

# White Land

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 now."

"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 cherished, none other has ever come. I have cherished your sweet face, and in humble prayer have begged that I might see you once more on earth. And, at times, my soul has been wild enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most beloved thought of all—life with you, the dear loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed not that I was near to thee. But I found you, and here I stand before you 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 understand," said St. Denis, as the maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for life itself at his hands, against his noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him and he bids me take you?"

"Then I am by his permission only what he bids me be," said Louise.

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 hearts were hung. It was already dusk when they reached the hall, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brian 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 in diamonds? 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 a 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 of my love for Louise. I rather stronger than for any one else."

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and, while his 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 have been the one whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing old, 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 is going to the man for me. I will not have discussion, and so we keep peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous. I do not 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 remaining all the winter here, and 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?"

"Nothing," said the old man.

"Let me look at you!" And this speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the entry; 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 showering 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 doubtful young man had entertained, and that was the arrival of Simon Lobola 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 Fort Rosalie.

Lobola 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 Languet sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had not been for some months upon a mission among the Yacocs; 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 Louise had been playing at childish games, and as they went out and snuffed up the sweet, balmy air of the beautiful evening, Louise clasped 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 called Louise 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

joyous 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 tunefully out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the distant forest.

Away 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 heaving to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in a 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 reached 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, listening to the merry voices from within. Soon one of them arose to his feet. He was in the shade of the wall, but yet his many colored paint upon his dark skin could be seen, and the dusky-browed warrior was no more concealed. They were all a score of them—painted to some fantastic manner, 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 key of the forest by the key of St. Julien's gate?

The shouts now come from the garden. Hark! Yes—they are all there upon the other side of the house. They have just found Goupert, and are now dragging him forth from his hiding place.

Carefully the Indian turns the key in the lock, but the gate is fastened within. The heavy bolt has been surely thrown back, and yet the gate opens not. But there is no time to be lost. The red men whispered together a moment, and then one of them bends upon his knees, and when a second has mounted upon his shoulders he arises. They are both tall men, but he who stands upon his companion's shoulders cannot quite reach the top of the stout planks. Another man stands firmly by the side of the lower one and then he places his own foot upon the second man's shoulders, and thus offered him. Now a third man springs nimbly up, and having mounted upon the shoulders of him who stands thus elevated, he gains the top of the barricade, and in a moment more he drops upon the ground sitting cross-legged. The postern is opened and six men enter, leaving the remaining ones without, and then the gate is almost closed, and thus held, so that it can be opened when need comes.

Away towards the stable these specters glide, and soon they are hidden; for they, too, will play at the game that the pale faces have set on foot.

Many times had Goupert hidden, and so many times had he been easily found. And now he—and the marquis chose to hide together, and after a deal of shouting, the brother and sister pluck them out from behind the thick cluster of vines that grew against the garden fence. Next Louise and Louise scamper away, laughing and clapping their hands, for the utter delight of the father, when they perceived that he had them, has warmed them into almost a frenzy of joy.

"Stop—stop!" cried the marquis, as his children start. "Isn't it becoming too damp for you Louise?"

"No, no! Never fear for me."

"You shall have a job before you get on the grass, and I fear you'll take cold."

"No, no, father!" cries the joyous girl. "Don't let the first chill frighten you."

"Well—go this once, and then we'll go in. I'm growing chill and cold."

"Ay—you shall have a job before you find us. Now watch for the word."

Away they went towards the barn, and as they turned the angle of the house, and were thus lost to sight, Goupert remarked:

"It is growing cold."

"Ay," murmured the old man. "This dew is falling fast, for I can feel the dampness on my feet. While we were excited I did not feel it. But I can stand it, only I feared that Louise might take some cold; and you know that would not do."

"No," said Goupert—and the tone of his voice showed that he, too, had entertained some fears. "Hark!" he added. "I think I heard them call. Ah, they're going some deep hiding place this time, for I heard the voice as though it were stifled. But we'll find them. Come!"

And away they ran towards the point from which the voice had proceeded. They searched all around the barn, under the cart, in the straw, behind the doors; and then they went to the stable, and there they overhauled everything they could move, the old man even morning a board that lay against the fence.

"They must have slipped around into the garden," said Goupert.

"And so I did," said Louise, as she turned. They hunted and hunted, but the hiders could not be found.

"It's getting too late," said the marquis, at length. "I think I must call them."

"I'll give up in welcome," returned Goupert. "I'm sure I should never find them. Shall I call to them?"

"Yes."

No Goupert shouted that he gave up the game.

"I give up," he cried, at the top of his voice. "Louise!"

He waited a few moments, expecting to be assailed with a burst of joking at his want of success. The smile was already on his face, and the exclamation with which he meant to utterance. But no one came.

"They could not have heard," suggested St. Julien.

"Ah," uttered Goupert, "they must have gone into the house."

"So they have," said the father. "That's hardly fair. They ought to have spoken to us. But we'll find some way to punish them."

They then went into the house, but neither was there.

"Why, it's funny—Isn't it, Goupert?"

"It is, surely."

"I'll put up some of the boys."

And accordingly, half a dozen of the men were sent out in different parts of the enclosure to inform the hiders that the game was up. But they returned bootless. It was old Tony who announced that they couldn't be found. The marquis gazed upon Goupert, and Goupert gazed upon the marquis, and thus they stood for some moments.

"Do you think any danger can have befallen them?" whispered the youth, with a trembling lip.

"I don't think there could," returned the old man, nervously. "But we must search."

In a very few moments the whole household was in alarm. The startling adventure with the Indians some time before had prepared the minds of the people for an easy access of fear, and as soon as it was known that Louise and Louise were not to be found, consternation was depicted upon every face. Huge bundles of pitch-wood were always kept in readiness to be used in case of alarm; and at night, when some of these were lighted, and soon the whole household were in the wide court. They divided at the bars,

and in fifteen minutes they all met there again. But they had found nothing.

Pale and trembling, the old man turned to the gate. It was locked, but the bolts were not shot. He called for the key. Tony had it, and the postern was soon swung open, and the torches flashed out upon the broad hillside back of the buildings. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry from old Tony startled the party, and quick as thought, Goupert was by his side.

"What is it?" the latter asked.

"See that foot!" the black man gasped, trembling like an aspen.

"What of it?"

"It had no heel! It is the print of a moccasin!"

While the people were crowding about the spot, one of the women found an arrow, and in a moment more a moccasin was picked up.

"The Chickasaws!" exclaimed Tony, as soon as he saw the moccasin.

"O heaven!" gasped Brian 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 penning 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 look 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 on 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!

(To be continued.)

## HIGHTS OF HARLECH.

### WHERE SPIRIT AND PRIDE OF WALES WERE MANIFESTED.

The Ideal Castle of Childhood's Imagination Which Was Built by King Edward I.—Its Stout and Brave Defense by Dafyd ap Elinon.

High up on the rocky coast of Merionethshire, Wales, on a lofty eminence magnificently commanding mountains and sea, in plain sight of the vessels which run into Cardigan bay from St. George's channel, stands the ideal castle of childhood's tongue.



EDWARD I OF ENGLAND.

Invasion. Overpoweringly massive in Harlech, whose appearance of solidity and impregnability is typical of the strength of the chieftains of Wales before Llewellyn was compelled to surrender to the superior force and resources of Edward I of England. The square shoulders and round towers of the castle did not come into being until after that important event. Indeed, the structure owes its existence to the genius of the great monarch whose name the present ruler of Great Britain bears. But there have been events in its history which the Welsh, as well as the English, point to with pride. Most memorable of all heroic ep-



HERE BEGAN "THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH."

isodes connected therewith was the defense of Harlech by Dafyd ap Elinon, a chieftain whose courage and prowess are told in song and poetry by the bards of Cambria. English supremacy in Wales, established by Edward I, had gradually weakened and eventually decayed, while Englishmen were fighting each other in the wars of the Lancasters and the Yorks. After the defeat, however, of the former at Northampton in 1469, Edward IV, sought to re-establish the stout kingdom of his noted ancestor. Within eight years he became master of all England and practically all of Wales. Three strongholds of the Cambrians were still out of his possession and seemed impossible of conquest. Strongest of these was Harlech. Within its walls was Dafyd, supported by several hundred men who knew no fear and who deemed the honor of their people a sacred trust reposed in their keeping. When King Edward sent Sir William Hubert against Dafyd to compel his surrender, that officer encountered an experience which challenges Hannibal's crossing of the Alps. For days the soldiers of the King marched over mountains and crawled through narrow passes, with yawning abysses yawning death, but eventually they invested the place. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and brother of the King, was sent forward to order the immediate surrender of the castle. Dafyd replied: "I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it,

and now the old women of France shall hear how I defend this castle." It was impossible to reduce the stronghold, except by famine. This means was tried and finally Richard secured its surrender by promising to intercede with Edward to spare the heroic defender. The King was indignant when this request was brought to him and refused to grant it.

"Then, sire," said Richard, when the King continued to swear he would show no mercy, "you may, if you please, take my life in lieu of the Welsh chieftain's. If you do not, I will most assuredly set Dafyd back in his castle and your highness may send whom you please to take him out."

The King relented and Dafyd was permitted his life. It is the evacuation of this fortress which is perpetuated in the music of "The March of the Men of Harlech."

### Edward I. Its Builder.

Harlech was built in the latter part of the twelfth century by King Edward I of England, who has been described by some historians as the greatest of all English monarchs. From an early age he became famous throughout Christendom as the bravest and most successful of actual warriors during the contest between his father and the barons from 1258 to 1267. In the nine years of the struggle his character became matured and his experience ripened. He then ranked among the first knights, generals and statesmen of the day.

Edward was proclaimed King of England in 1272. Within a few years he determined to extend his power over Wales and Scotland. Llewellyn was then Prince of Wales, when Edward sent word to him to come and do homage to the wearer of the crown. Llewellyn thrice sent back word that he would rather not. Edward thereupon went with his fleet to the coast of Wales and compelled Llewellyn to flee to the mountains of Snowdon, where he starved him into a treaty of peace. Believing he had reduced Wales to obedience, the King returned to England. The spirit of the Welsh was aroused, however, by acts of insolence on the part of Edward's subjects, and, headed by Prince David, brother of Llewellyn, they rose in revolt like one man. Edward returned to Wales. For months and months the people of the rocky coast held out against the forces of the King, but Llewellyn was captured and brutally beheaded, and



TRAINING WILD ANIMALS

CERTAINLY in few fields has the progress been more rapid than in the care and training of wild beasts for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Of course it is natural that, with the growth of knowledge and experience in their handling, the treatment has become more humane, and the methods by which they are schooled have undergone the most radical changes. The man who has charge of a modern animal spectacle calls himself a trainer, rather than a tamer; and he is really a teacher in every sense of the word. He must be a man of fearlessness, to be sure, but he must also possess the magnetic qualities, the quick understanding and the ready sympathy which characterize the successful teacher of men. Indeed, it is something of a commentary on human educational systems that the trainer of animals is selected with more care and receives a much larger reward than the instructor of men and boys.

Then, too, he has this advantage over the public-school instructor—he chooses his pupils slowly and with an eye to their future. Indeed, the most important factor in attaining a complete and interesting exhibition is the choice of the animals who are to form the nucleus of the show. For this purpose the very young are always given the preference, and those born in captivity are obtained whenever they are physically perfect specimens of their kind, though the domesticated beasts are not numerous. Such cubs are always tamer to start with, and their attention is much more easily fixed. They do not have the far-away, long look which can be seen in the eyes of a desert-bred lion. They have never learned to strike and to exit in the face of quivering flesh beneath their paws.

As soon as a cub is able to crawl around its cage, the trainer gets acquainted with it and feeds it and shows it that it has only kindness to expect while its behavior is good. When it is four or five months old, easy tricks are undertaken—sitting on a chair, lying down and rising at command, playing with a ball, and so on. At first, the trainer devotes all his time to a single animal until he has impressed it with his ability to control and direct its movements. Then an older, thoroughly trained animal of the same breed is introduced, partly for the example it can set in illustrating how the more difficult tricks are done and partly to accustom the cub to association with his kind. Many a trainer bears deep and permanent scars as a reward for performing the first introduction or for offering to arbitrate early differences of opinion between two future friends.

The hardest task of all is to accustom animals of one kind even to tolerate the presence in the same cage of animals of another kind, and months of patient effort are necessary before a newly assembled aggregation of animal actors will perform even the simplest combined tricks. The make-up of such an assemblage must be carefully studied out, for the methods of teaching vary with each new combination of animals.

Their health, too, is a matter of

never-ending anxiety, and gives a trainer more trouble than the Impresario feels over that of his high-salaried opera singers. If an actress is indisposed, her understudy can take the part at a moment's notice; but these animal actors have no understudies, and the omission of a beast or even his chair or pedestal from an act often disconcerts all the performers. On the other hand, to compel a sick animal to perform sometimes turns the act into a tragedy for the trainer; for if he once turns his back on his charges, and fees for safety, he may never be able to control them again, and if he stays to face the trouble, serious wounds may result. Once let a beast see that you fear him, and discipline is destroyed; and, indeed, a crisis in which a trainer flees or is rescued by helpers as a rule works so on his nerves that even if he should wish to enter the cage the secret that he feared his beasts would be discerned by them in spite of all he could do, and his mastery of them would be lost. Sometimes it happens that a trainer releases his caution or commits an error of judgment. Many a trainer takes desperate chances because he or she had become fascinated by the beauty of a particular lion and has determined to master it at whatever risk.

Almost all animals have more discernment than they are usually given credit for. They fix the responsibility for their discomfort where it belongs, and harbor grudges long after a trainer has forgotten the entire incident which aroused them. The greatest factor in the safety of a trainer and the success of the show as a whole is the health of the animals, and this is dependent directly on food and exercise. In its natural state a wild beast kills when it is hungry, eats what is good for it, and fasts until hungry again, but in captivity it seems to lose its judgment, and if given the opportunity will usually indulge in gluttony, or, in some instances, deliberately starve itself.

Very few proprietors of great shows capture beasts through their own agents. The organization of their business, with the mass of detail—advertising, transportation and finance—occupies all their time. Most of the animals now in captivity, therefore, are purchased of dealers who make this business a specialty.

There is a great deal of financial risk involved in a large business of buying and selling wild beasts. Risks must be carefully figured, and profit from sales and loss from deaths must be constantly kept in mind and balanced. Purchases are often made on the spot where an animal is captured, and the buyer stands the risk of transportation. The way in which a beast can bear a rough sea voyage plays a great part in determining its value. Even after its safe arrival, there is a continual liability to colds and disease. The loss from deaths, even among the animals safely installed in such a menagerie as that of Jamrach in Hamburg, is rarely less than seven hundred to a thousand dollars a month.—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in the Cosmopolitan.

## PROTECTING THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

To the average American, the precautions taken to protect the Sultan of Turkey against possible poisoning must seem utterly absurd, yet long experience has taught those who surround the Imperial presence that too many safeguards cannot be hedged about.

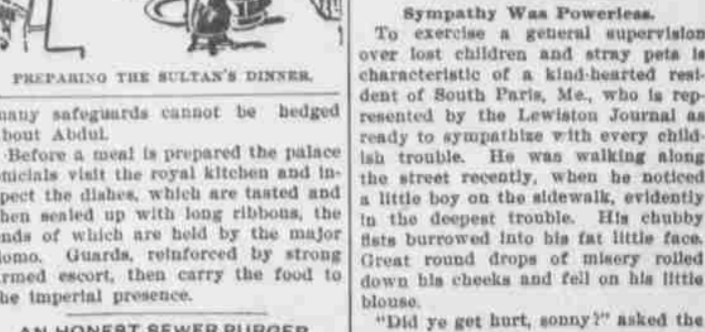
Before a meal is prepared the palace officials visit the royal kitchen and inspect the dishes, which are tasted and then sealed up with long ribbons, the ends of which are held by the major domo. Guards, reinforced by strong armed escort, then carry the food to the Imperial presence.

AN HONEST SEWER PURGER.

Surprised Bank of England Managers by Appearing Among Its Treasurers.

The strong room of the Bank of England, which probably contains more treasure than any other inclosure in the world, was once entered by a humble sewer cleaner and the directors of the institution knew nothing about it till a watchman who had accidentally stumbled upon the intruder informed them of his presence.

"You think you are all safe behind your bank is safe," wrote the man, "but I know better. I been inside the bank the last 2 sate hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am not a thief, so hif yer will meet me in the great square room, with all the monies at twelf 2 sate, I'll explain it to you, let only there 2 come down, and say nuffin to nobody." The strong room was guarded the next night, in spite of a disposi-



PREPARING THE SULTAN'S DINNER.

tion to regard the letter as a hoax, by police and—nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strong room arrived at the bank with a letter complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer and that he had, therefore, not appeared as promised, but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank. Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history a man with a dark lantern burst into the strong room of the bank at midnight after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights. He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.

Sympathy Was Powerless.

Over exercise a general supervision over lost children and stray pets is characteristic of a kind-hearted resident of South Paris, Me., who is represented by the Lewiston Journal as ready to sympathize with every childish trouble. He was walking along the street recently, when he noticed a little boy on the sidewalk, evidently in the deepest trouble. His chubby fists burrowed into his fat little face. Great round drops of misery rolled down his cheeks and fell on his little blouse.

"Did ye get hurt, sonny?" asked the kind-hearted man.

"No!" howled the boy.

"Lest?"

"No," with a wilder burst of sorrow.

"Where do you live?"

The boy pointed.

"Waiting for your dad?"

"No, Boohoo!"

"Well, then, what is the trouble?"

The boy sobbed bitterly, and answered in tones of anguish:

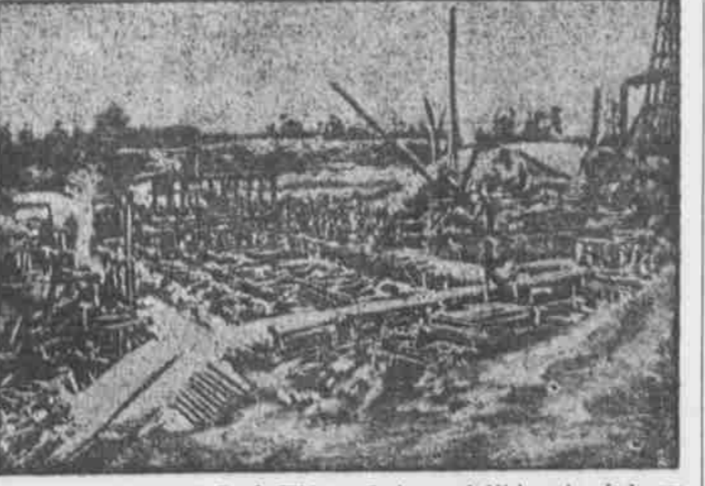
"I've got the tumme-achs."

After an unmarred woman has reached 25, and no takers, she regrets that she commenced to do her hair up and started out so early.

One thing a physician gets with a good practice is criticism.

How readily cheap men accuse others of "selling out!"

## GREAT DAM AT MISHAWAKA, IND.



The towns of South Bend, Elkhart, Goshen and Mishawaka, Ind., are soon to be supplied with more motive power from a big \$1,000,000 dam in course of construction on the St. Joseph River, about two miles above Mishawaka. The big engineering feat is to be completed early in the summer. It is a 10,000-foot power dam and will have a twenty-foot fall. The structure is to be built entirely of wood, and it is said something like 80,000,000 feet of lumber will be used in building the big concern. The river will be deflected from its channel through big sluices made of iron and concrete, while the dam is in actual course of construction.

Mishawaka already has one 5,000-horse power dam which furnishes power for several big manufacturing plants. The new dam will be built across the river where the banks are high, thus affording a fine fall. When the structure is completed it will back water up into Elkhart and increase the width of the river at that point considerably.