

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The old chief took the youth's hand, and having gazed into his face a few moments, he said:

"White Hand, you once gave me an oath, but from all oaths you have ever given me I now absolve you. Coqualla has told me all. She has told me how true you are in heart, and how yet you long for the home of your childhood. I do not think your father has fallen in this general massacre, for his place is strong, and the red men owe him no grudge. Yet he may have fallen with the rest. If he has, you may sometime find opportunity to reach your native land. But you are under no oath now. Of what has now happened I will not speak, only to say that you cannot see nor understand all that has led us to this fearful work. The story of the white man's rule is everywhere the same. Where a tribe, or a people, have made peace and accepted the friendship of the French, they have become weak and puny. White Hand, I have a strange love for thee, but I hate thy people. And that thy father almost hates thee too has drawn my heart towards him. But we could not see our people being gradually swept away, and our homes torn from us, without striking this blow. Yet Stung Serpent has fallen. The bullet of the white man has found his life. But he dies content. The white man has fallen, too."

The old chieftain sank back exhausted as he ceased speaking, and for some moments he remained with his eyes closed. When he opened them again, White Hand spoke.

"My father," he said, "ere the hand of death has done its work upon thee, wilt thou not tell me why I was taken from my father's house? Surely you cannot object to tell me all now?"

"No, my child, I have no objections, for I never promised not to tell. And when I sent for thee now, I meant to tell thee all. Do you remember when your father met me in the woods near his dwelling?"

"Yes," returned White Hand, bending over with eager interest.

"Well, I had then been to see Simon Lobola. By some means he learned that I was down the river, and he sent for me. He had heard that I was a savage chieftain, and a lover of gold. I met him in the woods, and he proposed to me that I should seize St. Julien's son and slay him, and for this he offered to pay me a hundred pieces of gold. But I spurned the offer and left him. I came home, and told my brother what Lobola had said to me, and he pondered upon the subject in a new light. You know the Natchez often send messengers to the Great Spirit, and the Great Sun had wished to send a white messenger to the white man's God, even as we told you when you first came here. At length I fell in with his views, and I knew of no one whose spirit would be suzerain of admission to your God than the spirit of Louis St. Julien, for I knew him to be a good youth. So I returned to your father's house and saw Lobola again, and he told me he had hired a party of Chickasaws to kill you, but that you and your companion had killed them all—six of them. I then offered to do what he wished. But this time his wants had received an addition. He not only wanted the son killed, but he wanted the daughter captured and carried off towards New Orleans. I agreed to this; but I made him give me a written promise to pay me the money when the work should be done. He hesitated at first, but at length he wrote the pledge and signed it; and then it was arranged that Louis should be left upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, at the end of the middle trail, and I pledged myself to take you with me and kill you, for you know this had been my purpose in seeking you."

"But the paper—the pledge—you had of Lobola—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe. Coqualla, go to my closet, and you will find it in the open casket."

The princess went, and in the box she found the paper, which she handed to her father. He took it, and having opened it, he handed it to White Hand, saying as he did so:

"Here—it is yours. And now all I ask is pardon."

"For all that you have done to me," murmured the youth, "I pardon you from the bottom of my soul; for you may have been an instrument in the hands of heaven for saving my life. Had you not taken me, another would, and I should not have lived. So I shall, after all, remember Stung Serpent with more of gratitude than of complaint or anger."

"Do you mean that?"

Stung Serpent raised himself upon his elbow, and caught the youth by the hand.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "where art thou?"

"Here, my father."

"I have been kind to thee. If it lays in thy power, help White Hand to his people. Is it Coqualla I see?"

"Yes. Are you faint?"

"Faint? Stung Serpent faint? No! Up, warriors of the Natchez, and strike for your homes! Who shall fear the dastards now? My braves, remember the trophies you have won under Stung Serpent's lead. Strike—strike, now, for your honor, your homes, and for the tombs of your ancestors! Sink your blades to the pole, and leave not a man of them to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud wailing followed this paroxysm, and as it ended in a low, guttural sound, the chieftain sank back. Coqualla moved to his side and knelt over him, and in a moment more the loud cries of the women rent the air, for Stung Serpent was dead!

CHAPTER XX.

There was consternation for a while in the village of the White Apple when it was known that Stung Serpent was dead, for he had been an important man among the Natchez. At the end of four days, the body was made ready for the grave, and nine persons, with ropes about their necks, remained fasting by it.

"And are all these people to die?" asked White Hand, after he and Coqualla had retired to their own dwelling.

"Yes. And but for the intercessions of my father himself, many more would have died."

"It is a cruel practice," said the youth, sadly.

"Cruel?" repeated the princess, in surprise. "Why do you say so?"

"Because one death is enough. Why should so many be added?"

"Ah," answered Coqualla, ingenuously, "you do not understand. Your people have not such love for the departed as we have. It is a long, dark road which

my father has now to travel, and surely it is fitting he should have company."

"And does this always happen when one of your people dies?"

"Certainly; though some have not so many companions; but all have one. When the last Great Sun died, there were one hundred who went to keep him company over the dark road."

"So many?"

"Yes—and of course they were happy, for with him they were at once admitted to the happy home where the Great Spirit is."

"But," queried White Hand, "Stung Serpent has been dead now four days, and these people will not die until tonight. How, then, shall they go together?"

"Ah," returned Coqualla, with a faint smile, which seemed to indicate a pity for her companion's ignorance, "my father's spirit will not start alone. It remains near the old body until the other spirits join it, and then they all go off together. Do you not understand?"

"Yes."

"And is it not right and proper?"

"It is, if you think so; but I should hardly dare give my voice in favor of it. Why, look, Coqualla, and tell me if this very thing has not already reduced your people to a once powerful people to a mere handful."

"My father spoke of that ere he died," answered the princess, thoughtfully. "He said he wished only his few immediate companions to go with him beyond the grave, and even they must be old people."

"And he was right, Coqualla. I have heard that the Natchez were once a mighty race—a great nation, numbering their warriors by the many thousands, and now they have only a very few hundred. In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not much overrule the deaths by nature. But see here—not only do your people die off as do others, but for every one who dies naturally from one to a hundred more must be killed to keep them company."

"I know," said Coqualla, thoughtfully. "But still it were cruel to send my father's spirit away over the dark, long trail alone. Your people do not think of this. Do not think of the loved spirit wandering away in the dark alone."

"Yes they do, Coqualla."

"They do?"

"And yet they send them no company."

"Ah, their company comes from the other way," spoke White Hand, softly, "when a human soul departs, it carries with it, I believe, that the loved ones who have gone before come down to lead the new-born spirit away to heaven. I have a mother there, Coqualla, and I think she will come down to earth when my spirit departs, and welcome me to the home of the blessed ones. Surely they know the way through the dark valley better than we could, or better than any others of earth."

Gradually the Indian girl's hands were brought together over her bosom, and her head was bowed. When she looked up there was a strange light in her eyes and a soft, hopeful expression dwelt upon her dusky features.

"White Hand," she whispered, "tell me that again."

"Is not the theme more pleasing than the strangling of helpless victims over the graves of the dead?" the youth asked, kindly.

"Yes, yes. But tell me more."

"And White Hand went on and whispered into his companion's ear the whole of his own pure faith in God and the risen Saviour; and when he had done the princess murmured:

"It is sweet, and it is better than the faith I have been taught."

She bowed her head again, and this time she remained a long while thoughtful; and when she next looked up, a change had come over her countenance.

"White Hand," she said, "I promised my father that I would help you escape from here, if you wished. What have I to remain here for? My father is dead; I have no brother or sister, and the ways of my people are not pleasant to me. May I not go with you?"

The youth thrust his arms about the fair speaker's neck and drew her upon his bosom.

"Coqualla, speak but the word, and I'll die in thy service, if necessary, to lead you to my father's home. O, we will not be separated."

The burial was over. Stung Serpent reposed in his grave, and by his side lay the bodies of those who had, in obedience to the cruel faith and custom, given up their lives that they might keep their loved ones company in his dark journey. And once more the Natchez commenced their mad orgies over their victory, for they were not yet satiated.

Late at night, while the warriors were dancing and howling in the square, Pricked Arm came to White Hand's lodge and called him out. The youth could not see her face in the gloom, but from the manner of her breathing, he could tell that she was deeply moved by something.

"White Hand," she said, "our plot has worked exceedingly well. Not a blow has been struck save here at Natchez; so the great mass of the French are saved. But thou art in danger here. The moment the Natchez find that their plan has failed they will suspect thee, for it has been whispered that you visited the temple, and the Great Sun, when he looked towards the west for the moon last night and saw the west was perplexed. This night they saw the new moon for the first time, and they remembered, for the first time, too, that the moon ought to have been a week old. Amid their mad joy they have not thought of this before. But they think of it now, and fear has already seized upon some of them, though they few keep it to themselves. Now you can judge how much risk you run."

"And will they suspect me?" the youth uttered, tremulously.

"They will be likely to; for you are of the hated people, and your powerful friend is dead. Dark, angry eyes have been bent upon you, because you have shown your loathing of the cruelties you have witnessed. And, again, the French will soon be on the Natchez trail. The future is dark for us all, but you may escape. Can you not remember the trail by which you came?"

"Of fear not."

"But you can follow it part way from here?"

"Yes, for it is broad towards the village."

"There you can take the river. You know the southern trail. You went it once hunting with Stung Serpent."

"Yes—I remember that."

"Then all is safe. Follow that trail to the right, and it will bring you out upon the river fifteen miles below here. Among a clump of brakes there you will find a canoe. It is mine. Take it and float down the river. Still retain your present garb, and let the walnut stain be upon your face. In that way you may escape the Natchez, should any of them meet you, and by your speech you could quickly convince the French. I can do no more for you. I would have saved all the French if I could, for I loved them; yet I must follow the fortunes of my own people."

White Hand thanked the old princess for her kindness, and with a thoughtful step he returned to his lodge. Coqualla asked him what Pricked Arm had said.

ed, and he sat down and told her all.

"And will you go?" the princess asked.

"Yes, I must. But, Coqualla, have you changed your mind?"

"Only to be more strongly bound to thee. And yet," she added, putting her arms about her husband's neck, "speak but one word—simply whisper to me—that thou wouldst rather go free from care or thought of me, and—"

"Hush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again, did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must flee to-night."

"I am all ready, dearest."

"But we need provisions."

"I have such all prepared as we can carry."

"Then you have thought of this?"

"Yes. But O, speak the truth, my love. If within thy inmost soul there dwells a thought—"

"It is all of love for thee, Coqualla," interrupted the youth, seeing at once her drift. "So let me hear no more of it. Now let us prepare."

"Bless thee," murmured the fair girl, sinking upon her companion's bosom. "O, since we first spoke of this, my heart has sunk deep down in its darkest mood when the thought of staying here has dwelt with me. Those sweet words you whispered to me have been with me ever since, and they have wrought a wonderful change in my feelings. When we get to our new home we will talk more about it, and you shall teach me to read the great book wherein these precious truths are written."

"I will," promised White Hand. "But the night comes on; the morning will be speedily approaching. Come—we will talk on the way."

Just as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the fugitives reached the great river, and without much trouble they found the brake and the canoe. They easily pulled the light craft from its nest and dragged it to the river. It was a smooth, beautifully finished boat, fashioned from a huge log of yellow pine, and seasoned without crack or check. Into this the adventurers put their little store, and then, with hopeful hearts, they entered and pushed out into the broad stream.

(To be continued.)

PIANO OF MUSICAL STONES.

After Years of Search M. Hauvre Collected the Flints.

It was a work of years, says L'Illustration, for M. Hauvre to make the collection of flints which constitute his geological piano. The stones do not belong to the class of resonant rocks known as "phonolites," such as are found in Auvergne, not far from Mont-Dore, but are flints collected by M. Hauvre with infinite toil and search, each giving when struck a true musical note.

By accident, while taking a country walk one day he picked up a flint and, changing to strike it, heard a faint note respond to the blow. The idea took hold of him to gather, if possible, enough flints to form a complete chromatic scale. Difficulties in the search for these stones only increased his ardor. For more than thirty years he pursued the quest, making it the principal aim of his life to form out of a collection of flints the instrument he called the "geological piano."

From the neighborhood of the little village of the department of L'Indre, where he lived and first met with the singing flint, he extended his search far and wide. Only once in a while would he hit on the ideal flint which uttered a true note with generous vibration. That was finding the precious stone which repaid him for his thousand and one disappointments, his toilsome wanderings, his diligent search in stony places.

After many years he had at length got together the full scale in flint notes, and numerous examples of each, with the exception of one. He had been so far unsuccessful in putting his hand on the first "do." Perhaps it did not exist in nature. He gave up hope that he could meet with it in France. He would try Canada. But the new world showed no trace of the initial note of the octave, and M. Hauvre returned to his native land resigned to the notion that the chase must be abandoned in his old age. Fortune once again smiled, and the stone of which he despaired suddenly appeared, as he was walking in Berry.

Advanced in years, he now passes his leisure in playing, as he does with skill on this curious piano.

An Australian Fish Story.

Writing from Bunbury, West Australia, to a brother in London, Reginald Shaw relates the following amazing incident, which, he states, happened to one of his party when fishing from the jetty:

His friend had baited his hook with a large whiting, hoping to catch a king-fish, when a shark about seven feet long swallowed it! The angler gently brought the shark to the surface of the water, while a man working on the jetty came to his assistance with a big iron hook and after several ineffectual attempts to jab the hook into the shark's mouth the latter got away.

On pulling up his line the fisherman found that he had lost the whiting bait, but had hooked two large ribs of beef from the stomach of the shark. Then, to the amusement of the crowd, one of whom remarked, "Well, exchange is no robbery," he landed the beef safely on the jetty.—London Mail.

As Yule Varies a Cow.

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him the shopman asked him if he would buy a bicycle.

"What is that?" queried the Irishman.

"It's a machine to ride about the town on."

"And, shure, what might the price of it be?"

"Fifteen pounds."

"I'd rather see fifteen pounds in a cow."

"But what a fool you would look riding around the town on the back of a cow!"

"Shure, now," replied the Irishman, "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"—Tit-Bits.

Time-Work.

May-Mr. Huggard called on you last evening, didn't he?

Fay—Yes, and he made me very tired.

May—Suppose he tried to kiss you.

Fay—Yes, and every time he kissed me I had to slap him.—Philadelphia Press.

Idleness Is the burial of a living man.

—Jeremy Taylor.

OUR Immigrants

New York the Great Port of Entry for Most of Them—How the Incoming Thousands Are Dealt with by Uncle Sam at Ellis Island—Less Desirable Aliens Now Coming . . .

THE remarkable prosperity with which this country is being blessed has the effect of bringing to our shores hordes of immigrants in ever increasing numbers. Last year the army of immigrants numbered over 648,000—an increase of 100,000 over the year before—and the present year will probably see a considerable increase in the voluntary exiles who yearly set out from the old world to better their conditions in the new.

The great port of entry for these thousands is New York, and here the Government assumes jurisdiction over the aliens as soon as their steamer has been passed at quarantine. Inspectors go aboard from the revenue cutters down the bay and obtain the manifests of alien passengers, which the steamship companies must supply. These manifests must show: Full name, age, sex, whether married or single, calling or occupation, whether able to read or write, nationality, last residence, seaport for landing in the United States, final destination in the United States, whether having a ticket through to such destination, whether the immigrant has paid his own passage, or whether it has been paid by

1,000 to 1,500 persons find employment monthly.

Relative Merits of Immigrants.

Roughly speaking, the North of Europe people make better citizens than those from the South of Europe. The better class go to the country and the worst to the cities. The Greeks are considered about the least desirable of all; the Italians from the southern portion of the peninsula also make poor citizens; but those from the northern part rank with the Swiss and other desirable nationalities. From 1821 to 1900, according to a recent census bulletin, over 19,000,000 immigrants landed in the United States. Germany sent 5,000,000; Ireland, 3,870,000; Great Britain, 3,026,000; Scandinavia, 1,246,000; Austria-Hungary (including Bohemia), 1,000,000; and Italy, 1,000,000. Once the stream came mainly from the north of Europe; now it comes chiefly from the south—from the undesirable countries.

Cured of Forgetfulness.

A maid servant employed in a gentleman's family was at first very forgetful. The fault was especially annoying at mealtimes, when something es-

sential was sure to be lacking from the table. The New York Press tells how the head of the house effected a cure.

One day the family were seated at the table and the bell was rung as usual. The maid hurried to the dining-room.

"Maria," said Mr. Jenkinson, "just run and fetch the big, step-ladder down from the attic and bring it here."

Maria, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch down the ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room, panting with her exertion.

"Now," said Mr. Jenkinson, "put it up at that end of the room and climb to the top."

Maria did as she was told, although she wondered what it all meant. When she was at the top of the ladder, Mr. Jenkinson quietly observed:

"Maria, you have now got a better view than we have; just look around and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it."

Where Miscegenation Is Prohibited.

A marriage between whites and persons of negro descent are prohibited and punishable in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia and West Virginia. Marriages between whites and Indians are void in Arizona, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon and South Carolina. Marriages between whites and Chinese are void in Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon and Utah.

What a surprising number of tragedies happen in the bible in which the principal was not a "society leader!"

There is nothing in a name unless it is well advertised.

OBSTACLE TO THE BURGLARS.

Flat Houses a Humanizing Element in Domestic Life.

Sociologists who study criminal life in large cities say that an electric light is as good as a policeman, the presumption being that crime is a creature of darkness. The flat building is now coming in for some study on the same lines. Certain kinds of crime, at least, are almost impossible in the modern skyscraper apartment building. "Porch climbing" is almost a lost art, and ordinary cases of house breaking are rarely reported from these socialistic dwellings. Men who follow the profession of burglary find many discouragements in plying their calling in a modern flat building. Surprised entry is practically

impossible. "Gentlemen and ladies" who enter in the broad light of day must pass the scrutiny of the attendant at the door and the elevator boy, and the tenure of these functionaries in their jobs depends partly on their ability to keep undesirable characters out of the building, says a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Then there is the fixed rule that packages cannot be delivered or taken out of the front door. This makes it awkward for the burglar to leave with his plunder, necessitating as it does embarrassing explanations and delays in leaving the premises. A police captain said that most of the thefts committed in apartment houses are to be traced to servants and that these were few in number. Family rows in apartment houses, he also says, are rarer than in separate dwellings. Flat dwellers seem to fall in with the unwritten laws of neighbors' rights more quickly than those who live in individual family houses. Quarrels are heard more easily through walls than across lots. Hence, against their will sometimes, wives and husbands keep their tongues between their teeth, and during this enforced period of self-restraint recover their tempers. As a civilizing and refining agent the flat no doubt does many other things which will suggest themselves to dwellers therein. The observations are given forth because this phase of modern city life shows itself more prominently in New York than elsewhere.

She Had Her Wish.

A little girl who had noticed on various houses about the city the cards

Science AND Invention

A late British investigation has shown that 13 per cent of manganese makes iron practically non-magnetic. Alloys more magnetic than commercial iron may be produced with nickel, silicon and aluminum.

A recent series of experiments made in Germany on the vibrations set up in gun barrels by the effects of firing, indicates another allowance that the expert marksman should make for the individual peculiarities of his rifle. The shock of firing sets the particles of the gun barrel oscillating in elliptic curves, producing deflections of the barrel. The periods of vibration in different barrels vary between one twenty-fifth and one five-hundredth of a second, and the experiments indicate that a small-bore gun is to be preferred to one of large caliber because the bullet can leave its muzzle before the deflection of the barrel has become considerable.

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Kara-koshun, or Lop-nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a secular change in the level of the desert, in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present the lake is retreating northward from the place where Prjevalsky found it, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves, the vegetation, the animals and the fishermen with their reed huts follow its shores northward. Dr. Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the period of oscillation being 1,000 years or more.

The precious pearl is produced, at least in many cases, by the presence of a minute parasite in the shell-secreting mantle of the pearl-oyster and other mollusks from which pearls are obtained. A spherical sac forms around the parasite, which becomes a nucleus about which the substance of the gem is gradually built up in concentric layers. Sometimes the parasite remains at the center of the pearl, and sometimes it migrates from the sac before it has become hopelessly imprisoned. Reasoning upon these facts, Dr. H. Lyster Jameson, to whose efforts the discovery of some of them is due, suggests the possibility of the artificial production of marketable pearls by infecting beds of pearl-oysters with the particular species of parasites that are known to attack such mollusks with the effects above described.

In the body changes that take place as we grow old, Metchnikoff and other physiologists suppose that an important part is taken by the phagocytes, or devouring cells. Some years ago it was made to appear that some of these cells are color eaters, and that they whiten the hair by seizing the pigment grains and conveying them into the skin or out of the organism. On further study the theory has been evolved that old age itself is due to phagocytes that destroy the nerve cells. The nerve-eating cells have been found in the brains of many old people and old mammals, as well as in persons suffering from nervous disease, but in no case have they been known to reach such development—or to have so nearly taken the place of the nerve cells—as in the brain of a parrot that died at the great age of eighty-one, after some years of feebleness and senility.

A Narrow Escape.

An amusing wedding incident occurred recently in a country village. The bride, evidently anxious at the near approach of the ceremony hour, sent the bridesmaids (one of whom was the young man's sister) on to await her at the church. This action nearly lost her her husband. When the bridesmaids reached the church they observed the punctual bridegroom patiently waiting at the chancel steps. The lonely misery of his position touched their hearts, and instead of waiting in the porch for the heroine of the day, they good-naturedly walked down the aisle and stood beside him in silent sympathy. Whereupon the organist opened the proceedings, the clergyman began the service, and the bridegroom was nearly united in matrimony to his own sister before any one had the presence of mind to utter a word of warning. The momentous question, "Wilt thou have this woman?" had been reached, when the bride opportunely appeared, and, after explanations and apologies, the ceremony was begun again.

Where He Fell Down.

"Tell me what people read and I will tell you what they are," said the self-confessed philosopher.

"Well, there's my wife," rejoined the dyspeptic party. "She's forever reading cook books. Now, what is she?"

"Why, a cook of course," replied the philosophy dispenser.

"That's where the spokes rattle in your wheels," said the other. "She only thinks she is."

On the Customs Officer.

The great actress had just returned from abroad.

"Miss," said the customs officer, sternly, "you must tell me what are in those trunks."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the great actress, carelessly.

"But I insist."

"Well, I told you nonsense. They are filled with love letters."

Professional Jealousy.

"I stand at the head of my business," remarked the professor of phenology, "while you sit at the foot."

"You have said it," rejoined the chiropodist. "But just the same, the language of the corn is more forcible than the lingo of phenological bumps."

The smaller a man's vocabulary, the more oaths he finds necessary to get along.



RUSSIAN JEWS JUST ARRIVED AT NEW YORK TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.



BOARDING A TRAIN FOR THE WEST.