

LAZARIE of LOUISIANA

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CHAPTER XIII.

The sun was nearly two hours high when Lazare arose from slumber, and he brushed himself neatly for the responsible and arduous duties lying before him.

In view of Lazo's dying request, he had considered carefully the arrangements for Lazare's immediate future, and this he unfolded to Ma'am Bridget, Lazare's old nurse and companion, after sending Ezzah to superintend the gathering of such stores as were to be taken to the shore, preparatory to putting them aboard the "Black Peter" and another craft, which was to sail under command of Ezzah, who, in addition to his other valuable attainments, was a skillful navigator.

As to the slaves, of whom there were several hundred, it was not prudent to attempt taking them to a body of Louisiana, and Lazare decided, for the present, to leave by the greater number of them upon the island, which was abundant food and shelter, and take with him only a few, including such as Lazare should select for his own.

A stroke of dramatic stealing of perfume like that of Isambard flowers, a pair of soft arms thrown about his neck, and a rain of passionate kisses on his face and head—these roused him quickly, as a rich voice, broken by tears, cried, "Jean, my own Jean."

He tried to rise, and to unclasp the arms clinging to him so closely that it was difficult for him to disengage them without risk of hurting her.

Still clinging to him, she threw her supple form across his knees.

"You have been so long, so long away, and I was so afraid you would come back to me! Ah, Jean, will you not know how dearly I love you? I would follow you to death if you would but say that you love me in return?"

Jean Lazare was a man, and possessed a man's nature. But there was scarce an added throbb to his heart, as he looked down into the beautiful

empty chests and pack their contents for removal.

The chests were soon emptied, and the bundles piled high for removal.

Early in the afternoon the entire crew came ashore with the body of their dead captain, and all on the island were given a half-holiday, in order that they might show respect to his interest.

Lazare was not present; and Lazare saw her no more until evening, when, with his head and neck full of air, she joined him and the others at the table, to partake of the last meal that would be eaten on the island of Hispan.

In the midst of it they were startled by the sudden appearance in their midst of a bedraggled and weary form. It was that of the gunner, Lopez, who, still wet from the sea, and his garments torn by the driblets through which he had pushed his way, dropped silently into a chair, scarcely two words on his speech. His face was white, and a badger developed his head.

It was as Lazare had supposed and contemplated. Ezzah, by help of the others, he had stolen, had gained the enemy's favor, and the latter, in consequence of the information furnished by the Indian, had not time in repairing damages, and setting sail in pursuit of the brigantine.

There was general rejoicing over Lopez's escape. But this feeling was, in a measure, tempered by anger at Ezzah's treachery, and kind indeed would have been the Indian's fate could any of those sly hands have arranged his own death.

When the gunner's story was ended, a half-suppressed roar had surged through the room, to be hushed by the spilled brand and reproving frown of Lazare, but not, with Ma'am Bridget beside her, at the farthest end. Her red lips were parted slightly, and an angry light shined in her black eyes.

was seen advancing from the island's shore.

The greater number of the frightened slaves fled inland, to hide in the thickets and gullies. But some of the more intelligent, who had a better knowledge of the stone stondbank, and, finding it deserted, they quickly shut and barred the oaken gate.

It was not long before a storm of blows upon the wall, and some of them to it, and looking through the loophole, they saw the strangers gathered behind a commanding officer with a demanding entrance in the king's name.

The terrified slaves—a few of whom understood the words—lost no time in obeying, and were soon assured that no harm would come from them from the invaders, whose leader, upon questioning the negroes, was made aware of the condition of affairs.

Meanwhile, noisily called the "Black Peter" with Lazare in command, and with him Lopez and a crew—much more as he knew had his own cause at heart.

It was noon when the "Black Peter" was under way, and Lazare came ashore immediately, bringing with him Lazare and Ma'am Bridget.

No others left the brigantine, as its commander's sole business in the city was that of seeing for the girl's immediate return, after which he proposed sailing at once for Barataria.

One of his most intimate friends was Philip La Roche, a man of noble age, and a banker of New Orleans. He was of the family, of high social position, and a gentleman of the strictest honor.

It was in his care that Lazare committed Lazare, after seeing her quartered safely, in company with Ma'am Bridget, at the Priory convent in the Place d'Armes.

Lazare left during the voyage, preserved out of all calumny to which was added an occasional touch of scorn; but when, while they were aboard, that he could not, she put out a warning hand, as she stood with downcast eyes before him.

"When will I see you again?" she asked in a hoarse tone.

"I do not know," he said; but the mother superior will know how to communicate with me, if I am needed," he answered curtly.

He did not return to the Barataria until after a while, when he was inquired, with a humility which surprised him.

"It would be most impudent for you to do for some time to come, if ever, as you must surely know," he replied firmly, looking down into her face. "The English must have been held it, and, as I am sure, you can scarcely hope for success, should you assert a claim to it as owner."

"Which wish to go back, when you will, I cannot say, but I am sure, which will insure you perfect independence? What more can you ask?"

"I ask your love, and I want to be with you," he exclaimed, impetuously, by catching her hands as they were thrown her arms around his neck, while with a sobbing cry she laid her head against his breast.

Lazare had not been so long as his fingers closed about her wrists and bosom for never.

"That can never be, Lazare—never. I have never known anything of love, and have no desire to learn of it now. I am not worth any woman's loving; nor can I afford to have any woman's fate linked with mine. Believe this, and never let it and let us not friends."

She turned from him, covering her face with her hands.

"Mr. Philip La Roche will call upon you in a day or two. He is one whom you will wish to know, and I shall advise safely, and I shall place your affairs in his hands."

Lazare had moved toward the door, and he held it, and he said, "Adieu, Lazare," and below him, "I say that if you ever need my services as a friend, you may count upon me."

He did not reply; and when she uncovered her face he was gone.

(To be continued.)



"Are you insane, Senorita Lazare?" he asked.

"Why did you wish to kill the Indian?" she demanded imperiously, as if holding Lopez accountable for a grave offense.

"Kill him?" repeated the old gunner, whose hand was resting on his mouth a huge piece of turtle meat. "Kill him, Senorita Lazare?"

"Yes," was her haughty reply. "You should have killed him."

"Lazare caught Lopez's eye," he asked with a scowl, as if feeling the injustice of her accusation. "I had wanted my knife on the traitor, and it now lies somewhere off Satan's Key, any powder and pistols were sea-soaked, and he took good care to keep out of reach, after I came to my senses aboard the English ship."

"I understand," she said now in a more earnest tone, "and you are glad you escaped. But," she added, "what could have happened, that Ezzah should think of committing such an act of treachery?"

"Lazare caught Lopez's eye," he asked with a scowl, as if feeling the injustice of her accusation. "I had wanted my knife on the traitor, and it now lies somewhere off Satan's Key, any powder and pistols were sea-soaked, and he took good care to keep out of reach, after I came to my senses aboard the English ship."

Lazare appeared to have forgotten her question, for she remained silent, and she saw him to be in her own apartments, followed by Ma'am Bridget.

The meal was soon finished, and then the men gathered from the table, and the women, who were seated in canvas boxes which were borne to the shore, to be taken aboard the "Black Peter."

The greater part of the slaves to be taken on board were given to Ezzah, who, by bringing to him turned loose among their sable fellows, were, of course, ignorant as to the plans of their owner; and when they retired for the night, it was to slumber in their less desirably by reason of their brief respite from labor, while the new arrivals, half sick from their long imprisonment, with their darkness and poor air sleeping far more soundly.

But the next morning, the Turner, awakening in affright at the lateness of the hour, and wondering why no successor's lash had roused them long since, soon realized that something unusual had befallen, for the sun was not two hours high when a compact body of pearl uniforms and shining

GOT PURSE FROM THE BAR.

Winner of Race Had Close Call in Collecting Money.

Mrs. Cassidy the starter, is fond of telling the story of an incident which occurred when he was racing a string of horses on the unincorporated track of the outlaw circuit.

It was the last day of a meeting in a town not far from Jersey City and it was up to Cassidy to win a purse or walk to the next racing town. He had a fair stake in the last event of the day, and he entered a dare-devil horse, which he knew would take all kinds of chances. Just about a hundred yards from the finish on this roller coaster track, there was a probability such as is seen on a public road in winter.

There had been so many falls at this spot that the lookers always passed up when approaching a "cassidy" crowd, and he tried to make his horse desperate more than at this point and sure enough, when the others took a wrap before reaching the gully, Cassidy's horse fell into his moat and was the race.

The owner, with a great deal of his mind, went into the secretary's office to collect the purse.

"I'll have to wait for the money," said the secretary. "I have paid out everything on hand."

"Cassidy's jaw dropped with a cleft, but he managed to say, "Send out for the 'Seed where?"

"To the bartender," said the secretary, anxiously.

"And sure enough," says Cassidy, "I saw the bartender, and it was from the bar till that they dug up my purse. If the bar had been closed, I guess I would be there yet."

Illinois Legislature

PASSES PRIMARY BILL.

After voting solidly along party lines in favor of their substitute, thirty-six Democrats turned in and voted against the bill, which was promised to the people of the state by party conventions and by Gov. Deussen during his anti-election campaign.

The measure was passed by the house without amendment, receiving 112 yeas, while only twenty members voted against it. Of these twenty were Socialists, one a Prohibitionist and seventeen were down-state Democrats. Fifteen Democratic members from Cook county voted for the bill and eleven county members of that party put their shoulders to the wheel and gave the bill a strong boost on the way. Not a single Republican fell by the wayside, eighty-eight casting their votes for the bill as agreed upon in the caucus. Gauger, Prohibitionist, and McCaslin, Independent, furnished the other votes, but were not counted.

The strength manifested in favor of the bill was a surprise to many on the Republican side, who had insisted that it could not pass without the support of the entire Republican forces. Other news that a score of the Democrats stood pledged to the bill and would have given their votes to party if introduced at any time. It was desired to have the complete Republican support, however, in support of the bill, and the members were left.

The bill was called up by unanimous consent by Chairman Rinker of the primary election committee immediately after the reading of the journals and the reading of the bill, so that no delay and the final reading of the law measure by the clerk began. On the roll call several Democratic members, including the speaker, some voted against the bill, but they did not provide a direct primary. Others, said they believed their constituents wanted a primary law, and while the bill was not the one desired, they felt constrained to vote for it.

Grain Transactions.

Mr. W. C. Dugan introduced a bill providing that the buying and selling of options on grain or stock when either contracting party does not intend to receive the same but merely intends to speculate, the parties to the contract shall be deemed to be in violation shall be considered gambling.

Women Plead for Convicts.

A petition from a number of women of the city of Chicago was presented to the Governor by Senator Parker. The petition asks that the anti-convict law passed by the last Legislature be annulled or revised. The women who signed the petition are suitably provided with work by which the term of imprisonment may be made more humane and endurable, as well as a school by which many of these men may learn some occupation, that will enable them to earn an honest living when their term of imprisonment shall be over.

Marriage License Change.

Mr. Sheen (Peoria) introduced a bill making it unlawful to issue a marriage license to any person who has been convicted of a felony of the kind of mind or body likely to be transmitted by heredity to the offspring. The act also applies to any person who has been convicted of a felony more than once. Affidavit of two reputable citizens is required before issuance of marriage license.

Tax on Bachelors.

Mr. Clendenen (Cook) introduced a bill providing for a tax of \$5 a year for bachelors more than 30 years old. To be collected and turned over to the county school fund. Widowers and divorced persons are exempt. Provides a penalty of from \$15 to \$20 or thirty days in the county jail for non-payment of tax.

Contingent Fees.

Mr. Schuchman (Ill.) introduced a bill prohibiting contingent fees for attorneys and clerks for a division of the proceeds of settlements of damage suits, and prohibiting the settlement by the client when such contracts have been made by such damage suits without the written consent of the attorney.

Railway Telegraphs.

Mr. Riker introduced a bill regulating the employment and occupation of railway telegraph operators and all who have to do with the sending of mail orders, by providing for a board of telegraph examiners to be appointed by the governor. Provides no persons shall be employed.

Prohibits Whipping in School.

Mr. Canaday of Montgomery introduced a bill prohibiting the infliction of corporal punishment in public schools. Fines of from \$100 to \$1,000 and a penitentiary sentence of not over five years are provided.

Notaries' Bonds.

Senator Gauger introduced a bill amending the act regarding the appointment of notaries. The bill provides that bonds to be approved by the judges of the county court.

DERANGED NERVES

DISTRESSING TROUBLES LEFT BY ST. VITUS AND GRIP.

Woman Afflicted Ten Years by Strange Spells of Numbness and Weakness Recovered Perfect Health.

When she was fourteen years old, Mrs. Thos. L. Brown had St. Vitus' dance, the finally the most noticeable features of the strange ailment, but was still troubled by very uncomfortable sensations, which she recently described as follows:

"One hand, half of my face, and half of my tongue would go cold and numb. These feelings would come on, last for about ten minutes, and then go away several times a day. Besides, I would have palpitation of the heart, and my strength would go so low that I could hardly breathe. As time went on these spells became more frequent and growing worse. The numbness would sometimes extend over half my body."

"How did you get rid of them?"

"I consulted a physician as if I were could get rid of them. It was not until about six years ago that I found a remedy that had virtue enough in it to reach my case. This was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they have since entirely cured me."

"Did it take long to effect a cure?"

"No! I hadn't taken the whole of the first box before I saw a great improvement. So I kept on using them, growing better all the time, until I had taken eight boxes and then I was perfectly well, and I have remained in good health ever since with one exception."

"What was that?"

"Oh! that was when I had the grip. I was in bed, under the doctor's care, for two or three weeks. When I got up, I had dreadful attacks of dizziness. I had to crawl about of something or I would fall right down. I was just miserable, and when I saw the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again, I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. In a short time they cured me of that trouble too, and I have never had any more of my spells since."

Mrs. Brown lives at No. 1705 D. Witt street, Mattson, Illinois. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not equal for the rapid and thorough cure of nervous prostration. The only medicine left in the system by such diseases as grip and the best of tonics in all cases of weakness. They are sold by every druggist.

How to Cook Rice.

Physicians and others who have eaten rice cooked by a Hindoo, or Chinese, or a native of the East, must have remarked the difference between the results obtained by these artists and those of the enlightened cook of the north. Why the difference? The reason is that the secret lies in the following recipe:

The rice should be carefully washed and placed in a kettle of boiling water, which should be kept at the back of the range over a low fire, where the rice should simmer slowly until done. Stirring is not only useless, but harmful. If there is any fat, it should be drained off carefully, and the rice should then stand in a hot place for some time.

Nothing should be added during the cooking, not a salt grain or lump of butter. If the cooking has been done properly, each grain of rice will stand up by itself, plump, bright and beautiful. Served with a little butter, the rice should be so recently treated with cayenne pepper and butter, after which will be revealed to the consumer one of the secrets of the success of the Japanese army—No. 9, Medical Journal.

Doing Great Work.

—From all over the West reports come of cures of different forms of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. It is not without evidence of the great work the Great American Kidney Remedy is doing.

Among the cured here is Mr. J. V. Waggoner, a well known citizen, who, in a letter to the editor of Dodd's Kidney Pills has done wonders for me. My kidneys and bladder were badly out of order. I used many medicines, but got no better. I then took Dodd's Kidney Pills. Two boxes of them fixed me up so that I have been well ever since.

Tell the poor kidney and bladder diseased man to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well."

No case of kidney complaint is too far gone for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure. They are the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

Wealthy Lovers of Horticulture.

Mrs. Anna Wrightman Walker of Philadelphia has a fortune of \$25,000. To this comfortable sum she has just added \$2, the same being a prize for the best mushrooms exhibited at the Pennsylvania Horticultural Convention, held at Vauxhall, Mead, also a millionaire, though not so rich as Mrs. Walker, won \$1 for cultivating to perfection the most primitive.

Gallop for Aid.

When your stomach is all upset, your liver is clogged, your bowels out of whack, your head like to split, and every nerve in your body on edge, Dr. J. C. Smith's Gallop for Aid and you get it. It clears out your poisoned system, brings fresh, clean blood supply to all your digestive organs, and restores to you that comfortable feeling of perfect health. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. Money refunded if it fails.

But how quickly a barber would have you arrested if you gave him counterfeit money in payment for his useless hair tonic.

No other brand of cigars is so popular with the smoker. He has a real rest upon his uniform high quality. Lewis' Factory, New York.

Be real men, and the kingdom of truth will honor you.—J. Pulsford.