.

Cable Message Flashed Quickly.

It takes but three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

You can't make no man out of a Willie Boy by having him smoke cigars 'stead of cigarettes.

Mexican Literature.

Mexico is credited with being at the head of the Latin-American countries in the matter of letters. Besides possessing the oldest organs of Spanish-American journalism, it is said to have in active existence the first library established in America, which is now at least 300 years old. In Chile, Argentina and Peru there are papers that have been published for fifty years and more. One is the El Comercio, of Lima, which has had a career of sixty years of uninterrupted daily issue.