

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XXI.

Slowly and painfully dragged away the hours and the days to the poor sick wife in New Orleans. Old Loppa was very kind, and so was the physician. Yet Louise had a very severe sickness, and a part of the time she was out of her head. But gradually the delirium passed away, and she was at length able to sit up. Three weeks had she lain thus ere she could rise from her bed; but on the fourth week she was able to walk about the room. It was at the close of the fourth week that her husband returned.

"Have I been away longer than you expected?" he asked.

"No," was the quiet reply, "for I've expected nothing but it."

"Ah!" uttered Simon, with show of chagrin.

"I have been too sick to expect anything," explained Louise.

"Oh!" uttered the husband, more mildly.

"Yes—I have been very sick. I even feared at one time I should never see you again."

"There was something so piquant in this that Simon was sure there was sarcasm in it, but he chose not to expose his doubts."

"I, too, have been laid up," he said, after gazing into her face for some moments.

"Ah—how? I noticed your hand was rolled in rags. What has happened? Have you been fighting the wicked Indians?"

Again Simon bit his lip, but he kept calm.

"I have had a duel on your account."

"Is it possible? How was it?"

"I heard you insulted most grossly, and I would not bear it."

"You should not have borne it, at least, if you loved your wife. But who was it?"

"Goupert St. Denis," Louise started.

"Explain," she said, earnestly and eagerly.

"Had the name moves you, does it?"

"Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

This open avowal, so frank and honest, seemed to please Louise, and he went on to explain:

"No matter what was said, but St. Denis struck me. Of course I challenged him. We chose swords. Your father was present. He would have stopped it if he could, for he feared I should get hurt."

"As you did."

"Listen. We fenced awhile, and I found that the boy was at my mercy. Twice I refused to press my point upon his open bosom. Finally, when I saw that I would be downright murdered for me to kill him, I bade him put up his sword. He asked me for what—for he knew not that I only toyed with him. 'This is only boy's play,' said I. 'Then put up your sword,' said he. I did so, and just as my point touched the ground he brought me a blow across the head. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps I ought not to speak my thoughts."

"Surely you ought. What do you think of it?"

"Well, then, I think you have told me very fine story."

"Oh? Do you doubt my word?"

"Doubt you? Doubt the word of Simon Lobois? Believe that my own husband could speak falsehood? Never, Simon—never!"

Sharply the scamp looked into Louise's face, but he could detect nothing there, save a calm, cool expression of utter simplicity; yet he knew she was quizzing him.

"But you did not tell me how this all came out," she said. "What did you do after Goupert had struck you on the head?"

"What could I do? My hand was powerless. I might have knocked him down with my left hand, but I spared him. He was beneath all notice, save that of mere contempt."

"Poor Goupert! Did he know how deep was your contempt for him?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, simply that you could have inflicted no worse punishment upon him than to have let him know that you held him in contempt. It must have nearly killed him!"

"Look ye, my fine girl, you are venturing on dangerous ground. You may say too much!" uttered Lobois, now showing his anger.

Louise bowed her head a moment, and she seemed to think that her companion spoke the truth, for she quickly replied, after she looked up:

"Excuse me—pardon me. I have but just recovered from a severe sickness, and my first feelings were naturally those of joy and gladness, and you know how often you and I have joked and pestered each other. We have often said very hard things in jest, and I have even pulled your hair till you fairly cried with pain, and yet you never got provoked before."

This was spoken so earnestly, and with so much apparent feeling, that Simon was mollified in a moment.

"Let it pass," he said; "only in future choose a light occasion for light conversation. And now to something of more importance. When can you be ready to go up the river?"

"At any time," answered Louise.

"Very well. I will see the physician this evening, and be governed somewhat by his advice."

Shortly after this Lobois went out, and when he returned he reported that the doctor would come in the morning. So that night Louise was left with Loppa, and on the next morning the doctor came, and with him came the anxious husband.

The former examined his patient carefully, and he expressed the opinion that the wife should not undertake the journey under a week at least.

"Then I believe I shall go to Biloxi. There is a ship ready to sail, and I have some business to do there."

Louise expressed her entire willingness, as Simon resolved to go. In truth he was now expecting soon to be master of

an immense fortune, and he was preparing the way to put it to immediate use, his main object being to obtain a profitable cargo to return to France, whither he meant to take his wife as soon as he could dispose of the few remaining obstacles that stood in his way. He started that very night for Biloxi, and his wife was once more left to the kind care of her sable attendant.

A week passed away, and her husband came not. She had now so far regained her health that she could walk out in company with Loppa, and the rose was all back to her cheek.

Another week passed, and she was well and just as she began to wonder if an accident had happened to her husband, he made his appearance. That very day there was a large to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The garrison at Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every soul murdered. Only six had escaped, and four of those had this very morning reached the town. Gov. Perier had sent messengers up to the plantations along the river to put the French on their guard; and now this large, full of soldiers, was about to start up to see if any assistance was required anywhere on the way, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

Louise gained passage for herself and wife, but they were forced to put up with such accommodations as the others had, save that a sheltered place was fixed for Louise, near the stern, in consideration of her recent illness.

Of course the passage up, against the current, was slow, the heavy barge not making a headway of over three miles an hour, and stopping sometimes at the few plantations on the way, so that it was not until the morning of the fifth day that they reached the establishment of Brion St. Julien. But the captain of the boat concluded not to go up to the chateau, so Simon and his wife were landed at the mouth of Walnut river, and from thence they made their way up on foot.

They had gained about half the distance when they were startled, on making a turn upon the river's bank, by seeing a small canoe ahead with two Indians in it.

"Why?" uttered Lobois, after gazing upon the strange scene a few moments, "they are Natchez Indians. Do the villains mean harm here?"

"Rather a small party for that," said Louise, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez had not that peculiar effect that it had upon her companions.

"But we'll watch them. Here—let us keep further away from the bank, and then we can follow them, and not be seen. They surely mean to approach the house. Come, let's hasten, and we'll have them captured. Of course they had a hand in the dreadful massacre."

Louise made no objection to this, and accordingly they took the cross path, and ere long they reached the garden. Half way up the wide path they walked, and here they came to the closed gate of the barriade; but a few loud calls from Simon brought old Tony forth, and they were soon within the enclosure. The faithful negro could at first hardly believe his eyes. He gazed upon the "apparition," as he afterwards called it, and finally a big tear rolled down his sable cheek.

"Mam'selle Louise!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless heaven!"

With glistening eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bounded away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza; she waited not for her husband now.

"Father!"

The frantic parent caught his child to his bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment of reunion he forgot the dark cloud that hung over his loved one. Before the old man had found his tongue Simon had reached the piazza.

"My father," he uttered, "forgive me if I am abrupt—but you have heard of the dreadful massacre at Fort Rosalie?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Natchez Indians making their way up here in a canoe. Perhaps they know not of our habitation. Let men be sent out at once to capture them, and we will interrogate them, at least."

That was enough for Tony, for he had followed Simon to the house, and heard this remark. Ever since the abduction of his young "mas'r and missus," he had longed to get hold of an Indian, and here was a chance.

"Only two ob 'um, d'ye say, Mas'r Simon?"

"That's all, Tony."

"I'll 'ab 'um!" And with this the stout Afric disappeared, and in a few moments more he had four stout companions at his heels on his way to the river.

In the meantime, Simon followed the marquis and his child into the house, and when they reached the sitting room, they found St. Denis there. He looked up and saw the marquis; then he saw Simon Lobois, and then—his eye rested upon that female form. He started to his feet and turned pale as death. That lovely face was turned upon him; those soft eyes, now swimming in tears, were bent upon his own, and her name dwelt upon his lips.

"My wife, Monsieur St. Denis," said Lobois, in malignant triumph.

"O, my soul!" burst from the wretched man's lips, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back upon his chair.

Louise seemed upon the point of speaking, but at that moment the tramp of feet and the sound of voices were heard in the hall, and in a moment more the door was thrown unceremoniously open.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Bless heaven!" cried old Tony, bounding into the hall at a wild hop and planting himself directly in the middle of the floor. "We's cotched 'um, mas'r—we's cotched 'um, an' here dey am!"

At this White Hand and Coqualla came forward. Simon Lobois was the first to recognize, beneath the Natchez garb and the walnut stain, the youth whom he had hoped to destroy, and a stifled cry broke from his lips, while he turned pale and trembled like an aspen.

The next to recognize the living truth was Louise, and with one bound the brother and sister were in each other's arms. Their stifled exclamations of joy awoke the parent to his senses, and in a moment more he held them both upon his bosom.

"My children," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, "O, how best is this moment! Almost it makes me feel to bow in humble resignation to the

dreadful blow that has been inflicted upon me."

"Louis, my dear boy," at this juncture exclaimed Simon, having now recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to hide his real emotions of fear and chagrin. "Dear Louis, let me welcome you back to our home."

And as he spoke he advanced and extended his hand. The youth gazed upon him a moment in stern silence.

"Simon Lobois," he uttered, drawing proudly up, "I did not think you would offer me that hand!"

"How—a—eh?" gasped the wretch, turning pale again. "You should not thus reject the hand of your brother-in-law."

White Hand started.

"Brother-in-law!" he repeated. "Are you mad?"

"No—I am a husband."

White Hand crossed over to where Louise stood and took her by the hand. They whispered together a moment, and then the youth turned towards Simon.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, "you forced her to this!"

"She consented to the marriage," returned Simon, triumphantly.

St. Denis sprang to his feet. He moved to Louise's side, and grasped her hand.

"Louise," he said, in a broken voice, "tell me all; tell me if you gave this man your heart; for in the years of darkness that shall follow this blow, it will afford a glimmer of light to know I am not all forgotten by my soul's idol."

"Goupert, he forced me to the marriage."

"Silence!" thundered Lobois, starting towards where the speaker stood. "Louise, remember you are my wife, and as such I claim obedience. Breathe another word of calumny on my head and I'll make you wish your tongue had been torn out by the roots ere you used it so."

"Simon, you know you did force me to become your wife."

At this moment St. Denis started up, and his dark eyes burning with fire, he said:

"Stand back, villain! You are her husband, but dare to interfere now and I'll smite you as I would a venomous reptile."

"And I am with you, Goupert," added White Hand, starting forward, and clenching his fists. "Go on, sister."

Simon Lobois gazed first upon St. Denis, and then upon the dark-skinned youth, and he feared them. Then he looked towards the aged parent, who stood with his hands to his eyes sobbing as though his poor heart would break; and the villain evidently felt uncomfortable.

"I refused him at first," continued the unfortunate one, "and told him I loved Goupert St. Denis. Then he told me he had seen my father's wealth accumulate under his care, and had looked on a part of it as belonging to him, and he would not now see another come in and snatch that wealth away. He determined to have his share. I told him if he forced me to become his wife I would beg of my father to give me not a sou. Then he swore if such a thing were done, he would make my life such a scene of torture I should pray for death to come and relieve me."

"Liar!" hissed Simon.

"No—no," calmly replied Louise; "I speak but truth." Then turning to her listeners: "But I refused to marry him, and on the very next night, after midnight, two stout men came and carried me away. I was weak and faint then, for I had but just recovered from sickness. Yet they carried me away and locked me in a dark prison house. They refused me both food and drink. There I came nigh fainting with hunger and thirst. At length the villain came to me; and when I begged for a drop of water he swore I should have none till I had promised to be his wife! My mind was fluttering, and thirst made me frantic. I promised to be his wife! Then he brought me bread and milk; he took me from the prison, and soon arrangements were made for the wedding. He had obtained the consent of the colonial governor, and we were married in the church, the governor himself being present. When the priest put his questions to me, I was burning with fever, and a dreadful sickness was upon me. Yet my mind was not shaken. I promised to the best of my abilities to do all he had asked of me. Then we were pronounced man and wife, and I begged of him to hurry away, for I was faint and sick. I reached our home; the fever seized me, and raged for many weeks. Health came at last, and I reached my father's house."

(To be continued.)

When the Roosters Crow.

The feelings of some honest folk from the country when they visit a large city have been very accurately described by a Chicago paper, and as this old farmer says, there's very little difference between city and country if you only look for the things which they have in common.

"I'm all right in Chicago if I can hear the roosters crow once in a while," said John, "but when I don't hear them I get pretty homesick, and want to hurry back to the old farm in Ford County. That's why I always pick out lodgings as close as I can get to South Water street."

"I come up here once in a while on business of my own, and I feel at home well enough down at the stock-yards in the daytime, where the hogs grunt and the cattle bellow, but I'm lonesome at night when I can't hear the roosters."

"I reckon if you was down on my farm a night or two, you'd be mighty glad to hear a street-car gong, or a steamboat whistle, or a wagon clattering over the stones. When a fellow has heard a rooster crow about sunup every morning for forty years, he doesn't feel just right when he gets where there are no roosters."

"You can talk all you please about your clean city and your 'city beautiful,' as the newspapers call it, but I'd rather smell a clover field in this town when I'm lonesome than the sweetest flowers you've got on State street."

"I recollect Parson Cross saying once, in a sermon, that a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Somehow when I hear a rooster crow up here, or a sheep bleat, or get the smell of a stable, it makes me feel that Chicago people ain't so much different from us on the farm, after all."



Buying Cheap Fertilizers.

Most of the troubles farmers have had with commercial fertilizers were due to the fact that they paid high prices for articles of little or no value. To illustrate: The analysis of a certain fertilizer for which the manufacturer asked \$27.50 per ton was recently sent to the writer, and taking the figures of per cent as given by the manufacturer as a basis, and deducting from them the proper per cent of the three plant foods, nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid, we found the actual value of the fertilizer to be less than \$14, basing our figures on the cost of the three ingredients named in the open market. Add to this the cost of mixing and bagging and the price might run up to a trifle over \$14, leaving for the manufacturer and his selling agents a profit of over \$10 per ton. It is true that the mixture as submitted was what might be termed a low-grade fertilizer, and it is doubtful if the analysis could be relied upon to figure out the value mentioned. This is but one evidence of what farmers have to contend with in buying cheap fertilizers, and an argument in favor of buying the higher grades of commercial fertilizers, even at the advanced price, as well as a most forcible argument in favor of buying the ingredients needed and doing the mixing at home. As a matter of fact we have paid for the valueless basis of fertilizers too long; and paid too much for it; it is time we learned what to buy and how to buy it to advantage.—Exchange.

The New Garden Pea.

The illustration shows a pea of comparatively recent introduction, which has been tested by market gardeners in all sections of the country and found to be all that is claimed for it. The variety seems to be well named "First of All." The peas are round with hard shell so that they may be planted when the frost is barely out of the ground and before it is safe to put in the wrinkled sorts. Its main good points as claimed by the introducer are the general excellence of the variety, its heavy yield, size of pod and regularity of ripening. It is extremely early, the peas of good size, well filling the pod and the plant, while a strong grower, is dwarf. The flavor of the peas is said to be unsurpassed by any other variety. Those who grow peas for market will do well to make a test of this variety and see if it is worthy, with them, of extended cultivation.—Indianapolis News.

The Day of Small Farms.

Except in the far West the tendency is toward the small farms, and it is certainly a step in the right direction. In the East the majority of farms are under 100 acres, and in many sections more money is being made from thirty acres than 100. Particularly in this case where farms are located near cities or large towns. This same state of affairs will gradually come about in the West as the population increases. If one has large numbers of cows and horses, so that there is an abundance of fertilizer, and plenty of help to handle crops which can be sold at a profit, there is doubtless profit in the large farm, but where it comes to the choice between using the fertilizer for fifty acres, common sense teaches us that it would be best to put the fertilizer and labor on the smaller area, even though the rest of the farm stood idle. Around some of the great cities of the country are truckers' farms, or rather, gardens, where the land value is high, on which are raised crops of greater value to the acre than are raised on ten acres of some of the large farms in the country. These plots are evidences of what can be done under the intensive system of farming, which is based on the principle of a small area well tilled. If one is located near good markets it will certainly pay him to look into the subject of concentrating his energies on a small area.

Good Value in Hominy Crop.

Hominy as used for human food represents the hard part of the corn kernel. The separation of the hulls, germ, and some of the gluten and starch, which is said to be brought about solely by the aid of machinery and steam, constitutes what is known as hominy meal or chop, and is really the soft part of the corn kernel. Considerable of this material is at the present time being sold in New England. The experiment station at Amherst, Mass., has recently made a collection of a number of samples, and Prof. T. B. Lindsay writes that the material is kiln dried and contains several per cent less water than cornmeal, nearly two per cent more

proteins, and four or five per cent more fat. Experiments have shown it to have about ten per cent greater feeding value than cornmeal. It can generally be bought for less money than the latter, and it is worthy the attention of feeders, who find it necessary to use starchy feeds.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Handy Device for Gardeners.

Here is a handy device which may be readily made at home, and one that will be thoroughly appreciated by market gardeners who have large quantities of vegetables to prepare for market. The device consists of a box open at both end, made of boards a foot long and of any desired width. These boards are used to make the sides and the bottom as shown in the lower part of the cut. To one side board is screwed a section of an old scythe blade, the edge being sharpened so that it will cut readily. Across the top of both side boards, in the center, cut a slit about an inch deep. Lay the string in these cuts and place the string touches the bottom of the box. When the bunch is of the desired size tie it with the string and then bring the string in contact with the edge of the scythe blade attached to the side board. The work can be done

in this way quickly and the bundles will be neatly and firmly tied. The device costs but a few minutes of time and will pay for itself many times over during the season.

Planting Corn.

Planting corn in drills and in hills is practiced, and each method has its strong supporters. The experiment stations, however, find no difference in yield in favor of either method, so this leaves the farmer free to do the thing that suits him best. Shallow covering of seed is especially advantageous during the early spring while the ground is cool. Later, deep planting may be followed with good germination. Almost every corn grower recommends planting the seed in a furrow, whether it be the hills or in drills. If a fresh furrow is opened and the seed buried in it, germination is quickened. Then at the first cultivation the fine earth is sifted around the stalks that grow a little below the surface of the seed bed. The distance between stalks or the number of grains to be placed in a hill depends upon the variety of corn to be grown and upon the fertility of the land. If a small variety of corn is planted it will grow more stalky to maturity than will a large variety. Again, if the ground is rich it will produce a greater number of stalks than will an equal area of land almost exhausted of its fertility. If the farmer will be sure to thin his corn, thick planting followed by thinning is not only the safest plan to get a good stand, but by proper thinning the stalks are distributed much more evenly over the area. If, however, there is danger of neglecting the thinning out of unnecessary stalks, then do not plant more than the ground will bear. If ears are the chief aim plant in drills from eighteen to twenty-two inches apart, or three stalks in a hill three and a half feet apart. If fodder and corn both are wanted, plant in drills twelve to fourteen inches apart, and four stalks in the hill.

Should Feed Grain.

Farmers who keep young animals on fodder and other rough food during the winter, in order to save grain, will lose valuable time. It is cheaper to feed grain and force the young stock, so as to have them come out in the spring as far advanced as possible. The experienced breeders of cattle make their profit by endeavoring to secure the most growth in the shortest time, and they do not overlook the winter months or depend upon pasturage in summer. To feed only rough food will save grain, but the young animals will remain at a standstill, and the growth that should be made during the winter will be lost. To fail to push them the first winter may compel the feeding of them a year longer, which would add to the expense and lessen the profit.

The Fees in Early Spring.

In looking over colonies early in the spring choose a warm, sunny day, and be careful not to chill the brood by long exposure. If you open a hive, know just what you want, and do it expeditiously, and close up the hive again. If you have the bees packed in chaff, do not be in a hurry to remove the packing, as the bees spread the brood and arrange matters for the temperature the packing gives, and should you remove the packing too early some brood may be chilled and the colony cannot make headway as rapidly.

The Hog and the Earth.

There is an affinity between the hog and the earth that should not be ignored. Floors are all right to feed on, but hogs confined on floors are in an unnatural position and will not do well. Floors are especially repugnant to brood sows both before and after farrowing. But remember that mud is worse than a hard floor. Hogs should have a bed on dry earth to sleep on, and they can do very well without mud at any time.

Waiting for Instructions.

A mistress told her maid, Betsy, that she must not always do things on her own responsibility, but first ask permission. The next day Betsy walked into the parlor, and said politely: "Please, madam, the cat is busy eating up the duck in the pantry; must I drive her away or not?"—Tit-Bits.

Practical Admonition.

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student)—And now, remember that to a physician humanity is divided into two classes.

Student—And what are they, doctor?

Old Dr. Grimshaw—The poor whom he cures and the rich whom he doctors.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Query.

She—Do I really love you, Cholly? Why, I'd sooner be miserably with you than happy with some other fellow.

He—But are you sure you won't find some other chap that you'd sooner be miserable with?

Retraps Better Than Cats.

It is better to rely upon the trap for catching rats than upon the cat. Pussy is easily inoculated with any transmissible disorder, and the rat often has on hand, as it were, the very complaint that may touch pussy's vital parts and render her in the household the most dangerous of all disease breeders.

THE THREE GIANTS.

The largest financial institutions in the world are the three great life insurance companies of New York, often called "The Three Giants." During 1912 the combined increase in amount of insurance in force in Oregon in these three companies was \$94,109.00.

During the same time the Penn Mutual, of Philadelphia, made an increase of \$1,282,129. There are good reasons for the popularity of the Penn Mutual; send for free copyrighted booklet, "How We Do It," Sherman & Harmon, general agents, Marquam building, Portland, Oregon.

Salted Popcorn.

Salted popcorn is prepared in the same way as salted almonds or peanuts. Choose the softest and whitest kernels of popped corn, put in a hot frying pan with a little melted butter and dust over with salt. Let them brown lightly.

Chance for Everybody.

"Oh! she's so sweet, so angelic and fair," sighed Lovett Fursythe. "But I know I shall never succeed in winning her love."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed May Sharpe. "Lots of other men have succeeded. Why shouldn't you?"—Tit-Bits.

Information Wanted.

Brown—What do you know about Blank?

Green—Why, he's as honest as the day is long.

Brown—Yes; but what's his record at night?

Jack Spratt.

Jack Spratt really lived and had the same prejudice against fat as is attributed to him. Only his name was not exactly Spratt, but Pratt, and he was no less a person than an arch-deacon. The rhyme originally ran, "Arch-deacon Pratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean."

Popular Lecturer's Aim.

"It is your aim, of course," said his intimate friend, "to make people think."

"No," replied the lecturer, in a burst of confidence, "my business is to make people think they think—or, rather, to make them think I think they think."—Chicago Tribune.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and there are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascares."—ORAS STREIBORN, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Sicken, Sickens, or Gripes, Cures