A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK \$

CHAPTER XL-(Continued.) Coqualla blushed and hung down her head when she saw the people gazing upon her, and her companion trembled violently. But they were not left long in suspense. Stung Serpent was absent; hour of vengeance and retribution!" but the Great Sun stepped down from the elevated seat that he occupied, and from one of the attendants he took a bow and an arrow, and a crown of feathers, to which was affixed an oak twig. The latter he placed upon White Hand's head, and the weapons he placed in his hand. Then to Coqualla the old chief gave a

laurel twig and an ear of corn. "My son," then spoke the Great Sun in a solemn and impressive tone, "I, as the eldest male relative of the bride, do now bestow her upon thee. Thou hast been crowned with the plumage of the soaring bird, which signifieth the power of command you shall exercise in the household. The twig of oak tells us that the depth of no forest can prevent thee from procuring food in times of need; the bow and arrow in thy hand signifieth that even unto death thou wilt protect her who is now given unto thee for a wife." Then the Great Sun turned to the bride: "Coqualla, in thy hand thou holdest the twig of laurel-the emblem of purity. So wilt thou ever remain pure and unsullied, that the green laurel may be no more pure than art thou. The ear of corn thou hast also assumed. Never let thy household want for food whilst thou art thus provided."

Then the chieftain resumed his seat, and the same old man who had led White Hand to the temple stepped forward and delivered a sort of sermon, after which the couple were hailed as man and wife. In the midst of these rejoicings, the entrance to the house was darkened, and in a moment more Stung Serpent stood within the place. He looked upon White Hand, and his brow darkened, but a close observer could have seen that the look was assumed.

'Who hath done this?" he demanded, in a loud tone.

"I, my brother," answered the Great Sun. "They loved each other well, and I gave thy child away." Stung Serpent bowed his head a few

moments, and when he looked up again his brow was clear, 'Then my promise is made void," he

said; "for no man can harm the husband of his child. White Hand, thou art safe with us; but remember thine oath! "The husband of thy child will not

break his promise," spoke the White Hand, solemnly. "It is well. I am in season for the fes-

And thereupon the festivities commenc ed, and they were kept up till late in the evening, and then the newly married couple were conducted to a dwelling that the king himself gave them. It was just back of the house of Stung Serpent, and was within the line of the great circle of dwellings, but its post of honor was marked by its nearness to the abode of

the Great Sun. After the newly married pair had been felt a hand upon his arm, and on turning he saw the Great Sun.

White Hand," he said, "follow me, for the Great Sun of the Natchez has much to say to thee,"

Full of wonder, the youth followed the king from the place, but he did not fear, for there was only kindness in the tones of the monarch. On they went until the very center of the village, and here kept them to herself,

the Great Sun stopped.
"White Hand," he said, in a low, soler that thou wilt not betray thyself to thy countrymen, nor leave the village of the White Apple without our consent Only six miles from here is the fort and village of the white man; so thou seest how great is the trust we repose in thee.'

'Yet I will not break my word," said the youth, while a spirit of awe crept over him. There was something grand and sublime in the scene about him, and he could not shake off the impression that a sort of mystic fate was being worked out in all this. The heavens were without a cloud, and the myriad stars were twinkling like tiny eyes of fire away off in the dark vault. The broad, smooth plain stretched off like a mystic lake, while the huts of the Natchez were dimly visible in the great circle.

"White Hand," resumed the dark monarch, "I do not think that the Great Spirit of our people is the same God that made the white man. The country away beyond the great salt lake, they tell | you?" me, is full of white men, and your God has given them laws not like our laws. They pray to their God for vengeance on the Natchez, and the dread vengeance comes. Like the swift storm at night, and like the bound of the beast of prey, it comes upon us. My son, thou canst

"Yes," murmured the youth. "Then wilt thou not pray for the Natchez? Wilt thou not pray that He will send no more calamities upon us? Thou art good, and true, and noble. What say-

A strange truth now flashed upon the youth's mind. The Indians, in their simple dread of the white man's God, had believed that if they could possess one of the true worshipers of that God, and persuade him to intercede for them, the calamities that resulted from the prayers their enemies might be averted. Yet White Hand did not wonder, for he knew how simple were the ideas that the red men entertained of their own Deity, And, moreover, he knew that the Indians had often heard the monks praying, and when he remembered how direct and common were the appeals thus made, he did not question the influence it must have upon those who were wont to regard Deity as a being to be propitiated with gifts and onter show. The youth's first thought was to try and correct the error into which the chief had fallen; but when he came to reflect that in such a work he should have to uproot the prejudices of a lifetime, he resolved to do as was asked of him.

"Great and mighty king," said the routh, in a tone that gave evidence of his truth, "I think God will answer my prayers as quickly as those of any of my people, and so far as the Natchez are in the

right, will I pray for them."

heaped upon us?"
"I will," replied White Hand. "Then thou shalt be the well-beloved of the Natchez. Let us return now, and as we go, I will tell thee more. The white chief at Rosalie is called Chopart. He is a bad man, and a liar. I dare not tell thee all the evil he has done. But he has robbed us of our cattle, and we can have no redress. He has encroa hed upon our lands, and we cannot drive him off. But O! the day of deckoning must come. Beware, my son, that thou lettest not thy sympathy run with these bad men, for the hour is nigh at hand-the

The king spoke no more, only to bid White Hand good-night when they reached the dwelling, and soon the youth was with his princess. Truly his situation was a strange one, and that night be prayed long and fervently, but he dared not let his wife know all his prayer.

CHAPTER XII.

On the very evening that White Hand reached the village of the White Apple a party of Chickasaws stepped upon the northern shore of Lake Pontchartrain. They were ten in number, and with them was a prisoner, who now reclined against a small hickory tree. Her silken gown is torn and soiled by the thorns and bushes through which she has been led, and the thin shoes are worn through till the feet have become sore and bleeding; for the way she has come has been a hard one, and many sharp bramble has bestrewn the path. But she rests now. The flames dart up from a fire near at hand. Sick and faint, she sinks down upon the soft mossy bed at the foot of the tree, and ere long all her dangers and troubles are forgotten in sleep.

The fair prisoner ever and anon starts up with frightful dreams, until at length, when the night is far spent, she is arous ed by strange sounds near at hand, amid which she can distinguish the clash of arms and the hum of angry voices. The idea of escape breaks upon her mind. A moment she gazes around, and she sees men in conference about her, with weapons drawn, and voices raised as if in anger. She moves only a step, and a hand is laid upon her shoulder, A stout Chickasaw holds her fast and tells her she cannot escape. In a moment more the Chickasaw is pushed rudely aside, and Louise looks up into the moon-lit face of Simon Lobois!

"Ha!" he cries, with well-assumed as-tonishment, "and was my suspicion correct? Have I found my beloved thus dragged away by ruthless savages? Early this morning a runner brought the news to New Orleans that a white girl was being carried off by the Chickasaws, and that their trail bent towards the great lake. A mystic voice whispered thy name in my ear. Why it was I know not; but I started, and I have found thee. Look up, sweet Louise, for thou art safe. Thou art rescued!"

The maiden's first emotion seemed to be to shrink from the white man, but in a moment more she gave him her hand. "And am I free from these savages?"

she asked, gazing first into Simon's face and then upon the motley crew about her. "Ay, thou art, Louise. Do you not see that they are all quelled? Heaven must have directed me to this spot. Fear no more, for thou shalt be safe with me.'

Under any other circumstances, Louise might have been frantic with joy at such conducted to their dwelling, the youth salutation, but now she was moved by so many conflicting doubts that the coming of the rescuers seemed to move her but little. By the bright moonlight she could see the crew about her, and they did not look like deadly enemies. No one was wounded, nor did any one appear to be hurt. To be sure, there had been the sound of strife, but it may have only been a mock battle after all. At any rate, so they reached a gigantic oak that stood in | ran the maiden's thoughts, though she

"Come," continued Simon, after waiting some moments for an answer that emn tone, "thou hast sworn to my broth- he did not receive-"come with me now. The savages will not dare to harm you more, nor will they dare molest us."

Louise suffered herself to be led to the shore of the lake, and there she found two boats in waiting. She had been seated in one of them when the chief of the Chickasaw party came down and called Simon back. A bitter smile stole over the maiden's face as she saw this, and her suspicions were well confirmed when she saw Lobois follow the red man up the bank. But the cousin returned in a few moments, and having seated himself by the side of Louise, the boats were manned and shoved off.

'The red dog wanted me to promise that I would not expose his crime to the Governor," said Simon, after the boats had got well into the lake, "I would have made them all prisoners, only that I feared you might be harmed in the melee. You did not notice how we came upon them, and what first occurred, did Simon gazed sharply into his companion's face as he thus spoke, as though he would read any suspicion she might hold.

"I saw nothing until I was grasped by the shoulder," she truthfully replied, "for I was sound asleep when you came."
"So I thought. But I will explain: One

of the men who accompanied me knew the various trails that lead to the lake and he guided us here. We landed, and we found the Indians asleep, all save one; but they were upon their feet by the time we were up with them, and saw that some of them had guns. At that moment I espied you asleep upon the ground. In an instant I forbade my men to fire, for I feared you might be hit. I told the leader of the Indians that he was discovered, and that if he did not give up his prisoner, I would have the whole French force down upon his peo ple before another sun had set. And l furthermore told him that if he would quietly deliver up the maiden, we would not harm him. A scuffle ensued between some of the red men and two of my companions, but we quickly stopped it, and the Indians agreed to give you up if we would let them depart in peace. I consented, and-you know the rest. Was it not fortunate that I heard the report this morning?-and was it not very fortunate that heaven whispered to me that you might be the prisoner?" "It was very fortunate," returned Lou

"And perhaps you think it was strange," added Simon. "But yet I had some ground for the fear. The runner usual age.

told me that the Irdians were on the Tickfah trail, and I could think of no place from whence they could have brought a young white maiden captive in that direction save from the estate of "And thou wilt tell him all the wrongs we suffer, and all the indignities that are firmed my fears became. A French ship lay in the river, and I easily hired some of her men to come with me. O, Louise, do you realize how great is the blessing thus fallen upon you? What must have been your fate had I not found you as I did?

But the maiden did not reply. She was thinking how flimsy and improbable was the story her compation had told, and she wondered if he thought her such a simpleton as to believe all he said. "Do you realize what a fate must have of torture, or a life of misery."

"I know the Indian been yours?" Simon urged.

"I know the Indians are sometimes revengeful, but I do not think they would have murdered a defenseless girl," said

"Ah, you do not know them. You do not know these Chickasaws. They are monsters of cruelty!" "And yet they have been very kind to

"Kind, Louise? Then why are you so pale and wan?—and why so feeble?"
"Because I am not well. I am sick. Last night I had a severe fever, but my captors prepared some medicine from roots that they found in the earth, and it relieved me at once.'

"Ah, that was but to hold you up on your journey. But you are sick, even Let me fix a place for repose.

Simon spread a blanket upon the boat's bottom in the stern sheets, and fixed it so that Louise could lay her head upon one of the thwarts, and when this was fixed, she availed herself of the opportunity for rest thus afforded, for she was in truth sick and faint, and her head ached. It was not all the result of mere fatigue or fright, but disease had absolutely fastened upon her-a slight cold, perhaps, at first, but now verging to a

Yet Louise slept, and when she awoke, she found the sun shining down full upon her, and the boat had reached the southern shore. She was assisted to land, but she could not walk. However, horses were at hand, and when she was seated in the saddle, the party started across the land towards New Orleans which they reached before noon. The place contained not more than a hundred dwellings, and those were humble and primitive in form. The territory of the town had been laid out into squares, sixty-six in number, of three hundred feet each. These squares were eleven in number upon the river, and six in depth; so that with all the obstacles of the natural state of the land, its geographical position had marked it out in the mind of its founder as the nucleus of a mighty city. His quick and comprehensive mind understood the advantages of the position in a commercial point of view, for he saw that here was the natural point between ocean and inland navigation.

To a low, wooden house on Bourbon street was Louise conducted, and at her own request she was at once shown to a bed, and a physician sent for. An old negro woman, named Loppa, came to wait upon her, and in a little while the physician came. He was an old man, and well skilled in drugs. He examined the patient's pulse, her tongue, and asked numerous questions, and then announced that with care she might be well

in a very few days. During the rest of that day and the following night, Louise saw no more of Simon Lobols. Her head ached much, but finally the old doctor's potions quieted the nervous action, and late in the evening she sank into a gentle slumber, On the following morning she felt much better, so that the doctor smiled when he came. In three days from that time she was fairly recovered from her disease, though she was very weak, partly from the severe shock she had received, and partly from the effects of the medicines she had taken. At all events, the physician deemed it not necessary to call again, and only ordered now that his patient's diet should be strictly attended to.

As Louise thus began to regain her strength, she wondered when Simon Lobois would take her home. She had asked him once, but had gained no direct an-

(To be continued.) "Hit Me; I'm Big Enough."

He wasn't very blg, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned after- ish ward that he was supporting a crippled IV., William IV., Victoria and Edward mother and an invalid sister who had VII. Until three or four years ago she been left helpless in the world by the

death of her father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers.

At the loop on 15th street a crowd was gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged little girl was selling flowers at the 15th street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him, deflantly.

"Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough." The man paused in surprise, and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl picking up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her money enough to make her eyes sparkle with joy, and

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "You said you were hig enough, young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of selfrespect."

Then he caught his car and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant,-Denver Times.

Memory.

From 123 answers to questions published two or three years ago, Messrs. V. and C. Henri find that a person's first memory may be of an extent occurring as early as the age of 6 months or as late as 8 years-2 to 4 years being the

UNIQUE FEATURES IN SKYSCRAPERS.



HE skyscraper is an evolution, and a very recent one, from the comparatively modest structures of an earlier period. It is only fifteen years since the first of the type was planned, and it originated in Chicago, which city claims the Tacoma Building, completed in 1889, as the first American skyscraper. In all our large cities, where foot front values are enormous and constantly enhancing, the "Chicago construction" idea, or the modern bridge built skyscraper, with its skeleton of steel and outer covering of stone, brick and glass (and which is riveted together so firmly that the Cyclops might roll it down hill like a bird cage, if they chose, without injury to its structural parts, at once leaped into favor. Other cities, notably New York, selzed upon the idea, expanded and elaborated it, and then began a race as to which should build the tallest structures, the tendency ever upward and with "excelsior" as the motto.

Without any intended disparagement of other cities, it may be safely asserted that New York now possesses more and larger skyscrapers than any other city in the world. A decade or so ago Chicago was in the lead, but now it is the great metropolis of the Empire State, with its structures

of steel towering skyward by the score.

The tallest office buildings in the world are to be found in New York City. It was thought the limit had been reached in the Park Row or Syndicate Building, which, though nominally 382 feet in height, is 447 feet from the street to the tops of the flagstaffs on its twin towers and 501 from the base of its foundations. It is called the tallest office building in the world, its cupolas being 100 feet higher than the dome of the capitol at Washington and almost as high as the apex of the great pyramid. And yet this great structure, with its 950 rooms and accommodations for nearly 4,000 occupants, stands upon a foundation of sand. Its total estimated weight of 20,000 tons is supported upon a forest of 12,000 piles driven into the sand by the blows of a twenty ton driver. It cost \$2,400,000 and is said to be a paying investment-in fact, there is hardly a skyscraper in New York, Chicago or any any other city where realties are vastly valuable that is not returning a good rate of interest from its rentals. If it is not, then there is something the matter, the experts say, with its management.

One of the most unique of skyscrapers, almost abnormal in its peculiarities, is the so-called flatiron structure at the intersection of Broadway, 5th avenue and 23d street, New York. Viewed from the front it appears like the bow of an immense ship, being just wide enough at its edge for a narrow window, yet it is twenty-one stories high, rising 285 feet above the street, and each floor of this stone and steel structure contains 8,600 square feet of space. It cost \$1,500,000. One of Chicago's latest and finest structures is Montgomery Ward & Co.'s building. It contains twenty-one stories and measures 390 feet to the top of the weather vane.

One of the most sumptuously fitted of office buildings is said to be the Frick skyscraper in Pittsburg, recently erected, which is twenty-two stories, covers an entire block, has a floor area of 500,000 square feet and cost, with

the land it stands on, \$4,250,000. The erection of a five hundred foot skyscraper presents no greater difficulties to be overcome than that of a two hundred footer, for the structure itself, considered geometrically, is a cumulative growth to which the genius of years has steadily contributed. The building of skyscrapers is now an net science, and doubtless a structure could be planned by our architects that could be extended upward as far as desired. It has required a rapid readjustment of the point of view to keep up with the growth of skyscrapers, and the really unique features have become, like the articles enu-

LIVED TO A REMARKABLE AGE.

merated by the auctioneer, "too numerous to mention."

"Grandma" Mills Was the Oldest Woman in Canada. Mrs. James Mills, of Woodham, Ont., who died a few days ago at the age of 115 years, was the oldest woman in Canada, if not in the world. "Grandma" Mills, as she was called, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Coulter, was born in the town of Pettig, County of Fermanagh, Ireland, October 18, 1787, when George III. was King. She lived under the rule of five Britsovereigns, George III., George



"GRANDMA" MILLS, WHO DIED AGED 115

could readily recall and fluently relate stirring incidents of the early part of the nineteenth century, but of late, though her memory was clear and unimpaired, it was difficult to converse with her, owing to her deafness. Up to a few weeks ago she was bright and active, and through her last illness she retained consciousness until within a few hours of her death.

Mrs. Mills and her family emigrated to Canada in 1857 and settled in the virgin forests of Osborne Township, Huron County, on the concessions of the Canada Land Company. Mr. Mills died two years after landing in Canada, succumbing to the hardships of pioneer life in the backwoods. Of their family of nine children, four sons and five daughters, five are still living-one in New Zealand, and four in Canada. The second son, James, of St. Thomas, is 76 years of age. All her other children are well on in years. Mrs. Mills as a wise guy.

has descendants to the sixth generation. Three or four years ago she went to St. Mary's Ont., to have her photograph taken, and surprised her friends by walking unassisted with a light, brisk step up a long flight of stairs leading to the photograph gallery. She was proud of her old age and was always pleased to receive visitors, of whom she had many, as she was known far and wide.

All through her life Mrs. Mills had been a devout Methodist, and while living with her sons in St. Thomas walked to church every Sunday that the weather was favorable. Mrs. Mills never partook of tobacco, snuff or stimulants of any kind, and in her active days toiled at many things from which women of the present generation shrink.

Taking Advantage of the Situation. A member of the military band at a certain barracks came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not bad-a slight irritation, nothing more! You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk by using your throat though, so will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave." Armed with the surgeon's certificate the bandsman obtained two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The bandsman saluted, and the surgeon, recognizing the face, stopped. "How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you play in the band?" "The small drum, sir!" said the musician.

The Weight of It.

Hix-The total coal output of this country exceeds 1,000,000 tons anually. Dix-That is the output of the mines. The output of the retail dealers exceeds 2,000,000 tons.

An Irish lawyer in speaking of the demise of a colleague said: "He left a brilliant future behind him."

It isn't what a man knows, but what he doesn't tell, that enables him to pose



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