

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, after he had picked the paper up, "one would think there was something surprising in a simple marriage. And you, sir," he added, turning to the marquis, "I should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially seeing that you yourself gave me permission to seek Louise for my wife."

"I did not," groaned the old man. "O, I never gave it!"

"You told me distinctly that I might ask Louise for her hand, and that if she consented you should bid her follow her own choice."

"But that was after you had fairly hunted me down with questions—after I had refused to listen to you on the subject. But my child never freely gave her consent to this. She could not have done so. O, Simon, you have forced her to this! You have—"

"But the poor man's emotions were too powerful, and his speech failed him. A moment more he gazed into the villain's dark features, and then he bowed his head and burst into tears. He sobbed as though his noble heart would break."

"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a son-in-law, then," the second uttered, in a coarse tone; "for," he added, turning a defiant look upon Goupert, "you meant, no doubt, to have had a more beautiful husband for her."

"You will be careful how you use your tongue in my presence," spoke Goupert, in a hushed tone, the very breathing of which told that there was a smothering volcano near at hand.

"Ho—ho, monsieur!" the fellow replied; "you hoped to stick your fingers into the old man's gold pots, eh? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. But rest assured you won't handle the money through the daughter's pockets."

"Hush, Simon! I am moved now more deeply than I can bear, so be careful that you move me no more. It is enough that you have crushed this old man's heart, and overturned his life cup."

"Ho—ho! thou art wondrous sensitive, Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the prize, eh? I suppose if you had married the daughter, 'twould have been all right. But you're a little behind the coach this time. However, if you remain here long enough, you shall see the bride."

"Villain!" gasped the marquis, in a frantic tone. "O, would you had killed me ere you had done this thing!"

"But, monsieur, what do you mean? If the girl chose to marry me, what can you object?"

"She did not choose so to do. O, she never consented to wed with such a you of her own free will!"

"Such as me?" hissed Lobo. "And so you would spurn me now, eh? You have found a new flame in your dotage—have you? Monsieur St. Denis, I give you joy of the friend you have gained; but I can't give you up the wife. You did it well, but I'm afraid you'll have to work some other way for a living now, unless, indeed, monsieur le marquis may take pity enough on you to give you a few crowns just to find you in bread and salt until you can get your eyes upon some other heiress!"

This was spoken in a coarse, sneering manner, and during its delivery Lobo had kept his eye fixed upon the youth with a look of fiendish exultation.

Goupert St. Denis could not have moved more quickly. Not in all the language of all the world could words have been found more insulting. With one bound he was by the distasteful side, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the face that felled him to the floor like a log.

"O, St. Julien, I could not help it! Forgive me!"

"Goupert, I do not blame you!"

For some moments Lobo lay upon the floor like one dead, and the youth was beginning to fear that the blow might have been fatal, when the villain moved, and shortly afterwards he arose to his feet. He gazed a moment upon his enemy with a deadly look, and then, as he noticed that the blood was trickling down his face upon the floor, he turned towards the door.

"Goupert St. Denis, thou shalt answer for this!"

And thus speaking, the villain left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

That evening Brion St. Julien and Goupert conversed long and earnestly together. For some time the youth had entertained the thought of proceeding at once to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to wait awhile, at least until he had one more interview with Lobo.

"That Lobo was the cause of her being abducted I have no longer any doubt," said the marquis, after some remarks had been made upon the subject.

"How can there be a doubt?" returned Goupert. "His story of the rescue of the poor girl is too improbable for belief, unless he had some understanding with the Indians."

"But do you not think that he found her as he says?" inquired the marquis, earnestly.

"Of course I do. He found her as he says; but, of course, the Indians understood that he was to meet them there. He took her there, and he must have used some terrible power to make her marry him."

St. Denis went to his chamber, and went to his bed; but he could not sleep. He lay with his hands clasped over his brow, and ever and anon deep, painful groans would break from his lips. His grief was deeper than he could tell, even in his wildest prayers, and his hopes were all gone. The thing had come upon him with a doubly crushing force, for it had found his soul already bowed down beneath the weight of fear. He could have known that Louise had died, for then he might have wept awhile, and then calmly knelt down and prayed. But now even that sad and melancholy boon was denied him. Like the frantic mother who stands and sees the eagle perched upon

the cliff with her shrieking infant, stood the youth with respect to his beloved. But, at length, when the first hours after midnight had come, Goupert sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains were for awhile only the phantoms of sleep.

While Goupert thus lay pondering upon his terrible misfortune, Simon Lobo was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man—Simon's special servant, and the only one in the whole household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lobo had purchased him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis' agent, yet Peter looked upon the former as his master. And, moreover, Simon had paid him various sums of money to serve him.

"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goupert and the marquis, as I bade you?"

"Yes, mas'r; me watch 'um well, an' me hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole me of in de fle: ober de ole mas'r's library, an' me hab watch 'um every time I's got a chance."

"And what have you found?"

Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Goupert taking his place.

"And," uttered the negro, with a sparkling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder ting, berry sartin'; One time dey feared young mas'r an' missus'd neber cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to gib Goupert all his whole fortin'. He'll hab heaps o' money, eh?"

"Did he say the whole, Peter?"

"He did sartin, mas'r. An' he's planned to gib 'im half of it now. O, I tell ye, mas'r Goupert got mitey big hold onto o' mas'r's pocket, an' onto ole mas'r's tub, too. Dey's together all de time. Yah—guess ole mas'r don't s'pect he'll want you no more."

It was late in the morning when Simon Lobo made his appearance. He had his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged in bathing his face. He walked on to the sitting room, and he found the marquis and Goupert there.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, icy tone, "I would speak with you."

In an instant the young man turned and followed him. Lobo led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and turned.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he spoke, while his eyes flashed and his thin lip trembled, "last night you did what no living man has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Ere I leave this place, the stricken man must be past remembrance of his shame, or the striker must not be among the living! You understand?"

Now, Goupert was not in a frame of mind to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his soul was tortured by a fearful power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all, who had torn loved children from a dotting parent—sundered the brother and sister, and made unhappy the life of a defenseless girl. The young man's eyes did not flash like his enemy's, but they burned with a deep, calm fire, such as utter disgust and abomination add to fierce hate.

"I think I understand," was St. Denis' reply.

"I taught you your first lessons in the sword exercise, and you were a proficient when I last saw you handle the blade. Will you now choose that weapon?"

"Yes."

"Then get it and join me at once."

Goupert turned away and went to his room. He took down his sword, and buckled the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he gazed upon it. It had once been an uncle's weapon—the well-tried companion of Gen. St. Denis, a bold and true knight. It was of Spanish make, and never yet had it failed in the hour of need. There was another sword in the room—a lighter one—a Damascus blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his father's sword, and he would not use it now. After he had returned the blade to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink horn stood, and tearing a leaf from his pocketbook, he hurriedly wrote as follows:

"Monsieur le Marquis—You are my friend, and you know the few friends I have on earth. If I fall to-day, you will know why, and I know you will not blame me. You will see Louise. Tell her we shall meet."

The youth stopped and started up, and his hand trembled.

"If I fall thus, shall we meet there?" he murmured to himself. "O, heaven will pardon the deed. It knows the deep provocation—the burning shame that blights this house!"

Then he stooped once more and wrote: "—in that world where love knows no night. ST. DENIS."

This the youth folded and directed to Brion St. Julien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek, he hurried down to the hall, and from thence to the garden, where he found Simon waiting for him.

"Now follow me," said Lobo; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house towards the barn, and thence out through the postern to the foot of the hill beyond, where grew a thick clump of hickory trees.

"Now, Goupert St. Denis, are you ready?" asked Simon, at the same time drawing his sword.

"In one moment," returned the youth, also drawing his own weapon, but lowering its point upon the ground.

He was stopped short in his speech, for at that moment the marquis came rushing out from the court, and soon reached the spot where they stood.

"Simon," he gasped, white with fear, "what means this? Put up your sword."

"Brion St. Julien," quickly retorted the mad nephew, "stand back! You saw what passed last night—did you not?"

"But that was the result of hot passion. You taunted him most bitterly, Simon; you insulted him most shamefully, and he knew not what he did. O, let this thing stop!"

"Stop? You might as well try to stop yonder mighty river from flowing to its mouth! You say I gave him provocation. Did he not give me provocation?"

"Yes—yes. It was all folly—all eager, hot, mad haste. O, give over this thing! Simon, I command you!"

"Brion St. Julien, look upon this mark on my face! Were the man who did that my own brother, he should stand before my sword. So now stand back. There shall be a death to wipe this out. If I

fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the atonement is complete."

"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupert, at this point, "let the conflict go on. Life to me now is not worth the price I would pay for it by refusal. Let it go on."

"But—my child—my son, if you are gone—"

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon—"me, who of right belongs here. Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis?"

The youth turned an imploring look upon the marquis, and as the old man fell back, he replied:

"Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to interrupt us. Simon Lobo, you may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you know, where Louis St. Julien is."

"How?" hissed Simon. "Would ye heap more insult upon me?"

"I ask but a simple question."

"Ay—and that question means a foul suspicion. I know nothing of him."

"They come on!"

And on the next instant the swords were crossed.

Simon Lobo had been accounted one of the best sword players in France, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of victory; but at the third pass he was undeceived. He turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly trembled. Goupert saw it in an instant, and for the moment he was astonished. But then he remembered how Simon used to tremble at the whiz of a pistol ball, and he wondered no more. Almost did he pity the poor wretch. Straight, powerful chest expanded, while before him fairly glared the diminutive form of the villain.

"Ah, Simon, I've taught the sword art since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more skill, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villain believed that Goupert meant to kill him if he could. That belief begot a feeling of despair, and that last taunt fired him. Like the cornered rat, he set to now with all the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look sharp; but it was only for a few moments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick movement to the right, Goupert brought a downward stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his antagonist's sword, or strike it from his grasp, and thus end the conflict without bloodshed. But Simon had thrust his arm further forward than Goupert had calculated, and the blow fell upon the sword hand, the guard receiving part of the force, thus causing a slanting stroke. With a quick cry of pain, Simon dropped his weapon and started back.

"Don't strike me now!" he cried.

"Fear not," replied Goupert. "I never strike a defenseless man. But are you satisfied?"

"Yes—yes! But that was a cowardly stroke."

"No—no, Lobo. I meant not to strike you then; I only meant to knock your sword down. But you know you have been at my mercy three times."

"It was your own fault that you did not take advantage of it. I should have killed you had I been able, and I think you would have done the same."

"No," cried the marquis; "you know better than that, Simon."

But the wounded man made no further reply. His hand pained him now, and he held it out towards the marquis with a beseeching look. The old man examined it, and found that a bad gash was cut from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, on the back of the hand, but none of the bones were harmed. Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the blow, the hand would have been severed wholly off, for the stout iron guard was found out nearly in twain!

And thus ended the duel. Goupert was surprised at the easy victory he had won, while Simon was surprised at the incredible skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful—deeply thankful—for the result, so far as mere life and death were concerned.

(To be continued.)

Quality Folks.

Since bacteriologists have attributed the dissemination of yellow fever in Cuba, and of the deadly malaria in Italy, to the mosquito, that creature has emerged from the general host of insects into a place of individual importance. For other reasons than these, however, an old Cornish woman lately pronounced upon the mosquito's aristocracy. She had asked her parish priest to read her a letter from her son in Brazil. The writer's orthography was doubtful, but the vicar did his best to read phonetically.

"I cannot tell you how the muskittles torment me. They pursue me everywhere—even down the chimney!"

The fond mother's eyes grew large with mingled pride and amazement. "Ezekiel must be rare handsome," she said, "for the maidens to be so after him. And reckon the Miss Kitties is quality folks, too!"

Willie's Perplexity.

When Willie came home last night he was more convinced of the uselessness of schools than he ever was before, says the Buffalo Express. Asked the nature of his latest trouble, he explained that "postpone" had been one of the words in the spelling lesson of the day. The teacher had directed the pupils to write a sentence in which the special word should appear.

Along with others, Willie announced that he did not know the meaning of the word, and so could not use it in a sentence. The teacher explained that it meant "delay" or "put off," and encouraged the youngsters to try. Willie's thoughts were on pleasanter things than school, and his made-to-order sentence was:

"Boys postpone their clothes when they go on swimming."

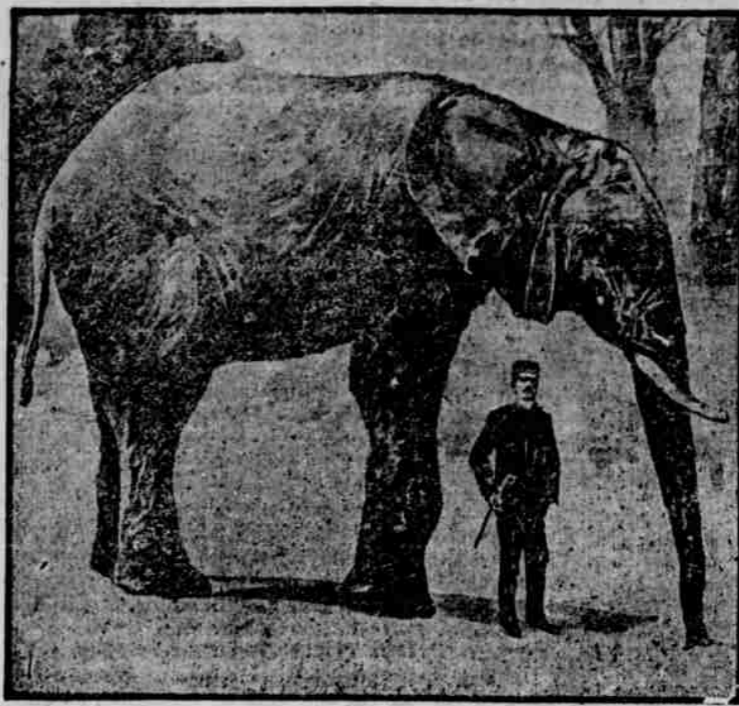
College Colors.

"Our college colors are pink and old gold," said Miss Frocks.

"Our college colors were black and blue when I was initiated into the secret society," added her brother.

Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles.—Sharp.

JINGO, THE GREAT ELEPHANT, WHICH DIED ON BOARD SHIP AND WAS BURIED AT SEA.



JINGO, the giant elephant which died at sea on March 12, and which terrified the passengers, the crew and the wild animals on the steamer Georgic with his incessant trumpeting and his efforts to escape from his cage, was the largest elephant in captivity and two inches higher than Jumbo. His exact height was 11 feet 4 inches and his weight was six tons. Jingo was captured in Africa when he was quite young, and until recently was the property of the London Zoological Gardens, from which he was purchased by an American circus manager for \$50,000. The great beast was not fond of the sea, and his journey from Africa was very nearly the death of him. It was only with great difficulty he was placed aboard the Georgic at Liverpool, bound for New York.

Jingo had been the star attraction of the London zoo, but last summer he showed signs of ill temper and in September the animal-keepers decided it was no longer safe to allow him to carry children on his back through the gardens. He therefore was sold to an American circus. The elephant had not been in good health during the winter and, not having traveled since infancy, fretted and pined from the day he was taken from the zoo. As each day passed Jingo seemed to grow weaker and he squirmed in his narrow cage in an effort to get out. He was securely chained in such a position in the aft hatchway that escape was impossible. For sixty hours preceding his death the mammoth beast trumpeted without cessation and twice knocked down his keeper, Thomas Lawrence, who attempted to pacify it. The cries of the elephant aroused the leopards and tigers which were on the ship and they, too, joined in the tumult, which for three days kept the crew of the Georgic on its guard. About 9 o'clock one morning Jingo's cries suddenly ceased. Lawrence ran to the cage to find the animal dead. His carcass was examined and after it was decided it could not be stuffed was thrown overboard.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS ARE VERY RARE IN CAPTIVITY.

The scarcest animal in captivity is the Rocky Mountain goat. Only three of these wild and untamable creatures, it is said, are now or have ever been held captive. One, a very fine specimen, is in the famous Zoological garden, in Regent's Park, London, England, and the Philadelphia Zoological gardens has the proud distinction of possessing the only pair, male and female, ever exhibited or ever kept in captivity.

The animal is solitary in its habits,



ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS.

and is about the size of a large sheep, with long white hair, well suited to harmonize with its snowy surroundings. The hair is very abundant around the throat and neck and stands erect like a mane down to the center of the back. This hair was esteemed of great value by the Indians for making blankets. The hoofs and horns are black.

The three specimens of Rocky Mountain goat now captive were obtained by killing their mothers and securing the kids, which have been practically reared in captivity.

Teaching Languages to Parrots.

A peculiar profession is that of a man in Chicago who is a teacher of languages to parrots. The Chicago Tribune says that while this foreigner was doing translations and giving French and German lessons at starvation prices, he chanced one day to talk with a parrot dealer, and asked him if many birds were sold abroad.

"No," said he, "but only on account of the difference in language. English-speaking parrots would hardly be in demand in a foreign country."

This gave the linguist an idea. He took home an uneducated bird, and in a few weeks had taught it to repeat some short French sentences. After that he began a regular occupation of teaching French, German and Italian to parrots instead of to people.

Diet and warmth are important conditions in this system of education. The birds are kept in a temperature of eighty degrees, and are fed on nuts, bananas and other fruit. The lessons are given morning and evening. One word may be pronounced for days together; later several words are joined in the form of a sentence. A clever bird will learn a short sentence in less than a fortnight.

One important secret is that of teaching a bird to speak opportunely, as if it understood what is happening at the moment. If the teacher pulls out his watch at the instant of saying, "What time is it?" the parrot soon

learns to say, "What time is it?" whenever he sees a watch.

If he is to be taught to greet a visitor, the teacher, on giving the lesson, must enter the room saying, "How do you do?"

To induce him to say, "Must you go? Good-by!" the professor picks up his hat and stick, and leaves the room as he repeats the words.

Explosive Sunsets.

Mr. Bascomb had seen wonders enough for his first day away from Banbury, but just as he had settled his tired head against the back of a lounging chair, he heard a distant boom.

"What's that?" he demanded, starting up.

"Oh, that's the sunset gun, Uncle Ezra," said his nephew's wife, in a soothing tone. "It goes off just as the sun rises and sets."

Mr. Bascomb's mild face took on a look that approached hostility.

"I've seen your talking machines and electric bell-pulls and underground rails and overhead trusses and keridges kitting here and there with no boss nor other signs of drawing power," he said, resentfully, "and I've set myself to believe all you've told me. But I've seen the sun all my days in Banbury, and I know there ain't strength enough in it when it's setting or when it's rising to tetch off a gun, without there's works going on in this place that ain't Scriptural nor fitting!"

DR. ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

A Distinguished American to Have a Bronze Memorial.

The friends of Dr. Orestes Augustus Brownson, New England's distinguished theologian, lecturer, patriot, editor and sociologist, are about to erect a bronze bust on a granite pedestal in Sherman Park, New York City, at 72d street and Amsterdam boulevard.

The Catholics of the country have subscribed for this memorial. Dr. Brownson was ranked as one of the great literary men of his day. He was born in Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 16, 1803, and died in Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876. He was preparing for the Presbyterial pulpit, when he embraced Universalism and entered the ministry in 1825. He was pastor of churches in Vermont and New York for seven years. As editor of the Gospel Advocate he wrote and worked earnestly for the improvement of the laboring classes.

Dr. Brownson was an associate of noted New England thinkers and at one time a member of the famous Brook Farm Fournaler Association, with George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, Father Hecker, Hawthorne and others at his head.

Burglars Had Their Revenge.

Burglars, unable to break through the iron door of a cigar shop in Berlin, avenged themselves by painting up a notice: "There is nothing here worth stealing."

Some women's idea of being economical is to have their ball dresses cut lower.

There are times when four acres constitute a helping hand.

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."

Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

50¢ a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER Co., Lowell, Mass.

Difference.

"What sort of a man is my husband? Well, before we were married he wouldn't leave the house before midnight; and since that he never enters it before."—Journal Amusant.

Pope Leo's Many Legacies.

The pope has been happy in legacies. It has been reckoned that during his pontificate a sum of more than 1,000,000 pounds has been bequeathed to him in various ways, \$600,000 having come to him in one year, and one recent bequest being for no less than \$200,000.

Asked and Answered.

"What," asked the youth from Ludlow, "is the great secret of success?"

"The great secret of success," replied the Norwood philosopher, "is to find something you can't do—then do it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fads in Dinner Napkins.

Napkins became popular in France sooner than in England. At one time it was customary of great French diners to change the napkins at every course, to perfume them with rose-water, and to have them folded a different way for each guest.

Scotch Saloon Statistics.

Airdrie has more saloons in relation to its size than any other town in Scotland. There are 42 for every 1,000 inhabitants. Coatbridge and Renfrew come next on the list. Ayr has the worst record for drunkenness—57.6 charges yearly for every 1,000 inhabitants.

The Reason Why.

She—What an extraordinary picture—and why on earth do you call it "Home?"

He—Can't imagine, unless it's because there's no place like it.—Illustrated Bite.

Something Doing.

In a western Ontario city a newspaper organ is booming a mayoralty candidate on the ground that he is "a man who does things." The opposition organ, on the other hand, alleges that he is a man who does the people.—Ottawa Citizen.

Just Saw the Point.

Dalton—How that English chap did laugh at your joke.

Waller—Yes, he must have heard it before.

A Succession of Failures.

Hewitt—Gruett says that his life has been a complete failure.

Jewett—Well, he started wrong; he was once on a Harvard football team.

WHEN PAIN & ANGUISH WRING & BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.