LIFE IN LOUISIANA

By MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

(Copyright by Little, Brown and Company)

(All Rights Reserved)

CHAPTER IX.

It was late in a sultry, almost breathless evening in September, 1811, that the ship "Venus," belonging to Lafitte and his associates, dropped anchor in the harbor of Fort Bourbon, Barataria.

She had but a single passenger. If such he could be termed; for it was Jean Lafitte, returned from Europe, a mission which will be referred to more particularly later on, and who had come from New Orleans for the purpose of meeting Lafitte, who he expected to find waiting at Fort Royal.

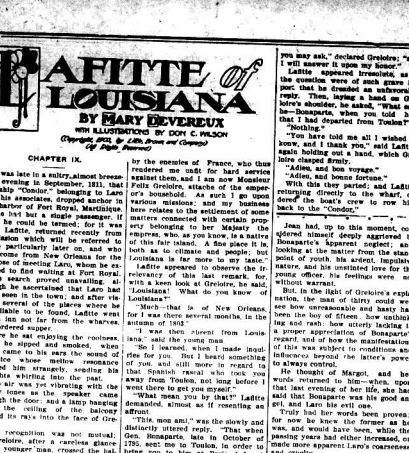
His search proved unavailing, although he ascertained that Lafitte had been seen in the town; and after visiting several of the places where he was liable to be found, Lafitte went to an inn and for from the wharves, and ordered supper.

Here he sat enjoying the coolness, while he sipped and smoked, when there came to his ears the sound of a voice whose mellow compass thrilled him strangely, sending his thoughts whirling into the past.

The air was yet vibrating with the hearty tones as the speaker came through the door, and a lamp hanging from the ceiling of the balcony flared its light into the face of Gregoire.

The recognition was not mutual, for Gregoire, after a careless glance at the younger man, crossed the balcony and seated himself at a table.

Lafitte was, for the moment, undecided as to what to do—whether to reveal his identity, and risk hearing whatever comments Gregoire might make upon a subject and career which already had become known in two continents, or to remain silent, and thus forego this unlooked-for opportunity for learning the definite in regard to the man who was dearer to him—he who was now Emperor of France.



"You will deliver him a message from me?"

But all his indecision was soon ended by the realization of what was represented by the face and form so close to him, so full of life, as he were, from the dead. The living present seemed to animate the dead, and the reality of Gregoire came actual life to the blind Napoleon.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said bowing slightly as Gregoire looked up, "but I think I had the pleasure of meeting monsieur many years ago in France."

Ah! said Gregoire, as he turned to the speaker. "May I ask where?"

"Long ago in Lanceodre, and Toulon," signed Napoleon, his face, his eyes upon Gregoire's face. "We met at La Chien Heureux, in Toulon, and the last time I saw you was at the Convent of St. Roque, where you were recovering from wounds received in an assault upon the city."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Gregoire "What means all this, monsieur? Can it be possible that you are Jean Lafitte—Lafitte, the pi—"

The word was cut short by a flash from the young man's eyes and a stroke might lop off the hand raised for a blow.

"The first is the name by which I was known in Toulon, and my friends still call me by it, because I have given to me by my enemies, and which I do not necessarily resent from them.

He spoke with stern composure, and with a dignity and bearing which, in straight figure and refined face, while Gregoire stared at him in silent astonishment.

"Which of the two monsieur, do you prefer to use?" Lafitte added, now taking a step backward, and with a smile moving his eyes from Gregoire.

"To call you Jean, as I did years ago," Gregoire exclaimed impetuously, extending both hands, which were welcomed by the firm grip of the younger man's strong fingers.

"Bien," the latter said "Let it be so. And you—what shall I call you,—Gregoire, duke, or marshal of France?" Tell me of yourself, and of—Napoleon."

"The first will take but a short time," Gregoire replied laughingly; "for I am still a lieutenant of the gendarmerie. Indeed I left the army six years ago, on account of many complications paid to my body and spirit by the enemies of France, who thus rendered me unfit for hard service toward them, and I am now Monsieur Felix Gregoire, attache of the emperor's household. As such I go upon various missions; and my business here relates to the settlement of some matters connected with certain property belonging to her Majesty the empress, who now lives in a place of this fair island. A fine place it is, both as to climate and people; but Louisiana is far more to my taste."

Lafitte appeared to observe the interest of this last remark, for, with a keen look at Gregoire, he said, "Louisiana! What do you know of Louisiana?"

"Much—that is, Mr. Orleans, for I was there several months in the autumn of 1803.

"I was the guest from Louisiana, said the young man.

"So! I learned, when I made inquiries for you. But I heard something of you and still more in regard to that Spanish woman who took you away from Toulon, not long before I went there to see if I could find you."

"What mean you by that?" Lafitte demanded, almost as if resenting an affront.

"This, mon ami," was the slowly and distinctly spoken response. "I learned Gen. Bonaparte, late in October of 1793, sent me to Toulon, in order to bring you to him at Paris. I found that you and Pierre had already gone with Laro, bound for Louisiana. Who told you this?" inquired Lafitte.

"A dozen people—Thiel amongst them. I went first to Pere Hook's house, and there ascertained that the young prince was dead. I then visited Le Chien Heureux, and learned what I have told you."

Lafitte turned again from Gregoire, and settled down into his chair; and the latter saw the quick rising and falling of the young man's breast as it came within his arms' reach.

Presently Jean, without lifting his eyes, asked in a stubborn, dogged tone, as though expecting a refusal, "Do not wish to hear. The you mean to have me understand that Jean Bonaparte sent you to Toulon for me?"

"Most assuredly. He, as I have already told you, sent me in the autumn of 1793. He supposed you were still under the charge of Pere Hook, being fitted for the service of your country, and planned for you—one that would bind you close to him and insure your future."

Lafitte had now recovered—apparently, at least—from the shock wrought upon him by Gregoire's surprising intelligence.

"You will deliver him a message from me?"

"With pleasure."

"Give him my homage for his own generosity and for the splendor he has brought upon France. Convey to him all my heart's gratitude for his kindness and endeavors when I was a boy, and for what he would have fitted for manhood, and tell him that I love him, and will ever love him, and that no sacrifice he may wish or accept will be too great for me to make in his behalf. I'an you remember that?"

"Every word, and I will repeat it faithfully."

"Adieu, then, old comrade," said Jean, grasping Gregoire's hand. "This may be our last meeting, but it will not end our regard for each other."

"Indeed no, nor our thoughts of one another," was the hearty response, accompanied by a lighting clasp of Lafitte's slender fingers. "And if it may not be the last, by many, of our meetings.

"Adieu, old comrade."

"Adieu, mon ami."

One final hand-lasp, and Lafitte turned away. But, after taking a few steps, he faced about and went back to Gregoire, who stood as he had left him.

"One thing more," said Lafitte hesitatingly, "one more question, which you may answer or not, as you choose.

"I will answer whatever question you may ask," declared Gregoire; "and I will speak it, if it be possible."

Lafitte appeared irresolute, as if this question were of such moment to him, that he dreaded an unfavorable reply. Then, leaning a hand on Gregoire's shoulder, he asked, "What was Jean Bonaparte, when you told him that I had departed from Toulon?"

"Nothing."

"I have told me all I wished to know, and I thank you," said Lafitte, again holding out a hand, which Gregoire clasped firmly.

"Adieu, and bon voyage."

"Adieu, mon ami, bon fortune.

With this they parted; and Lafitte, returning slowly to the wharf, ordered the boat's crew to row him back to the "Condor."

Jean had, up to this moment, cordially hated Gregoire because of Bonaparte's apparent neglect; and the manner in which he had taken the point of youth, his aristocratic nature, and his unstinted love for the young prince, his favorite, was without warrant.

He, the light of Gregoire's expiation, the man of thirty could well see how unreasonable and hasty had been the boy of fifteen, and, thinking and rash; how utterly lacking in the qualities which should have insured regard, and of how the manifestations of the boy's affection, his attentions and influences beyond the latter's power to leave control.

He thought of Margot, and her words returned to him—when, upon the occasion of her visit, he had said that Bonaparte was his good angel, "Jean is like other men."

Truly had her words been proven; for now he knew the former as he knew himself, and had learned that, in passing years had either increased, or become apparent, Jean's coarseness and cruelty.

It was only to the boy Jean that he had been unjust, and that he realized something of a change had taken place in the latter's character, and especially after he had refused to accompany Gregoire on adventurer's cherished scheme, that he, Lafitte, had called him a fool.

But the young man had, all through his life, held within the innermost depths of his soul a sacred shrine, kept closed and pure, wherein never the love for Napoleon had entered. Over its altar, faded and inanimate, yet his life, hung around the teachings of his foster-mother, the remembrance of a sunny-faced, blue-eyed girl, who had taught him a boy to pray that he might be that which he had so woefully failed to be, or had even sought to attain.

The pair rolled in upon him like a smothering flood, and, in the tumult of despair, he left his cabin and was out of sight before he heard one of the watch whistling to himself, and reversing his course, broke softly into the words of the air:

"Ever famous, famous, famous,
Ever famous, famous, famous,
Ever famous, famous, famous,
Ever famous, famous, famous."

The song brought to mind again the blue-eyed girl's face, and also that of her daughter, the little "blond Bess," whom, late the previous May, he had piloted through the bayous and down the rivers, from her dead mother's home among the Chickasaws.

The long, rough journey had given him opportunities for sounding the depths of the child's character, so close to nature that it seemed to worship the mother, and inherit her nature, and nature through God.

He was known as "Captain Jean," a friend of her grandfather—as "Captain Jean," when she found such a charming, courteous gentleman his escort of white men and Indians repected and cared for her tenderly and fully, and their intercourse was free and unrestrained.

Recalling her now, while he paced the deck, with the troubled water of his mind rippling upon each wordful wreckage for his contemplation, the thought of her was white purity, her silvery voice, her childish confidence, brought to him a sense of peace.

(To be continued.)

A DROP IN VALUES

Changed Conditions Affected Words of Love Letters.

Henry Clews, the banker, was talking one day in his office about the change in value.

"Great was its fall," he said, "was pathetic. It made me think of an incident that happened the other day in a Western town.

"In this office a lonely kind looking young man came with a package under his arm.

"I want to express this package," he said.

"The clerk, as usual, asked him:

"'Is it of the nature of the contents of the package?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the young man.

"'I don't know what their value is now; he said the clerk, 'but I know I thought they were worth about half a million dollars.'"

Ex-Governor's Family Aided.

Governor Cox has issued a check for $5,000 to the committee controlling the fund which has been used for the support of the late ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison's widow. This brings the fund up to $13,427. Ex-Gov. Pattison was the only man who ever carried Pennsylvania twice for the governor ship. As he was a democrat, this fact is all the more remarkable. When William Bingerley was the state treasurer of Pennsylvania, whose friend he was and who died in jail, he died leaving his family nothing but mortgages on his home.

Illinois Legislature

BRIBERY INVESTIGATION.

Representative Frank D. Comerford sprang his piece de resistance Monday afternoon in support of his sweeping charges of legislative bribery and corruption he brought in the first bit of tangible evidence by testifying that Representative William S. Linton of Morgan had been offered $100 by Kindorf and Kinsella to vote for Rose Livingston for minority leader at the Democratic caucus.

This charge was corroborated by Lorin Lamphier, who testified that he and told the legislators that he had been asked to "name his price," he had turned up his nose to the "subsidiary coin" and had righteously told the legislator to get behind him. To all of which Mr. Kinsella made emphatic denial.

As ground for the sizzling strictures hurled at the general assembly by Comerford in the last lecture, the investigating committee thought the Linton episode was utterly inadequate, and the young lawyer was requested to desist from further testimony.

A report probably will be returned to the effect that no evidence was forthcoming to substantiate the charges of graft and bribery and the legislature of Illinois "is expected to follow. Chairman Beale was instructed to ask the house for an extension of time, and it is expected the report of the committee will be made Thursday. Mr. Comerford says he will take his evidence to the senate in regardless of the report of the committee.

The Linton episode was introduced in evidence toward the end of a session in which intense anger flamed out between participants time and time again. Called to the stand, Linton said that Kinsella had first asked him to vote for Craig. On being refused, Kinsella offered to bet Linton that Craig would not be elected. Linton stated that he was then asked to name his price and was given his choice of six of the best committees.

Mr. Kinsella's evidence was the direct opposite of Linton's. He denied that he had offered to purchase the latter's vote, but admitted that he had endeavored to get him to bet if for Craig because he wanted a page appointed. He admitted that he had offered to bet Linton $200 that neither Craig nor Tippit would be elected minority leader.

Comerford managed to add a new sensation to the history when by stating that he had received a letter from Congressman Lenz, the lone Democratic member from Illinois, said it was common report in Washington that Edward Corrigan is to be held up for $20,000 in the present session of the legislature as a race hoss.

Mr. Comerford said he had not looked into the subject at all, so he did not know.

The only race track bills in the house are the Erickson amendment striking out the provision legalizing poci selling in race track inclosures

HEADS INQUIRY BOARD.

W. E. Beebe, Republican member of the legislature from Cook county, is chairman of the house committee which is investigating the charges of graft made against Representative Comerford of Chicago.

W. E. BEEBE.

and fair grounds, and the Chicago city council bill prohibiting the publication of odds on race horses in a newspaper or any individual.

The Erickson amendment was enlivened with wordy clashes that threatened to develop into personal encounters, and Speaker Shumway was called upon to busy quelling impending riot. When Representative Benjamin M. Roberts was on the stand Comerford enlivened the proceedings by calling him a liar, and once he was drastically forced to withdraw from the room because Representative Frank Moses insisted that the accuser of the legislature was "wiggly and dizzy and wavy" at the time.

Insurance Reports.

Mr. Trutner of Kane introduced a bill providing that any statement purporting to show the financial condition of any corporation, association, or society operating under the laws of this state for the purpose of furnishing indemnity for sickness, accident, or death shall contain only and in full detail the assets and liabilities, and contingent assets and liabilities. For violation of the provisions any shall, upon conviction, be fined not less than $500 and loss of the license.

St. Nicholas Hotel the night of the inauguration.

It was frequently necessary for the committee to threaten to eject Comerford before he could be heard. The excitement came thick and fast when Representative Mitchell went on the stand and said he had made arrangements in Springfield for Comerford to nominate Isaac B. Craig in the minority caucus.

"Did you get that invitation?" yelled Comerford.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Mitchell.

"Traitor a liar," cried Comerford.

"You were with Craig up to that time," commented Mitchell.

"I was not, and I told your boss, Roger Sullivan, that I was not," stormed Comerford.

"I have no boss," said Mitchell furiously.

Such pleasantries gave spice to the session. Representative Moses went on the stand to tell of a meeting he had with Comerford at the St. Nicholas hotel on the night of the inauguration, during which he is alleged by Comerford to have said:

"I am sore at Mitchell. The only thing I've got against him is that he handled the coin in the fort-piled caucus, and I want to get even. I'll do with the boys. I hope the man who handles it this session will be on the square."

"I did not say that," said Moses.

"Was Roger Sullivan present Dinner consumed by Comerford in the room that night?" asked Representative Campbell.

"Objection" shrieked Comerford.

"Sit down, will you!" commanded Chairman Beale.

"I'll not. My personal habits are not involved in this investigation."

Then came sparring between Moses and Comerford, in which the former said that the latter was so "wiggly, sleepy and wavy" when they separated for the night that he didn't know what he had done. He said he had had anything reflecting on the members of the legislature at Comerford's instance.

Other witnesses examined were Representatives Williams, George R. Cole, president of the Legislative Voters' league; Hoyt King, secretary of the Republican committee of Cook and Representative of the league; William R. Boyd, of Quincy, state bank examiner in 1898 and 1899, brother of the representative; Representative Boyd, Cass, and others.

Consolidating Towns.

Senator Juul introduced a bill providing for the consolidation of the township organization of Cook and other towns when such towns in a fully settled township have a population of 50,000 or more, and provides that the powers of the township board and supervisor shall be carried on by the county boards and clerks respectively.

Administration of Estates.

Senator Hesson offered a bill to amend the act regarding estates and provided that if more than the time administration is granted an estate, and if a bond is found insufficient, action shall be maintained against the administrator or executor except at cost of party suing.

Habeas Corpus Appeals.

A bill was advanced to third reading in the senate providing that habeas corpus proceedings appeal to the appellate or the supreme court from the trial court and that the decision by the trial court it can not be prayed for from any other court of concurrent jurisdiction.

Protection for Motorman.

Representative Layton of Morgan introduced a bill to the house amending the law in relation to protection of motorman and conductors of street cars by inserting the words "coal" and "wagon" and providing also that the person directing the operation of the car shall be protected.

Electric Lighting Rates.

Chicago electric lighting companies are charged in a bill introduced by heavy penalties for discriminations in their rates in favor of large users. The bill requires such companies to maintain a set rate. A violation subjects the corporation to a fine of $100 to $500 to $2,000. On the fourth offense the license is to be revoked, and, in addition, the aggrieved person is entitled to recover from the amount of damages sustained through rate discrimination.

HER BLOOD TOO THIN

GENERAL DEBILITY RESULTS FROM IMPOVERISHED BLOOD.

The Remedy That Makes New Blood Banishes Weakness, Headaches, Indigestion and Nervous Troubles.

Hundreds of women suffer from headaches, dizziness, restlessness, languor and timidity. Few realize that their misery all comes from the bad state of the blood. They take one thing for their bad, weak, thin, watery blood, a third for their nerves, and yet all the little is is the poor, thin, watery blood that is the cause of their discomfort.

If one wants a remedy for making good, rich blood were need every day, and their distressing ailments would disappear, as they did in the case of Mrs. Ida E. Stone, who had been ailing for years and was completely run down before she realized the nature of her trouble.

"For several years," said Mrs. Stone, "I suffered from general debility. It began about 1896 with indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness. Up to 1900 I hadn't been able to find any relief from the medicine I took for my trouble and bloodlessness. An enthusiastic friend, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to give them a trial and I finally bought a box.

"I did not notice any marked change from the use of the first box, but I determined to give them a fair trial and kept on. When I had finished the second box I could see very decided signs of improvement in my condition; I began to feel better all over and to have hopes of a complete cure.

"I used in all eight or ten boxes, and the pills brought back my health, increased my weight and a good healthy color and the pale bloodless skin left my face. I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to women who suffer as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are for sale by all druggists, or may be obtained by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. It is stamped "Pink Pills to Women," and will be sent free on request.

HOPPED ON HIS HEAD.

Performer Chase Public Street in Kansas City.

At the crossing of the Outer Belt Line and Prospect Ave. the traffic is blockaded every day. A letter in the London News, a Kansas City paper, says a Belgian performer chase public street without support from his hands. When the crowd grew thick around him he would lay down on his head, step by step (if this be the right expression for this method of locomotion)

A policeman placed this unique individual in the normal position, and it then transpired that he was a certain Mr. Jacques, who said he had made himself in the Winter Garden here Monday one night. He has heard that some skeptics had doubted the genuineness of his turn, alleging that he had some secret contrivance on the stage to facilitate progression. He denied that he had said that there were no wires about on the Prospect Ave. crossing, and that it was a case of deception. He was marched off to the police station, where having performed the difficult feat before, he was set at liberty with a caution.

THERE IS JUST ONE SURE WAY.

Dodd's Kidney Pills build up Run-down People. They make healthy blood and give strength to weak people. What Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dufferey say.

Nora, Ind., Feb. 4th.—(Special)—This town was say of building up run-down people, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing it in a wonderful way. Mr. Dufferey says: "I was very weak and almost gone. I had a kind of a thing which people said was good but did no benefit. I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me in every way and I am strong and well now."

Mrs. Dufferey says: "I can say that if anybody would lay down a dollar I would give them a dollar's worth. Since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I am not sick a day in my life."

Healthy kidneys insure pure blood; Dodd's Kidney Pills insure healthy kidneys.

New York city has lost twenty-two millionaires in one year. How careless! Let a New York friend.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch keeps them from any all other brands. Others say they enjoy all any other starch.

New York valets are going to form a union. They will now cease being forces in a single employer.

$50.00 per M. Lentz' "Single Binder." Sold by all dealers. Lentz's "Single Binder" more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price is due to the fact that it is made of grade tobacco. Lentz' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A South Dakota legislator has introduced a bill for the protection of jack rabbits. "Ears to him!

Storekeepers report that the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch makes it popular with all who use it. Try it instead.

Kiss a warm-hearted person may be shot down in cold blood.