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White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER IX.

Far away, in the depths of the forest, where a deep river ran, and where the cypress trees grew thick and tall, a party of Indians sat down to rest.

Close by the side of a huge cypress log, one end of which was wedged in the swampy floor of a child of the pale faces.

Thus the party rested until nearly four o'clock, and then one of the Indians, who had been placed a little way up the river to watch, gave a low, shrill whistle.

The stout chieftain spoke not until he had seen the pale youth who still slept by the cypress log, and then a grunt of satisfaction escaped from his lips.

The youth gazed into the face of the powerful Natchez, and for awhile he was utterly unable to speak.

"No," was the answer. "And why may we not be together?" "Because it is impossible. Remember, the Stung Serpent has spoken."

"This was pronounced in a slow, meaningful tone," Stung Serpent said, "and enough of the Indian character to know that no appeal would move his captors from such a purpose."

"Does the White Hand see yonder village?" asked Stung Serpent, as the party stopped upon the hilltop.

"That is the village of the White Apple, the home of the bravest warriors of the Natchez, and the abode of peace."

"Yes," replied the youth, looking in the direction pointed out.

"If I speak calmly," returned the youth, "it is because I hope you mean me no harm."

smile, he continued: "While you live, I'll throw your French name, and henceforth thou shalt be called White Hand. Eh—how does that sound?"

"Eh? Does not the son of the white chief like his name?" "Yes—yes."

The other Indians had stood near at hand, and as they heard the name they passed, they smiled and repeated it several times.

When White Hand was aroused he started quickly up, and at first he thought the day had dawned, but as soon as his senses were fairly at work he found it was the moon that gave so much light.

Another night came, and again the youth slept with his hands cuffed, and this time he was allowed to sleep until morning.

"Not much," Stung Serpent replied. "One more day will bring us to the village where we are to stop. Does it please the White Hand, eh?"

"I will surely please me to rest, for I am weary and faint, and had we much further to travel I fear I should be a burden to you."

"The Indian shrugged his shoulders, but made no further reply, and shortly afterwards White Hand lay down to sleep.

"I see it," he said. "That is the village of the white man. He has built a fort there, and he calls it Rosalie. They tell me 'tis called so from a woman's name. Is it so?"

"Do you wish your missionary steak rare or well done?" asked the most high chief, with an obeisance.

"What was the victim's occupation, in life?" replied the cannibal chief, wearily.

"He was a collector, your majesty," responded the chief.

"Well, dun," concluded the chief, who enjoyed his own jokes hugely.

"There are ordinarily from thirty to forty varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing."

remain there for the night he was left to himself. As soon as the heavy door was closed upon him the prisoner gazed about.

CHAPTER X. Some time during the night, White Hand was moved by strange dreams.

The youth gazed up, and he saw an Indian girl standing over him with a small torch in her hand.

"You do not fear me," she said, gazing upon him with a look in which gentleness was about equally blended with a warmer feeling.

"No—O no. Why should I fear one like you?" "I know not but that my coming might disturb you. But I came for your good."

"Your father? Is the Stung Serpent, then, your father?" "Yes."

"And you are the next heir to the throne of the Natchez?" "Next after my father."

"The White Hand is not a great man in bulk," she let length said, thoughtfully; "but yet he must be a brave man, for my father says he slew six of the Chickasaw warriors."

"I cannot tell you surely; but yet I think I can save you. If you have anything to fear, it must be from my father. Therefore, promise him whatever he may ask. If he means you ill, that will be death, and if he offers you life, you must accept it. I have come to assure you that he never speaks ill of you. If he makes you an offer he means it, and you must speak truth with him."

Bargain Day. A very rich anecdote is told of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

Grim Humor. "Do you wish your missionary steak rare or well done?" asked the most high chief, with an obeisance.

He Wanted to Know. Minister (to Sunday cyclist)—Young man, you are on the path to perdition.

Poultry and Fruit. Poultry and fruit trees certainly go together, says Twentieth Century Farmer.

There are ordinarily from thirty to forty varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing.



FARM AND GARDEN

Home-Made Snow Plow. One of the troubles of the farmer located in sections where the snow fall is heavy is getting to his stock after a heavy fall of snow.

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ner; the coops are scattered through it. The chickens get the summer shade and in return eat up the larvae of the fruit destroyers.

Building Potato Land. In many sections of the country potatoes always bring a good price, but the soil is too light to grow heavy crops.

Work to Do in Winter. Any intelligent, progressive farmer will find plenty to do during the winter, even though he may not have many animals to care for.

The Ice Supply. The ice supply put up during the winter performs a merciful mission during the heated season.

Filling Bags Made Easy. I have a bag holder of which I inclose a drawing. Any man can make and put it up ready for use in about the same time it would take to get his wife out to hold the bags.

Cooking Food for Stock. Only a few years ago quite a number of appliances for cooking food for stock were advertised, but few are offered at this time.

The Horses' Sense of Smell. A horse will leave muddy hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff.

Handy Bag-Holder. I have a bag holder of which I inclose a drawing. Any man can make and put it up ready for use in about the same time it would take to get his wife out to hold the bags.

Farm Notes. The intensive farmer keeps his soil busy all the time and the extensive farmer grows a single crop and lets his soil rest the remainder of the time.

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Boys and Girls

The New Umbrella. There, my dear; you'd better take my umbrella. But be very careful of it. If it got broken or soiled or anything I should be greatly vexed.

It rains hard. "Oh, mother, I'm wet through and through! My hat, and my pinafore and every thing! The water's trickling down my back in streams, and has almost soaked through my ears."

How It Cleared Off. Such a time! And to think it all came out of a clear sky! As Aunt Esther would say. A minute before Meg and Kathie had been cozily chattering with their arms round each other.

Recuperating. One day little four-year-old Cora was trying to stand on her head. Her mother asked her what she was doing. She answered: "It's standing on my head to rest my feet."

Learning by Degrees. Little Charlie being asked by his teacher the subject of his Geography lesson, answered promptly: "Longitude and Shortitude."

Fruit Instead of Drugs. Druggists Would Starve if People Would Eat More Apples. Many of our common fruits are just as useful and much richer than doctors' prescriptions.

The Rabbit a Coward. Here is a little tale about a boy who is a great hunter for his age and a woman of his acquaintance, which shows that cowardice sometimes depends on the way things are looked at.

Her Falmay Day. Patience—When I was young I had at least 50 offers for my hand.

Patience—Those are what you might call your palmy days, I suppose.

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Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

We were studying an unfortunate porcupine which had been caught in an apple tree and we had made good illustrations of certain bones, when one day the girls took an old lounge apart.

"Come, come," he cried, "if you want to study Phisology, now's your change. The girls have got the lounge all to pieces."—Little Chronicle.

Sore Points. The pencil heaved a weary sigh, and murmured to the pen, "I haven't felt so out of sorts since—oh, I don't know when!"

"The penknife treats me very ill, it cuts me in the street, and really is extremely sharp. Whene'er we chance to meet: "And when I broke the other day Beneath its bitter stroke, It said it didn't see the point; Neither did I the joke!"

It Couldn't Be. The other morning, little Howard got up unusually cross. Roy tried to play with him, but at last he became impatient, and said: "I guess you got up on the wrong side of the bed."

Modern Conveniences. One day my little three-year-old brother was visiting at our neighbor's. He came home very excited and said: "Mamma, you ought to have a pump like they have at Camery's, you turn it like a gasoline stove and water comes out like a washing machine."

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