

# White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Here, Simon," uttered the marquis, turning towards his nephew, "don't you remember Goupart St. Denis?—our young Goupart, who used to come and shoot my game, and frighten you with his gun and pistols?"

"Ah—yes!" said Simon, arising and smiling with an effort. M. St. Denis, your humble servant, sir. We are happy to see you among us once more.

Goupart St. Denis had once lived very near to St. Julien's country residence, and among all the youthful visitors he was by far the most welcome. His father was a count and a gentleman, and Goupart was a whole-souled, noble boy. In those days, Louis and Louise were merry children, and the stout Goupart used to play with them hour after hour and day after day. And in those days, too, he used to carry the lovely little girl in his arms, and he used to tell her that some day she should be his wife; and then she would laugh and clap her little dimpled hands, and sometimes she would pinch his cheek and box his ear, and tell him she should be stronger, and could punish him more severely when she became his wife. But those days were gone now, and while Goupart had only put on a very little more manhood, Louise had grown from a thoughtless child to be a very beautiful maiden.

"But how is it, Goupart?" asked the marquis, after the party had become calm. "What brings you here into this wilderness?"

"Of a truth, my old friend, I came to seek my fortune," returned the young man. "You know my father lost his all in his meddling in the affairs of Spain, and when he died, three years ago, I found myself not only alone in the world, but nearly penniless. The little estate at Sezanne, in Lower Normandy, was the only thing left. I sold it, and after paying off all demands, I found myself the owner of the enormous sum of ten thousand francs. What should I do? That would not last me a month if I remained amongst my old associates. The last of my father's wealth he lost in Law's great Mississippi scheme; and now that I was left alone, I was not long in turning my eyes hither. At New Orleans, I heard that a Marquis Brion St. Julien had settled up here somewhere. I think I must have been crazy for awhile after receiving this information, but when I did really come to myself, I started, and here I am."

"But didn't you know that we were here?" asked the marquis.

"Why, no. I thought you were in Canada."

"Yes—here we are!" cried the old man, joyfully, "and now we will live over some of the happy days again."

"Ay," added Goupart, "and forget all the dark ones."

After this, the conversation turned upon affairs in the native country, and for three hours the marquis kept his visitor answering questions and retelling the news of the past six years. It was at a late hour when they separated, and with tears in his eyes, Brion St. Julien called upon heaven to bless his young friend. There was something in Goupart's presence that had called up the brighter days of his past life, and he was happy in the hope that he might keep the youth a long while with him.

Louise retired to her chamber, and for a while, only a bright joy seemed to move her; but gradually her thoughts seem to take a more serious turn, for her countenance changed to a sober, thoughtful cast, and with her hands clasped upon her bosom, she bowed her head, and thus she remained for a long while, the color of her face changing like the deepening twilight.

But there was one more whom we have seen affected by the young man's presence. Simon Lobois retired to his chamber, and for some time he paced up and down the apartment with quick, nervous strides. His face showed that he was ill at ease, and the clenching of the hands seemed to speak of a war within.

"What brought him here?" he muttered to himself. "Now we'll have more boys to play and monkey-dancing, and it will all end in his falling in love with Louise. And if he does so, and should ask for her hand, I am simply sure that the old man would tell him—yes. But what does she want with the young popinjay? I'll be ahead of him. And if I should be—he who treats upon me may tread upon dangerous ground! Let them beware!"

## CHAPTER III.

The morning of the next day dawned brightly, and at an early hour, Goupart and Louise were astir. The latter took her friend all over the buildings, showed him the defenses, and would have passed out through the northern gate had not the marquis joined them just as they came out of the stable leading two horses by the bridles.

"How now, you young rascals!" cried the old man. "Are ye going to run off with my horses?"

"Not at all," returned St. Denis, with a merry laugh. "We were going to let the horses run off with us. But we won't go now, unless you'll go with us. Here, Louis, hold this animal of mine while I help your father to saddle his; for I know he'll love to snuff the fresh air before breakfast."

The old man joined in the plan joyfully, and ere long the three were galloping off over the country. They laughed and shouted merrily on the way, and the forest rang with the echoes of their glad voices. When they returned to the house, they found Louise upon the piazza, her face radiant with smiles.

Simon Lobois had been a spectator of the morning's sports; and when the party sat down to the table he was silent and moody. Several times he tried to hide his emotions, and finally he so far succeeded as to engage in quite an animated conversation. After the meal was done, Simon took the first opportunity to call the marquis one side, and as he said that he wished to have a few moments of private conversation, the old man retired to his library, whither Simon followed him.

"Now, what is it?" asked St. Julien, after they had both become seated.

It was some moments before the nephew replied; but at length he seemed to collect his mental forces, and he commenced:

"M. St. Julien," his voice trembled at first, but it grew more steady as he went on. "I have now been in your family a long while, and my attachments have become strong and fixed. Six years ago you placed your children under my charge, and I have done all I could for them."

"I know—I know, Simon," uttered the old man, "and I have told you a thousand times how grateful I was."

"Yes, sir; and your gratitude has been a choice blessing to me. But remember the hours I have spent with those two children—"

"And haven't they been happy hours, Simon?"

"Indeed they have, sir, been very happy ones. But, alas! the thought has often been with me of late—must they all end in misery now?"

"How, Simon?—misery?" uttered the marquis, in astonishment. "What mean you? Do you fear that I am going to turn you away?"

An instantaneous flash of defiance passed over the younger man's face, but he revealed none of the feeling that had given it birth.

"No, no," he replied, "I did not fear that. You do not understand me. Remember, sir, that Louise St. Julien has grown up under my care—that I have seen each opening beauty as it has gradually expanded itself into life, and each bud of promise I have seen blossom into the full rose. She has now grown to be a woman. Think you I have seen and known all this unmoved? No, sir. My heart has been caught in the snare of her charms, and I am but as an outcast now, if I possess her not for mine own. You understand me now?"

Brion St. Julien understood, but he made no reply. He started when the truth first broke upon him; and when Simon ceased speaking he arose to his feet and commenced to pace the room. The nephew watched him for a moment, and then, in a tone as soft and persuasive as he could assume, he resumed:

"Reflect calmly upon this, my lord. Remember, you are growing old; your children are yet young—"

"Too young for this, Simon," whispered the marquis. "And then I am not old, either. I am but fifty-five—that's all."

"I know," pursued the nephew; "but Louise is not young. Her mind is that of a woman."

"But you are one year over and above double her own age," suggested the parent; "almost old enough—ay, fully old enough to be her father."

"And yet I am not old, nor have I yet reached my prime; only five-and-thirty years. But what of all this? Speak plainly, sir, and let me know your mind. Only remember that I have not sought your daughter's society. It has been forced upon me, and I could not avoid the result. Ah, sir, I cannot think you will refuse me."

Now, to speak the truth for the marquis—he had not the fullest confidence in Simon Lobois. He knew that his nephew would work well for pay, but he had long doubted the truth of his heart—the purity of his motives; and what was more, he had moments when he almost feared him. This latter emotion was a sort of dim, vague working of mind, without point and without shape; but yet it worked, and had its influence.

"Simon," he said, "when I left France, I left all the rotten, useless usages of society behind me, and here I resolved to form a world of my own. First among the miserable falsehoods of old society, I meant to cast away that plan which makes the marriage of the child a work of the parent. When my child is old enough to marry, she is old enough to select her own husband; and until she is old enough to use her own judgment in that respect, she is not old enough to perform the duties of a wife. Upon the marriage of my children may depend the whole weal or woe of their earthly future. Such being the case, I must leave them to choose for themselves, only hoping that they will seek my counsel, and listen to my advice, so far as my judgment is good."

"What am I to understand by this, sir?" asked Simon, not able to conceal his chagrin.

"Simply that Louise may choose her own husband."

"But you will exercise some authority? You will speak in my behalf?"

"First, I would know if the girl chooses you."

"But—but—you might influence her choice."

"Not now, Simon."

"Yet you will speak one word?"

"Why so soon? Louise is young yet. Why, bless you, man, there's some time yet—some years—ere she'll be of lawful age."

"Not quite a year, sir."

"I mean ere she'll be able to do business as an heiress. Let the matter rest now."

"No, no—I cannot. I cannot live in doubt. I must know what my fate is to be."

"But what is to be gained by this haste? Louise must be free yet, unless she may reciprocate your own love."

"Ay," cried Simon, hotly and passionately, "and speaking now without thought or consideration; but how long is this to be so? How long before this new-fledged popinjay may seize her with the fire of his eye, and influence her to love him? He is here, and he is likely to stay here while—"

"Simon Lobois!" spoke the marquis; sternly and quickly, "you know not what you say. Beware, sir, or I may tell you a truth that shall grate upon thine ear."

"Speak, sir—speak!" uttered the nephew, still under the influence of passion. "Let me hear all!"

"Listen," interrupted the marquis, "and you shall hear. I took you to my home penniless. Only remember you this: the Count St. Denis was one among the few, very few, true friends I ever had; and his only son has inherited all his father's good qualities, all his nobleness of soul, and all his virtues. And mark me, I love Goupart St. Denis. Yet I will speak one word more since you have brought the subject up; and I hope this may be the last time that need shall arise of alluding to the subject. When I came here, you begged that I would take you with me. I offered you a salary of four thousand francs a year in money, besides your living, to come and keep the bare account of my business, and three thousand more to teach my children. Thus far you have done your duty well. Have I not done mine?"

There was something in the look, the tone, and the words of the speaker, that struck a transient feeling of awe to Simon's soul, and in a moment he concealed all traces of his anger. He found that there was much of the old blood yet left in the old noble, and that hot words would only serve to blast his own hopes. So he assumed a repentant tone, and with a more modest look, he said:

"Forgive me, sir. I meant not to speak ill of any one, but my tongue ran away with me. Out of my deep love for your noble child sprang a dreadful fear when I saw St. Denis come. But may I not speak with Louise? May I not ask her to be mine?"

"Of course you may."

"And if she says yes?"

"Then I should simply bid her follow her own wishes."

Simon Lobois thanked his uncle, and then left the room, and when he was alone, his hands were clenched and his brow was dark.

## CHAPTER IV.

All that day did Simon Lobois watch for an opportunity to speak alone with Louise, and it was not until towards evening that he gained the wished-for opportunity. She was standing in the hall, her brother and Goupart having gone down to the river, while the marquis was somewhere among the blacks, giving directions for the next day's work. Simon touched the maiden upon the arm, and asked her to follow him into the study, as he wished to speak with her a moment. The beautiful girl smiled a reply, and laughingly tripped along by his side to the designated apartment.

"Louise," he commenced, in a very soft, winning tone—and he could speak very sweetly, too, when he chose—"I want you to listen to me candidly, now, and weigh well what I shall say."

"How now, good master?" cried the happy girl, with a merry twinkle of the eye; "am I to take a lesson for not getting one to-day?"

"No, no. Listen, and be sober, for I would be serious. You know how our lives have been spent here for the last six years, and how we have moved about in our little world here in the wilderness. You have been my constant companion. Then Simon introduced the same speech, word for word, that he had made to the parent in the morning, about the expanding beauties and budding promises, and he ended thus: "And now womanhood has come upon you with its loveliness and goodness all nobly developed, and my heart has become captive, and is all your own."

"Good Simon, sweet cousin, I am glad you love me," said the maiden, with a bright smile.

"Are you, Louise?" the tutor cried eagerly. "O, and will you be mine?"

"Be yours? Be your what?"

"My wife, most lovely girl—my wife!" Louise St. Julien gazed for some moments into Simon's face, and then burst into a long, loud laugh.

"O, you do not mean so? You are not in earnest?" she uttered, for she could not at first realize it.

"Mean it? Do not, say you? Louise, I do mean it!" This unexpected turn had thrown him entirely from his studied plan.

"Mean to ask me to be your wife?" spoke the fair girl, giving each word a particular emphasis, and speaking with a pause between every one, as though she would have no misunderstanding.

"Most assuredly I do. I love you as the very core of my soul, and I cannot lose you now. How can I help loving you? How should I be with you thus as I have been, and not love you? O, blessed one, you will not crush me now!"

"It doesn't seem possible!" she uttered.

"Wake up, Simon; shake yourself, and see if you have not been dreaming this! I be your wife? Why, you are more fit for my father. Don't speak so any more, Simon, for you'll frighten me."

"And can the love of a true and faithful heart frighten you?" he asked.

"Most assuredly not. You may love me as much as you please—as an only cousin ought to love, or as a father ought to love, or yet, as a faithful teacher ought to love a dutiful pupil; but if you talk of marriage to me any more, I shall certainly think you are crazy, and then, of course, I should be frightened for I am afraid of crazy folks. Don't talk so to me any more, or I shall surely think your brain is turned."

(To be continued.)

## THE MOON.

Brought Within Easy Reach of the World By a Recent Invention.

Herr Johann Mayer, an Austrian Lieutenant, has discovered a method by which the moon can be brought within pistol-shot of the world, figuratively speaking. Nothing among the many marvels of modern invention is more astonishing than this same discovery. By his invention Herr Mayer says the moon can be brought within a distance of 100 yards, in fact, an explored most thoroughly. Prof. Gates' combined microscope-telescope was thought to be a marvelous contrivance, but this latest addition puts it quite in the shade. In his success Herr Mayer has made a wide departure from customary methods. In fact the monster telescopes do not figure in his calculations whatever. Without going into a long drawn out or technical explanation of the apparatus he has constructed, it is a novel affair, in that an enormous parabolic mirror fifty yards in diameter that revolves upon a fixed axis is the main scheme of the apparatus. This concave mirror, which is of the ordinary "silvered" glass, has a small convex parabolic mirror suspended at its focus; and this small mirror focuses the rays received from the larger one, and throws them on the lens of an immensely powerful microscope. Thus a clear and brilliantly lighted picture of the moon or star under examination is brought immediately under the microscope, which has a magnifying power of many million diameters. Herr Mayer explains that it will thus be possible, almost, to see the time by the watch of the "man in the moon," or to see the bridges (if any) over the canals of Mars.

## The Dramatic Craze.

Mr. F. J. Our friend Epicure has got out a new cook book.

Mrs. F. J. That's nice; is it going to be dramatized?—Ohio State Journal.



Smallpox Cure.—When Jenner discovered cowpox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world, that of Paris, published this recipe as a panacea it passed unheeded. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it to cure smallpox: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; digitals, one grain; half a teaspoonful of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. A teaspoonful is a dose; for children, smaller doses according to age.

A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly.

Pneumonia.—Grease the patient's breast with sweet oil. Take lobelia, pulverize and sprinkle on the greased surface all it will retain. Cover with a cloth to prevent displacement and in a few hours all symptoms will have disappeared. Of course it will be understood that treatment must be given before the disease has made much progress.

Cure for Cancer.—Take galangal root, grate or pulverize to a fine powder, add zinc chlorid, make a plaster and apply all over the cancer surface. Renew every day until the cancer begins to give way from the healthy tissue. Generally the plaster can stay on the cancer about four or five days, then remove and apply any good salve.

## WE CAN WHIP THE WORLD.

Lord Beresford's High Opinion of the Power of the United States.

According to Rear Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, of the British navy, this country can whip the world, either from an economic or any other view point. This statement he made in England just before sailing for the United States, where he hopes to promote a community of interests and methods between this country and Great Britain. He does not believe a political alliance possible and states that the sentiments of both countries forbid it. A business alliance, however, he favors. The coming treaty, he says, will be one of business, and by the establishment of greater intercommunication of capital and interests between the two countries



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

he believes that it will be a century of peace.

Lord Beresford has strongly criticized his country for its connection with the Venezuelan muddle, and says emphatically that England should not only support the Monroe doctrine in a moral sense, but fight for it if necessary.

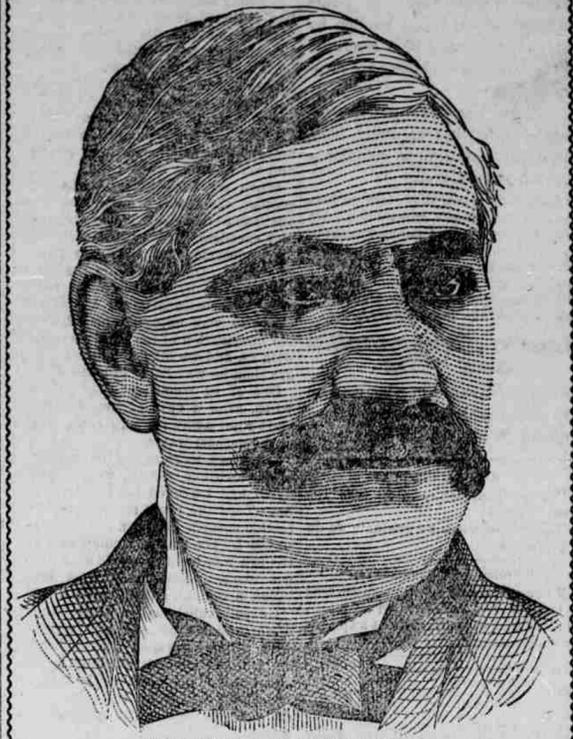
Lord Beresford is the greatest naval captain in the British navy. He commanded the Condor in the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and led a naval brigade in the Sudan expedition of 1885. In 1897 he became a rear admiral.

## U. S. Forest Reserves.

The total area of all the forest reserves in the United States is now 58,850,925 acres. It is interesting to note that the total area of the United States, exclusive of island possessions, is 2,362,960,000 acres. Thus it will be seen that the forest reserves now amount to about one-fortieth of the entire area of the United States. In square miles the area of the reserves is 91,954 or almost twice the size of Pennsylvania.

The export of canary birds from Germany is very large. Every year about 130,000 of these birds are sent to America, 3,000 to Great Britain, and some 2,000 to Russia.

## CATARRH THIRTY YEARS



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known, not only in his own state, but through out America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as Mayor of the town in which he lives, during which time he became widely known as the founder of the Meekison Bank, of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the state.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessfull warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to Dr. Hartman as the result:

"I have used several bottles of Peruna and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing.—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

The season of catching cold is upon us. The cough and the sneeze and the nasal twang are to be heard on every hand. The origin of chronic catarrh, the most common and dreadful of diseases, is a cold.

This is the way the chronic catarrh generally begins. A person catches cold, which hangs on longer than usual. The cold generally starts in the head and throat. Then follows sensitiveness of the air passages which incline one to catch cold very easily. At last the person has a cold all the while, seemingly, more or less discharge from the nose, hawking, spitting, frequent clearing of the throat, nostrils stopped up, full feeling in the head, and sore, inflamed throat.

The best time to treat catarrh is at the very beginning. A bottle of Peruna properly used, never fails to cure a common cold, thus preventing chronic

catarrh.

While many people have been cured of chronic catarrh by a single bottle of Peruna, yet, as a rule, when the catarrh becomes thoroughly fixed more than one bottle is necessary to complete a cure. Peruna has cured cases innumerable of catarrh of twenty years' standing. It is the best, if not the only internal remedy for chronic catarrh in existence.

But prevention is far better than cure. Every person subject to catching cold should take Peruna at once at the slightest symptom of cold or sore throat at this season of the year and thus prevent what is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh.

Send for free book on catarrh, entitled "Winter Catarrh," by Dr. Hartman. "Health and Beauty" sent free to women only.

Ask your druggist for a free Pe-ru-na almanac.

Nn the Bounding Deep. Freshleigh—Say, Saltman, I don't feel very well; I am going to my berth.

Saltman—Brace up, old man, or the passengers will think you are going to your death instead of to your berth.—New York Times.

Why Green Leaves. "After all, Pat's love for his native Isle is but natural patriotism."

"Maybe. But it's a little overdone when it leads him to believe that the leaves are green in honor of Ireland."—New York Times.

## LOOK OUT FOR CATARRH

When the cold wave flag is up, freezing weather is on the way. Winter here in earnest, and with it all the miserable symptoms of Catarrh return—blinding headaches and neuralgia, thick mucous discharges from the nose and throat, a hacking cough and pain in the chest, bad taste in the mouth, fetid breath, nausea and all that makes Catarrh the most sickening and disgusting of all complaints. It causes a feeling of personal defilement and mortification that keeps one nervous and anxious while in the company of others.

In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the filthy secretions and mucous matter find their way into the Stomach and are distributed by the blood to every nook and corner of the system; the Stomach and Kidneys, in fact every organ and part of the body, become infected with the catarrhal poison. This disease is rarely, if ever, seen in its earliest stages, a purely local disease or simple inflammation of the nose and throat, and this is why sprays, washes, powders and the various inhaling mixtures fail to cure. Heredity is sometimes back of it—parents have it and so do their children.

In the treatment of Catarrh, anti-septic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions, and the remedy to accomplish this is S. S. S. which has no equal as a blood purifier. It restores the blood to a natural, healthy state and the catarrhal poison and effete matter are carried out of the system through the proper channels. S. S. S. restores to the blood all its good qualities, and when rich, pure blood reaches the inflamed membrane and is carried through the circulation to all the Catarrh infected portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints.

S. S. S. is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

Manchester, Va., March 6, 1901.

Gentlemen:—I had all the symptoms that accompany this disease, such as mucus dropping in the throat, a constant desire to hawk and spit, feeling of dryness in the throat, cough and spitting upon rising in the morning, sores forming in the nose, which required much effort to blow out, sometimes causing the nose to bleed and leaving me with a sick headache. I had thus suffered for five years.

I commenced to take S. S. S. and after I had taken three large bottles, I noticed a change for the better. Thus encouraged, I continued to take it and in a short while was entirely cured. JUDSON A. BELLAM.

Main and Vine Sts., Richmond, Va.

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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.