A Tale of the Early Settlers \$ of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK \$ \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

CHAPTER VII .- (Continued.) "Speak to me, Louise," uttered Goupart, now speaking quickly and eagerly, and tell me if you have forgotten those words I used to speak. Have you forgotten them?"

"No-not one," "Then let me speak them again. Let me now speak them as one who knows the ways of life; and to one who can judge for herself of the deep meaning that passing years have given to all those emotions that have outlived the destroy ing wear of time. In the heart where thine image was first enshrined, none other has ever come. I have cherished your sweet face, and in humble prayer have I begged that I might see you once more earth. And, at times, my soul has been wild enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most holy thought of -life-union with the dearly loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed not that I was near to thee. But I found you, and here I sat me down to pray with more of hope, and to hope with more of promise. And now, Louise, let me ask you, as I have asked you a hundred times before, will you be my

"Goupart, I have a father whose every earthly wish is for the good of his children, and not for worlds would I—I—"
"I understand," said St. Denis, as the

maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for life itself at thy hands, against thy noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him and he bids me take you?

"Then I am by his permission only what in heart I have been for years.' A short time longer those two sat there, and their words had a solemn, prayerful cast, such as marks the holiest gratitude of the human soul; and as they walked towards the house, they spoke not of the

subject upon which their life joys hung. It was already dusk when they reached the hall, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brion St. Julien. He found him in his library.

"How now, Goupart?" cried the old man, as his young friend took a seat. What has happened? Any more Indians? What on earth makes you look

"It is a deep and sober subject which is on my mind," answered the youth. Then out with it, for I am father con

St. Denis knew the marquis too well to hesitate, and he spoke boldly and to the

"My friend," he said, "that I love every member of your immediate family must be apparent to you; but you will not be jealous if I also inform you that my love for Louise is rather stronger than for any one else.'

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and, while big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Goupart, my noble boy, you have made me the happiest of men. O, I have prayed for this moment many a time, and now it has come. Among all my acquaintances, you were the only one to whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing lazy, if not old, and not much longer will Simon remain with me." "Ah," uttered the youth, with a look of relief, "is Simon going?"

"Yes. He isn't just the man for me I will not have dissension, and so we keep peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous. I do not like his plans about the estate, and yet he shows an abrupt, willful spirit if I offer a word of expostulation. He seems bent on realizing all the ready money he can from the place without the least regard to its future worth and improvement, I do not like it. Yes, yes-Simon must seek some other home.

"Hark!" interrupted Goupart, "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," said the old man. "Let me look a moment." And thus speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the entry; but there was no one there. "I must have been mistaken." he said, as he returned to the Hbrary and closed the door after him.

Ah! he did not look in the right place Had he cast his eyes up to the ceiling. he would have seen a small hole where the host once had a copper pipe lead down to feed a showering bath. he but gone up into the small lumber room overhead, he would have found a man there, lying flat, like a serpent, with his eye to that small aperture; and he would have seen at a glance that the watcher could both see and hear all that transpired in the library!

## CHAPTER VIII.

Days flew on now upon golden wings, and suspicion had ceased to work in even Goupart's mind. Old Tony had watched carefully, but he could find nothing to excite fear. Only one thing came up to help the doubts the young men had entertained, and that was a sudden visit of Simon Lobols to New Orleans. He professed to have business there. said he would see how much corn he could find a market for, there being several hundred bushels now in the granary; but the marquis informed him that h need not trouble himself about the corn, as he already had a use for it, meaning to keep a large quantity on hand to serve in case of a failing crop. Yet Simon must go, for he had business of his own; and one fine morning, down the river h went, in company with some men who had come down from Fort Rosalie.

Lobois had been gone a week, and the remaining members of the family were having some joyful times. In a few days more, the priest would be there, and then the two waiting hands would be united. Father Languet sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had now been for some months upon a mission among the Yazoos; but he had been heard from, and he would soon be there.

It was a bright, moonlight evening, and the young people had been more gay than usual. Goupart, and Louise, and Louis had been playing at childish games, and

cossessessessessesses | as they went out and snuffed up the | hardly fair. They ought to have spoken sweet, balmy air of the beautiful even-ing. Louise clapped her hands and pro-posed a game of "hide and seek." The posed a game of "hide and seek." others shouted acquiescence, and even the old man was bound to join in the sport. Louise and her brother knew all the hiding places within the enclosure. and the former pulled Louis aside, and

whispered merrily with him.
"Now, none of that," said Goupart—
"none of that! It is not fair for you to conspire against me. If you two put your heads together I'll go and charter old Tony to come and help me. Now

But the only answer he received was a joyous laugh as Louise ran away to dress herself for the out-door sport.

The moon rode high in the heavens and her face was but slightly turned away from earth. In the wide courtyard the merry voices rang tunefully out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the

distant forest.

Away over the brow of a gentle hill, where a copee of beautiful acacia trees were left standing, moved many dark objects. They were croaching in the wood, and listening to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in a strange tongue, and then they moved slowly up the hillside, and crept down towards the corn field. On they moved, like specters in the moonlight, until they neared the high barricade, and then set tled lower down and crept on like huge cats approaching their prey. Straight they moved towards the postern, and there they lay, beneath the wooden wall, and listened to the merry voices from within. Soon one of them arose to his feet. He was in the shade of the wall, but yet the many colored paint upon his dark skin could be seen, and the duskybrowed warrior was no more concealed. They were all-a score of them-painted in the same fantastic manner, and the same dusky hue marked the brow of each. He who had arisen to his feet produced something from his pouch, and applied it to the lock of the heavy postern. It was a key! And how came that child of the forest by the key of St. Julien's gate?

The shouts now come from the garden. Hark! Yes-they are all there upon the other side of the house. They have just found Goupart, and are now dragging him forth from his hiding place.

Carefully the Indian turns the key in the lock, but the gate is fastened within. The heavy bolt has been surely thrown back, and yet the gate opens not. But there is no time to be lost. The red men whispered together a moment, and then one of them bends upon his knees, and when a second has mounted upon his shoulders, he arises. They are both tall men, but he who stands upon his companion's shoulders cannot quite reach the tops of the stout pickets. Another man stands firmly by the side of the lower one and then he above places one foot upon the second shoulder thus offered him. Now a third man springs nimbly up, and having mounted upon the shoulders of him who stands thus elevated, he gains the top of the barricade, and in a moment more he drops upon the ground within. Soon the postern is opened and six men enter, leaving the remaining ones without, and then the gate is almost closed, and thus held, so that it can be opened when need comes.

Away towards the stable these specters gilde, and soon they are hidden; for they, too, will play at the game that the pale faces have set on foot.

Many times had Goupart hidden, and as many times had he been easily found. And now he and the marquis chose to hide together, and after a deal of shouting, the brother and sister pull them from behind the thick cluster of vines that grow against the garden fence. Next Louis and Louise scamper away, laughing and clapping their hands, for the utter delight of the father, when they purposely let him find them, has warmed them into almost a frenzy of joy.

"Stop-stop!" cried the marquis, as his children start. "Isn't it becoming too damp for you Louise?"

"O, no! Never fear for me." "But the dew is now fairly wet upon

the grass, and I fear you'll take cold. "No-no, father!" cries the joyous girl 'Don't let the first chill frighten you.'

"Well-go this once, and then we'll go in. I'm growing chill and cold." "Ay-you shall have a job before you

find us. Now watch for the word.' Away they went towards the barn. and as they turned the angle of the house, and were thus lost to sight, Goupart remarked:

"It is growing cold." "Av." returned the old man. "This dew is falling fast, for I can feel the dampness on my feet. While we were excited I did not feel it. But I can stand it. only I feared that Louise might take some cold; and you know that would not

he pleasant.' "No," said Goupart-and the tone of his voice showed that he, too, had enter-"Hark!" he added tained some fears. "I think I heard them call. Ah, they've got some deep hiding place this time, for I heard the voice as though it were stifled. But we'll find them. Come!"

And away they ran towards the point from which the voice had proceeded. They searched all around the barn, under the cart, in the straw, behind the doors; and then they went to the stable, and here, too, they overhauled everything they could move, the old man even moving a board that lay against the fence. They must have slipped around into

the garden," said Goupart. And so back to the garden they turned. They hunted and hunted, but the hiders could not be found.

"It's getting too late," said the marquis, at length. "I think I must call "I'll give up in welcome," returned

Goupart; "for I'm sure I should never find them. Shall I call to them?" "Yes.

So Goupart shouted that he gave up the game. "I give up!" he cried, at the top of hi

voice. "Come, Louis!" He waited a few moments, expecting to be assailed with a burst of joking at his want of success. The smile was already on his face, and the exclamation with which to meet the hidden ones was upon his lips all ready for utterance. But no one came.

"They could not heve heard," suggested St. Julien.

"Ah," uttered Goupart, "they must have gone into the house. "So they have," said the father, "That's

to us. But we'll find some way to punish them."

They then went into the house, but neither was there. "Why, it's funny-isn't it, Goupart?"

"It is, surely."

"I'll start up some of the boys." And accordingly, half a dozen of th en were sent out in different parts of the enclosure to inform the hiders that the game was up. But they returned bootless. It was old Tony who announced that they couldn't be found. The marquis gazed upon Goupart, and Goupart gazed upon the marquis, and thus they stood for some moments.

"Do you think any danger can have befallen them?" whispered the youth, with a trembling lip. "I don't think there could," returned

the old man, nervously. "But we must

In a very few moments the whole household was in alarm. The startling dventure with the Indians some time before had prepared the minds of the people for an easy access of fear, and as soon as it was known that Louis and Louise were not to be found, consternation was depicted upon every face. Huge bundles of pitch-wood were always kept in readiness to be used in case of alarm at night, and some of these were lighted. and soon the whole household were in the wide court. They divided at the barn, and in fifteen minutes they all met there again. But they had found nothing.

Pale and trembling, the old man turn ed to the gate. It was locked, but the bolts were not shot. He called for the key. Tony had it, and the postern was soon flung open, and the torches flashed out upon the broad hillside back of the buildings. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry from old Tony startled the party, and quick as thought. Goupart was by his

"What is it?" the latter asked "See that foot!" the black man gasp ed, trembling like an aspen.

"What of It?" "It had no heel! It is the print of a moccasin!"

While the people were crowding about the spot, one of the women found an arrow, and in a moment more a mocca sin was picked up.

"The Chickasaws!" exclaimed Tony as soon as he saw the moccasin.
"O heavens!" gasped Brion St. Julien. And with a deep groan he staggered back. But he quickly revived, for the thought of pursuit came to him. Goupart hastened the men to pursuit in wild,

frantic tones. Just as the great old clock in the hall told the hour of four in the morning, the party returned to the house, pale and fatigued. The first gray streaks of dawn were pencilling the eastern horizon as the marquis and Goupart stood in the sitting room. One of the women brought in a lamp, and the youth started when he saw how pale his host looked. And St. Julien started, too; for he looked into his companion's face, and it looked terrorstricken even to death.

They spoke not a word. The old man moved forward and extended his hand, and on the next moment his head was pillowed upon Goupart's shoulder, and such deep, mighty sobs broke forth from his lips that it seemed as though his heart were rent in sunder. And one by one the eager servants came into that room, for they dared not yet trust themselves to sleep. They stood and witnessed the great grief of their loved master, and with one accord they wept with him. Truly that was a dark hour! (To be continued.)

COULDN'T FOOL THESE GIRLS.

They Had Heard of City Frauds and plied the cough will leave the animal, Were Wary.

advertising dodge that caused thes two young women to think they had been "bunkoed" and likely to get into difficulties. The "dodge" consisted in a 15-minute vaudeville performance which one of the big retail houses put on in a room in its building to amuse customers and to make people talk about the store.

The two young women were from one of the suburbs of the city, and on the lookout for traps and sharpers. Having finished their shopping they were in the elevator on their way out when the elevator man called:

"All out here to see the famous show!"

With the other passengers the two young women left the car, and found themselves in a little theater, says the New York Times. It was dimly lighted, had a small stage, a smaller orchestra and chairs in which a number of people had seated themselves. Suddenly an idea occurred to one of the young women.

"Helen," she whispered to her companion, "this is some trap that we have fallen into. I know mamma told me of a similar case once. When she and papa were spending their honeymoon twenty-three years ago at Niagara Falls they went into a show that was all just as this is. On the outside there was a sign which said: 'Entrance Free.' All went well until it came to going out, when there was another sign, 'Exit \$1.' That is what this thing is, and I know it. Let's get out before the show begins."

They made at once for the door of the elevator shaft. "The show will begin in an instant," politely announced the attendant, at whom the young woman looked scornfully.

"You must think we are easy," said one of the girls, falling into slang to show that she was no ordinary proposition to be dealt with. "We know this dodge, and have seen it before."

Then both went down to the street feeling sure that they had escaped one of the shrewd "dodges" of a great city.

Paid the Freight.

"Your wife," remarked the old friend, 'tells me you are getting into society now."

"No," replied the plain man, who had to pay for his wife's ambitions, "society is getting into me."-Philadelphia

Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the areable land in China. Famines would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.



A Dumping Sled.

Manure may be easily and quickly unloaded from a dump sled. An old bob sled with an extra high bolster and an elevated cross piece built up from the race in front, works all right. The box is fastened to the high bolster by means of eye bolts. It is fastened down to the front support with a strong hook.

With a little practice, manure may be spread with this rig in winter, with very little fork work. For spreading, a block is fastened to the runners behind that stops the box at the proper angle to let the manure slide down and pay out slowly as the team moves

The angle must be different accord-



HANDY DUMPING SLED.

ent used in the stable, and the amount of straw or other substance used for bedding. The driver can help or hinder it with his fork as he drives along. -L. G. Spencer, in Farm and Home.

Cows with a Cough.

There is always considerable complaint during the winter months about the cows being troubled with a cough. While there is always a possibility that this cough may mean tuberculosis, it is well to have the animal tested with tuberculin to ascertain if she has this difficulty. If it is found that her lungs are in good condition it will be safe to assume that ventilation and food need changing. Lack of ventilation may be the trouble or there may be too free draughts through the barn. The temperature for cows should be about 55 degrees at night, with enough ventilation to have a current of fresh air, but not a draught. Then it may be that too much dusty food is being given, which may be readily overcome by wetting all of the food, including the hay. If these remedles are approvided her lungs are not affected. It was a brand-new and enterprising Most barns for cattle are kept too warm or too cold. There is a great difference between a comfortable barn and an over-heated one. All that is necessary to do is to keep out the draughts and give good ventilation can saw outside the end and not have and any well-built barn will be entire- the saw pinch. This would be inconly comfortable for stock.—Indianapolis

> Making Snow Paths. Good winter walks about the farm



summer walks. A handy plow for the snow is shown herewith, the construction being plainly shown in the cut. The center board, it will be noticed, runs lower than the sides. This keeps the plow from running first to one side and then to the other. The flaring top boards greatly assist in making clean-cut path.-John Dibble, in Farm and Home.

Cost and Results of Potato Spraying. Spraying with bordeaux mixture to prevent potato blight is common and successful in the Aroostook district. Growers in the Michigan potato belt as it does the natural grain of the are beginning to believe that they butter, giving it a green, salvy conmust also spray. One of them who sistency. The aim in packing is to has tried it writes that the cost was about \$12 per acre, and the result was brine is the only sure method of exdown early in September, while the treated ones continued to remain green grees nearly a month later. 'Another Michigan grower, Harold Jones, of Leeds County, also tried spraying, and found the cost to be below this estimate. Comparing his yield with those of his neighbors, who harvested from nothing to two hundred bushels per acre, Mr. Jones considers the practice profitable. Writing of his successful potato crop, H. P. West, Fayetteville, Wis., recommends for potato scab half a teaspoonful of sulphur planted with each piece of seed potato.-New England Farmer.

Creamery Versus Dairy.

One of the advantages of the creamery over the dairy is the making of butter on a large scale, which conuct says an exchange. Where a cream- water and thoroughly scoured.

ery gets a good reputation for a nice and uniform quality of goods in any quantity and style of package there is an advantage to both manufacturers and dealers in disposing of them without the necessity of personal inspec-

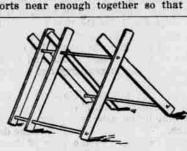
In Pearson's is an interesting article by D. A. Willey, "Farming by Steam," in which is described some of the remarkable machinery used in modern farming. One of the most useful machines is the great traction engine, used in the place of horse-power. In California the new steam "tractors," as the engines are called, are finding high favor.

Of course, small steam engines have long been in use all the world over to haul farm machinery along the country highways, to operate threshing machines and now and again for ploughing purposes, when the engine winds in a cable attached to the plough, and so draws the plough across the field. But the Western tractor does far more important work, and is quite a different type. In the first place, note its hugeness. The machinery is supported on three great wheels, having tires five or six feet in width, so that they appear like enormous barrels of steel. On either side a huge sprocket chain encircles the wheels, with links made of steel a foot long and an inch thick, each tested to withstand a pull of 250 tons. Every detail is on a similar scale of hugeness and

strength. In its wide tires lies one of the secrets of the tractor's strength. They gain such a grip on the surface, no matter how sandy or how soft the field or road may be, that they exert an enormous tractive force, and the wheels cannot slip under the heaviest load.

Handy Sawbnck.

For sawing limbs and poles light enough to handle and yet too heavy to saw with a bucksaw I have used a sawbuck about four feet long made upon the plan of connecting two horses with three cross rods. We had worn out two in the last dozen years, and about a month ago I built a combination buck which was convenient for both crosscut and buck sawing. It is shown in the figure. It is made of 2 by 4 oak scantling halved together. and the two nearest X's are only twelve inches apart from outside to outside. Our range takes wood seventeen inches long, and I put the supports near enough together so that I



CONVENIENT SAWBUCK.

venient, and the buck would tip endwise if it were not for the third X, which gives support to long sticks and makes buck sawing much pleasanter. as much of the fatigue in this kind of work comes from keeping in place the sticks that are being sawed .- Cor Ohio Farmer.

Farm Notes.

It has long been known that heavily stocking an old garden with red clover, allowing it to remain two years without plowing, will bring the soil back to its fertility and vigor.

Asparagus is greatly benefited by air, which should be given whenever the state of the weather and the atmosphere of the frame permits. At night preserve an equable temperature by covering up the frames with litter. In transplanting trees all the roots

which may have become bruised or broken in the process of lifting should be cut clean away behind the broken part, as they then more readily strike out new roots from the cut parts. In all such cases the cut should be a clean, sloping one, and made in an upward and outward direction.

Much working, and especially a second working, is injurious, destroying exclude air and light. Covering with seen in the prolonging of the season cluding air. Store in a sweet, cool of growth. Untreated rows had died place, where an even temperature can be maintained somewhat below 60 de-

Milk absorbs odor from the moment it is drawn from the cow until the time it is churned. Whenever milk reaches the temperature of one hundred it is claimed to be in an active state of decomposition. But while milk is easily affected by outside influences, the adherence to strict rules of cleanliness will greatly aid the dairyman to avoid the changes that often occur. Cooling the milk renders the germs inactive and prevents decomposition for a while, but it should not be overlooked that milk absorbs odors very rapidly when cool. Exposure to odors, gases or volatile matter of any kind should, therefore, be avoided and every utensil used in the duces to a greater uniformity of prod- dairy should be scalded with boiling



lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with "For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhosa, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles.

ment, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a now with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 100% pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—MRS. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.—\$5000 for felt If 30th St., Richmond, Va. — \$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineases curnot be produced.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to re-main weak and sick. Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women.
Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—
try her to-day—it costs nothing.

Disappointing.

"I gave you a shilling the other day on the plea that your child was seriously ill-at death's door, in fact. And yesterday I saw him as lively as a cricket.'

"Yes, kind lady; he's the most disappointin' boy you ever see!"

FRAME OF OHIO, CITT OF TOLEDO, as.

LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY Makes oath that he is the senior parter of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. SRAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taxen internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Adapted to Flats. "I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship.

did you do that?" "Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we







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