

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIII.

Several times had Louise suggested to Lappa the idea of her looking out about the town, but she had been informed that it would not be safe. The old negro was firm and unrepentant, but yet kind and considerate as far as her care of her charge's welfare was concerned. Louise had made some examination of the house in which she was confined, and she was satisfied that she could not escape from it without much labor and trouble. It was on the 6th day of her sojourn there that she was aroused from a fit of deep thought by the entrance of Simon Lohels. He came in with a worn smile upon his face, and after some remarks upon Louise's improved looks, he took a seat by her side. She did not shrink from him, nor did she seem afraid of him, but with a keen gaze she fixed her deep blue eyes upon him.

"Sweet cousin," he said, in a tone of extreme earnestness, "I have just been told that I should be the one to save you from the jaws of death? Why was I singled out?"

"Sweetly, Simon, it was because you, of all others, were in duty bound to save me," replied Louise.

"But how so?" the cousin asked, with a slight start, but quickly recovering himself.

"Why, because to you my father gave me in charge. Because you have received a handsome salary for taking care of me."

"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, with a cold bitterness. "I meant to play upon the past, my cousin. But then you are my dear 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. Must truly, for all of good you have ever done me I feel most dutifully grateful. For all your acts of kindness to me, you have my deep acknowledgments. For the moment imposed by the old-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 convalescence 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 Lohels, are you in earnest?"

"I am. A love such as mine cannot be cramped by the result of an answer. It has been cherished too long, and has become too deeply rooted. From one less loved I might have turned away under such a rebuff, but not from you. No, no, Louise, I have come now to ask that one question again. Remember now the debt you owe me; remember the double claim I now have."

"Double claim, Simon?"

"Ay—a double claim. First, the claim resulting from the care I have held for you since early childhood; and, second, the debt claim included in the very saving of your life."

"It was curious that you should have said 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.

"It 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. "And how strange that they should have vanished directly by the boat landing, where the whites would be sure to come if they crossed the lake—wasn't it?—especially when we consider what a reputation they have for shrewdness and cunning?"

"Simon Lohels, I am at this, and a perceptible tremor ran through his frame. But he recovered himself with an effort, in a few moments.

"It is strange," he said, "and I have often said so since. But I can see in it only the opportunity of pressing my claim to your heart and hand, upon more hopes of success. I must ask you now if you will accept the heart and hand I offer you?"

"Simon Lohels, you know I cannot do it," uttered Louise, in a firm, frank tone.

"Behave, Louise, I ask you kindly now. I confess my love and I beg of you to accept it."

"A husband's love from you I never can accept, Simon."

"Think carefully over you speak."

"But what mean you? I have thought carefully, and I have equally as carefully told you that yours I can never be. Now, what more can you ask?"

"I shall ask but little more," returned Simon, through his set teeth. "I am now in a position to command."

"Speak plainly, monsieur."

"Then, plainly—you must be my wife."

"But I shall simply apply to the Governor."

"That will help you none, for Perier is my friend, and has pledged me his assistance."

"But he will listen to the prayer of a helpless girl."

"Not when that prayer is prejudicial to the interest of his friend. He is anxious that all the marriageable females should be married as soon as possible. In short, my dear cousin, he has pledged me his word as a man, and as an officer, that you shall be my wife. Now what say you?"

"I should certainly say that he was a great scoundrel," returned Louise, regarding her companion with a fixed look.

"You are such a romantic!"

"Because I do not believe that you can be in earnest, monsieur."

"I am in earnest, Louise! and, moreover, 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," said the maiden, in a tone that would seem to indicate that she did not really credit the statement she had heard.

"I do mean it!" he replied, slowly and meaningly.

"Simon Lohels, 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 Lohels replied. There 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. But then he was not the man to break down now. He was not the man to give up the fruition of a hope that he had cherished with his very life for years. He was playing for a golden stake of immense value, and now that he held the leading hand, he meant to use it promptly, and without compromise of any kind.

"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 spinning the wreath 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 silent reflection, "I will be so cruel?"

"And it is 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 crucible I saw the soldiers playing with in the street this morning."

"Then I'll teach you to fear me!"

"You've done that already, monsieur."

"No more 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 did. 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. When he came here into this joyous wilderness, I came with him to help him. The thought came to me, as I beheld your mind expanding under my care, that at some future day I might possess your heart and hand, and thus the half of your father's fortune would be mine. So I strove to make you all I could, and the property I multiplied as far as possible. The wealth has grown in bulk under my care, and now I am not ready to give it up. I am not willing to see the hopes of a lifetime blasted just from the mere whim of a capricious girl."

"But do 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. He will demand a dissolution of the union between us."

"But 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 livres can remove the obligation."

"But no power can annul the marriage tie."

"Then mark me, Simon Lohels! I will buy my father that he let me live in penury and want, for, as your wife, my sorrow will have reached its climax; so you shall not thus gain the gold you covet."

"And now, Louise St. Julien! While your father withholds the half of his fortune from you, I will reduce you to such suffering as shall force me to bid you to prevent your father from taking your own life to end your tortures!"

"A few months of absence ensued, and then Simon said, in a softer tone:

"But let us drop this profligate talk. You will consider of this, and I know you will calmly settle down into a state of reasonable acquiescence. Now give me your answer. Will you become my wife without any further act of compulsion?"

"I should judge you had heard enough to know my mind."

"But I would know if I must compel you. Mind, now! My resolution is fixed. I have said the word, and am resolved to keep it, though you return, you may tell your father, if you please, that I compelled you to become my wife, but I shall not care. He cannot take you from me after the church has bound you to me, and if he seeks otherwise to harm me, he will still be my enemy upon the head of his own child. Your father gave me permission to seek your hand."

"I do not believe it, Simon."

"I care not for your belief. That he told me so is true, and now I have sought you, and you be my wife?"

"Never!"

"We shall see."

"And with this, the wretch strode from the apartment."

CHAPTER XIV.

It was nearly dark when Simon Lohels left his captive, and the poor girl waited in vain for the coming of her supper. Some time during the night she was startled from an uneasy, dreamy slumber by hearing a heavy tread in her room. There she sat up, and found a stout, dark-faced man by her side.

"Come," uttered one of them; "we are in a hurry."

In a gasping voice, Louise asked what was wanted.

"Never mind—only get ready to follow us as soon as possible. We'll find better quarters than this for ye."

"But—"

"Come!"

Louise asked no more questions, but quickly pushed up her scarf and drawing it over her head, she announced her readiness to accompany them. One of them took her by the arm, while the other, who held the lantern, went on in advance. They descended the stairs to the street, and having passed the distance of two squares, they stopped in front of a 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 three times as high as herself, which she pushed open. 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 three times as high as herself, which she pushed open. This door was opened, and the girl led in.

the afternoon, the dog of the end was opened and Simon Lohels 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 in prayer.

"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?"

"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 Lohels started with astonishment, and he cried, "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 from 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.

"If 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 a miserable. But, monsieur, you do not see my heart; you do not see the other wreck you have made there. A deep, dark sorrow, such as the soul utterly crushed, and the heart all help, 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, touching pathos in this speech that moved the hard-hearted man more than he dared acknowledge, even to himself, and he tried to banish the emotion.

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

A look of utter contempt stole over the fair girl's face as she gazed into the evil features of the bad man, for she knew how hollow all his professions were; and she knew, too, that such a means had need to bring her within his power.

(To be continued.)

ters and rations, equivalent to at least \$50 a month in shore employment. He is aided at all times, if he evinces an ambition to perfect himself in his profession, by instruction on board ship and in special schools established for the instruction of petty officers and advanced seamen, and is eligible under certain requirements to take the examination for warrant officers, positions ranking next after ensigns, and with pay ranging from \$1,200 in the first five years of service to \$1,800 after twenty years of service, with allowances and permanence of position and employment that makes the rank quite as satisfactory in a financial way as a very large proportion of the better-paid positions ashore. There is also the possibility of securing a commission as ensign within the past year by an ex-apprentice.—Washington Post.

ICE HARVEST

The harvesting of ice for a city such as Montreal is no mean proposition, even in the abstract, but for a moment we will enter into figures and see just what it means.

There have been harvested in the city during the present winter something like 100,000 tons of ice. Multiply this by 2,000 and we arrive at a total of 200,000,000 pounds. Divide this into the population of the city and outlying districts, allow for the necessary waste, and it is found that each man, woman and child consumes in the neighborhood of 500 pounds during the year. However, a great deal of this consumption is indirect, as it were, for in these figures come the restaurants, butchers and other large consumers of ice. The calculation is a fair one, however, for sooner or later the members of the community benefit thereby.

The ice upon which Montreal depends is drawn from several sources; for instance, the Back River furnishes some, the St. Lawrence below St.

one hoary old gray-beard told that he had been cutting ice every winter for twenty-five years, and as he worked the saw up and down through the blocks of blue crystal he really appeared to enjoy it, and that too in spite of the fact that the wind was blowing keen and strong over the St. Lawrence, making the footing anything but secure.

A cubic foot of ice weighs fifty-seven and one-half pounds. Cut that into quarters and the result is four very small pieces, hardly sufficient to fill an ordinary Derby hat four times over, and still each will weigh upward of fourteen pounds.—Montreal Star.



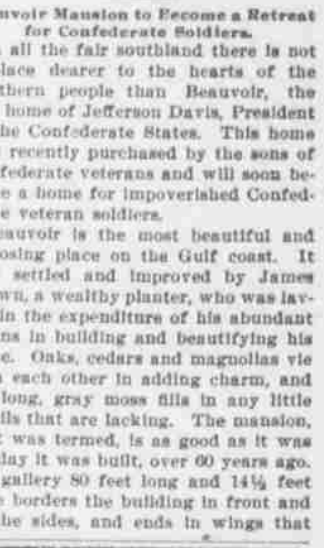
JEFFERSON DAVIS' OLD HOME.

Beauvoir Mansion to Become a Retreat for Confederate Soldiers.

In all the fair southland there is no place dearer to the hearts of the Southern people than Beauvoir, the late home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States. This home was recently purchased by the sons of Confederate veterans and will soon become a home for impoverished Confederate veterans.

Beauvoir is the most beautiful and imposing place on the Gulf coast. It was settled and improved by James Brown, a wealthy planter, who was lavish in the expenditure of his abundant means in building and beautifying his home. Oaks, cedars and magnolias vie with each other in adding charm, and the long, gray moss fills in all little details that are lacking. The mansion, as it was termed, is as good as it was the day it was built, over 60 years ago.

A gallery 80 feet long and 14½ feet wide borders the building in front and on the sides, and ends in wings that



HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Are entered through tall Venetian doors. The hall is 16 feet wide and opens at the rear on a wide gallery, on which the wings also open. The room to the right as the hall is entered from the front was Miss Winnie's room. What a Mecca this room will be for the veterans, and how they will cherish everything that belonged to the "Daughter of the Confederacy."

Equally distant from the mansion, east and west, are quaint little cottages. Originally there was only one room in each, surrounded on the four sides by wide galleries. Later one and two sides have been inclosed, giving two additional rooms. It is about the east cottage that the principal interest centers, for it was in this that Mr. Davis studied and wrote, and where Miss Winnie did much of her early literary work. The main room of this cottage was Mr. Davis' private library. The walls are lined with book shelves, and a little gallery runs along the upper shelves. This was reached by a small ladder. Near the fireplace is where Mr. Davis' desk stood, and the door beside it is spattered with ink thrown from his pen when he was writing his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The east room has been enclosed, and in this room the chieftain was wont to recline and rest on a sofa. Back of this was a tiny room where Miss Winnie wrote. It is a real girl's den, and is yet quite characteristic of the former fair occupant.

The west cottage was occupied by Mrs. Hayes, the older daughter, and her children when visiting her parents. The Beauvoir home was bequeathed by will to Jefferson Davis by Mrs. Sarah Anna Dorsey, of Louisiana.

Origin of the Military Salute.

Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head it generally belongs to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights fled past the throne of the queen, and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

Things that Make England.

The recent elevation of a certain English nobleman to the peerage was made the occasion of a presentation of silver plate from his tenants, with an address of congratulation. The oldest tenant on the estates got up and said that he had himself attended seventy rent audits, and that his house had been lived in by people bearing his name for 200 years. It is little things like this that make England so sturdy, substantial and permanent, in comparison with the nervous, volatile, unstable life of this country.

A Corporal Sandwich.

Sharpe—a Baltimore man—is busy organizing all the jokes writers into a union; I wonder what kind of an emblem they will use.

Wheatlon—Why, a chestnut, of course.

And immediately the ice-pack was replaced about his fevered brow.—Philadelphia Record.

Death Rate of St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg has the highest death rate of any European capital.

When a toper stops drinking it may be either to his credit or to his lack of credit.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

WAYS OF PEOPLE WHO STEAL DOGS.

Dog stealing in London has increased to a very large extent lately, and the professional dog stealers, of whom there are many, are having a very prosperous time. A well-known West End veterinary surgeon explained some of the methods of the dog stealers. "These men," said he, "are by no means ragged loafers, but well-dressed persons of some address, many of them well off," says the London Express. "They find out that a well-known society lady or gentleman has a dog which is taken for a walk daily. They cultivate that dog's acquaintance with surreptitious feeds, and then one day the man finds himself round a corner alone with the dog, and the theft is accomplished."

"Sometimes a decoy dog is taken out, especially in case where it is desired to steal an animal of the larger kind. Kensington Gardens are the happy hunting grounds of the dog thief and scores of pets are there stolen from their owners. I should say from my knowledge that at least fifty dogs a month are stolen in the West End. Generally speaking, a lost dog can always be recovered if one goes the right way about it. For instance, I got to know a dog dealer who, though he would never steal a dog on his own account, must, I am morally certain, be in touch with those who do. A client comes to me with a tale of a lost dog and prepared to spend money to get it back."

"I go to the dog dealer, describe the animal, and ask him to keep his eyes open for it. Very shortly he comes to me and tells me for what sum he will be able to produce the dog. Sometimes negotiations go on for months. Where rewards are not forthcoming, or where the police are hot on the track, the stolen dogs are sent down to Club Row in Bethnal Green, where there is a sale every Sunday morning."

PERITRIFIED FOSSIL FISHES.

Recent geological research has discovered a series of wonderful fossil fishes among the shale deposits of Wyoming. Their original forms have been somewhat flattened and changed. They measured from 20 to 30 feet long, and were in life exceedingly ravenous and dangerous. That they fought among themselves is almost positively known, for a specimen has been taken from the rock the stout back plate of which had been completely crushed in two, bearing in its solid bone deep imprints and gashes which fit the jaws of this species, which had jaws set with a bristling row of teeth. These formidable creatures are found along with others in what are known as the "Bad Lands" or fossil beds of the West. This whole section was, ages ago, a great lake, which, through changed geological conditions, was drained, leaving the mighty monsters of the deep to sink and become buried deep, away from the destructive elements of the air and freshening animals. By piling up successive layers of sediment nature has thoroughly embalmed and preserved their remains these millions of years, until the pick of the fossil hunter has cut and chiseled out their petrified forms.

THE NAVY AS A TRADE.

Secretary Moody Points Out Its Opportunities for Young Men.

"Not only the man behind the gun, but the man behind the coal shovel, the man behind the engine, and, not by any means least of all, the man in front of the galley range—each of these is the subject of solicited thought by men who are distinguished as brilliant commanders of ships and of squadrons," said Secretary of the Navy Moody, apropos of the departure of enlistment parties for the navy, to cover the Middle West and Southwest.

"I mean by that to convey forcibly that each of the many trades, callings and occupations which constitute the industrial life of a modern warship is being scrutinized for avenues of improvement; that there is a consistent and comprehensive effort being made to improve the conditions surrounding the enlisted man, an effort which has already borne such fruit that I think I am justified in saying that in no navy are the conditions of comfort which surround the men of the navy of the United States approached."

"The system under which the navy department is training material for crews is, I believe, if continued along the present lines and with the improvements that experience will enforce, certain to give us the finest man-o'-war-men the world has ever seen. A boy from 15 to 17 years of age who enters the navy as an apprentice at \$9 a month receives a good English education and a thorough training in seamanship. He has certain preferences in the matter of rating, and may easily, by good conduct and continuous service, work his way up through successive ratings, which will give him from \$30 to \$65 a month; the latter pay, with the quar-

SADDEST KIND OF POVERTY.

Mental Destitution Worse than Lack of Spending Money.

No other form of poverty can compare with mental destitution. Though a man own neither houses nor lands nor money, yet, if he has a cultivated mind and a broad mental horizon, if the door of his intellect has been opened wide, so that he drinks in beauty and intelligence wherever he goes, and if he has developed his sympathies at all points, he has found the secret of success and happiness.

On the other hand, if a man merely accumulates millions of dollars, though he own broad acres and live in a palace, if his mind has been starved, if he is intellectually poor, he will know nothing of the world beautiful in books, he will see nothing to admire in art, nothing to soothe or elevate in music, says Success; if he has been wholly absorbed in crowding and elbowing his way through the world to the total neglect of his higher nature, in spite of his houses and lands, his palatial residence and all his costly surroundings, he is the most despicable and pitiable kind of pauper.

Saving money and starving the mind is the poorest business that any human being can possibly engage in. Wear threadbare clothes, if necessary; sleep in a bare attic, if you must; sacrifice legitimate but unnecessary amusements; do anything in reason rather than starve your mind. Feed that at any cost short of injuring health.

A youth who has learned the alphabet has the key to all power. He can make royal investments, for mental investment is the greatest any one can make. It is a form of wealth that will stand by one when panics or other misfortunes have swept away property, when friends fall away when the whole world seems to have turned against you. No matter what happens, if you have a rich mind, if your intellect is a storehouse of precious knowledge, you can never in reality be poor.

Medical Babbles.

Doctors have invented a new form of bubbles. Neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago are known to be affections of the ends of the nerves which lie just under the skin of the painful region. It has been discovered that by injecting air under the skin the ends of the nerves are lengthened and the pain relieved. The bubble of air is pressed by the fingers and caused to move about until all parts are relieved. In dislocations, fractures and bruises the same treatment has given relief.—London Globe.

A Timely Hint.

The beggar had a notice up, "Deaf and Dumb," and the passing philanthropist stopped in front of him.

"I'd like to give this man something," he said to his companion, "but how am I to know that he is deaf and dumb?"

"Read the notice, sir," whispered the beggar, cautiously.—Chums.

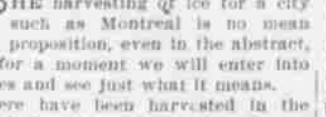
Ideal Suggestion.

"Say, Weary?"

"Well, what?"

"How would you like to be a bug in that \$38,000 rug?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

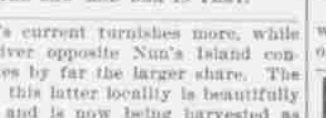
Some men pay small debts for the purpose of contracting large ones.



ICE HARVESTERS AT WORK.



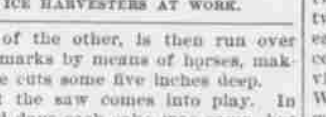
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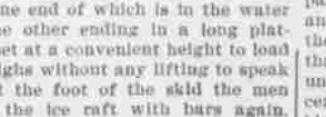
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