

# AFFAIRS of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WALSON  
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## CHAPTER XXVI.

Night in New Orleans, where the former day life of the streets had for many weeks been hushed by the threatened calamity of an attack, or possible siege.

The air of the city, muggy and lifeless as the thunder showers of the day had left it, was more unbearable inside the walls of the room, where, on the upper floor, in a cell whose one narrow, iron-barred window faced the east, lay Pierre Lafitte. The gaoler's wife came in with a jug of water, and filling a cup held it to the stricken man's lips while she gently raised his head.

"Monsieur Pierre, I trust you will not be angry with me that I sent this afternoon to Father Philippe, and asked that a priest be sent here for your comforting."

"Is it Father Philippe of the Cour de St. Jean?" he asked.

"Surely, monsieur; and a saint himself," she answered quickly.

"Very well, then, madame; you may send the priest to me," said Pierre, wearily, and wondering if by any chance he might here find a channel through which to communicate with Jean, for he had recalled the name as that of one of the latter's friends.

The woman soon returned, bringing a lighted lamp, which she placed upon the floor, near the foot of the bed, and, Pierre, closing his eyes to shut away the glare, did not see the tall, black-robed form that entered with her, and then motioned her to leave the room.

As she did so, the priest walked to the window and stood looking out, his back turned to the bed, until the last echo of the woman's footsteps died away. Then, striding hastily to the door, he closed it softly, and, throwing back his cowl, revealed the pale face of Jean Lafitte.

"Pierre, my brother," he said, taking care to lower his passionate voice to almost a whisper, as he dropped among his knees beside the bed. "My poor Pierre, tell me who has brought this upon thee."

Pierre smiled, as his hot fingers clasped the cool ones that seemed throbbing with passion and revenge.

He was looking out, when Pierre said, in a voice so solemn as to sound utterly unlike his own. "Come back, Jean; come and sit on the bed, beside me, as I did when we were boys together in Langouede. I am dying, and thank God that I can die with thee near me. Having this, I ask for nothing more. The surgeon told me that if the blood came again from my side I must reckon my life by minutes, and the blood is coming now, my brother. Nay, never mind,"—as Jean started, and impulsively—"thou canst do nothing. Let me talk to thee; that is all!"

He stopped for a few moments, as if to gather strength, and when he spoke again his tone was more incisive.

"Jean, I can see it all as it will be, if thou wilt do as I say. Go to the governor in person, or, better still, go to Jackson, whom he shall command. Show the officer, and show the original papers sent to thee by the King. I heard that Claiborne would have accepted thy proposition, but was overruled by the others. I beg, as the last thing I can ask of thee on earth, to show the papers to Jackson. Promise me to do this, and all will be well with thee and thine."

Another brief silence, and then Jean answered with a passion he tried vainly to repress. "I would not, to save my life, give this promise to another. But, my Pierre, as thou hast asked it from me—yes."

The moon's rays had stolen up until the shadows of the window-bars lay across the clasped hands, and struggled faintly along the whitewashed wall, untouched by the light from the dimly burning lamp.

"Then can I go in peace," had come like a sigh from the paling lips, as Jean's head was laid against Pierre's shoulder.

"Put out the lamp," added the dying man, "let us have only the moonlight."

This done, Jean resumed his place by the bed, and again took the hand lying so white in the moon rays. A deep, struggling sigh stirred the silence.



Truly had Pierre's pronouncement been verified.

"Nay," he murmured; and his voice, although weak, held yet a note of old-time humor. "Nay, Jean, that would be a puzzle whose answer is beyond me. The bullet that found me was meant for any one of us, and the knife-thrust in my side was given by a man I never saw before. And, he added grimly after a moment's pause, "no other on earth will ever receive a thrust from him."

"Then thou didst not leave him for me to deal with?"

"No; for I left the blade of my knife in his heart. But alas, my Jean, what treacherous work it was—a base return for thy frankness and generosity!"

Jean tossed his head impatiently. "I get no waste time in talking of that. There is now but one thing to consider, my brother, and that is the getting of thee from this place. It is for that I have come, and as soon as I know the route, my Father Philippe has every reason to help me; so I went to him, feeling that a priest would not be denied thee. Fortune helped me still more, when a man came from the gaoler's wife to Father Philippe, saying that his ministrations were needed by thee. His conscience troubled him, but he let me have my way for tonight, and will himself come to see thee in the morning."

"Did the woman send him word that Pierre Lafitte was dying?" asked the wounded man, as he looked at Jean, who started to his feet.

"Say not such a thing, my Pierre. If she did, it was but the silly thought of a woman; and I cannot, with patience, hear thee repeat the name of her."

He seemed cheered by his own words and his voice had its usual ring of confidence and decision.

"What is it, my Pierre—art thou in pain?"

There was no reply.

"Pierre, my brother, tell me art thou in pain?" he asked, conscious that the hand he held lay heavy, and was growing cooler.

He laid it tenderly on the coverlet, and, rising, pulled the bed, so that it was bathed in a flood of moonlight.

The whitening ruddiness touched the half-parted lips and wide-open eyes of a face whose cold pallor would show even whiter in the morning's sun.

Truly had Pierre's pronouncement been verified, never would those slightest eyes behold the France he had longed to see once more.

The morning of September 14 was clear and cloudless, with the brisk wind distending the canvas of H. B. M. brig "Sophia," as she made her way toward the little island off the East Pass known as "The Turtle."

There had been little doubt among the English as to Lafitte's decision, when, with a loss of disappointment and to a certainty by reason of the recent attack upon Barataria, the details of which had been reported to Capt. Percy.

It was therefore with a very complacent mind that Capt. Lockyer looked ahead on the little island lying on the heaving water, with the noonday heat shimmering in a dazzle of prismatic coloring over its green growths.

He was soon ashore, and glanced around expectantly, but no one was to be seen. His eyes were attracted by large pieces of white paper, outspread upon the impaling thorns of a bush only a few yards off. He went toward it, and soon read what wrought a decided change in his expression of complacency, besides bringing an outburst from his lips.

Then, plucking the paper from the bush, he crushed it in his hand, and turning about, went back to his boat, where, with a loss of disappointment and rage that told his crew of something having gone wrong, he ordered them to push off.

The paper he was carrying back to the "Sophia" as the result of his mission contained only these words:

"Sept. 14, 1814.  
"I will accept no favor from, and conclude no terms with those who make allies of Indians, who mean slaves to insurrection, and whose cruelty matches well that of their savage associates."  
"JEAN LAFITTE"

Prison doors were not so easily opened as in the past. Beluche and Lopes were still under confinement, together with their crew, and the recently captured Baratarians.

The days at Shell Island passed monotonously. Once, in October, Lafitte made a trip to La Tete des Eaux, where he found only Lazalle and Madame Riefel, Gen. La Roche's sister, who had, for the present, closed her New Orleans house, and was stopping in what her brother considered a safer locality.

The general himself spent much of his time in the city, and Madeleine de Caeneau was now at Kaminahena, where her grandfather was dying.

After hearing from Lazalle of Rosa, and her loneliness, picturing her beside her grandfather's deathbed, and recalling the look upon her upraised face when he left her, and the words she had uttered, Lafitte longed to see her, if only to extend his sympathy.

That she would have heard of his disaster there was little doubt; for Lazalle had met him with both hands extended and a dimness of tears in her eyes. "Capt. Jean, I am so glad to see you again, and I am so glad we were not forced to accept the governor's hospitality. And we were all so sorry for your brother—"

She hesitated, and Lafitte said quietly, but with unmistakable firmness. "I thank you truly, Lazalle; I understand what you would say, and thank you for it. But please let us talk of something else."

Mindful of Rosa's love for marah lilies, he had brought a large bunch of them from Shell Island, where they grew in great abundance, and now, and now handing them to Lazalle, he requested that she give them to Madeleine de Caeneau, with his compliments.

"When you will not go over to Kaminahena to-day," she asked, while inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

Before he could reply, Madame Riefel, who had entered the room and overheard Lazalle's question, asked volubly, "Is it not pitiful to think of that poor child over there, with only the negroes about her and that snappy old Harbe! Mercy! When I was her age she was dead, and I see any one die would make me fly from the house."

She spoke theatrically, with uplifted brows and raised hands, for the erratic fashionability of Madame Riefel's manner, more decidedly French than was her brother.

Madame Riefel's frivolous remark brought before Jean the picture of that little child, where he had first seen the figure scarcely more than a child's, clad in a gayly fringed buckskin dress, with beaded leggings and moccasins, and clinging to a still form from which the breath had but just departed.

"Speak once more to your little Rosa," she had wailed. And he had been by frequent contact with death, could not until now realize the full depth of such sorrow.

He realized it now, when he had that moonlit cell to remember, the dead face lying in the silver radiance, the only light from the parted lips forever mute, but which a moment before were murmuring words that, in all the years ago were for him and his welfare.

This it was that made Jean Lafitte's face pale and his manner seem stern as after forcing himself to listen for awhile to Madame Riefel's voluble chatter, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

Prof. Bowen's Drachm.  
Prof. Bowen, F. D. Bowser of Boston university is not only a great wit, but an inveterate punster. One morning in the philosophy class a student who was not willing to accept anything until he saw it raised a great many objections.

The professor answered them as best he could, then looking around the class, remarked: "Has any one else any scruples?" and proceeded to make a pun by adding, "If we could get scruples enough together we might raise a drachm among us."

To which the student replied: "Professor, a good many people do not regard a drachm without any scruples."

A False Alarm.  
The sea which the sovereign postal funds pursue their friends in their endeavors to add to their collections may sometimes prove embarrassing. He was telling her of his vacation plans, which it seems, however, between a trip to Europe or a visit to Jamaica.

"Either place will suit me," she commented. He looked startled, gazed long at once ordered five boats to be added to the Holland and the Plunger.

"The first two offered the navy, and which were accepted with many doubts and misgivings on the part of high officials."

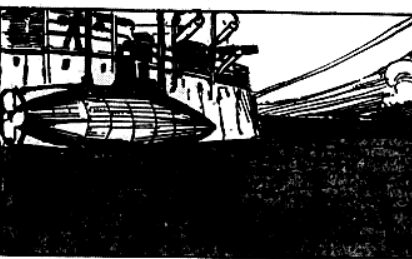
Admiral Hitchcock, Admiral Dewey and other sea dogs declared that while the submarine boat had proved its powers to remain below surface for long periods and to be operated at high rate of speed, its greatest efficiency would be found not in attacking a fleet on the high seas, but in harbor and coast defense work.

In 1901 Queen Wilhelmina of Holland sent a special commission to this country to inquire into the subject of submarines, and a special demonstra-

## HOW JAPANESE SUBMARINES BROUGHT ABOUT VICTORY

To the ingenuity of a Yankee inventor the Japanese can largely ascribe the credit for their great naval victory in the Korean straits, according to the statements of persons connected with the building of submarine boats in this country. Six Holland submarine torpedo boats of the type invented by John P. Holland were attached to Admiral Togo's fleet, and these are supposed to have caused much of the havoc among the Russian battleships.

When the boats were shipped to Tokyo the Holland Company sent with



Jap Battleship Lowering the

them a number of high-salaried engineers and mechanics to put them together and to instruct the Japanese naval forces in their operation. At a secret aliyards in Japan the four boats were completed, and the preliminary maneuvers begun.

"They were launched May 10," said Mr. White, "and proved eminently satisfactory in their trials. They were equipped not only with the latest improvements in torpedo tubes but with powerful searchlights capable of being operated under the water, giving them an immense advantage in actual warfare."

"It was these submarines that did the work. They were sent there for that purpose. If there are any Russian warships left all the Japanese need do is to round them up, keep at a safe distance and let the submarines finish them. If this course is pursued there will not be a Russian ship afloat on the seas of the Orient."

As soon as the details of the battle

tion of the Holland boat Fulton was given for the commission-ment, I. J. the commission remaining on board while the boat dived, sank and freed dummy torpedoes. Japan at that time had not taken up the construction or purchase of submarines, although France had seven in commission and twenty six ordered.

England and Germany were backward about looking into the innovation, the consensus of opinion among the older naval officials of most countries being that the new boats would not stand heavy seas or prove effective in a naval battle. Their cost, approximating \$170,000, was also urged against them, and it required hard work to induce the United States Navy department to approve of the submarines.

Deedant Law for Seaborers.  
When the marquis of Queensberry seeks in court a license to carry a gun to protect himself and his children from the deadly onslaught of the reckless automobilist, it is apparent that over-speeding and scorching through city streets is by no means an evil confined to strenuous Ameri-

can. Since fines are ineffective, it is now suggested that the ancient law of the decedant be revived and the punishment shifted to the machine that does the mischief. Under the deed and of yore a cart running over or causing the death of a "reasonable creature" was forfeited to the king for pious purposes. If for cart automobile be substituted and in place of the king a society for the prevention of cruelty to reasonable creatures, modern law of the decedant, the superior contents would prove a genuine blessing.—Boston Herald.

Women's Psychic Influences.  
Women fittingly educated, spiritually as well as intellectually, must conform to their own standards the instincts, passions and wills of the men to whom they are joined in marriage; and thus through the exercise of an intangible psychic influence they will in time impart spiritual tone to the lives of their husbands and fashion their fathers for their children, says Good Housekeeping.

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It would appear as if the Russians either did not have enough submarines or did not know how to handle what they had. The two new boats which the Japanese are supposed to have fully twice the speed of the older type, and could have done all that we hear was done in the Korean Straits if properly handled. They were equipped to use either the three and a half or five meter torpedo, and with the high speed they have they could have

husband and the son; and there is certainly conceivable no more beautiful relation than that which should exist between two intelligent beings of opposite sexes who have linked their lives in the holy compact which, to those who apprehend the spiritual side of marriage, even death may not dissolve.

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Now that the cows are in the pasture during the day and sleep out of doors during the night, being milked in the barnyard, the time is opportune to repair the stable floor. The floor that is on the dead level should be raised some to give it a good slope in the direction of the gutter. The floor that is so long that the manure falls on it should be shortened to a point that will cause all the manure to fall into the gutter. For many years our cows got dirty during every night in winter and in the morning we had to wash them before milking, but the shortening of the floor worked like a charm. The only thing that was a surprise to us was that we had not thought of doing it before we did.

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Old Breeds.  
In spite of the number of new breeds that are constantly being put themselves on the notice of the public, the old breeds continue to be the favorites. They have been established by generations of breeding, and the people know what they can depend on when they buy them. It will be a long time before such breeds as the Plymouth Rocks lose their favor, but the breed that displaces them will have to be a good breed indeed.

Cooping the Chicks.  
I think the time is opportune to advise amateur chicken raisers not to put their chicks on the ground when they come out. I have in the past at various times put my coops on green grass and allowed the chicks to come out around the coops in the day time. I had two experiences that led me to abandon the practice. One was when a cold wet spell came on and lasted for days. One of the children reported that in the coops on the ground the chicks could not walk. I went out and looked and sure enough each of the five chicks was sitting on the ground and would not come for food. I took them up and found their legs almost rigid. They had rheumatism. I am sure that that time at least rheumatism was caused by outside conditions and not by having "too much acid in the blood" or "eating too much sugar" or "indulging too freely in a meat diet." I took the chicks into the house and put them in a basket behind the stove. In a few hours they were able to limp around freely, but it was two or three days before they could move about freely and with comfort. That cured me of letting chicks lie on the ground. The practice may be all right if the weather keeps good.

My second experience was with a large brood which I placed on a level piece of lawn. One night a thunderstorm came on and the rain fell in a deluge. Everything was soaked in five minutes. I ran out in the wind and rain and got the chicks, which were already standing with the water up to their sides. The old hen seemed to understand the situation perfectly and clucked her approval as I gathered in her and her brood. Coop the chicks on a place that is high and dry. Matilda Stark, Tipppecanoe Co., Ind., in Farmers' Review.

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In Europe these fowls are known as Italians. They are supposed to have been brought to this country as early as 1854, when a sea captain brought some from the port of Leghorn, whence they got the name, which has stuck to them ever since. Their sterling qualities as layers and



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