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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 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 your father's grave. 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 them too has drawn my heart towards him. 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 Lobo. 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 who Lobo 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 surer 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 Lobo 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 skin 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 Louise 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 Lobo's—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe, Coqualla, go to my closet, and you will find it in the oaken 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:

"Have—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?"

"I do."

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 all to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud wailing followed this exclamation, and as it ended in a low, gurgling 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!

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 to 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 to-night. 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 nation from 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 few hundred left."

"In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not much overrun 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. "I know. 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. They 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 and sweetly. "When a human soul departs, we, or 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 best 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 that it is better than the faith 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 threw 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 chief 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, the French 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.

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?"

"I 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 if you should so meet 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 wanted, and he sat down as I 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—"

"Fush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again. I did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must die 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 brought 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. Baudre Collected the Flints.

It was a work of years, says L'Illustration, for M. Baudre 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, nor far from Mont-Dore, but are flints collected by M. Baudre 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, chancing 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 he 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. Baudre 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.

Time-work.

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

Yes, and he made me very tired. May-I suppose he tried to kiss you?

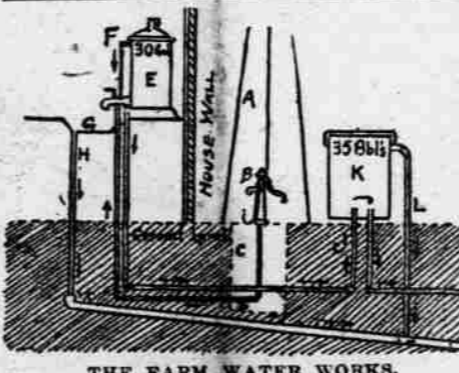
Yes, and every time he kissed me I had to slap him.—Philadelphia Press.

They will be likely to; for you are of



Farm Water Supply.

I send sketch of my water supply which may be of interest to some. I find it very handy in summer. I hardly ever put my mill out of gear and I am never out of water, and water always cool in house. A is the windmill, B the pump, C is the manhole or dry well. D is pipe leading to house tank. E is house tank; holds thirty gallons. F is overflow to house tank leading back to supply tank. G is sink where I also have hot and cold water and well water. H is waste pipe to sink. I is the tile drain for sink, cellar and dry well, and supply tank overflows. J is pipe leading to supply tank. K is a 35-barrel supply tank about 100 feet from house and 40 feet from windmill. L is outlet for supply tank to stock tank about 60 feet off; the supply is governed in stock tank by a float, and other



THE FARM WATER WORKS.

tanks sit on a level with main stock tank that are supplied and governed by it.

I used galvanized 3/4 pipe for all but the outlet to house tank and supply tank, which must be 1 1/2 pipes are laid 3 1/2 feet under ground, through cellar wall and up into kitchen. My supply tank is near my feed yard where I put a stack of corn fodder around it and over it in the fall, to keep tank from freezing, and feed it off in late spring. My stock tanks are away from buildings, far enough so I can heat them with tank heater and a little coal.—C. Otten, in Ohio Farmer.

Dishwater for Swine.

It is a general custom among farmers to feed the dishwater to swine, the idea being that they are thus given the greasy water that comes from the dishes used on the table. This plan might be valuable were it not that soap is used in dishwashing, and soap of a cheap quality, as a rule. It does not seem as if it were necessary to use the dishwater for swine, and the practice should cease. Where there is a dairy of considerable size on the farm and the separation is done by hand, the skim milk can be used to advantage in mixing the bran or grain fed to the swine or the water used for cleansing the milk pails can be used for this purpose, and would be much better than using the dishwater. If it were possible to wash off the grease from the plates in clear, warm water which did not contain any soap, then there would be no objection to the use of dishwater, but it is doubtful if the value of this water would pay for the trouble in thus obtaining it. If the plates from the table were scraped clean of grease and all the particles stuck together fed to the laying hens, the returns would be more profitable than when fed to swine.

Bracing Wire Fence Posts.

The most successful wire fences are those built of the smooth wires, with a single barbed wire at the top. Such a fence is generally animal proof, even against hogs, if the wires are put close enough together. One of the difficulties one has in building wire fences is to find some way of effectually bracing the posts. No better plan is in use than the one shown in the cut, which consists simply of fastening a strong wire strand to the corner post of the fence, carrying it off eight feet and looping it about the brace post, as shown. This brace post should be made of tough wood and driven into the ground far enough to stand the strain on it. This is a simple plan and works successfully.

To Ward Off Potato Blight.

As the seed of late potato blight seems to be planted with the seed potatoes, a European botanist suggests that by heating such infected tubers for about six hours at a temperature of 106 degrees to 108 degrees in a dry oven the fungus might be killed without injury to the tubers. It has not been fully demonstrated, however, that this treatment destroys the fungus, and even if it does it is not practical for the ordinary potato grower unless some ingenious fellow will devise a machine from an old incubator that will regulate the heat at about the point needed.—American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

The prize for the best 100-acre farm or less in England was won by a farmer who farms eighty-one acres of grass land, forty-one acres being in pasture. He kept fifty-two cows, and spent \$3,000 extra for food for his stock each year.

A steer that produces the most choice beef is one that is not only fat, but also well supplied with lean. Tallow often secures the prize at fat stock shows in preference to meat that is intimately interspersed with lean and fat. Weight does not always indicate quality of flesh.

There is an advantage in growing strawberries in preference to other fruits, which is that less capital is required and the crops come sooner.

Plants set out this spring will send out runners and form matted rows full of berries next year, and if kept clean the rows will give two or three good crops, with a partial crop after the bed is old. The proper mode, however, is to make a new bed each year, as the cost is but little comparatively.

How to Play with Pins.

Stick pin—Place a pincushion on a table or a chair at the far end of the room and give each player a pin. Each player is blindfolded in turn and told to stick his pin in the cushion. As he is bandaged at the end of the room most distant from the pin cushion and is not guided in any way toward the goal, this will prove to be no easy matter.

Pin point—For this game use a basket of apples, bananas, peanuts or bon-

ing often advised and for which part racks and cases have been devised is not strictly necessary. But old eggs and fresh eggs should not be mixed in the same setting, as the term of hatching will be uneven. The length and manner of keeping eggs for hatching is of importance at this season. If March eggs are fertile there is no reason why they should not be saved until hens enough can be had to start a number of them at once.—Exchange.

Depth of Breaking for Corn.

The proper depth for breaking corn land is, like many other problems pertaining to farm management, a debatable question and one that cannot be correctly answered wit. A careful consideration of the particulars. One rule—with many exceptions, however—is to break deep for corn. Corn belongs to the grass family, and is therefore a surface feeder. It is, however, acquiring a habit of permeating the soil to much greater depth than do the uncultivated grasses. Under most conditions the ground that is broken eight to ten inches deep will grow the greatest amount of corn. Deep breaking has many advantages—a larger amount of soil is stirred, the supply of plant food is increased, and most important of all is the large increase in the amount of moisture the soil will hold for plant growth.

The disadvantage in deep breaking is met with on land that has been hard cropped and in which the subsoil is largely devoid of fertilizing ingredients. Such soil, if broken deep, will produce a seed bed having a top surface of earth without food for the seed it germinates. The plants then are compelled to starve until they can send their roots down into the artificial soil.

Tile Draining.

Tile draining will undoubtedly be given more attention in the future than it has been during the past. On land that is naturally wet the drains will pay for themselves in two years, providing there is a good outlet and they are properly put down. It frequently happens that a thorough system of drainage is not necessary, providing the sloughs are under drained. These are generally the most productive parts of the farm when they are brought into condition by removing the water. On level lands one can make considerable fall by cutting the drains more shallow at the upper end. Tiling out land under any conditions is expensive work, and it will generally pay to employ the services of a surveyor, providing the owner is not expert in the use of the level. In the past there has been considerable waste on account of using small tile. Four-inch tile seem to be the smallest recommended for lateral drains. Outlets should be built up with brick or stone so as to keep them in good shape.—Iowa Homestead.

Baking Day.

It begins on Saturday morning, And we have the greatest fun, When mother and Biddy and baby and I Go to baking, every one!

Legend of the Cowslip.

The goddess Bertha, or Friga, of the northern mythology on one occasion allured a child to follow her to a doorway in a rocky hill by a bunch of cowslips. When the key flower touched it, it opened, and the child passed with its supernatural guide from room to room of the enchanted castle rock, filled with vases containing great stores of gold and jewels, and covered over with cowslips. The child was allowed to help itself from the gold and jewels, but in coming away it had to replace the cowslip coverings, otherwise a black dog would rush out and worry her. Mythologists are accustomed to interpret this legend as a personification of the return of spring each year; and certainly no fairer key than the golden cowslip could be used by nature to unlock the kingdom of heaven or earth and scatter her floral jewels over the earth.—Teachings of Plant Life.

Passports in Russia.

In Russia a child 10 years old cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers, and for every one of the above passports a charge of some kind is made.

Cutting Bar Iron by Dynamite.

The dexterity that men acquire in the control of powerful agencies is exemplified in the varied uses to which mining engineers put the high explosives which they are constantly handling. One of the uses of dynamite which is most surprising to a lay mind is that by which the saw and cold chisel have been done away with in the handling of bar iron. When an engineer wants a piece of bar iron or steel of a certain length for any purpose about the mine, he does not stop now to cut it through with saw or chisel. A dynamite cap does the work in a jiffy.

Poverty keeps many a man from making a fool of himself.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Trick Candies.

The trick cigar has its counterpart in confectionery," said a candy manufacturer the other day. "The callow youth who delights in giving explosive cigars to his man friends demands something similar for the candy-consuming sex, and we have to meet the demand."

"The possibilities of a cream chocolate or a piece of nougat are limited, but we have a few contrivances. We make of a very hard candy an imitation of a tooth with a gold crown, and hide it in a cream chocolate. You can imagine the rest—a party of women munching candy, one of them discovering something hard, and finding a gold-crowned tooth loose in her mouth!"

"Similarly, we imitate a bone collar button in a hard white candy, hide a candy shoe button in a piece of nougat, put a bit of cork in a caramel, or fill a candied cherry with red pepper. So long as the sanity experts don't weed out these alleged jokers the candy man has to put up these trick candies for them."

Do It Now.

"What shall I do now?" Do that thing you intend to do by and by, and can do now just as well. Don't put it off. "I must write a letter to John." Do it now. "I agreed to see Mrs. Smith about the social." Do it now. "I am going to ask John to sign the anti-cigarette pledge." Do it now. "I shall make a bookcase." Do it now. "I intend to gather all my books and have my own library." Do it now. "I am going to do something." Do it now. Do not let a moment fly. Do it now. Do not say, "Just by and by." Do it now. If you would be strong and true, If success would come to you, If you have a thing to do, Do it now.—Pluck.

In Good Company.

"Isn't it a shame, Abe?" asked his father. "You are the second year in one class."

Critically Exact.

"James," said mamma, apprehensively, "have you ever heard Hugh use any bad words?"

TO TEACH BOYS ON SHIPBOARD.

Not Merely Navigation but Full Commercial Course.

Lieutenant Commander C. H. Harlow, United States Navy, representing the National Preparatory School, has signed a contract for the construction of the ship Young America by the Perth Amboy Shipbuilding and Engineering Company. Commander Harlow is president of the school, G. H. Elswald, formerly a lieutenant in the navy, is general manager, and C. H. Howland, a naval academy graduate, is secretary and treasurer.

The Young America is to be of 3,000 tons displacement and 276 feet long over all. It will be a full-rigged ship on the old frigate lines, with auxiliary steam power, and will have a spar-deck, a main or school deck, a berth deck, an orlop deck and hold. The hull will be divided into five watertight compartments.

The school is designed to give an opportunity to 250 young men to secure a thorough course preparatory to going to college or embarking in business, on a safe, comfortable ship, instead of on land. There will be a corps of twenty-five instructors, and the executive officer of the ship will be an officer of the United States navy, detailed for the service under the provisions of the United States navigation laws. As far as practicable, all the officers will be United States Naval Academy graduates. The actual work of the ship will be done by a crew of seamen, mechanics and servants, and the cadets will not be required to assist.

In addition to the usual preparatory course of schools, says the New York Times, the students in the nautical school will be thoroughly drilled in seamanship and navigation. The ship will be governed by the discipline and regulations of the navy. The complete four years' course will include cruises to every maritime country of the world, involving an itinerary of over 100,000 miles. Opportunity will be given for direct observation of the commercial customs and commercial relations of various nations, supplemented by lectures and a course of readings in economics and commercial law.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce, United States navy, is chairman of the Board of Trustees. The other members are: L. C. Welr, S. M. Felton, R. M. Thompson, J. W. Miller, William F. King, William MacAdoo, the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickey, and Robert S. Sloan.

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