The Pride of Louisiana

By Mary DeVereux

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD V. BRULSON

Copyright, 1914, by L. C. Page, Brown and Company
(By Daily Publisher)

CHAPTER V.

It was the afternoon of the fourth day when Jean, fearing her best hand might come to seek him, and thinking that perhaps Grelaire also would be coming, decided to go to Le Chien Heureux, Pierre having already gone to the scene 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 you on the night."

Jean started and stared.

"Aye; this very night with the 'Algie' 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 as he said sightingly, "Aye, I would like to go; but—"

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

Jean held to his bed 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 Rosalie, a most beautiful demoiselle of eighteen, 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. Come with me, I say! Mon ami, 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

"I will give you this ring of mine."

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 tonight?"

"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 neither left nor right. He was going toward home, and had almost reached the narrow street upon which stood Marie's Lace, when he saw approaching that which sent his dreams flying, and with them all thoughts of Laro and Louisiana.

It was Grelaire, 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 Grelaire, 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; it, only wait, and you shall see. He was not pleased that I ever thought to encourage you in leaving the city; and so you must promise not to attempt it.

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

"Good!"

It lacked but a few minutes of eight o'clock; and the neighborhood of Le Chien Heureux was unusually 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 on a small piece of the square cently solid wall rolled up with a grat. ing 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 head, as he stared with wonder-filled eyes into the dark opening that gaped before him.

A minute later the boy's eyes were nearly blinded, as he followed his companion into a narrow 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 sat three men, who were 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!"

But not an inviting hand rose, as the lad came to his side, he said, turning to a slenderly built man of middle age seated at the last, with an elbow on the table and a hand supporting his cheek, "Count de Caseneau, permit me to present to you my young friend, Jean Lafitte, who hopes soon to be an officer, and who is as dear to me as an own son."

The count did not change his position, but raised his head, and the hand some boy while murmuring a courteous acknowledgment of his presence. As he did so, he seemed hardly the words, so engrossed had his features 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, and I yet hoped for some, and if the sight of you is so pleasant, why should you not pay words do to cheer me?" And she smiled at him.

He knew her to be the count's daughter, as Jean Laro had spoken, and he felt a still more pounding at the sight of her, as he not to sail in the morrow!

"Have you been long in Toulon?" Jean inquired, somewhat at a loss what to say, yet longing to make first 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 they entered into their faces seemed otherwise?"

He had laid a hand upon his shoulder, and a puzzled expression showed in his face as he looked into her earnest eyes. He felt they 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?"

"No, no, ma'm'selle," he whispered. "I have known him but a few weeks."

"And do you like him?"

She spoke very emotionally—raised her voice a little, and the gravity of its tone, coupled with that which followed in her face, caused Jean to stare at her with surprise.

He leaned forward until her face was close to his ear.

"Jean Lafitte," she said slowly and distinctly. "I have a young 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 that, 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 Caseneau 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 take the ring as a token?"

Her words touched deeply the boy's chivalric, impulsive nature, and bending low, he took that proffered the ring, he pressed his lips to the jewel 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 from her to her father, "no matter what or where I may be, you and yours will always have my prayers and—"

"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.

"Lad, I leave you here. I am sorry you are not to go with me, for I would like greatly to have your stout heart and strong arm among me. Algie—You will come with me next time?" Giving 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 months," Laro said to him; "I am sure you will be ready to come with me. Hark! Dies, dear lad, good night." And he moved with the intention for the others to follow.

"Good night and good sailing," said Roselle, as she was about to pass him. "Do not forget me, nor what I said of my gift."

She was gone, leaving the boy stunned and bewildered at the odor of violets and regretting ruefully his inability to have acknowledged her gracious reward. But he found in Thiel's voice soon aroused him from his self-reproaching.

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

The hooks of a rope ladder were soon fastened into two iron rings held 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 as he 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 a chorus of farewells then Jean and Pierre left Le Chien Heureux that night; and the sough of the chilly wind was all that broke the silence.

"Next time I will surely go," Jean said to himself, as he left his chamber, after putting out the light which Marcot had left for them, took off their shoes and tiptoed softly toward their respective bedrooms. "Laro said he should come back in two years; and in two years I shall be twenty-one, and she will not call me a boy. I will go, and I will see her."

(To be continued)

An Insult to the Cook.

"We had just engaged a new cook said the young matron; "I was going out, and as I was leaving I found my baby around in my room. I looked the door. Imagine my surprise when I returned to see the cook with the baby in a veritable fury impersonated by this same newly arrived cook. She hurled at me a number of epithets, which I heard, surprised as I was, and incoherent as she was. I managed to make out that she had been expected to wash the baby.

"Why, she felt so bad about it was the puzzle. 'Why do you look your dolls?' 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 excuse. I wanted a needle and so I went up—I don't know why I did it—I peeped through the keyhole and saw the baby. I was just about to send in an alarm when my husband interrupted me. 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. A Japanese boy or girl could ever think, in a light or disrespectful manner of the old people, or of their teachers, and this may account for the earnestness and unusual among young children. When a teacher or a stranger'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 floor, gravely returns each salutation, then lights his little pipe and waits for the next class. There is no hurrying of students from room to room, as in some of the schools in our enlightened land.

Illinois Legislature

PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

The primary election law bill prepared by the Republican committee makes twenty-seven pages of printed matter.

The theory of the bill is a mingling of the direct primary and the delegate convention plan. If a candidate for nomination gets a majority of the votes cast in the primary he is nominated without further ceremony. Moreover, no one man gets a majority, but the matter then goes to the convention for settlement.

Delegates to a convention are chosen at the same time candidates are voted for. The feature of the bill is that it makes county and other party committeemen regularly elected officers with a legal title to their positions. It is this demand for a majority which is likely to prove most opposition to the bill. Any body who wishes to can declare himself a candidate, so there are likely to be numerous aspirants for every nomination, and a majority will be hard to get. Already a cry has been raised that it will be easy to hold it.

The clause which meets with most favor is one providing that all primaries for both parties be held the same day. The date fixed is the second Saturday in April, the polls open from 7 to 9 a. m. The only regular election officers to be the officers of the primaries and the voting by the Australian system. No congressional, state, or senatorial convention shall be held in April.

The plan of the bill is best shown by the method of preparing the ballot. It is provided that the ballot shall contain the names of the candidates for a given office, the nominee's name shall be as many blank spaces as the primary district is entitled to delegates in the convention, and blank spaces the voter can write or paste the names of the delegates to the convention, expecting to be nominated. Then the votes each candidate receives are counted and returned as in a regular election.

The convention cannot consider the name of any candidate but those who are voted for at the primary. In the convention, if any candidate got a majority of votes in the primary district, he gets the votes of all the delegates from that district. If, however, no candidate receives a majority in the primary district, then the delegates from that district can vote for any proper man in the convention, according to the strength shown by the various candidates.

The same procedure applies to the state convention, except there the counties are the unit, instead of the primary districts.

The only exception to the rule that the convention cannot consider a candidate who was not before the primaries is where there is only one candidate for the nomination and he has received not more than 20 per cent of the votes. Then the convention, by a four-fifths vote, can consider other candidates.

The district committeemen are to be elected at the primaries, and they will constitute the county committee, which shall choose a chairman. These county chairmen shall form congressional district committees, which shall choose a chairman. These county chairmen shall form congressional district committees, which shall choose a chairman. These county chairmen shall form congressional district committees