

# White Hand

## A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

For some moments Simon gazed upon the fair girl in utter astonishment. He was at a loss to understand whether she was making fun of him, or whether she was in earnest. But had he reflected for a moment upon the character of the lovely girl as he knew it, he would have known that she could not descend to sport with his feelings. Then he still might suppose her to be jesting, chucking down his indignation, "you know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and I will give you mine. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not refuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff, and then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon—don't talk so silly now. It's foolish in you to do so. I do really begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so much—truly, I don't!"

"Then you will never love me?"

"Why, I love you now, cousin. I have always loved you. Why will you be so foolish?"

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness. You have done this to me. Now, in mercy, take my dagger and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed, and let my soul escape the agony it endures while near thee when thou art not near me!"

"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maiden, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony. "I can't be your wife; I never can. So there's an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish talk."

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly asked Louise, as soon as he could so far recover from his other amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in surprise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well—exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years ago, and I never broke it. Now, at this moment Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she started up.

"You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you won't think anything more of this—will you? But off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can and then come out and join us in our social enjoyment. There—he calls again. Here I am—coming!" And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl slipped out from the room.

For some moments, Simon looked like one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing, as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made his brain reel. Then he started back again and clenched both his fists.

"By heaven!" he uttered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmly by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp—that wealth which I have looked upon as mine, now wrested from me? For years I've cherished this fond hope—this picture of wealth, and now it must not be hidden away from me. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all—they shall not!"

### CHAPTER V.

A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the morning repulse he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it, and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Goupard and Louise started off on a hunting expedition. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting shirts, so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the hearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they hoped there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and they were creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupard, "here are his tracks." He looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden start caused Goupard to ask him its cause.

"That's the track of a man," said Louise.

"Some of the negroes have been out here," suggested Goupard.

"No, no," returned the other. "They have not been out here to-day."

"But that may have been made yesterday, or several days ago."

"No," said Louise, still gazing upon the track. "This was made to-day. Just look, and you will see that these tracks are still damp on the upper edge, where the foot has pressed them up. These other tracks, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then here—see this broken twig; now where it has been pressed down. Now look!" And as he spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed the place where it laid was perfectly dry, whereas, had it lain there even overnight, its bed would have been damp.

"Then there's been an Indian here, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, never mind. Let's secure this deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louise."

"Very well, please away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring him down."

Accordingly, Goupard brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment more he fired. The noble animal gave a leap backward, and while he stood for a moment as though about to start on, Louise fired, but even as he pulled the trigger the deer gave a leap forward and plunged headlong upon the earth.

"Your ball killed him, Goupard!" cried Louise, as the two started forward to-

gether. And it was found to be even so. Goupard's bullet having entered just back of the shoulder, and of course penetrated the heart.

Louise had made a wound for the purpose of bleeding the animal, and Goupard was kneeling by its side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull "chuck" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them. With a quick start, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"What a strange," uttered Goupard, starting back. "What does it mean?"

"I'll find out," returned Louise, calmly. "But don't show your pistols, for they know we've discharged our rifles, and the hope to take us at a disadvantage."

"What now, red brethren? What seek ye here?"

The Indians consulted a moment together, and then one of them advanced a single pace, and replied:

"We seek the white chief and his friend. We would speak with them kindly."

"Then why did you send that arrow at us?"

"We saw you not then. Only the head of the deer."

Now Louise simply knew that they were lying to him, and as this became apparent he knew that they meant him harm. "If you have anything to say to us, say it at once," he said.

"Let our white brothers not fear. If they will only tell us what we shall be to their good."

"I will speak with my friend," and thus saying, Louise turned towards his companion.

"Goupard," he said, speaking quickly, "in a low tone, those are Chicksaws, and they mean to take us prisoners. In all probability they hope for a high ransom from my father for us. We have two pistols each. You never missed your mark yet in my sight. Are you nervous steady now?"

"As a nerve steady now?"

"A nerve steady now?" returned Goupard, not a little surprised to see how calm and fearless his youthful companion was. "Then have them in readiness, and mind my word, for I know those fellows well. Let keep your rifle, for you'll need it for a while."

Next Louise turned to the Indians and said:

"We have concluded not to follow you; but if you have anything to tell us, we will listen."

"This, the red men conversed together again for a few moments, and then, with quick, wild gestures, and a low howl, not unlike the voice of a hungry wolf, they sprang forward with their tomahawks uplifted. In all probability they supposed this would be sufficient to awe the white youths into immediate submission. The pale boy they thought an easy prey, and very likely they knew that the other was a newcomer into the country, and hence imagined that their tomahawk would be a fearful anticlimax to strike him with terror.

"Non!" whispered Louise. "You take the two men on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste a ball!"

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hour after hour, and day after day, had they practiced together at pistol shooting, and their aim was as quick as it was sure. The two white men staggered, and on the last instant, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm. Three of their number were shot through the head and had fallen, while the fourth had received a ball in his neck and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupard and Louise saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward, and in a few moments more the six Indians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the work they had done, and then Louise turned to his companion and said:

"If we're killed 'em all, we shall never know surely what this meant."

"Are these two last ones dead, think you?" returned Goupard. "They may be only stunned."

"Well, see; but I think you'll find the one I struck with his brains rather disturbed."

And so it proved with both of them, for upon examination it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged they heard a growl close at hand, and on turning they saw that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a living tomb, the position of a tree, and was now trying to work further around, so as to get his face towards the west. Both Louise and Goupard hastened to him at once, when they found that he had received a ball through the neck.

"What a wretch he is!"

"Stop," uttered Louise, as his companion started towards the brook. And then turning to the dying Indian, he said:

"If we'll get you water and turn your eyes to the setting sun, will you tell me 'I will—I will!'"

The water was brought in Goupard's canteen, and upon drinking, the poor fellow seemed to revive. Goupard bound up his neck, which was bleeding profusely, and just as he had finished the job the Indian put out his weakening arm, and laid his hand upon Louise's shoulder.

"The pale boy has the heart of a great warrior. He would not have escaped us had he not been brave as we are."

"But why did you try to do this?" asked Louise. "Remember now, you promised to speak truly."

"White man brought gold here, and we have learned to love it. Much gold had been sent out, and we—The Indian stopped, for he was weak, and he made a sign that they should turn his face towards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so."

"Look ye!" cried Louise, grasping him by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupard stood by reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in the earth and you shall be buried with your head down. You know very well where you'll go to then. Now tell us, who sent you to kill us?"

"We didn't want to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and with difficulty.

"But who sent you to capture him? Remember—head down!"

"You had a better letter, had you? Remember—head down! That man was our chief, he knew."

"But you know something. Tell me all, or as sure as I live, you go in feet up!" white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the eagle's nest."

"Speak plainer! Tell me—"

Louise stopped, for he saw that the death shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the now heavy hand, the body fell over sideways upon the turf.

"Is he dead?" asked Goupard.

"Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our means of arriving at it are concerned.

Goupard, there's something here we had better understand!"

But St. Denis knew not what to reply, for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. He the two hunters stood for some moments and gazed upon the dead man in silence.

"Well," said Louise, after a while, "let's leave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our vision, and then start for home, for we've had an adventure enough for one day. You begin now to see some of our Louisiana life. How do you like it?"

St. Denis gazed upon his companion some moments in silent admiration, and then he said:

"O, this is much better than nothing, though one year would be often enough for such sport."

"So it would. But now for our other game."

They went to where the deer still lay, and having reloaded the skin from the head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home.

(To be continued.)

### CASEY'S HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Had a Bad Case in a Hostile Indian Country.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medford mines, was one of a party of old-time New Mexicans who happened to congregate at Clifton a short time ago, and naturally fell to telling stories of their early life. At last it came Casey's turn, and the Clifton Era reports his version of a thrilling experience with the Indians. The reminiscence was called forth by a comment upon Casey's snow-white hair.

Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were killed by the Indians in the Burro Mountains—'83 or '84, I've forgotten which. It was some time after that affair, however, when things had quieted down a bit.

I had been in the hills, and was returning to Silver City through the Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle, tied him to a tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, and how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve or fifteen Indians. They all carried weapons, and had them in their hands.

Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move—I was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the Indians, and they looked at me. I felt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that it was standing straight up.

I thought of every mean thing I had done in my life. Pray! No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me, and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me, and I looked at them.

Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd today, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one or two other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was too sick to try to get away from them.

Presently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader. After the others had all gone he addressed me in good English and said: "Good day, Dan Casey!" How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit and he could read, as many of them can.

After he had gone I sat still there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. Then like a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and, though my horse was sick, I beat all records to Silver City.

I have been blown up in a mine, and had my body crushed with dynamite caps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and inside of a year it was as white as it is now."

**Title of the Finder.**  
Information concerning the law of finding may be useful on some occasion. The finder has a clear title against all the world but the owner, and the proprietor of a coach or railway car or ship has no right to demand anything which may have been found upon his property or premises. Such proprietors may make regulations with regard to found property with their employees, but they cannot bind the public. The law was declared by the highest court more than one hundred years ago, on which the facts were: A person found a wallet containing some money on a shop floor. He returned it to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them up on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held as above set forth, that "against all the world but the true owner the title of the finder is perfect."

**Benefit of the Bute Docks.**  
The late Lord Bute owned the Bute docks at Cardiff, which cost nearly £4,000,000 to complete. The construction of these docks had a magic effect on the little township of Caer-Taff. In the first half of the last century Cardiff added only 10,000 to its population of 2,000 in 1800, but to-day it has a still growing population of over 130,000, while its export trade exceeds that of London and Liverpool.

**What Dreams Come.**  
Robbs-Old Titevaded is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.

Dobbs-Doce he fear burglars?  
"No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money."—Baltimore American.

**Paid in Compensation.**  
The railways of Great Britain pay £1,400 a day on an average, in compensation, as against £100 a day in 1850.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The hour was on us; where the man? The faithful mans infatigable ran, And by the way tears.

Our pastoral captain, furth he came As one that answers to his name: Now dressed in his high blue coat, His work low fair and large—

To set the stones back in the wall, Let the divided loaves should fall, And peace from men depart, Hope in the chamber hear.

We looked on him; "The he," we said, "Come crowder and unsharred, The shepherd who will keep, The flock, will fold the sheep."

Unhappily, you, yet 'twas the men "Blessed are the mercies, Some hope of his wars, Who weareth up the stars."

Nor would he take the part between His hands, wife valar's tablets clean, "Blessing greatness, Till he stand at the gate;

Nor would he cramp to one small head The awful laurels of the dead, His slightly stagey cup, And drink all honor up.

No butter of the banners bold, Horse by the lusty sons of old, The haughty conquerors, Nor his their hairs, their pagantries, Their eyes, their hair, not his, Humbly he came to keep, The flocks, to fold the sheep.

The need come not without the man; The practical how to unfetter ran, And up the way of tears, He came into the years,

Our pastoral captain, skilled to cook The spear into the printing book, The sword into the pen, Lincoln, American.

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### HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED GOING TO DECAY.

The rapid decay of the house in Washington in which Abraham Lincoln died is attracting public attention, and it is probable that something will be done to preserve it. It contains the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics, and until recently was in the care of private tenants, who charged a small admission fee to visitors. Now it is in the care of a society, but nothing has been done to preserve or repair the walls or the interior. The house is directly across the street from the site of Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was shot.

The demand for an additional body-guard around the White House recalls an incident of the civil war within the memory of many residents. During the exciting period of '63 great fears were entertained for the safety of the President, and every precaution was taken to insure his personal protection.

One morning there appeared at the White House a woman, closely veiled, demanding an immediate interview with Mr. Lincoln. Approaching Messenger Perkins, who guarded the door of Mr. Lincoln's private office, the visitor made known her request and pleaded earnestly that she be admitted to a personal interview. The doorkeeper's orders were, however, very strict, and finding her eloquence all in vain, she finally compromised by confiding her message to the courteous but firm employe. Taking him to one side, the veiled lady took both his hands in hers and tenderly rubbed them as she extracted a promise that he would immediately deliver her request to the President. Perkins was almost overcome by a most peculiar odor that appeared to emanate from the woman's person, and hastened to get rid of her without creating a scene.

No sooner had he accomplished this than he confided to one of the household effect produced upon him while in conversation with the important visitor. A physician who was recent promptly diagnosed the truth and instituted a search for the woman, when it was learned that she had driven rapidly away in a carriage, and all traces were lost. Perkins was immediately ordered to return to his home and await developments.

Within the usual period he was taken ill with one of the worst cases of vertigo which did that for me. When I lay at the point of death. Upon his recovery the faithful messenger, whose devotion to duty doubled when he learned the President was appointed by Mr. Lincoln to a permanent position on the clerical force of the War Department, which office he has continued to hold up to date.

A man who heard Abraham Lincoln speak in Norwich, Conn., some time before he was nominated for President, was greatly impressed by the closely knit logic of the speech. Meeting him next day on a train, he asked him how he acquired his wonderful logical powers and such acuteness in analysis. Lincoln replied: "It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me. When I was a young man I went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer's business is largely to prove things. I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. What constitutes proof? No evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? I groaned over the question, and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought, 'what use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved? So I gave it up, and went back home. Soon after I returned to the old log cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion of what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I therefore began, at the beginning, and before long I had gone through the old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition in the book. Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know when a thing is proved?' and I answered, 'Yes, sir, I do.' Then you may go back to the law shop; and I went."

Lincoln's Logie.

Too Many Bills.

Lead Needn't be asked me if he could be my valentine."

"That there was too much postage due on him."

### NEW WAY TO KILL SNAKES.

Squirrels Have Devised a Method of Getting the Best of a Snake.

A new condition of animal life has developed on Indian Island, in the State of Maine, as the Indians who inhabit the island never kill anything they do not eat, and as they eat neither squirrels nor snakes, both of these species have multiplied greatly of late years, and they have become as common as grasshoppers and as unafraid of man.

It came about in this way: The natural food of the large striped snake consists of insects with snail and then a plump frog or a toad for a holiday feast. As the Indians do not kill snakes—unless they are very hungry—the reptiles increased so fast on the island that all the frogs and toads and most of the insects were exterminated, compelling the snakes to eat chipmunks or starve.

They chose the chipmunks. Though these small squirrels are found all over the island, they are most plentiful in the little cemetery at the south end.

The big striped snakes soon learned where game was thickest and began to make raids upon the undefended holes of the squirrels, catching them by the legs as they passed in and out, swallowing them whole as they do frogs.

For five or six years the struggle for mastery between the chipmunks and the snakes was a hard one.

The ratio between the two was decidedly in favor of the snakes, and the chipmunks were in a fair way to be wiped out, when an inventive squirrel discovered a way of killing the snakes without fighting them.

While a snake will enter any hole in the ground that is large enough to receive its body, no snake has yet been able to dig a hole for itself, and whenever a snake is plugged inside of a hole that snake remains where it is until it dies of starvation.

Somewhat the chipmunks learned this weak spot in the defense of snakes and they began offensive operations. Every day they went leaping among the graves and snuffing at the holes to learn if there were snakes inside. As soon as one was discovered the squirrels carried earth in their cheek pouches until the hole containing the snake was filled with earth and beaten down level with the grass.

They kept close watch for prying snakes for two or three years in succession, and last summer there was hardly a large snake to be found on the island, while the chipmunks had increased so rapidly that they ate up many of the growing crops upon which the Indian depended for cash bounties from the State.

In digging among the graves of their ancestors to rid the island from a pest of chipmunks the Indians unearthed hundreds of dead snakes which had been buried alive by the squirrels. Then the world was enlightened as to a new way of killing snakes.

"LIKE 30 CENTS."

How a Current Slang Phrase Started on Its Travels.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but once in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it is certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting anything small, mean and contemptible in one's own sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer, who sometimes practices in New York:

"There is a vagrant law in New York under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that State that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has 'visible means of support.' Now there is no law in New York except the vagrant law under which pool sellers and gamblers may be held. Shortly after the decision just mentioned was formulated two gamblers were captured in a raid and taken to the Tenderloin station house. They sent for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. 'It will never do to make any show of money here,' he said. 'Give me your rolls.' They handed their wads over to him and he gave each of them a quarter and a nickel, with instructions to produce the coins when he asked them to do so in court.

"When their cases were called the lawyer got them off on the plea that they were not vagrants, each having the legal amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of his clients a messenger entered the court and required the lawyer's presence at the Supreme Court. He left without seeing his clients, and they wended their way to the nearest saloon.

"How do you feel?" said one.

"I feel like thirty cents," said the other, "and probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it."

"And that's how that phrase was started in its travels."—New York Mail and Express.

**Snuff-Taking.**  
In 1712 the London Spectator complained of snuff-taking as an impertinent custom adopted by fine women and equally disgusting whether practiced sedately or coquetishly. Some used the box only as a means of displaying their pretty hands; but the thorough-paced woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon and freely offered her best Brazilian to friends of either sex and asked the church warden to take a pinch as she dropped her money into the collecting plate. Thus for a time the snuffbox was as much a part of the "fine lady's" toilet as the fan itself.

More than once the snuffbox has played an important part in political life. After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with snuff scented with violets—his favorite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favored they would offer a pinch and significantly ask, "Do you like this perfume?"

Talleyrand always said that diplomats ought to take snuff, as it affords a pretext for delaying a reply and gave opportunities for covering any involuntary expression of emotion.

### Lincoln

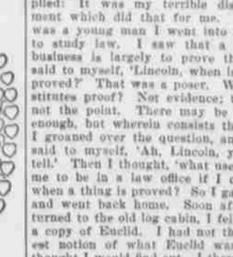
BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809.

"Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

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