

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

And so, for the while, that darkest affliction was forgotten; but after Simon's wound had been properly dressed, it came back again, and the duel became only a passing cloud that was soon lost in the deeper cause of grief. The excitement was gone, and the soul remembered now to weep over the loss of its loved ones.

For several days Simon Lobo remained in his chamber, not showing himself at all, save to Peter, who waited upon him; and when he became able to go out, he seemed to take special pains not to be seen by the uncle and his guest. As might be expected he cherished a bitter hatred towards Goupert, but yet he had a deep consolation in the remembrance of the heart-blow he had inflicted upon the youth. He knew Goupert's sensitive nature, and he knew how deep and abiding were his affections, and knowing this, he knew how keen must be the anguish of the disappointed lover.

And during all this time Goupert St. Denis was much alone, wandering about in the woods. Of course he had given up the idea of going for Louise. If she was married to Lobo, then the companionship he would necessarily have with her under such circumstances could only make him more miserable, and, perhaps, add new pang to her grief.

At the end of eight days Simon set out on his return to New Orleans. He did not see St. Denis, for the youth had purposely withdrawn himself.

"You will bring my child home," said the old man, in a broken, forced tone.

"Of course I shall, and I trust you will receive her kindly."

"Kindly? Alas, poor Louise! She will have need enough of kindness."

"What mean you now, sir?" uttered Simon, angrily.

"Nothing—nothing," groaned the marquis, covering his face with his hands. "Only let me see her one more. You will be kind to her, Simon?"

"Of course I shall be. How could I be otherwise?"

The old man gazed up into his nephew's face, but he made no reply; and when, a few moments later, that nephew had taken his departure, he bowed his head and wept.

CHAPTER XVII.

While the things just narrated were transpiring at the chateau, and at the distant metropolis, how fared White Hand and his dusky princess?

Gradually White Hand became used to the primitive fashions of the Natchez, and though he had many hours of sorrow and grief, yet he showed only content to the warriors. But to his wife he was not so reserved of his true feelings. She sympathized with him in his sadness, and she even went so far as to assure him that if the honorable opportunity ever offered itself for his escape to his own people, she should not oppose his wishes.

Early one morning the Great Sun received an invitation to visit the settlement of the white men, and taking with him an escort of his trusty warriors, he set out. It was past noon when he returned, and his brow was clouded, and his stout frame shaken by a powerful emotion. His first movement was to send for White Hand. The youth went, and found the Great Sun alone with Stung Serpent.

"White Hand," he said, overcoming all outward signs of his deep emotions, "you must fast and pray. The hour is dark, yad—comes upon us. The white man's heart is hard, and his soul is base. You remember your pledge. Will you pray?"

"I will," answered White Hand. And he was then dismissed.

As soon as the youth was gone, the Great Sun started up from his seat and leaped down. His brow grew dark again, and his hands were clenched.

"Stung Serpent," he said, "go and summon your council at once. Summon only the wise men and the tried warriors, for we want no women nor children now. Bid them attend me here."

Stung Serpent asked no questions, but with quick movements, he called up the men who were fit for deep counsel, and soon they were all collected in the place of council. They knew that something important had happened, for never were they thus called together save on occasions of emergency.

"Warriors of the Natchez, listen!" commenced the Great Sun, speaking calmly and slowly, but with fearful emphasis. "You know how the white men have abused us—how they have trampled upon us, and how they have repaid in wickedness the good we have shown them. But you do not yet know the most wicked thing of all. The white chief has demanded the beautiful village of the White Apple! As he says the great chief in the big village away towards the salt water has demanded it. I told him he could not mean it, but he only laughed at me. I told him we had lived here in peace ever since we settled upon the banks of the mighty river—that our temple was here, and that here, in the quiet vale, we had laid away the bodies of our departed friends. And even at this he scoffed, and swore he would possess our village."

As the Great Sun sat down, a low murmur ran around the room, and angry gestures marked the movements of the dark warriors. Stung Serpent started to his feet, and in a moment all was silent. The towering chieftain gazed around with a flashing eye, and when he spoke his voice was like low thunder.

"Let the souls of the Natchez be firm now, and let the hearts of her warriors be strong!" were his first words. "The white man came to us, and we gave him a home. He asked us for land, and out of our abundance we gave him much. He asked us for friendship, and we gave him our whole hearts. But how has he repaid us for all our kindness? Where now is our peace? The white man calls the Indian a secret foe. Why is it so? Because the pale faces are not to be trusted; because they speak fair when they cheat us. Look around! Look to your homes, to your sacred temple, and to the graves of your ancestors. Will you give all up? I can read your answers in your

looks as well as in your words. Once more, and I am done. Let the white men be exterminated! Let them be swept from our land at once and forever!"

On the next day messengers came from Chopart, the commander of the French fort, to learn what the Natchez had agreed upon. They were informed that they had not yet been able to agree upon a place to which to move, and the Great Sun asked two months in which to prepare, promising, meantime, to pay a new tribute of corn to the French. This message was conveyed to Chopart, and he agreed to the terms, fondly believing that in another spring his people should share the rich land spoils of this fairest Natchez village.

And now the work went on slowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, and all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck; and that there should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse before the death stroke. These bundles were placed in their respective temples, and each day the chief was to go in and take one stick away. And when they were all gone on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to strike.

From the shores of the Mexican gulf to the Yazoo, and from the waters of the Tombecbee to the Sabine, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly waiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding sun rolled over, these fatal sticks were removed, and Chopart only waited patiently for his rich prize.

One of the wives of the Great Sun was called "Bras Pique," or Pricked Arm, from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. Pricked Arm loved the French, and she failed not to serve them on every occasion when she could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these meetings of the council were touching that matter. She noticed the fierce looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their venomous glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some calamity was to befall her white friends.

Pricked Arm made up her mind to save the French if possible, not only at Natchez, but at all other points; and to this end she must not only put Chopart on his guard, but she must cause the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and thus the whites in other sections would take warning, for she dared not attempt to convey intelligence to other stations for fear of being detected by her own people. Her first movement was to make her way to the temple, but she could not gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the holy fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went to him and called him out.

"White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a warrior?"

"I have the courage of a man," he replied, in astonishment.

"Then can you keep an oath?"

"If it may be kept with honor."

"The oath which I require may, but I will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre of the entire extermination of every white man, woman and child in the country. And mark me—this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sun moves on towards the morning."

"All—every one?" uttered White Hand, in alarm.

"Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and unless something be done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall."

Louis clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father and of his sister and of his friend St. Denis.

"Can there be no stop to this?" he asked.

"Yes—if you have courage."

"Then put me to it."

"Listen. I can warn the people at Natchez, but that will not save the others. In the temple there is a bundle of yucca sticks. They are hung by two thongs of bearskin back of the altar. In that bundle there are as many sticks as there are days between now and the fatal blow; could we remove seven of those sticks, the Natchez would make a premature attack. The people at the fort would be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will mistrust nothing, and while they wait eagerly for the passing of the next seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," returned White Hand.

"And will you do it?"

"I will try, even to the death."

"Good. But let it be soon."

By different paths the two returned to the village, Pricked Arm retiring to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some time in walking thoughtfully about the great square. When he at length entered his own dwelling he found his wife asleep, but he did not join her. He spent some time in walking up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxiety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he did not dream that such a dreadful plan had occupied their thoughts. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger—all his countrymen were in danger. Thus he was walking up and down the apartment, when his wife awoke and looked for him.

"White Hand," she said, sitting up in the bed, "why walk you thus when the night is waning?"

"I was thinking of my home, Coquala."

The princess arose and approached her husband.

"And thou art sad," she murmured, looking up into his face.

"Yes, Coquala—very sad. I would go into the temple and pray."

"Then why go you not in?"

"Because I cannot gain admittance there. I am not a warrior, and none but warriors are admitted there."

"But thou art by marriage a Little Sun of the Natchez, and as such, thou

canst demand admission there, and none shall dare refuse thee. Take, then, the offering of walnut wood and go. Say to the guardians there, 'I come as a Sun of the Natchez, and I would pray to the Great Spirit. Accept my offering, and open to me the way.' They will not dare refuse thee."

As Coquala spoke she went to the fireplace, and from the wood there piled up she selected ten sticks of walnut, from which she removed the bark. It was a religious law, given by the first Great Sun, that only walnut wood should be used for the sacred fire of the temple, and that the bark must be carefully removed before it was carried in. White Hand took the wood in his arm and went to the temple, and when he reached the door, he demanded admission as a Little Sun of the Natchez, and after some questions he was admitted. He carried his offering to the altar, and one of the priests placed some of it upon the fire.

After White Hand had deposited his offering, his next movement was to step towards the back part of the temple and kneel down. The warrior-priest whose turn it was now to watch, stood and gazed upon the youth for awhile, and then turned his attention to his fire. Still kneeling, White Hand looked about him, and close to him, against the wall, he saw the bundle of yucca sticks. Seven of the watchers slept, and only one was awake. Slowly the youth worked his way to the wall, still on his knees. The sticks hung loosely in the thongs; he could reach them where he was. He cast his eyes towards the watcher, and that individual was poking up the fire. Quickly the youth raised his hand and counted out seven sticks. His heart beat quick, but he thought of his father, and his nerves were strong. Silently he withdrew the fatal time-tellers, and hid them behind him. The watcher still worked upon the fire. With a quick movement, White Hand placed the ends of the sticks in his bosom, and forced them down within the clothing until they lay along his side, reaching from the armpit to the knee. Then he arose, and having walked about a few moments with as careless an air as he could assume, he left the temple.

After breakfast the next morning Stung Serpent came in, as was his wont. He lighted his pipe, and after smoking for some time in silence, he looked up. His brow was clouded, and his countenance wore a sad, moody expression.

"White Hand," he said, "are the French a very forbearing people in their own country?"

The youth imagined he saw the old chief's drift, and after a moment's thought, he replied:

"Not under wrong, my father."

"I thought not. But suppose another people should come upon their soil, seize the homes of their subjects, steal their cattle, rob them of their rights and desecrate their temples?"

"Then the French would drive them off," answered the youth, quickly.

"And they would drive them off with the sword and gun, eh?"

"Yes."

"And put all to death they could find?"

"No, my father—only such as held out in resistance."

"But have not the French put whole great villages to the sword, as they call it, and murdered all?"

With a shudder, the youth answered in the affirmative. Stung Serpent gazed sharply into White Hand's face, but he could see no mark of suspicion there. He smoked away awhile longer in silence, and then he arose and left.

"What does he mean?" asked Coquala, after her father had gone.

"I do not know, unless he desires to know how much consistency my people have," returned White Hand.

"I fear our warriors meditate some revenge upon the whites. But you need not fear, dearest one, for no harm shall come to you."

As the bright-eyed princess thus spoke, she threw her arms about her husband's neck. He kissed her, but he dared not whisper the terrible thing he knew—not but that he would trust her, but he had sworn that he would not.

(To be continued.)

How to Tell the Time.

People who like to bother over juggling letters and figures will find something for the exercise of their ingenuity in three conundrums resurrected by the Cleveland Leader. One of them, at least, is so old that it may fairly be considered new.

If a father gave nineteen cents to one of his sons and six cents to the other, what time would it be?

Why, a quarter to two, of course.

If a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour?

Nothing could be easier. Eight P. M.

If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would be the second guest's telephone number?

Absurdly simple. 8-1-2.

Her Fingers Came in Too Late.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children, he said, kindly:

"Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smiling.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight:

"Not my fingers."

Qualified.

"But, mamma," said the beautiful South American heiress, "do you believe I will have any trouble in being received in society in the United States?"

"I don't see why," answered her mother. "You have plenty of money and you can make the best of them look like small change when it comes to being a daughter of the revolution."

Follow-up the Heats.

Hamo-actress—Yes. I always take a short walk after the show.

Mr. Knows—To the next town?

Baltimore-American.

RUSSELL SAGE TELLS YOUNG MEN HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL

Russell Sage, the aged financier, in a very able article printed in New York, defines the secret of his success and tells young men how to succeed. He says:

"A young man to succeed must necessarily have a definite idea of what he wants to do, and must continually keep it before his mind. He must work as hard as he can to accomplish it, and must not be dismayed or turn from his course by discouragements. What measure of success may have been reached in my long life has been due almost entirely to these four things.

"I have been a very busy man for almost seventy years, and I am absolutely convinced that a young man who makes up his mind to succeed almost invariably will do so, if he is made of the right material and concentrates all his efforts with the one purpose in view.

"I have one sincere word of advice for any young man who desires to succeed and it is this: That under no circumstances should he yield to the temptation of gambling in stocks. Now, I do not mean by this that he should never seek success through the medium of speculation, but, rather, that he should always observe some business method in all his dealings.

When sound, good-paying stocks are low he might do well to buy them as an investment only, but not otherwise. The fever of speculation has been the ruin of thousands of young men and the wreck of many fortunes, and it will continue to cast wrecks by the wayside as long as most of us are mad to get rich quickly.

"A young man who really and earnestly desires to succeed should never waste any time in dissipation. He should, of course, allow himself the necessary amount of recreation and rest, and he should try to live a healthy, regular life. He should try to acquire regular habits—that is, sleep and eat at the same hours each day and night, so as to keep in perfect physical health. Then he should make a rule each week to put by a certain amount of his earnings and acquire the habit of saving. There are very few men who are not able to make a dollar, but the making of a dollar is not the most important thing. It is far more important to know how to save it.

"All a young man has to do is to work hard and save money. That may sound very easy, but it is the main point. It is not saving alone that counts; it is knowing how to save. No one should stint himself of anything really needful. The fault of most of our young men of to-day is that they do not stick close enough to business. The man who always tries to get off as easy as possible, and when working for others does as little as possible for the wages he receives, will never get ahead and never amount to anything in life.

"Every young man should through all his business career constantly keep in mind the parable of the faithful servant in the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke and the reward given to him: 'Because thou hast been faithful in a very little have thou authority over ten cities.'

Mr. Sage is in good health, goes regularly to his office each day and looks after his many interests as closely as he did ten years ago.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT DO.

An Easy Thing to Break the Law and Still Mean No Evil.

Even in a free country such as this there are things that one may not own or have in his or her possession, however innocent may be the intent. Possession frequently may mean legal entanglement and State or National Government must be reckoned with.

For instance, a garden full of Canada thistles is calculated to make a deal of trouble for the owner of the ground, even though he may not know a Canada thistle from a currant bush. These thistles are persona non grata in the United States generally and a substantial fine awaits the person who allows the weed to grow upon ground under his control.

It is not a good thing for the citizen to make a collection of burglars' tools, however scientific may be his study of the criminal classes, for in the mere possession of them the law conceives that the holder has ulterior motives regarding them. At any rate it requires a good round sum to make such a collection, as frequently a single tool out of a kit may cost \$25. If some burglar should be scared out of your house, leaving his kit or any portion of it, a safe place in which to put it is the nearest police station.

The United States Government will make trouble for you if you have any portions of a brewing or distilling plant. Beer vats and distilling kettles

may not be used for any other purpose than brew and distilling, and if a person should go only so far as to make a bathtub out of one or the other of them he would be incurring the displeasure of his government.

Possession of counterfeit money is a felony. It is presumed that a man, woman or child should be able to determine whether a coin or bill is genuine, and the attempt to pass it may be followed by extreme consequences.

If you should be at a country railroad station and see a mail pouch lying on a rail, where the incoming train would cut it in two, you would better let it lie. Touching a pouch of United States mail with even a foot is a technical crime, and it is altogether owing to the disposition of the postmaster and the United States marshal of the district how much trouble may be made for you.

Altogether the postal department has some stringent regulations. If you receive a letter from a friend on which the stamp is not canceled it is against a specific statute for you to pluck off the stamp and use it again. There are several kinds of vigorous language which you cannot transmit by letter.

While one may not touch a mail pouch, it is different with a letter which a carrier has delivered at the address on the envelope. Dropping the letter at the place marked, the carrier absolves his government from any other responsibility, and if after the letter has been delivered another person takes it and opens it there is no recourse through the Postoffice Department.

Carrying concealed deadly weapons almost universally is against the provisions of both State statutes and city ordinances. In this connection there is a queer fact concerning the carrying of a revolver in some places. If a man has one in his pocket and is arrested incidentally on suspicion he was loitering and assessed the usual fine; if he chances to be carrying one and is attacked by thugs he may use the weapon, killing one or two of his assailants, and not even be arrested.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Some Facts About the Position Which Reed and Henderson Quit.

Among the earliest duties which will devolve upon the recently elected members of the Fifty-eighth Congress will be the choice of a speaker, and present indications make it probable that the speaker will be chosen from the West.

The speaker of the Fifty-seventh Congress, David B. Henderson, was the first to be chosen from the territory west of the Mississippi.

The first speaker was E. A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania. The post of speaker was held in the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Congresses by James K. Polk, afterwards President.

Speakers of the House of Representatives who have been candidates for President are numerous and include Henry Clay, John Bell and James G. Blaine. Schuyler Colfax, after having been speaker, was Vice President of the United States.

The oldest surviving speaker is Galusha A. Grow, born in 1823, and speaker from 1881 to 1883.

The last Democratic speaker, Charles F. Crisp, was a native of England. One surviving speaker, John G. Carlisle, though elected Representative in Kentucky, is now a resident of the City of New York.

There has never been a speaker from the Pacific coast, and it is a somewhat curious circumstance that Ohio, though pre-eminent in nearly all other political offices, has had in the country's history but one speaker, John W. Keffeler, who served only a single term. The State of New York has had no speaker since the close of the Nineteenth Congress in 1827, though New York has been during the whole of that period the most populous State and the one having the largest Congressional representation.

The speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress when chosen will preside over a larger number of members of Congress than any of his predecessors, the total membership of the next House being 386.

They Are Knowing Birds.

"The sparrow is certainly a knowing bird," said a man who is employed at the Girard Point grain elevators. "He can figure out a thing for himself in a way that is astonishing. Down around the elevators there are thousands of them who feed on the grains of wheat that fall to the ground, but recently we haven't been getting any wheat. In fact, for some time past we haven't been handling anything but corn.

"Now, a kernel of corn is rather too large for a sparrow to swallow, but just the same I watched a lot of them picking up the kernels the other day and what do you suppose they did with them? You will hardly believe me when I tell you, but it's gospel truth. Each sparrow flew over to the railroad and carefully deposited his kernel of corn on the rail. Then they all hopped around and chattered until a shifting engine came along. After it had passed the corn was ground into meal and the sparrows ate it. Don't tell me a sparrow hasn't any brains."—Philadelphia Record.

Still in It.

"So Graphier is out of politics now." "Nonsense! Who told you that?" "He did. He told me to-day that he doesn't take any stock in politics now-days."

"Exactly. Most of the stock he took proved worthless. He holds out for the long green now."—Philadelphia Press.

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A Different State.

Towne—Fleiman's home for a short trip from his new ranch in Texas. Browne—Yes, I saw him. Towne—He's so full of Texas he can't talk of anything else. Browne—When I saw him I noticed that he couldn't talk of anything, but I thought it was because he was full of Kentucky.—Philadelphia Press.

Thwarted Them.

"Why did old Rollinggold give away all his money?" "He was afraid his relatives would have him adjudged incapable of taking care of it."

Scientific Fact.

Fred—Do you know anything about love? Joe—Do I? My dear boy, I've made it a life study. Fred—With what result? Joe—Well, I've succeeded in reducing my ignorance of it to a science.

Use It.

One of the best pieces of advice for a safe journey through life I saw on a sign at a railroad crossing. The sign read: "Stop! Look! Listen!"—Baltimore American.

Just What Happened.

"Penelope," said the anxious mother, "tell me truly, did Charles kiss you last night?" "There was a slight labial juxtaposition as Charles took his leave, mother, but I assure you it was only momentary and therefore innocuous."

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