

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Speak to me, Louise," uttered Goupert, now speaking quickly and eagerly, "and tell me if you have forgotten those words I used to speak. Have you forgotten them?"

"No—not one."

"Then let me speak them again. Let me now speak them as one who knows the ways of life; and to one who can judge for herself of the deep meaning that passing years have given to all those emotions that have outlived the destroying wear of time. In the heart where thine image was first enshrined, none other has ever come. I have cherished you sweet face, and in humble prayer have I begged that I might see you once more on earth. And, at times, my soul has been well enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most holy thought of all—life—union with the dearly loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed that I was near you. But I found you, and here I sat me down to pray with more of hope, and to hope with more of promise. And now, Louise, let me ask you, as I have asked you a hundred times before, will you be my wife?"

"Goupert, I have a father whose every earthly wish is for the good of his children, and not for worlds would I—I—"

"I understand," said St. Denis, as the maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for life itself at thy hands, against thy noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him and he bids me like you?"

"Then I am by his permission only what in heart I have been for years."

A short time longer those two sat there, and their words had a solemn, prayerful cast, such as marks the holiest gratitude of the human soul; and as they walked towards the house, they spoke not of the subject upon which their life joy hung.

It was already dusk when they reached the hall, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brion St. Julien. He found him in his library.

"How now, Goupert?" cried the old man, as his young friend took a seat. "What has happened? Any more Indians? What on earth makes you look so sober?"

"It is a deep and sober subject which is on my mind," answered the youth.

"Then out with it, for I am father confessor here."

St. Denis knew the marquis too well to hesitate, and he spoke boldly and to the point.

"My friend," he said, "that I love every member of your immediate family must be apparent to you; but you will not be jealous if I also inform you that my love for Louise is rather stronger than for any one else."

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and while big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Goupert, my noble boy, you have made me the happiest of men. O, I have prayed for this moment many a time, and now it has come. Among all my acquaintances, you were the only one to whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing lazy, if not old, and not much longer will Simon remain with me."

"Ah," uttered the youth, with a look of relief, "is Simon going?"

"Yes. He isn't just the man for me. I will not have dissension, and so we keep peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous, and so like his plans about the estate, and yet he shows an abrupt, willful spirit if I offer a word of expostulation. He seems bent on realizing all the ready money he can from the place without the least regard to its future worth and improvement. I do not like it. Yes, yes—Simon must seek some other home."

"Hark!" interrupted Goupert. "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," said the old man.

"Let me look a moment." And thus speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the night; but there was no one there. "I must have been mistaken," he said, as he returned to the library and closed the door after him.

Ah! he did not look in the right place. Had he cast his eyes up to the ceiling, he would have seen a small hole where the host once had a copper pipe lead down to feed a shower-bath. And had he but gone up into the small lumber room overhead, he would have found a man there, lying flat, like a serpent, with his eye to that small aperture; and he would have seen at a glance that the watcher could both see and hear all that transpired in the library!

CHAPTER VIII.

Days flew on now upon golden wings, and suspicion had ceased to work in even Goupert's mind. Old Tony had watched carefully, but he could find nothing to excite fear. Only one thing came up to help the doubts the young man had entertained, and that was a sudden visit of Simon Lobois to New Orleans. He professed to have business there. He said he would see how much corn he could find a market for, there being several hundred bushels now in the granary; but the marquis informed him that he need not trouble himself about the corn, as he already had a use for it, meaning to keep a large quantity on hand to serve in case of a falling crop. Yet Simon must go, for he had business of his own; and one fine morning, down the river he went, in company with some men who had come down from Port Beaulieu.

Lobois had been gone a week, and the remaining members of the family were having some joyful times. In a few days more, the priest would be there, and then the two waiting hands would be united. Father Lanquet, sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had now been for some months upon a mission among the Yazoois; but he had been heard from, and he would soon be there. It was a bright, moonlight evening, and the young people had been more gay than usual. Goupert, and Louise, and Louis had been playing at childish games, and

as they went out and snuffed up the sweet, balmy air of the beautiful evening, Louise clapped her hands and proposed a game of "hide and seek." The others shouted acquiescence, and even the old man was bound to join in the sport. Louise and her brother knew all the hiding places within the enclosure, and the former pulled Louis aside, and whispered merrily with him.

"Now, none of that," said Goupert—"none of that! It is not fair for you to conspire against me. If you two put your heads together I'll go and charter old Tony to come and help me. Now mind!"

But the only answer he received was a joyful laugh as Louise ran away to dress herself for the outdoor sport.

The moon rode high in the heavens, and her face was but slightly turned away from earth. In the wide courtyard the merry voices rang tunelessly out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the distant forest.

As they over the brow of a gentle hill, where a copse of beautiful acacia trees were left standing, moved many dark objects. They were crouching in the wood, and listening to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in strange tongue, and then they moved slowly up the hillside, and crept down towards the corn field. On they moved, like specters in the moonlight, until they neared the high barricade, and then settled lower down and crept on like huge cats approaching their prey. Straight they moved towards the postern, and there they lay, beneath the wooden wall, and the same dusky hue marked the brow of each. He who had arisen to his feet produced something from his pouch, and applied it to the lock of the heavy postern. It was a key! And how came that child of the forest by the key of St. Julien's gate?

The shouts now came from the garden. Hark! Yes—they are all there upon the "O heavens!" gasped Brion St. Julien. And with a deep groan he staggered back. But he quickly revived, for the thought of pursuit came to him. Goupert hastened the men to pursuit in wild, frantic tones.

Just as the great old clock in the hall told the hour of four in the morning, the party returned to the house, pale and fatigued. The first gray streaks of dawn were penciling the eastern horizon as the marquis and Goupert stood in the sitting room. One of the women brought in a lamp, and the youth started when he saw how pale his host looked. And St. Julien started, too, for he looked into his companion's face, and it looked terror-stricken even to death.

They spoke not a word. The old man moved forward and extended his hand, and on the next moment his head was pillowed upon Goupert's shoulder, and such deep, mighty sobs broke forth from his lips that it seemed as though his heart were rent in sunder. And one by one the eager servants came into that room, for they dared not yet trust themselves to sleep. They stood and witnessed the great grief of their loved master, and with one accord they wept with him. Truly that was a dark hour!

COULDN'T FOOL THESE GIRLS.

They Had Heard of City Frauds and Were Wary.

It was a brand-new and enterprising advertising dodge that caused these two young women to think they had been "bunkoed" and likely to get into difficulties. The "dodge" consisted in a 15-minute vaudeville performance which one of the big retail houses put on in a room in its building to amuse customers and to make people talk about the store.

The two young women were from one of the suburbs of the city, and on the lookout for traps and sharpers. Having finished their shopping they were in the elevator on their way out when the elevator man called:

"All out here to see the famous show!"

With the other passengers the two young women left the car, and found themselves in a little theater, says the New York Times. It was dimly lighted, had a small stage, a smaller orchestra and chairs in which a number of people had seated themselves. Suddenly an idea occurred to one of the young women.

"Helen," she whispered to her companion, "this is some trap that we have fallen into. I know mamma told me of a similar case once. When she and papa were spending their honeymoon twenty-three years ago at Niagara Falls they went into a show that was all just as this is. On the outside there was a sign which said: 'Entrance free.' All went well until it came to going out, when there was another sign, 'Exit \$1.' That is what this thing is, and I know it. Let's get out before the show begins."

They made at once for the door of the elevator shaft. "The show will begin in an instant," politely announced the attendant, at whom the young woman looked scornfully.

"You must think we are easy," said one of the girls, falling into slang to show that she was no ordinary proposition to be dealt with. "We know this dodge, and have seen it before."

Then both went down to the street feeling sure that they had escaped one of the shrewd "dodges" of a great city.

Paid the Freight.

"Your wife," remarked the old friend, "tells me you are getting into society now."

"No," replied the plain man, who had to pay for his wife's ambitions, "society is getting into me."—Philadelphia Press.

Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the acreable land in China. Famines would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.

Boys And Girls

Runnin' Away.



You've done it, I know yer hev! Most every youngster Gets his dander up regger, once in so long; Gets to thinkin' the ol' folks is too domineerin'.

An' that he's in the right an' his elders is wrong. See he figgers that, round the ol' place, he's considerin'.

The smallest pertar, about, in the hill, Tells his pa an' his ma they'd be powerful sorry Ef he run off an' left 'em—an' reckons he will!

Once I tried it myself. Won't ferget it, I reckon! Got to threatenin' round I wuz goin' ter go.

Thought 'twould frighten the folks into treatin' me diffrent— Didn't hev no intension of doin' it, though.

Got riled an' talked uppish an' peart. Never see That father an' mother wuz kind an' unselfish, An' a wearin' their lives out, a-workin' fer me.

Well, father he called me ter where he was settin'. An' smiled, kinder sober-like, into my face.

An' sez: "Son, I'm sorry we can't seem ter suit yer. An' yer wants ter leave mother an' me."

When yer ready, though, boy, I won't make no objections; Ef yer tired o' home, I've got nothin' ter say.

But yer needn't sneak off without tellin' us o' it— 'Cos I'll hitch up an' carry yer part ef the way."

I dunno how it wuz, but the way that he sed it, Sorter took all the starch outter me, quicker'n seat.

An' I tell yer, I didn't hev nothin' particular Ter say about runnin' away, after that.

I jest see how thunderin', ornery foolish I'd bin. An' I hope that ef ever again I get one er them tantrums—some feller'll be handy.

Ter bring me up standin', as father did then. —Farm and Home.

How Early Sleds Were Made. From history we learn that the boys in the time of George III. coasted on sleds made of a small board with beef bones as runners, but these dropped out of sight when an inventive genius built one out of a barrel stave, for his invention was extensively copied. The barrel staves were called "jumpers" and "skippers," and were made of a single barrel stave of moderate width, to which was nailed a twelve-inch seat-post about midships. A piece of barrel head constituted the seat. To navigate this craft required no little skill, the revolutions and convolutions performed by the rider while "glittin'" the hang of the durned thing" being akin to the antics of a tenderfoot on a bucking broncho. A more stable and docile jumper was made by fastening two or three staves side by

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Blackbirds and Kittens.

The blackbirds have no confidence in the kitten; they regard neither her youth nor the season of the year, says a writer in Longman's Magazine. "A cat," they say, "is a cat, whether young or old, whether we have our bantlings to keep out of her clutches or whether we have only our own skins to protect!" Therefore they curse her, pursuing her with maledictions wherever she goes. You may know at any moment exactly where she is, because blackbird pere and mere follow her up; and this spoils her stalking game, for naturally her surprises do not come off while two spiteful, sharp-tongued persons are forever sitting or fitting over her head scolding, chiding, cursing, pillorying the poor thing until she must be sick to death of their voices.

What a nuisance they must be! They will not even allow her to sleep peacefully in some sunny spot she has found and occupied, but plant themselves close by to keep her awake with their maledictions. No wonder she rises presently, glares in their direction for a moment with a cold eye, opens her mouth as though to say, something, shakes herself, and goes home in disgust.

In the Wrong Place. Little Josephine gathered up her doll and playthings one day, and told her mother that she was going to visit her best friend, a dear old lady who dearly loved to see her. The mother only had time to call after her, "Be quiet and don't forget what you should say when you leave!"

"No, mamma," came a voice from the other side of the street, as the little figure with doll's legs hanging from her arms ran up to a big front door, and on tiptoe reached up to the big brass knocker.

The friend opened the door, and little Josephine, anxious to do her mamma's bidding, stepped in and said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Adams! I have had a very pleasant visit, thank you." Then her maid was free, and Josephine and her hostess had a delightful time.—Youth's Companion.

Domestic Statistics. One of little Paul's sisters had been married only a few weeks when he was asked by a workman to whom he had been talking for quite a long time:

"How many sisters have you?"

"One married and two alive," was the amusing answer.

A Thoughtless Boy. Three-year-old Paul's father was playing Santa Claus, and in reply to a question said, "I'll bring you an old broken horse or something. What do you think of that?"

"I don't flunk nuffin," replied Paul. "Cos what I flunk is naughty."

Nothing to Return. My little brother was crying for a pencil, and Father lent him one. At noon he asked my brother to return it, and he replied:

"Oh, Father, I have sharpened it all up."

Reflected on Her Ancestry. Little Mary was fond of using big words she heard. One day she said, "I dess I's a doose" (goose).

"Why," asked papa. "I dess I inherited it."

Time Was No Object. A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, breezy young man who was selling incubators. The Green Bag, which tells the story, says that the salesman gave Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent arguments. There was not another such incubator to be found; the prices were remarkably low, and so on.

Uncle Harvey did not respond. The young man talked himself out and made no impression. Finally he said, "You don't seem to appreciate these incubators."

"No," said Uncle Harvey. "But just think of the time they will save!"

Uncle Harvey gave him one cold look and said, "What do you suppose I care for a hen's time?"

Explained. "I was surprised to hear Bagsley, who so cordially hates Smith, say the other night that he would delight in inscribing a tribute to Smith that should last through posterity."

"Nothing inconsistent about that. Bagsley makes a specialty of epitaphs." —H. E. Warner, in Baltimore News.

Materials as Imports. One-half of the imports into this country are of materials for manufacture.

AGRICULTURAL

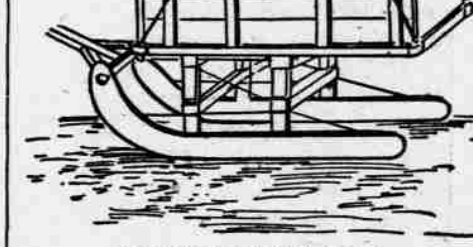


A Dumping Sled.

Manure may be easily and quickly unloaded from a dump sled. An old bob sled with an extra high bolster and an elevated cross piece built up from the race in front, works all right. The box is fastened to the high bolster by means of eye bolts. It is fastened down to the front support with a strong hook.

With a little practice, manure may be spread with this rig in winter, with very little fork work. For spreading, a block is fastened to the runners behind that stops the box at the proper angle to let the manure slide down and pay out slowly as the team moves along.

The angle must be different according to the kind of manure, the absorb-



HANDY DUMPING SLED.

ent used in the stable, and the amount of straw or other substance used for bedding. The driver can help or hinder it with his fork as he drives along. —L. G. Spencer, in Farm and Home.

Cows with a Cough. There is always considerable complaint during the winter months about the cows being troubled with a cough. While there is always a possibility that this cough may mean tuberculosis, it is well to have the animal tested with tuberculin to ascertain if she has this difficulty. If it is found that her lungs are in good condition it will be safe to assume that ventilation and food need changing. Lack of ventilation may be the trouble or there may be too free draughts through the barn. The temperature for cows should be about 55 degrees at night, with enough ventilation to have a current of fresh air, but not a draught. Then it may be that too much dusty food is being given, which may be readily overcome by wetting all of the food, including the hay. If these remedies are applied the cough will leave the animal, provided her lungs are not affected. Most barns for cattle are kept too warm or too cold. There is a great difference between a comfortable barn and an over-heated one. All that is necessary to do is to keep out the draughts and give good ventilation and any well-built barn will be entirely comfortable for stock.—Indianapolis News.

Making Snow Paths. Good winter walks about the farm buildings are as important as good summer walks. A handy plover for the snow is shown herewith, the construction being plainly shown in the cut. The center board, it will be noticed, runs lower than the sides. This keeps the plover from running first to one side and then to the other. The flaring top boards greatly assist in making a clean-cut path.—John Dibble, in Farm and Home.

Cost and Results of Potato Spraying. Spraying with bordeaux mixture to prevent potato blight is common and successful in the Astorbrook district. Growers in the Michigan potato belt are beginning to believe that they must also spray. One of them who has tried it writes that the cost was about \$12 per acre, and the result was seen in the prolonging of the season of growth. Untreated rows had died down early in September, while the treated ones continued to remain green nearly a month later. Another Michigan grower, Harold Jones, of Leeds County, also tried spraying, and found the cost to be below this estimate. Comparing his yield with those of his neighbors, who harvested from nothing to two hundred bushels per acre, Mr. Jones considers the practice profitable. Writing of his successful potato crop, H. P. West, Fayetteville, Wis., recommends for potato scab half a teaspoonful of sulphur planted with each piece of seed potato.—New England Farmer.

Creamery Versus Dairy. One of the advantages of the creamery over the dairy is the making of butter on a large scale, which conduces to a greater uniformity of product, says an exchange. Where a cream-

ery gets a good reputation for a nice and uniform quality of goods in any quantity and style of package there is an advantage to both manufacturers and dealers in disposing of them without the necessity of personal inspection.

Farming by Steam. In Pearson's is an interesting article by D. A. Willey, "Farming by Steam," in which is described some of the remarkable machinery used in modern farming. One of the most useful machines is the great tractor engine, used in the place of horse-power. In California the new steam "tractors," as the engines are called, are finding high favor.

Of course, small steam engines have long been in use all the world over to haul farm machinery along the country highways, to operate threshing machines and now and again for ploughing purposes, when the engine winds in a cable attached to the plough, and so draws the plough across the field. But the Western tractor does far more important work, and is quite a different type. In the first place, note its hugeness. The machinery is supported on three great wheels, having tires five or six feet in width, so that they appear like enormous barrels of steel. On either side a huge sprocket chain encircles the wheels, with links made of steel a foot long and an inch thick, each tested to withstand a pull of 250 tons. Every detail is on a similar scale of hugeness and strength.

In its wide tires lies one of the secrets of the tractor's strength. They gain such a grip on the surface, no matter how sandy or how soft the field or road may be, that they exert an enormous tractive force, and the wheels cannot slip under the heaviest load.

For sawing limbs and poles light enough to handle and yet too heavy to saw with a bucksaw I have used a sawbuck about four feet long made upon the plan of connecting two horses with three cross rods. We had worn out two in the last dozen years, and about a month ago I built a combination buck which was convenient for both crosscut and buck sawing. It is shown in the figure. It is made of 2 by 4 oak scantling halved together, and the two nearest X's are only twelve inches apart from outside to outside. Our range takes wood seventeen inches long, and I put the supports near enough together so that I

can saw outside the end and not have the saw pinch. This would be inconvenient, and the buck would tip endwise if it were not for the third X, which gives support to long sticks, and makes buck sawing much pleasanter, as much of the fatigue in this kind of work comes from keeping in place the sticks that are being sawed.—Cor Ohio Farmer.

Farm Notes. It has long been known that heavily stocking an old garden with red clover, allowing it to remain two years without plowing, will bring the soil back to its fertility and vigor.

Asparagus is greatly benefited by air, which should be given whenever the state of the weather and the atmosphere of the frame permits. At night preserve an equable temperature by covering up the frames with litter.

In transplanting trees all the roots which may have become bruised or broken in the process of lifting should be cut clean away behind the broken part, as they then more readily strike out new roots from the cut parts. In all such cases the cut should be a clean, sloping one, and made in an upward and outward direction.

Much working, and especially a second working, is injurious, destroying as it does the natural grain of the butter, giving it a green, salty consistency. The aim in packing is to exclude air and light. Covering with brine is the only sure method of excluding air. Store in a sweet, cool place, where an even temperature can be maintained somewhat below 60 degrees.

Milk absorbs odor from the moment it is drawn from the cow until the time it is churned. Whenever milk reaches the temperature of one hundred it is claimed to be in an active state of decomposition. But while milk is easily affected by outside influences, the adherence to strict rules of cleanliness will greatly aid the dairymaid to avoid the changes that often occur. Cooling the milk renders the germs inactive and prevents decomposition for a while, but it should not be overlooked that milk absorbs odors very rapidly when cool. Exposure to odors, gases or volatile matter of any kind should, therefore, be avoided and every utensil used in the dairy should be scalded with boiling water and thoroughly scoured.

One-half of the imports into this country are of materials for manufacture.