

White Hand A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIII.

Several times had Louise suggested to Loppa the idea of her looking out about the town, but she had been informed that it would not be safe.

"Sweet cousin," he said, in a tone of extreme softness, "why was it ordered that I should be the one to save you from the jaws of death? Why was I singled out?"

"I should say that you had shown an early disposition to throw off the yoke of my authority."

"Ah, how so?" "Your own sense will tell you how," Simon responded, somewhat bitterly.

"O, I meant no play upon the past, my cousin. But then you are my near relative, you know—and hence you ought to save me."

"And this is the gratitude you feel for the service I have done you?" "Now, Simon, you did not ask me how I felt. You only asked me why it was you were singled out to save me."

"Lobois seemed for the moment nonplussed by the off-hand manner in which he was thus far met, but his forces were soon in order again, and he renewed the attack."

"Louise, you remember the conversation we once had in the study?" "Perfectly, Simon. And you remember the answers I gave?" replied the girl.

"Yes—I do remember them; I have remembered them ever since. And now let me assure you that I look upon this strange event as an opportunity granted by heaven itself for me to ask those questions over again."

"Simon Lobois! Are you in earnest?" "I am. A love such as mine cannot be cramped by the result of one interview. It has been cherished too long, and has become too deeply rooted."

"It was curious that you should have been the one to save me—wasn't it?" said Louise, looking into her companion's face with an expression he could not analyze, though he tried hard to do so.

"I was," he replied. "And that you should have landed just in that place, too?" pursued Louise, without removing her close gaze from her dark cousin's face.

over, you go not from this place until you are my wife! Do you understand that?" "If—I thought you could mean it, Simon, I should begin to be alarmed."

"Simon Lobois, look me in the eye, and assure me solemnly that you mean what you have said." Louise spoke this in an earnest, eager tone, with her hands clasped and half raised towards her dark cousin, and her lips firmly compressed.

"It was some moments before Louise replied, but she was something in the deep blue eye that was fixed so earnestly upon him, and in the calm, earnest features that met his gaze, that moved him more than he had counted upon."

"Louise St. Julien," he at length replied, "I mean just what I have said. You go not from this house until you are my wife! From this purpose I will not swerve."

A quick flush passed over the girl's face, and her lip quivered. A moment the thought of spurning the wretch was present with her, but the thought, most probably, of her defenseless position kept her tongue under guard.

"Simon," she murmured, after a while of silence, "you will not be so cruel to me. And is it cruel to want a beautiful girl, whom one loves, for a wife?"

"But what can you want with a wife who can never love you in return?" "I'll teach you to love me."

"As well might you teach me to love the great crocodile I saw the soldiers playing with in the street this morning."

"You've done that already, monsieur." "So much the better then; you'll mind me the quicker."

"But why—why should you do this thing?" "I'll tell you," spoke Simon, turning with sudden emphasis upon the girl.

"There is no need that I should pretend to deceive you, nor could I, probably, if I tried. For many years I have had the charge of your father's books and business. You know he is wealthy—more wealthy than any other ten men in the colony."

"But you think my father will allow his property to fall into your hands when he knows that I married you from absolute compulsion?" asked the fair girl, earnestly.

"He cannot well help it. He cannot cut me off without cutting you off, too." "But he will demand a dissolution of the union between us."

"Ha! he cannot gain it if he does. I am prepared there, and I know the ground on which I stand. The king has empowered the company to frame domestic regulations to meet the wants of the colony, and they have already passed a resolution that every sane, sound girl, of seventeen years or upwards, shall marry, if proposal is made from a respectable source."

"Ay—but the payment of a hundred lives can remove the obligation." "So it can. But no power can annul the marriage tie."

gloomy looking building, with one small door on the street, but no window. This door was opened, and the girl led in. Straight on she went through a long, narrow passage, a distance of over a hundred feet, and then she was stopped before a door not more than two feet wide, formed of three pieces of solid hewn timber bolted together with iron.

"It do mean it!" he replied, slowly and meaningly. "Simon Lobois, look me in the eye, and assure me solemnly that you mean what you have said."

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"The forenoon passed slowly away, and noon came. Hunger and thirst began to afflict the helpless prisoner, and the hands were often clasped in silent supplication. At length, towards the middle of the afternoon, the door of the cell was opened and Simon Lobois entered."

"Simon," uttered the prisoner, "what means this?" "Can you not guess?" was his calm reply.

"Do you mean this as a means of forcing me to marriage?" "You've hit it." Louise sank down upon the pallet and clasped her hands.

"I cannot stand this," she said. "Then become my wife." "Is that the only alternative?" "It is."

"And in no other way can I get clear of this place?" "In no other." "Bring me water." "Will you be mine?" "I will allow the marriage to be solemnized."

"And you will go before the priest and be legally married to me?" "I will." Simon Lobois started with demoniac, selfish joy.

"You shall have food and water now!" he cried. "And you shall have a faithful, loving husband, O, Louise, you—"

"But I am famishing now, Simon." Away flew the man, and in a short time he returned with some cold milk and bread.

"You take it more calmly than I had expected, Louise," Simon said, as he gazed inquiringly into her calm, pale face.

"I am calm, monsieur, it is not because I am happy. I find myself in your power, and I have assured myself that I am powerless to escape you. I have reflected and pondered deeply upon this, and now that my mind is made up, I am not the woman, or the girl, to make myself uselessly miserable. But, monsieur, you do not see the utter wreck you have made of me. A deep, dark sorrow, such as the soul utterly crushed, and the heart all broken, can only know, is mine. If you can be happy in knowing the work you have thus wrought, I shall not envy you. I can look with hope to the life of the emancipated spirit; you know best whether you can do the same."

"There was a deep, dark sorrow, such as the soul utterly crushed, and the heart all broken, can only know, is mine. If you can be happy in knowing the work you have thus wrought, I shall not envy you. I can look with hope to the life of the emancipated spirit; you know best whether you can do the same."

"Pooh!" he uttered. "There is no need of your speaking so, for you shall be as happy as a princess. I will always love you—always be faithful."



Boys and Girls

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Butterflies in the Bottle. Get a wide-mouthed bottle and into it fit a cork with the center hollowed out enough to admit the stem of a small glass funnel.

Pour water into the funnel until the bottle is half full, and that part of the work is done. Now get several pith balls or cork balls and paint them different colors. To one or two of them glue a piece of tissue or cigarette paper, cut in the form of butterfly wings.

Now drop separately into the bottle through the funnel two of the powders still. Porch floors and steps had entirely disappeared under deep, white drifts, and the streets were called impassable by those accustomed to pay little heed to the weather.

But that morning, in all the widely scattered homes of the town, the local morning paper was delivered as usual. That meant that the newsboys had broken their way through the untrodden streets, plunging breast-high through drifts in the cold and darkness before the dawn, and had toilsomely made their long routes at the cost of an exposure and fatigue that stay-at-home humanity could scarcely realize.

Why Cats Wash After Eating. You may have noticed, little friends, that cats don't wash their faces before they eat, as children do, in all good Christian places.

Her Hearing Was Acute. Little Lillian, who lives in a large city, was spending a few days with her grandma in the country. One day she heard a hen cackling out in the fence corner, and turning to her grandma, she said:

Unwritten Thanks. When I was a very little boy, my Uncle Jose came to visit us, and at dinner was asked to "return thanks." As this was something new to me I was considerably puzzled, and after dinner was over my mother found me in the pantry carefully looking over the plates.

Mama Would Have Known Better. Willie's papa was very busy writing when the small boy came running in to him, holding up a pinched finger for his inspection.

A Timely Warning. Mamma was baking pies one day and was interrupted by company. Not wishing to leave her guest, she sent her little girl to look in the oven.

Lamps of Faith. A little four-year-old tot was gazing intently at the stars one night, and finally said to her mother:

A Diet of Chestnuts. In many districts in Italy and Spain, the chestnut takes the place of oats, rye and rice. Chestnut groves are abundant in all the mountain districts of Italy and Spain, and the season of chestnut gathering is the harvest festival of those countries.

Agreed. "If I were you, Moggs, I wouldn't be a fool," said Johnson, during an argument.

The Month of February. February, 1903, began on Sunday, and each day of the week occurs four times. This happened only fifteen times in the last 132 years, and in the next fifty years it will happen only five times.

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You can almost see the cracks in the average man's voice when he attempts to warble.



AGRICULTURAL

Economical Fertilizing. There are many farms throughout the country whose owners cannot afford to fertilize them heavily or even to give them the quantity needed to keep them in fair condition.

How to Harvest Clover. The proper way to harvest clover is the proper way and there is but one proper way. In the first place do not cut it too green, nor allow it to get too ripe.

Any soil to do the work required of it should be fertilized so that it will be as nearly fertile after the crop is taken from it as it was before, hence fertilizers must be supplied in excess of the needs of the growing crop.

Rely mainly on the legumes such as cow peas, crimson clover and the velvet bean for humus and nitrogen; use, stable manure scattered thinly over the ground, and for commercial fertilizers use mainly those richest in potash and phosphoric acid.

Clover for Logging. A very convenient logging arrangement for use in the wood lot in the winter time is a travoy. It is made of two crooked tree trunks about 5 or 6 inches in diameter, 6 feet long.

Farm Notes. Asparagus tops should be cut off close to the ground and burned. The soil should then be covered with rotten manure.

Nail Punctures. We are frequently asked the best treatment to pursue for nail wounds in the foot of a horse, says an exchange.

Humus in the Orchard. It is important to preserve humus in the soil where there is humus, and to supply it where there is no humus.

The Boys We Are Proud Of. Last winter some localities in the West were visited by a snowstorm of almost unprecedented severity.

Apple! the Wrong Word. "Some people say," remarked the talkative barber, "that barbers are too fond of conversation."

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the crop mown of a part of its fertility, especially the volatile portions. Moreover the roots in the ground cannot get hold of this decaying vegetation and we see little chance of their benefiting by it.

Do not begin mowing until the dew has gone off in the morning. Never cut it when wet—or the hay will be damaged. It is best to cut for only a few hours and if the clover is not unusually heavy it can be raked late in the afternoon in windrows and shocked, when it can stand several days before stacking.

By putting it in the windrow it saves it from getting wet by the dew, which is almost as bad on it as a rain.

Should it rain on it, spread out and dry thoroughly—never stack it green, as it will mold. Remember to have it cured as thoroughly as is practicable to handle it without the leaves falling off.

A gallon or two of salt to the load sprinkled over it at the time of stacking improves it in color and prevents it molding. It should be stacked in the barn, or, if outdoors, covered with straw or something that will turn water.

Sturdy Wyandots. In several Eastern States the Wyandots lead in popularity, as shown by their great majority in the entries at the poultry shows.

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