

A FIFTEEN OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.
"If they'll not come out, then we can kill them through the door!" one shouted, when there came the rush of tall, sinewy form, whose impact knocked the others right and left.

There was a flash of glittering steel, as Lafitte struck the hand of a man applying the match, and a spot of blood extinguished the flame as the match fell to the ground.

"Take that, for a warning, you mutinous scoundrels, who seek to murder unarmed men!" shouted a voice trembling with rage such as was rarely manifested. "Disperse, you cowards, before I count ten, or you shall be riddled of legs as well as hands."

The would-be murderers slunk away and in ten minutes all was quiet as though nothing untoward had happened.

After sending Pierre, who was something of a surgeon, to attend the man he had wounded, Lafitte demanded from his sub-captains an explanation of the mutiny.

Dominique-Yon stood silent and averted his eyes, while Lafitte, leaning back, was preparing, as bidden, by both Pierre and Beluche, to fire upon their comrades, when Lafitte appeared and put an end to the emue.

Lafitte repeated the explanation in cold silence, but with a look which warned Dominique-Yon as to what measures would be taken in the event of another outbreak; for a few of the latter's followers had been amongst the other mutineers, who were mostly Catalan's men.

Lafitte, after dismissing Beluche, with orders to keep a sharp lookout, and summoning Pierre instantly, should they outside show themselves at the gate, unlocked the door of his house, and soon stood in the presence of his wondering visitors.

When Lafitte entered, both officers were seated, facing the door. But they rose and stood for a moment,

and Pierre watched them from the shore until they were well away from the island.

Then Lafitte said, speaking in a low tone, "We must, for the present, await night and day without surprise, and that will be all to occupy the men until I can hear from the governor in regard to the proposition we will lay before him."

"Who will take it to New Orleans?" inquired Pierre, adding quickly, as he saw his foster-brother hesitate, "Surely not I, for I never think you should do such a thing. Do not let trusting Claiborne so far; but risk me take it."

"You?" No—a thousand times no! To repeat your own words, I would not trust Claiborne so far. No, we will send Beluche, and Lopez shall go with him."

"Who?" It got well into Lafitte's mind. "I think the boy would be fared alive for your interests—come, but betray them." Pierre remarked, as he raised the spyglass and met the eyes of Beluche looking up at him; for the Baratarians boat now stood at the wharf, with some passengers, was nearing the shore below.

"Yes, he can be trusted," Jean asserted, "and, owing to his size and appearance, he will be less likely to meet with interference."

Beluche and Lopez, with a small crew, departed that same night upon their mission to New Orleans, taking with them Noto, who was to be landed in the woods, about two hours fast walk from La Tete des Eaux. Gen. La Roche's plantation on Bayou Bienvenue was the destination.

Upon the day following Beluche's departure, the Baratarians were surprised and puzzled, to see the "Soleil" and her consort sail away to the eastward, and their departure caused Lafitte to descend upon a visit to Bayou Bienvenue, as soon as he should hear from Gen. Claiborne.

Nato returned several days later, and brought a message from Gen. La Roche, urging Lafitte to come at once.

him" inquired Lafitte, in a tone giving Baptistine a little more of the questioner's pulses were thrilling. "Yes, my captain; she, and all his household—every one. He has brought all his slaves from New Orleans and come to live at Kanabaha, as Shapira himself who told me this when I saw him at the Owl's Point. He said he was tired of playing planters, and would sooner be a boater at Barataria. He told me that he intends offering his services to Gen. Jackson; and, being so fine a shot, he can surely render a good account of himself."

Lafitte nodded and again asked, "But where is he living, now that Gen. de Cazeaux occupies his place?"

"I asked him that question, my captain, but he held a finger along that hooked nose of his, and winked at me as he asked that if ever I thought him he would not be found intruding upon the hospitality of M'sieur le Comte. Of course, the men had to hear us with me on the boat, and Shapira told me that he intended to go with me to take it that he intended me to understand he was living below, in the Haven's Cove. You know, my captain, that I am not a boater."

"Never mind speaking of the Comte," Lafitte broke in, with a warning gesture. "Be careful," he continued in a low voice, "how that place is mentioned; we may before long have need of it for important purposes."

Baptistine said nothing, but nodded wisely.

The so-called Comte, meaning Raven, was the Cherokee name for a hide-peg place known to but few of Lafitte's men; and Cherokee also was the name of Kanabaha, the plantation, taken from the homely produced there, "Kanabaha" being the Indian term for the crushed corn, cooked to the consistency of paste.

The night it was of the seventh day after Beluche's departure that Lafitte left Grande Terre for Gen. La Roche's plantation, with sundry bags of silver and in the cabin of the policea that was to convey him up the narrow water-way to Lake Barge, whence his course lay westerly, up Bayou Bienvenue, an obscure stream, at the mouth of the plantation.

Now and again a panther's scream, or the whining cry of a wild-cat, made the darkness seem still more dismal; and the fear conditions of the night were heard about the sluggish water.

But little cared Lafitte as to the nature of his surroundings, for from out the darkness, he seemed to see the pure eyes of the alligator, and he would look upon after all these eventful months.

(To be continued.)

AND THE BEER WAS LOST.

Unfortunate Combination of Thirst and Sidekick.

There is one resident of the respectable South Side who now rests in an easy chair at home with a cracked leg, now sitting in his bed, having received his beer three cent him out to a near by grocery with a pitcher and a nickel. When he left the saloon with his brimming pitcher there was a smile on his face that would have gaged a gargyle. The resident was about half way home when his feet went out from under him. He turned two or three somersaults in the air, and then made an ineffectual attempt to rave in the air.

In the operation he shattered the pitcher, and broke his elbow. When a barber shop carrier and some kind of fellow carried the resident home and sent for a doctor the resident turned feebly to his couch, looking pitifully at his half hysterical wife and said, "What did you do with the beer?"

Wife gave him a look, the tears came to her eyes, and she said, "Dear, you are hurt. Your arm is broken. You fell into the water."

"Did I spill the beer?"

"No, you broke the pitcher and it just ran out."

"Didn't they save a bit of it?"

"That's what a man gets for living in a town where they never clean the ice off the sidewalks. I've got my opinion of the old place, anyway."

He was turned over with a groan—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beggar and Business Man.

John La Farge, the painter, talked in New York at the Arts club of his work of beggars.

"Beggars need to be wily," he said. "They live by their wits, you know. It isn't strange that they should be quicker than the sold and respectable-looking beggar in the street."

"A solid and respectable business man was hurrying along Broadway the other night when a beggar accosted him."

"The night was cold and very raw. A strong west wind was blowing from the sea. Now a few snowflakes fell. Now there fell a few heavy and cold drops of rain."

The beggar was shivering. He had no on overcoat and no gloves. His hands and wrists stuck out of his tight, short coat sleeves, red and stiff and cold looking. His cheeks were hollow.

"Can you give me a little help, sir?" he said.

The business man took a dime from his pocket.

"Look here," he said, "if I give you this dime you won't get drunk on it, will you?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the beggar. "I shall go at once and die at the St. Regis."—San Antonio Express.

Illinois Legislature

WORK OF SOLONS SUMMARIZED.

A review of the completed work of the forty-fourth general assembly shows that many important laws have been enacted to the statutes of Illinois. Chicago's curfew law, which has been in force since the time of the municipal election, is one of the laws which have been enacted. The bill provides for the curfew of the city of Chicago, and is one of the laws which have been enacted.

House bill 282—Killed; providing for the curfew of the city of Chicago, and is one of the laws which have been enacted.

Senate bill 122—Killed; prohibiting the use of the term "bank" or "trust company" unless the company is subject to the supervision of the commissioner of banking.

Senate bill 282—Killed; providing a penalty for the use of the term "bank" or "trust company" unless the company is subject to the supervision of the commissioner of banking.

House and senate women suffrage bills—Killed; the senate passed a bill giving women the right to vote for all city officers, but the measure was never considered seriously in the house.

House bill 488—Killed; known as the anti-trust bill, re-enacting the anti-trust law of 1911, with certain amendments, and is one of the laws which have been enacted.

House bill 125—Passed; increases the salary of the director of the department fund from the tax levied on the first insurance company.

Senate bill 169—Passed; appropriates \$100,000 to build a new supreme court building to be located at Springfield.

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NO MORE HEADACHE

GENERAL WEAKNESS AND FEVER DISAPPEAR TOO.

How a Woman Was Freed from Troubles That Had Made Life Wretched for Many Years.

The immediate causes of headache, dizziness, and general weakness, come from poor circulation of the blood. In a normal blood, the oxygen is carried by the red corpuscles, and the waste products are carried away. If the blood is poor, the oxygen is not carried, and the waste products are not carried away. This causes the headache, dizziness, and general weakness.

"The ordinary headache-aches as best give only temporary relief. They do not do the work of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People thoroughly cleanse the blood and the pain disappears permanently. Women in particular have found these pills an unfailing relief in headache caused by anemia."

"I was in a southern newspaper a statement of some person who was cured of a like trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My physician hadn't done me any good, so I bought a box of these pills. After 4 had taken one box I felt so much better that I kept on until I became entirely well."

"Miss Blocker's home is at Leander, Louisiana. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists. Besides headache, they cure neuralgia, sciatica, nervous prostration, partial paralysis and rheumatism."

Judging From the Outside.
W. A. Woodbury, of advertising fame, had a friend whose hair had long since deserted him. The doctor was feeling a bit unwell one day, while the mother, aunt, nurse, and small brood were watching in breathless anxiety the boy had been gazing at the doctor's shining pate, and suddenly his sharp whisper broke the silence. "Say, mother, my papa's hair is falling out. Why the doctors, is it?"—New York Times.

Didn't Mean to Stay.
Bursting through the swinging doors of the Madison railroad station at Thirty-fourth street, he dashed to the ticket office window and rasped: "Time—ticket—Fresh Pond?"

There no station by that name on the Long Island, the nearest stop to Fresh Pond being Bushwick Junction. "Creamatory" drawled the ticket agent, but a few moments catch breath, he means was quickened by the great haste of the would-be traveler.

"Yes, yes," snapped the latter, dancing nervously from one foot to the other. "Just two minutes, catch train."

"Round trip?" queried the agent with great deliberation, having not as yet made the slightest move.

"No!" for the sake of Moses, shouted the man. "The book as if I was going out there to be fried!"—New York Times.

COFFEE HEAL

Very Plain in Some People.

A great many people go on suffering from annoying ailments for a long time before they can get their own cure. It is the indulgence from which their trouble arises.

A gentleman in Brooklyn describes his experience as follows: "I became satisfied some months ago that the palpitation of the heart, from which I suffered almost daily, to the use of coffee (I had been a coffee drinker for 20 years), but I found it very hard to give up the beverage."

"I realized that I must give up the harmful indulgence in coffee but I felt the necessity for a hot table drink, and a medicinal one. I was at a loss for awhile what to do. One day I ran across a very desirable and straightforward presentation of Postum Food Coffee, and was so impressed thereby that I concluded to give it a trial. My experience with it was unsatisfactory. I learned how it ought to be prepared—by thorough boiling for not less than 15 or 20 minutes. After I learned that lesson there was no trouble. Postum Food Coffee proved to be a hot medicinal and satisfactory hot beverage, and I have used it ever since."

"The effect on my health has been most satisfying. I have completely cured the heart palpitation from which I used to suffer so much, particularly after breakfast, and I never have a return of it except when I dine or lunch away from home, and am compelled to drink the old kind of coffee because Postum is not served. I find that Postum Food Coffee cheers and invigorates and is a most delicious and healthful stimulant." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Ten days' trial proves an eye opener to Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in every pkg.



"And his granddaughter with him"

while their faces assumed a common look of austerity. Then, resuming their seats, they waited for him to speak.

He bowed, and without seating himself, said with his usual courteous manner, "I regret most sincerely, to have subjected you to a confinement which must have proved scarcely pleasant, to say nothing of the disturbance outside, the noise of which you doubtless heard. Some of my men made an attempt to break your way, but happily for myself, as well as for you, I have made them abandon the idea. You will now, I trust, accept of the property of my having restricted your liberty while you were on the island."

He paused, as if expecting a reply from them. But they only bowed, and resumed their former interview, he continued:

"It is not necessary, neither is it proper, that I give any reasons for my present decision. But if you still require a final and definite answer from me, it will be given you on the eighteenth day of this month, at noon, upon an island named 'The Turtle,' being off the mouth of the East Pass. I have selected this place because—and you will doubtless agree with me—I fear it will not be well for either of you to come again upon Grande Terre."

Both officers began to remonstrate and expostulate at the length of time Lafitte had named; but he checked them by saying firmly, "Knowing best what I have to do, gentlemen, I venture to assume that I am the proper judge of the time needful to decide such an important matter. This is the way the Englishmen were compelled, although with very bad grace, to accept as a finality."

"They were not long afterwards, taken to the beach, and there, with a rifle and a body of his trusted men, while the unruly ones hung about with lowering looks and threatening eyes, but offered no further violence. Beluche and a crew of fifty-five, looking on, saw the officers out to meet their own boat; and Lafitte

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