A Tattle of Louisiana

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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CHAPTER III.

The gray was flushing with rose tints from the coming sun when a loud knocking upon the entrance door aroused the soldier on guard in the hall.

"Open the door!" a voice shouted peremptorily. "Tatro! Pierre! A thousand devils! You fools inside there, open the door, I say!"

The disturbance brought Greloire from his improvised couch at the rear of the hall; and climbing the ladder, he pushed his head through the broken window for a sight of who might be outside.

"Who are you?" demanded the young man standing before the door, his voice indicating surprise as he looked at the face of the soldier above him.

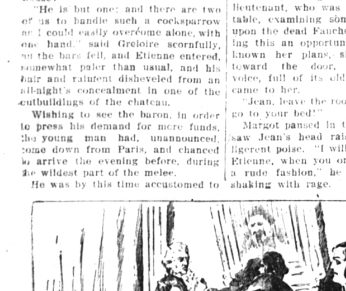
"That is what I should like to have you tell me of yourself, m'sieur," answered Greloire, in his usual dry manner, his not over friendly eyes noting the details of the attire worn by the aristocratically clad visitor.

"Dame!" now exclaimed the latter, evidently more angry than before. "What business can it be of yours? Who are you, that dare cavil over opening to me the door of my father's house?"

"He is but one; and there are two of us to handle such a cocksparrow as I could easily overcome alone, with one hand," said Greloire scornfully, as the bars fell, and Etienne entered, somewhat paler than usual, and his hair and raiment disheveled from an all-night's concealment in one of the outbuildings of the chateau.

Wishing to see the baron in order to press his demand for more funds, the young man had, unannounced, come down from Paris, and chanced to arrive the evening before, during the wildest battle of the melee.

He was by this time accustomed to



"And springing upon Etienne, drove the rusted blade into his side."

such outbreaks; and suspecting quickly the position of affairs, had lost no time in finding a hiding place in a grove, not far from the house.

At the tidings of his father's death, a new expression came to Etienne's face, softening its coldness; but this quickly changed when, in reply to his query as to who was in command of the court, Greloire answered, "Lieutenant Bonaparte."

An oath that made both soldiers stare burst from the young man's lips.

"I will go to my apartments," he added, with a return of all his haughtiness; "and do both of you see to it that I am not disturbed by your officer."

With this he stalked through the hall, and up the stairway, shuddering as he passed the blood-stains upon the floor.

Etienne's steps on the upper stairs and along the oaken-floored hall brought Tatro to the door of the room where lay the two wounded soldiers, one of whom was evidently dying, while the other was suffering acutely.

"Ah, Monsieur Etienne, is it you, sir?" Then, correcting himself with "Pardon—Monsieur le Baron," he burst forth in a quavering voice, "It is surely a sad return for you."

Somewhat softened by the old man's words, and now realizing more fully the horrors of the night before, Etienne replied in an unusually kind fashion. But when he ended by ordering that a repast be brought to his rooms, Tatro's face showed a surprise he dared not voice; for he wondered that his new master could think of sustenance for himself, so soon after coming upon the scene of his recent loss.

Margot had slept little during the night, but lay thinking of what changes were likely to come, now that the baron was dead. An intuition warned her to secure the money and valuables which the baron had intrusted to her care; to take them from their present hiding place, and have them at hand, in case some additional disaster should come. And, too, bearing in mind her master's command that she remove Jean from Etienne's ride in case of that befalling which now had come to pass, her perplexed brain had at length evolved a plan which seemed both wise and feasible.

But before attempting to put it into execution, a curious impulse urged her to take the young officer into her confidence. Looking up into the cold, clean-cut face before her, she asked, "You will not leave here to-day, Monsieur?"

"Perhaps; I cannot decide until later."

"Before you go, monsieur, I would take it as a great favor should you let me ask of you some advice as to a matter concerning him you seem to love." And she glanced at Jean, who was standing in the doorway, with his back to them.

The officer, if he felt any surprise, showed none, for he answered her with kindly assurance. He then joined Jean, and the two went below, where breakfast awaited them.

The two dead soldiers were buried early in the afternoon; but the stars were coming out when the door of the great vault was closed, and the late baron left to sleep with his ancestors.

Etienne, silent and repelling, stood by, vouchsafing little notice of anyone about him. Jean had taken care to keep away from his half-brother; and the latter replied with scant courtesy to the lieutenant's salutation, when they met for the first time, as the baron's body was borne from the house.

Margot was not of those who had stood about the tomb. Etienne's temporary absence from the house being assured, she had improved the opportunity to open the secret panel and remove the metal box and bags of coin, which she hid away amongst her own belongings. She proposed, with Jean and Pierre, to seek a new home in Toulon, where a large number of Royalists, together with others who had suffered persecution from the Revolutionists, had found refuge.

Presently she saw Etienne enter the drawing room, where Jean had remained, having refused to leave the lieutenant, who was now seated at a table, examining some papers found upon the dead Fauchel; and considering this an opportune time to make known her plans, she had turned toward the door, when Etienne's voice, full of its old time arrogance, came to her ears.

"Jean, leave the room instantly, and go to your bed!"

Margot paused in the doorway and saw Jean's head raised with a belligerent poise. "I will not go for you, Etienne, when you order me in such a rude fashion," he said, his voice shaking with rage.

The slight form reeled and fell, a crumpled heap, upon the floor, while Margot, with a shriek that brought the soldier flying from his post in the hall, fell upon her knees, and tried, with her apron, to stanch the flowing blood.

Jean had turned to flee; but an iron grip on his shoulder held him, and, struggle as he fell to trembling and shivering, as he met the stern eyes of his friend, looking as he had never before seen them, he stood.

"Where would you go?" inquired a low voice, whose measured calm matched the look of the eyes.

The boy stood silent.

The lieutenant, still holding him fast, moved to where Margot and the soldier were kneeling beside Etienne, and Jean met the wild-eyed regard of the wounded man, from whose white lips now poured a flood of profanity, mingled with threats of vengeance against the boy, whom he ordered to leave the apartment.

The lieutenant turned away with a scornful laugh, half-suppressed, but which Jean heard; and, taking heart, the lad looked beseechingly upward, as if asking pardon for his mad act.

"Come away—come away, my De Soto," whispered the officer; and bending he kissed the tear-wet cheek. "He has a venomous nature, truly, and one cannot be greatly blamed for trading a log as he deserves."

Then, gathering up the papers at which he had been looking, he thrust them into his pocket, and motioned Jean to follow him from the room.

Here Margot joined them, on her way to summon Tatro, that he might assist the soldier in getting Etienne to his own apartments.

Early next morning the household was astir—all save Etienne, who, although his wound proved to be but slight, kept to his bed, with Tatro in attendance; and before noon all but these two had left the chateau and set out upon their various routes—Margot with Jean and Perry, for Toulon, in company with the soldier Greloire, sent by the lieutenant to escort them.

At a fork in the highway, where their roads parted, Jean turned in his saddle to look after the slender figure riding away at the head of his men.

Turning his head, as if he felt the boy's longing eyes, the lieutenant smiled and waved his hand. Then, jutting spurs to his horse, he rode swiftly from sight, followed by his soldiers.

After a last backward look toward the vacant space that had held the one he loved best on earth, Jean started his horse onward, to overtake the lumbering vehicle, driven by Pierre, containing Margot and all the travelers' belongings.

(To be continued.)

He Obeyed His Orders.

John was the new English butler in the employ of a Philadelphia family. When John first came he was told by the mistress of the house that she was always at home to her sister, who was a frequent visitor to the house. The sister in question was pointed out to John on her next visit, and he must have been satisfied in her mind that John would obey orders.

Every time the sister called John would admit the welcome guest with reverent respect. It was her custom to ask him before entering if his mistress was in, and it always happened that she was, and the maid would nod and profoundly bow her in.

But one day it happened that his mistress was out when the sister called. When John went to the door she, as usual, asked if her sister was in, to which John replied in the affirmative and bowed her in. John's business at that moment took him out in the yard, and he left her in the parlor.

Divesting herself of her wraps, the visitor began to look for her sister, but seeing no signs of her she soon concluded that she was on one of the upper floors, and went upstairs. Of course, she failed to find her, and, thinking that the butler might be mistaken, went downstairs to inquire of him again. She found him out in the yard, and calling to him, asked if he thought his mistress had gone out, as she could not find her in the house.

John, after meditating a moment, replied:

"Yes, mum, she 'ills h'out."

"Out!" exclaimed the sister; "why, I thought you said she was at home?"

"Yes, mum," came the solemn reply, "but she told me that she was always at 'ome to you!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The California Harvester.

When dawn is red over the California wheat fields, says Everybody's Magazine, a Leviathan comes lumbering down the road, shooting out heavy clouds of smoke, and falls to attacking the grain. This machine, heavy as a church and complicated as a watch, is a mechanical marvel. Before, upon a timbering engine with a heavy stack, and a firebox that vomits out dense flames from a hot petroleum fire. Behind, it is all levers and big pillars and curious devices of steel. It works with the complex precision of the human being. The sickle buzzes, and the header from a 20-foot swath fall smoothly on a canvas bed. You catch glimpses of them rushing here and there through the complex mechanism, and presently a baboon, who has been very busy with some sacks, jerks down a lever. Bump! Out tumble four fat bags of wheat. At the other end, a man with a shovel works like mad, clearing away a pile of chaff and short, crumpled straw. This is all that the ignorant observer sees; only the engineer can tell you how the grain, which stood in proud array a minute before, is now ready for mill—a mouth's work in five minutes.

Big Stalks of Corn.

George Cook took two stalks of corn to the world's fair that measured 17 feet in length. It would have required a ten-foot stepladder for a man to have gone along and pull the ears of corn from the stalks when standing straight up.—Byron (O. T.) Republican.

New Style Color.

A London fashion authority states that the new winter color will be "eminence"—the peculiar shade of purple worn by cardinals.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber, 15 miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Price easy.

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine shade trees and garden for his use.

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6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, 15 acres lake front, some fine orchard, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St., in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all sidewalks connected. Front lot 100 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

14.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings, flowing well at the barn, which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 30 acres good beech and maple timber, 2 acres fine apple orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once, and the man who comes in will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

13.

Farm in Southfield, 67 acres, of which 18 acres is timber; good brick house, barn, 50x60, and cream Creek runs through farm. Water in every lot the year round. New, small house and small barn. Cheap and easy to pay for. Better look it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

16.

Fine fruit farm of 40 acres about 3 miles from Birmingham, nice rolling land, 5 acres timber No. 1 water in house, 2,300 apple trees, 500 grapes, 20 apples, 15 acres raspberries, 1 acres strawberries, new house (not finished). Price $60 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

19.

A small farm of 3 acres, being part of the west quarter 8, South field township, Oakland county. Four good buildings; house, barn, hen house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises have a never-failing well of cold pure water from flowing well, which is piped to barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes all the year round. Good fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two story and wing, 8 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 40 miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good church; 60 rods from Kirby's mills. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, and is offered at a very low price and easy terms. Price $1,800. Terms easy.

33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the most profitable farms in the county of Southfield, consisting of 86 acres. The price is $28 per acre, and the balance of the purchase price will be allowed to continue on mortgage at 6 per cent, or will trade for a smaller farm or for vacant lots in Birmingham; three good buildings, good cellars, wells, cisterns and all the usual conveniences. There are other things which we will whisper in your ear upon application.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Oakes St., two doors from electric road on Saginaw St., 66 ft. front by 132 ft. deep. Also small house on both floors, water closet, bath, furnace and every modern convenience. Terms, $600 cash, balance on long time. Price $4,300. If you are curious or interested, just ask us for fuller particulars. If you are not curious it will be curious if we can't interest you.

42.

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for platting, on south side of Maple Ave. east, Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton Subdivision. Price $2,500 and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

44.

**Stock Farm—the celebrated Collier Farm—85 acres in township of Southfield, Oakland county, Michigan, in high state of condition; Large 19 room frame house, with cellar and hot air furnace, conveniences. House surrounded with large handsome elm trees. Horse barn, with stalls for six horses and separate carriage room. Bank barn, granary, wagon-head track, cow stables underneath with cement floor and 8 cow capacity, 3 stalls, 2 sitting doors, good windows, window guards, stone foundation, etc. Also sheep barn to hold 100 head, and paddock. Horse barn with 4 box and 3 single stalls. Hog house and fenced with high board fence. Straw shed. Tool house, enclosed with sliding doors. Office with large stallion or feeding box and stall adjoining. A paddock. Bull box stall with paddock secure and strong for the purpose used for confining bulls. Outside closet for house. Outside closet for barn. Hog house with floor and boarding apple or shard well trimmed and in good condition. Buildings have fine ornamentals. House surrounded with large handsome elm trees. Horse barn with stalls for six horses and separate carriage room. Bank barn, granary, wagon-head track, cow stables underneath with cement floor and 8 cow capacity, 3 stalls, 2 sitting doors, good windows, window guards, stone foundation, etc. Also sheep barn to hold 100 head, and paddock. Horse barn with 4 box and 3 single stalls. Hog house and fenced with high board fence. Straw shed. Tool house, enclosed with sliding doors. Office with large stallion or feeding box and stall adjoining. A paddock. Bull box stall with paddock secure and strong for the purpose used for confining bulls. Outside closet for house. Outside closet for barn. Hog house with floor and boarding apple or shard well trimmed and in good condition. Buildings have fine ornamentals. House and roundel