

# White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Chopart was a bold, reckless man, and cruel and avaricious. He had commenced his career as commander at the Natchez fort by cruelty to his own men, but one or two grave complaints made to Gov. Perier had come high causing his removal, and he let the whites be in peace, but expended his wrath upon the poor Indians. He was now much elated, for he was sure that the beautiful village of the White Apple would soon be his, and he meant to pocket much money in the transaction. One day he sat in his rude house, with some of his attendants about him, when a soldier demanded admittance.

"How now, sirrah?" he demanded, as the man entered.

"I have come with a warning," the soldier replied.

"Hah—a warning! Speak out."

"An old woman passed my post this morning, monsieur, and she had me tell the French to be on their guard, for danger threatened them."

"And from whom?"

"From the Indians. They will rise and butcher us all."

"Have you spoken of this before?"

"I have not."

"Then you shall not tell it to others!" cried Chopart, in anger. "Have you not seen enough of this idle fear? What ho!—without there!"

At this call, two soldiers entered, who usually stood in the passage to obey the commander's call.

"Take this fellow and lock him up in the prison," he ordered. "We'd soon have the red rats down upon us if they knew we lived in fear! They dare not offer us harm. Away with him!"

And for conveying this intelligence the poor man was cast into a strong dungeon, and there kept for several days with his feet in the stocks.

But this was not the only note of warning Chopart had. Four days afterwards, a soldier came to him and informed him that the Indians surely meditated the destruction of the fort, and of all its white inhabitants.

"Out, fool!" exclaimed Chopart, angrily. "The old hag who told you this only thinks to frighten us. She thinks that by exciting our fears she can frighten us into giving up our plan of taking their village of the White Apple. What! would you show to the Indians that we feared them? Away with such idle foolery!"

Pricked Arm was astounded at the infatuation of the French commander, and as a last resort she went to Chopart's lieutenant, a man named Mace, who, she imagined, would have some influence with his superior. But even this proved abortive. She told Mace that destruction would surely fall upon them if they did not take some means to keep the Indians away from the fort. But on the very next day Chopart invited all the Indians to a banquet, and pledged his friendship to them anew.

With a feeling of utter consternation, Pricked Arm returned to her lodge. One evening she sought White Hand's dwelling, for she had a faint idea working through her mind that the French youth might have some influence in all this. She knew that he had been originally doomed to death to go and intercede face to face with the white man's God, but she had never yet fully known why he was spared. She found White Hand alone. He gazed eagerly into her face, for he was anxious to know how her work progressed.

"White Hand," she said, speaking abruptly, "why were you spared from death when you first came here?"

"That I might marry Coqualla," replied the youth.

"But was there nothing else?" asked the old woman, looking him sharply in the face.

"Why, yes," returned White Hand, speaking with some diffidence, for the real reason seemed so foolish and ridiculous to him that he almost feared he should be laughed at for speaking of it.

"And what was that?"

"Why, I promised to pray to the white man's God that none of the wickedness of the French might succeed, and also to tell him how basely the red men had been wronged by the invaders; for I was of that people, and they supposed that I should have some influence with my Supreme Father."

"That's it!" the aged princess groaned, with her hands folded across her bosom.

"How?" asked the youth, in surprise.

"I knew that the Great Spirit had a hand in this work. The fort at Natchez is doomed past all hope!"

"No—not doomed!"

"It is. The last stick will be removed to-morrow, and then the blow must fall!"

"To-morrow?"

"No—the blow falls on the day after. The fatal sticks mark the intervening days."

"And must all fall—all—all?"

"All at Natchez, but not elsewhere, for the others wait yet another week, and ere that time the whites will be warned. But what noise is that? Hark! There are shouts of welcome."

They both started for the door, where they were met by Stung Serpent, who caught the youth by the arm and forced him into the house again.

"White Hand," he said, speaking quickly and sternly, "remember your oath. For your salvation may now depend upon it. The white men have come to carouse in the White Apple. Beware that you do not forget yourself! Shall we trust you? Mind—all is well with you if you are faithful!"

"Fear not, my father," spoke the youth, unable to repress the trembling that seized his limbs.

"Then you may conduct Coqualla to the revelry."

It was a calm, warm night, and in the center of the great square were built two fires of pitch-wood to serve as torches, and here the white men and the red were gathered in social confab and amusement. There were over a hundred white men there, and at their head was Chopart him-

self. Louis recognized him at once as a brutal man whom he had once seen at New Orleans flogging an Indian girl. Most of the whites were decent looking men; but before the night had passed away, White Hand shrank away to his lodge, and as he laid his aching head upon his pillow he drew Coqualla close to him, and in a sinking tone he murmured:

"Alas! I am ashamed of my own people. With all their advantages of birth and education—with the enlightenment of ages as their heritage, they are but savages still!"

The next day found some dozen of the Frenchmen still at the Indian village. But the Great Sun himself, with a few of his warriors, accompanied them to the town, and there the dark monarch pronounced Chopart that, in consideration of his kindness in allowing them to remain so long in their village, they would bring more than the quantity of corn promised.

"On the morrow," he said, "we will come with our tribute of corn, double what we promised, and on the next day we shall leave the village of the White Apple."

"But stay," cried Chopart, "we will have one more carousal ere we part. This night you shall bring your warriors here, and we'll cheer our souls."

"Our white brother speaks kindly," returned the Great Sun; "but will he be not be wroth at the rudeness of my people?"

"No. Bring them, and we'll pledge friendship."

"Thy red brother will come."

"And his braves with him?"

"It shall be so."

And that night saw the scene of carousal changed to Natchez. And there they sat—the doomer and the doomed! And they pledged eternal friendship! The white man had planned to rob the red man of his birthright—to drive him from his home, profane his temple, and plow up his fathers' graves! The red man had planned to keep his home, to maintain sacred his temple, to guard well his fathers' graves, and that this should be done, the invader was to be swept away! It was a strange pledge, but the white man was the first to offer it.

It was after midnight when they separated, and the stars lighted the Natchez to their homes. When they reached their village, the Great Sun, in company with his chiefs and nobles, went to the temple and entered. They approached the place where the sticks had hung, but there were none there now. The leathern thongs hung against the wall, but there was nothing in them.

"Chiefs, nobles and warriors of the once powerful Natchez, may not this be the eve of our re-awakening? The day is past—the morn cometh! Shall not the Natchez once more stand at the head of nations? To-morrow we open the path, and henceforth from that time let our enemies beware! The Great Spirit is with us, while the white man's God has forsaken him. What shall we fear? Sleep now, but sleep not too soundly nor too long. Let the sun find us ready to bid him welcome—so shall we do honor to the parent of our great first king!"

Thus spoke the Great Sun, and as he closed, he moved slowly towards the door, and his chiefs followed him; and ere long afterwards the village of the White Apple was wrapped in silence; but there were two there who slept not.

White Hand still prayed that the coming death blow might not extend to his father, and he who watched the sacred fire now felt his duty doubly binding, and sleep came not to him, as he still kept up his tireless vigils.

## CHAPTER XIX.

At an early hour the Great Sun and Stung Serpent were astir, and when the first rays of the morning sun darted into the beautiful vale, they rested upon all the warriors of the Natchez there assembled. Such as had pistols carefully loaded them, and hid them away with their hunting knives in their bosoms. Their tomahawks were sharpened and slung to their belts, and all took their guns. Then each man of the common class went and got his bag of corn, and having set it down, they commenced their dance. But they made not such hideous noise as usual—only enough to propitiate the Great Spirit, and make him acquainted with their intent.

It was well in the morning when they set out, and by the middle of the forenoon they reached Natchez. They entered the place dancing and singing, and straightway carried their corn to the fort. Then the red men began to separate—some this way and some that. Every house had one or more visitors, according to the number of people in it. Some begged for milk, some asked to buy powder and shot, for which they promised to pay in corn at some future day. A richly stored barge lay at the pier, which had come up the day before, and on board this a number of Indians crowded. Into the fort they crept by different ways, presenting themselves wherever there was a white man, until at length they were distributed wherever there was a blow to be struck.

At length a sort of solemn stillness reigned over the devoted town, as though the death-angel had hushed all hearts. But hark! What is that horrid yell that comes from the fort—a yell that makes the very blood freeze, and causes the hair to stand on end? What are those fearful cries—those maniac shouts—and those despairing groans?

The general assassination of the French took so little time that the execution of the deed and the preceding signals were almost one and the same thing. One single discharge closed the whole affair. It cost the Natchez only twelve men to destroy two hundred and fifty, through the fault of the commanding officer, who alone deserved the fate which was shared by his unfortunate companions.

Some half dozen Frenchmen escaped, as by a miracle, this general massacre, and made their way to New Orleans in safety. The women and children of the whites were mostly saved to be kept as prisoners.

Of course the Natchez supposed that all the whites in the country were now dead. Not one of them dreamed that they had been deceived into striking a week too early. So they caroused in the town all night, and on the next morning they started for their village. They had spared two men whom they retained as prisoners, and who escaped from them after having served them some weeks. One was a wagoner, named Mayeux, who was kept to transport the goods of the French to the Indian village; and the other was a tailor named Lebeau, whose services they wanted in fashioning the French garments to their own use.

On the next morning, White Hand was startled by the return of the Natchez. He went out, but his heart sickened at the scene he was destined to witness. Two hundred and fifty human heads—But those who know the Indian character can imagine the horrid orgies they might hold when fired with revenge and flushed with victory. Even the historian, who deals only with stubborn facts, lays down his pen in silent horror when he finds himself in the midst of Lebeau's narrative of what he saw in the Indian village, and bids his readers spare him the recital.

White Hand crept back to his lodge, and Coqualla found him there pale and faint. She bathed his temples and brow, and after a while he revived, but he dared not venture out.

"Alas, my companion!" murmured the princess, "they make horrid pomp over their victory, but it has cost them dear, though they realize it not now. My people are now blind, but they shall awake to sense and sight and know that the best man of them all is gone!"

"Coqualla?" uttered the youth, starting up. It was a mere interrogative.

"My father is wounded, even unto death." And as the maiden thus spoke she bowed her head and the big tears trickled down between her fingers.

"When? How?" asked White Hand, forgetting for the moment the deep terror of his own soul in the grief of his companion.

"He received a bullet in his bosom yesterday. But he sent me for you. Come."

White Hand arose and followed Coqualla from the lodge. In the center of the great square, before the temple, there was a fire kindled, but the youth dared not look towards it. He knew its terrible purpose, and with quickened steps he hurried, stopping his ears with his fingers to shut out the sounds that fell upon his ears. But fortunately he had not far to go. When he entered Stung Serpent's dwelling, he found the women there crying and yelling in despair. Upon his bed of bearskins lay Stung Serpent, breathing heavily, and ever and anon raising his head to listen to the sounds that came from the square. When his eyes rested upon White Hand, he beckoned the youth forward, at the same time bidding the others stand back.

"Sit thee down by my side," he said, "for I have much to say to thee."

Quickly the youth sat down, for he hoped he should now know some things that were only his at present by suspicion.

(To be continued.)

## ONE WAY TO SMASH TRUSTS.

How Jupiter Pluvius Knocked Out a Corner in Olympian Nectar.

The boss of high Olympus looked up from his cup with a wry expression.

"What's the matter, Jupie?" inquired Juno, as she dipped into the ambrosia platter.

"It's this nectar," replied the eminent Olympian. "It ain't up to the standard. What's the matter with it?"

"In my opinion," said Juno, as she took a spoonful of the honey of Hybla. "It's all the fault of the trust. They have let the quality run down. And at the same time they have raised the price."

"Trust!" cried Jupiter. "What trust is that?"

"The Olympian Nectar trust," replied Juno. "I thought you knew all about it. Mercury is the president and general manager, and he and Apollo are the board of directors. Mars wanted to buy in, but they wouldn't let him. They claimed he was too quarrelsome. They gave Neptune 100 shares of preferred on condition that he'd help them water the stock. I thought you heard of it at the time."

Jupiter looked black, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, as he pushed away from the table.

"I hear of it now for the first time," he growled, and the echoes of his growl reverberated among the distant hills.

"And what's more, I don't expect to hear of it again. Syndicate my nectar, will they! Why, blame their pesky hides, what do they mean by it?"

"There, there, Jupie," said Juno, in her most soothing tone, "don't get so riled. The boys didn't know how vexed you'd feel about it."

"Well, they'll soon find out! Haven't they a plant somewhere, or something?"

"There it is," said the statuesque one, as she pointed to a lower terrace.

Jupiter grimly smiled.

"We won't have to wait for any Supreme Court decision in this case," he remarked, as he stepped to the nearest cupboard and drew out what looked to be a half-dozen metallic skyrocket.

At sight of them Juno gave a little scream and put her hands over her ears. A moment later Jupiter stood by the open window and drew back his massive arm. There was a blinding flash and a startling report, and the nectar plant on the terrace below trembled to its base. Thunderbolt followed thunderbolt, and when the sixth was thrown there wasn't a vestige of the building left.

"There," said Jupiter, as he wiped his hands on his napkin and calmly resumed his seat at the table, "I fancy that's one way of solving the trust problem. Pass the nightingale tongues, please."

## Question of Degree.

The philosophy of human existence was discussed in the presence of the representative of the Washington Star.

"It is my opinion," remarked the first sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"True," answered the other, fresh from the reports of the commencement exercises in the newspapers, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."

## From Habit.

Mr. Brown—Good morning, Mr. Jones; how's your wife?

Mr. Jones (who is deaf and didn't quite understand)—Very blustering and disagreeable—again this warning.

## WHAT A SNEEZE PORTENDS.

Superstitions Which Are Associated with This Simple Act.

In almost every land, civilized and uncivilized, the act of sneezing is regarded with more or less of superstition. There is an equivalent in nearly all languages for the "God bless you" of the Irish peasant when a person is moved to declare the presence of a tickling sensation in his nostrils. To this salutation in France is added sometimes the phrase "and preserve you from the fate of Tycho Brahe," who is believed to have got rid of a "death of cold" by a single sneeze—which killed him. In England a regular formula is used: "Once for a wish, twice for a kiss, three times for a letter and four times for a disappointment."

In Italy the salutation is simply "Felicità!" or "May you be fortunate!" In India it is customary when one sneezes to say, "May you live!" and the reply runs, "Long life to you!" Should a Hindu chance to sneeze while he is going through his peculiar ablution practices in the Ganges he will make a kind of sign over his face, stop in his ritual and begin all over again.

In ancient times the Romans, holding the idea that sneezing between noon and midnight was a good omen, believed that between midnight and noon it was most unlucky, and if they should chance to sneeze while getting up in the morning they would at once get into bed again. There must be something in this, especially on very cold mornings, but boys home from their holidays are not as a rule superstitious, and it might be difficult for them to impress their parents with a saving belief in this happy superstition.

The Germans say "Good health!" because they maintain, and not without reason, that sneezing is a warning of approaching catarrh and also marks the moment when a charm, a wish or a suggestion may drive it away. The Persians go further in this idea; they say what practically amounts to "Thank God!" because they consider that the sneeze has actually driven away some evil spirit that has attempted to get into a man's body to feed upon his sacred fires.

The people of the Amazon go even further than this into superstition and arrive at the stage of actual devil worship. No doubt they would style it "angel worship," but the things to which these so-called angels are supposed to lend themselves put that high-sounding name quite out of the question. Their uncivilized familiar spirits are said to give some sign when they are near and able to help their votaries.

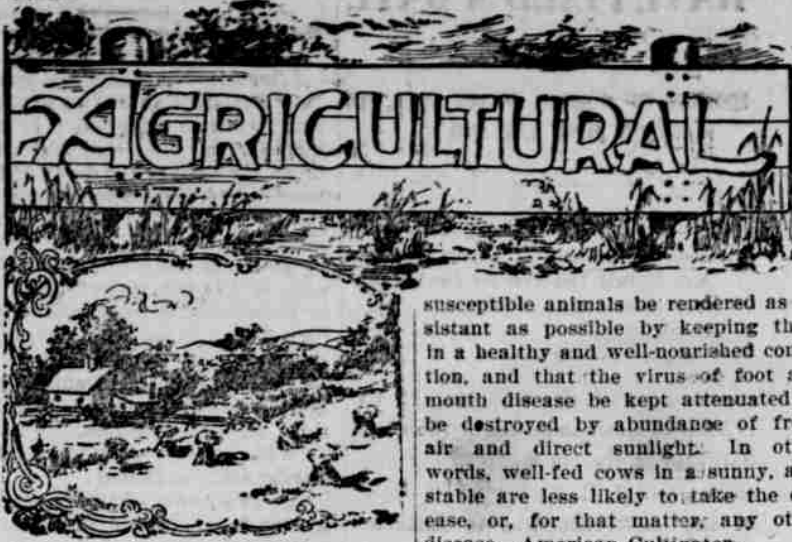


Possibilities of Goat's Milk.—Believing that with a treatment of goat's milk he can accomplish the complete eradication of consumption, Dr. Robert Williams is establishing an immense goat camp in the Mogollon mountains of Arizona. Williams claims that he himself was cured of consumption by a diet of goat's milk and he has experimented on hundreds of others with similar results. The idea of the cure came to him by reading of the wonderful cures of goat lymph. He argued that if the lymph would cure locomotor ataxia, paralysis, chronic articular rheumatism and similar diseases, there must be virtue in goat milk for pulmonary affections.

Granular Eyelids.—The marked increase in the prevalence of granulated lids, or trachoma, in this country in recent years is attracting the attention of the sanitary authorities. The disease prevails chiefly in schools or wherever numbers of children are brought together in intimate relation. It is an inflammation of the conjunctiva lining the eyelids, running a slow, but obstinately progressive course, and in times including secondary changes in the cornea and conjunctiva covering the eyeball, which may seriously affect or even destroy the sight. The treatment is very difficult and can be carried out effectively only by a skilled physician, but much can be done in the way of prevention. The disease is contagious, and an entire school may speedily become infected from a single case. A child suffering from this trouble should not be allowed to attend school, and all cases which occur in institutions should be isolated as strictly as if they were cases of scarlet fever or smallpox. Above all, there must be no use of towels, soap or wash basins in common.

"Mad World, My Masters!"—Jean Cheure is a French convict who, on being discharged recently from a Paris prison, requested that he be given another term. He could not be happy out of jail, and said he preferred being behind the bars to freedom. He gave as a reason that when in prison he was employed in kitchens, where life suited him and he grew fat.—Mexican Herald.

The average wife picks out the presents for both her kin and her husband's kin, and hers do not get the worst of it.



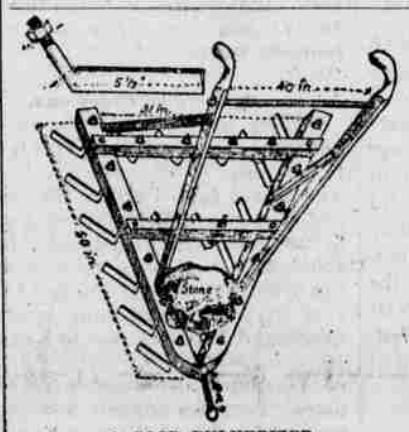
## Description of a Pulverizer.

D. B. Shaw sends the Ohio Farmer this description of a pulverizer, which he says will enable any one interested to make the implement:

The handles are seldom needed to lift the harrow, but I found the left one struck the plow beam every once in a while when the harrow wanted to tip over too far from any cause. For this purpose I had to brace the handles quite wide apart (40 inches), top far for use in corn rows, but they can be placed in or out as occasion requires, by substituting another round between the handles. Near the rear at the left is a crooked steel or iron rod 3/4 or 1 inch bent as indicated, to rub on bottom and side of furrow and fastened to harrow by going diagonally from lower outside corner to upper inside corner, with nut to hold it.

The teeth I used were not all knife-shaped like the one illustrated, yet I think it would be well to make them all of this style, as holes can then be bored perpendicular any place you find they are needed or work best, and change them very easily with only a wrench to unscrew the nut. The holes should be large enough so they will slip in or out easily, as they can be screwed up tight to hold them in the direction desired.

This little harrow is attached to the singletree of the horse in the furrow with the short chain, so that it will harrow the furrow turned the round before, working just forward of the furrow being turned by the plow. This



A GOOD PULVERIZER.

furrow, however, may fall partially on the rear side of the harrow working in the furrow. This does no harm, but only helps to hold that point down to its place. The left upright support for the handle should be placed well forward so the furrow slice will not strike it.

For those who plow with three horses abreast and use a large-sized chilled plow with jointer, and also rolling coupler attached, this little harrow will surely be appreciated, as it does such thorough pulverizing of each furrow as fast as plowed.

Width of harrow at back end, 31 inches, inside measure. Width between handles, 40 inches. Length of harrow, 50 inches. Made of 2x4 scantling; crosspieces, 2x3. Bolt crosspieces on top, or notch down but little so they will not rub the ground. The hinge at front is made of a pair of strap hinges placed so that a strong bolt passing through the chain, then through the eyes of the straps, makes a good hitch as well as hinge. If a different width for either purpose is desired, different lengthed crosspieces can be bolted on, with holes in them for the teeth.

## Rotate Against Insects.

Rotation of crops has a beneficial effect upon the fields of grain or forage from the land. This changing of crops has an important bearing upon the injurious insects that infest a particular crop. The chinch bug, the strawberry beetle, the Colorado potato bug, the hessian fly and doubtless many other injurious insects that attack farm crops become much more destructive where continuous planting of a crop in one place is practiced. The hessian fly prefers to live in the field that goes into wheat each year. The potato bug in the old patch will often beat the earliest planting of potatoes out of the ground, and apparently wait several days to get a bite at the first tender shoot that breaks through the ground.

The new potato ground will very often grow a crop without the slightest injury from the bugs. Potato scab will live in the soil and attack the crop grown there the succeeding year. It is often a good plan to introduce a new crop into the ground one season, selecting a new site for growing the garden products.

## Preventing Foot and Mouth Disease.

Frequent outbreaks of the cattle epidemic have occurred in Germany, and more experience has been gained than in most other sections. A recent authority believes that the most important operations are immediate removal of affected animals, and nutritional dieting of animals which have been exposed. For the purpose of preventing the disease it is urged that

susceptible animals be rendered as resistant as possible by keeping them in a healthy and well-nourished condition, and that the virus of foot and mouth disease be kept attenuated or destroyed by abundance of fresh air and direct sunlight. In other words, well-fed cows in a sunny, airy stable are less likely to take the disease, or, for that matter, any other disease.—American Cultivator.

## The Improved Farm Grounds.

It does not necessarily mean heavy expenses and a vast deal of labor to improve the grounds around the farm home, but such improvement would add greatly to the value of the place, to say nothing of the addition to its beauty. The first thing to be done is to get a good lawn, the background of the picture. Hollows should be filled in and hummocks leveled so as to obtain a smooth surface, though not a flat one, unless the ground is naturally flat. If the space for the lawn has been properly seeded, all necessary to do now is a little reseed-

ing. If, however, the lawn is really nothing but meadow, it should be plowed up and properly seeded down, using a good lawn mixture, which can be obtained from any reputable seedsmen. This done, set one or two or even three ornamental trees, such as cut-leaved birch, purple-leaf beech, or even the common oak or sugar maples. Then provide one corner of the plot for a clump of shrubs rather than dotting the shrubs over the grounds. Weizelia, althea calycanthus, viburnum, forsythia and syringa are among the shrubs suitable for such a plot, and they are moderate in price. A border for flowering plants may be made along the walk or near the house, and in this border may be set hardy perennials or some of the flowering annuals of which one is fond. If this plan is to elaborate for the first season, then confine the work to getting a good lawn and next year go on and add the other features. Three years' work of this kind will make a wonderful change in the appearance of the grounds at an expense so small one will wonder why the work was not done before.—Indianaapolis News.

## Plowing Permanent Pastures.

The meaning of a permanent pasture to the minds of most farmers, is one that will last for an ordinary lifetime, with occasional reseedings. While there is no doubt but what this plan of reseeded will improve many pastures, and keep them in good shape for many years, there comes a time in the life of most of them when the weeds crowd out the grass and the pasture gradually goes to pieces despite the plan of reseeded. There will be bare spots noticed which do not seem to take kindly to even the seeds of white clover, and the application of fertilizer before reseeded does not seem to improve the situation. When this is found to be the case with any permanent pasture there seems to be but one thing to do, and that to plow it up and put it in the best possible condition for reseeded to blue grass or some mixture suited to the section and for permanent pasture. Sometimes this plowing may be delayed for a time and the pasture partly rejuvenated by running over it a heavy sharp harrow and then lightly seeding all over; however, eventually the plowing up will need to be done.

## Indications of a Good Milker.

Good respiration is essential to a good milk flow. In making choice of a cow see that the chest is long and the ribs set far apart to give lung capacity. Large, tortuous milk veins are always present with the good milker. A dull-eyed cow seldom proves a good milk cow. A hollow back is a sign of poor breeding, or hastened maturity.

## The Neck of a Good Milker.

The neck of a good milker is delicate in proportion to her general build, and a little out of proportion as to length. Hind quarters must be heavy and set well apart. A cow with an extra milk flow should be a hearty eater. A good milch cow is seldom a handsome cow.

## Farm Notes.

Be very careful and do not put fifteen large eggs under a hen unless she can easily cover them. This is where many fall in early spring. Some hens should have more than eleven.

According to the United States census report, the hens of this country average 100 eggs per year. Some egg-producing contests last year showed that a hen can be induced to lay 180 eggs in a year. There is a great deal of difference between what the hens are doing and what they could do.

The small farmer should produce the best horses, as he is better prepared to carefully mature the two or three colts under his care, and by handling them constantly they are educated to work; but most farmers do not appreciate their advantage; they raise the scrubs and let the larger dealers raise those from which the most money is made.

The use of coal ashes, has not been recommended by agricultural chemists, but practical tests show that they have more value than is popularly supposed, especially on heavy soils. Probably as good a use of them as can be made is to throw them in the henhouse or the vault. They will absorb the ammonia instead of liberating it, as is the effect of wood ashes.