

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN G. BURDICK

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

And now the work went on slowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, and all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck, and the day should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse before the death stroke. These bundles were placed in their respective temples, and each day the chief was to go in and take one stick away. And when they were all gone on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to strike.

From the shores of the Mexican gulf to the Yazon, and from the waters of the Tombigbee to the Red, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly waiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding sun rolled over, these fatal sticks were removed, and the chief only waited patiently for his last prize.

One of the wives of the Great Sun was called "Bessy Pique" or "Pricked Arm," from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. Pricked Arm loved the French, and she failed not to show it in every occasion when she could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these were a plot on foot for the massacre of the whites. She noticed the looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their fearful glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some calamity was to befall her white friends.

"Pricked Arm made up her mind to save the French if possible, not only at Natchez, but at all other points, and to this end she must not only put Chopart on his guard, but she must cause the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and that the whites in other sections would take warning for she dared not attempt to convey intelligence to other stations for fear of being detected by her own people. Her first movement was to make her way to the temple, but she could not gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the holy fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went to him and called him to her.

"White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a warrior?"

"I have the courage of a man," he replied, in astonishment.

"Then can you keep an oath?"

"If it may be kept with honor."

"The oath which I require may, but I will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre of the entire extermination of every white man, woman and child in the country. And mark me—this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sun moves on towards the morning."

"All every one?" uttered White Hand, in alarm.

"Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and every thing is done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall."

Louis clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father and of his sister and of his friend St. Denis.

"Can there be no stop to this?" he asked.

"Yes—if you have courage."

"Then put me to it."

"Listen. I can warn the people at Natchez, but that will not save the others. In the temple there is a bundle of eggs, and the people of the fort would be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will mistrust nothing, and while they wait eagerly for the passing of the next seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you consent?"

"Perfectly," returned White Hand.

"And will you do it?"

"I will try, even to the death."

"Good. But let it be soon."

By different paths the two returned to the chief. Pricked Arm, relying to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some time in walking thoughtfully about the great square. When he at length entered his own dwelling he found his wife asleep, but he did not stir her. He spent some time in washing up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxiety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he had noticed their frequent councils, but he did not dream that such a dreadful plan had occupied his thoughts. He feared that they were, at least, only planning some means for self-defense. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger—all his countrymen were in danger. This was what he had said down the apartment, when he had been asked for his aid.

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PROMISED RELEASE FROM ENGLISH PRISON AFTER MANY YEARS FIGHT TO THAT END.



MRS. FLORENCE E. MAYBRICK. The British Home Secretary has at last promised to release Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who was convicted fourteen years ago on the charge of murdering her English husband. She is to be released next year. The organized movement to secure a pardon for Mrs. Maybrick was begun as soon as she was convicted and the case became famous owing to the almost general belief that Mrs. Maybrick was innocent, and the efforts of thousands of men and women on both sides of the Atlantic in her behalf, persons of worldwide prominence, and even those concerned in her prosecution petitioning Queen Victoria and her successor, King Edward, for the pardon.

LANDLORDS OF THE WEST ARE NOW LEAVING FARMS TO TENANTS.

ERRASKA'S theoretical economists are alarmed over a new and rather unique phrase which they call "the menace of landlordism in the West."

It's all because the Western farmer has insisted on raising such bumper crops for the last five or six years, and the rest of the world has forced him to accept lower prices for what he has produced. It has now become an aphorism that the farmer who owns Nebraska or Kansas land is a rich man and could get richer, but is at present rich enough to retire from following the plough.

Each spring and fall there is a big migration from the farms to the towns and cities of men who have made their pile in the wheat fields and want to rest and educate their children. Most of these men expect to do so on the rentals from their farms. In the eastern section of Nebraska a good quarter section is worth, according to its improvements, from \$8,000 to \$10,000. It is comparatively easy for its owner to get from \$500 to \$800 a year rent in cash, or if he is willing to take chances of a crop, to do even better by making it grain rent, and a third of the crop.

Usually a farmer isn't satisfied to retire unless he has a half section, and this gives him income enough in a town to give the boys and girls a run for their money, and, with his simple tastes, to live well.

This, the professors say, will lead to the degeneration and demoralization of the Western farmer, and will soon place agricultural conditions on the same level as in England, Germany and Austria, with landlords living in luxury in the cities and the country impoverished. Usually, however, there is not much of the bloated landlordism about the retired farmer as he appears to-day, though possibly the second generation from the soil may disclose a different condition.—Utica Globe.

DATES BACK TO THE ROMANS.

Forchester Castle, One of the Oldest Structures in Great Britain. In the many ruins of castles, fortresses and palaces found in various parts of the British Isles, is found a variety of architecture. Most interesting, perhaps, from an architectural standpoint, is Forchester Castle, on a narrow neck of land jutting out into Portsmouth Harbor, which is a quadrangular structure showing traces of many different styles of architecture. The Britons possessed a fortress on this spot which they called Port Peris. Under the Romans it was called Portus Magnus and the circular and semi-circular towers, as well as the outer walls, still show signs of Roman workmanship. Roman coins and medals have often been dug up in the neighborhood. The keep at the northwest angle of the castle seems from its appearance to have been originally Saxon and there are clear marks of Norman and Tudor styles.

In the time of King John the castle was a prison, but more attractive to the King, and the cause of his frequent visits there, was the wine store in the cellar. At one time, during a war with France, 8,000 prisoners were confined there at one time and were huddled together in the castle. The walls of the castle are from eight to twelve feet thick and enclose nearly five acres.

MEN IN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Adults Who Are Learning to Read and Write. Visitors of the Jones public school, Harrison street, between State and Dearborn, are frequently astonished at the sight of the large and eager groups of adult students at work in the second and third hall ways. Long tables have been placed in these hall ways, and about them sit serious-faced, determined youths of anywhere from seventeen to twenty-one or twenty-two, each busy with slate, primer, or some simple school problem.

Between seventy and eighty of these ambitious young students sit out in the hall ways daily, and most of them are "studying in the first reader," or working at similarly simple and elementary problems. All are determined, however, to "know lots more" before the advent of the warm spring weather and to rest and educate their children. Most of these men expect to do so on the rentals from their farms. In the eastern section of Nebraska a good quarter section is worth, according to its improvements, from \$8,000 to \$10,000. It is comparatively easy for its owner to get from \$500 to \$800 a year rent in cash, or if he is willing to take chances of a crop, to do even better by making it grain rent, and a third of the crop.

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TRIALS OF THE ACCOMMODATING MAN WHO HAS A TELEPHONE AT HIS FARMHOUSE

CITY people whose neighbors use their telephones think they know all about trouble," said a roddy-faced amateur farmer, "but I'll compare notes with them any day. If you are not obliging to your neighbors in the country you would better move back to town; so this is what we go through with in order to be obliging. We have the only telephone in our vicinity; and my wife and I ought to draw salaries as rural messengers.

"The other day a call came to our telephone for some one in town who wished to talk with Mrs. Jinks, our tenant's wife. So my wife had to leave her sewing, don her sunbonnet and toddle across the rough fields a third of a mile to tell Mrs. Jinks to come to the phone. When Mrs. Jinks got ready she lumbered up to our house with a fat baby under each arm, and found out that Ross, a friend of hers in town, wanted her to come and being her out to spend the day.

"Now," bawled back Mrs. Jinks, "ain't got no boss."

"In a day or so another friend of the Jinks family telephoned out to say that she and three children would spend Sunday with the Jinks, and Mr. Jinks must come in with the wagon to bring them out. My wife could not answer that the Jinks had no boss, as they had just got one; so she promised to deliver the message. She gave the errand to the Jinks over to me; I intended to attend to it, and forgot it. The folks in town got ready and waited all day Sunday, but no Mr. Jinks appeared. About Tuesday there was a great disturbance on the farm, involving all the Jinks, my brother and myself, and both of our wives. The message hadn't been carried, and everybody was to blame.

"This is only a sample," said the amateur farmer, according to the Detroit Free Press. "We have other neighbors near and far; but our house is the telephone office of the district. People in town get mad at us and people in the country get mad at us; our lot is hard."

Science AND Invention

A new process for drying fruit and vegetables—already in use for drying hops—consists in drawing air through a network of steam pipes into a chamber below the statted floor holding the materials to be dried. Absorption of sulphurous gases is avoided, while burning is impossible. In a test at Worcester, England, samples of carrots, potatoes, sliced and shredded apples, and other fruits and vegetables, were kept at temperatures of 90 to 100 degrees for six hours, reaching the ordinary commercial state of dryness. The cost of working being small, it is expected that an important new industry will soon develop in England.

The curious phenomena of "sympylism" are being investigated by E. Wassmann, a German zoologist. This is the harboring of foreign species of insects, etc., in the nests of ants and termites, and it is found that more than one hundred species of arthropods, or creatures with jointed legs, are thus associated with the ants, at least, eighty-five or ninety species being certain peculiarities. Most notable among the characteristics of these beetles are their oily reddish-yellow or reddish-brown color, and special excretion organs or pores with brownish hairs, but there are also modifications of the mouth and other parts.

Some of the discouragements and failures of amateur photographers may be due to such imperfections of shutters as were disclosed in a paper read at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by E. W. Morley of the Western Reserve University and D. C. Miller of the Case School of Applied Science. The better grade of shutters were found to be fairly constant in operation, but the actual duration of exposure was often not even approximately that indicated by the maker. Different shutters of the same make and form gave widely different exposures when set for the same time. With the best shutters of the diaphragm class the duration of exposure was nearly independent of the aperture of the opening. Some shutters of the cheaper grades, designed to give long, equal and short exposures, gave unequal exposures in the three cases.

The effects of the swift advance of knowledge, which sometimes causes a new book on some branch of science to appear a week or two after its publication, are felt no less in practical scientific undertakings. A striking illustration is furnished by the enormous new coast-defense gun recently tested at Sandy Hook. This gun was intended to be not only the most powerful in existence, but also the representative of the most advanced type of such weapons. But after it had been planned a special plant had to be established for its construction, and the few years' consequent delay before it could be completed sufficed for such improvements in gunpowders, and in the designing of guns for their use, that now the finished monster is, in some respects, out of date before it has fairly been mounted for service. The new gun is of 16 inches bore and 40.7 feet long. It is calculated that it can throw a 2400-pound projectile twenty-one miles.

DIVORCE HAS A DEFENDER.

Marriage Needs Regulation More than Dissolution of the Tie. There is a general demand throughout the United States for the enactment of more stringent divorce laws. A recent writer in an Eastern magazine, however, presents some reasons for regarding divorce as the only practicable way out of an unfortunate situation in many cases and points out what he considers to be the true solution of the matrimonial problem. He says:

"We are told that the institution of divorce separates husbands and wives and breaks up homes. Nothing could be further from the truth. Divorce never separates, just as the marriage ceremony never unites. Each is but the symbol, the sign, which sets its seal upon that which took place before. If the husband and wife find that the lives of both are made wretched by the mutual companionship it is their duty to separate and obtain freedom by legal process.

It is a mistake, a perversion of the truth to make the statement that homes are being wrecked in this way. No home that is a home indeed has been broken by divorce, and none will be, for this legal step is but the closing scene of the last act in a domestic tragedy. It is a crime to rear children in a home where father and mother are mutually abhorrent, where love dwells not, where the contact of parents serves to bring out all the innate evil of their natures instead of being an inspiration to virtue.

"The rational, reasonable way to minimize divorce is to place barriers against easy matrimony and make marriage a bulwark of sincere and holy purpose against which the waves of youthful impetuosity and unripe affection will dash in vain. The greatest social evil in our country is the marrying habit. There is practically no check on marriage, and young people wed at will and at times in haste, with an angry parent in pursuit. Even those below lawful ages find little difficulty in getting the protection of law and are pronounced married.

CROW WITH LIVES TO SPARE.

It Tormented Hogs and Caused a Farmer No End of Woe. "Say you seed a hundred crows in one flock?" asked an Illinois farmer of a man who was telling him of a visit he had made to the country a few weeks ago. The farmer leaned over in his chair, took aim at a cupbearer street hotel, and turned again to the city man. "Seed a hundred? I've seed millions on 'em. But you don't see 'em any more. Crow day is well nigh gone. This was when the peaky birds might fly out as often as you see 'em. I ain't seed 'em so thick for five or six years or so. I reckon they ain't a-goin' to be so plentiful any more. I turned a good many ideas about crows when they used to be lots on 'em.

"You may not know that a crow is the thing that comes closest to a cat in having its life renewed a lot of times. It's a fact. When the crow belt was simply 'accustomed' with them, you couldn't hear your own ears for the cawing; they would almost eat our hogs up."

"One year I had a bunch of fine porkers and the crows would light on the backs of the hogs and peck away until they nearly killed 'em. I stuck up all kinds of scarecrows, but that didn't do a speck of good. It got so bad at last that I had to lay out in the hay mow with the winder and shoot crows all day. They are mighty shy of the smell of gunpowder, but they will

His Style of Haircut.

An elderly and rather irritable gentleman entered a barber's parlor to have his hair trimmed. All the seats were occupied. He was about to leave when a visible operator persuasively remarked: "Ready in a minute, sir."

Reassured, the customer sat down, picked up a paper, and absently began to peruse it. Meanwhile the barber exhibited an extraordinary loquaciousness, discussing the merits of race horses, the possibilities at Saratoga, and various other subjects. Finally he invited the customer to the vacant chair to the old gentleman.

"How would you like your hair cut?" the barber inquired.

"In perfect silence, please," was the curt and laconic reply.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Good Use for a Hypnotist.

Memorial's Wife—Carpenter. Memorial's Wife—Dear! Memorial's Wife—I wish you would come here and tell baby he is asleep.—Puck.

The children of a very thrifty woman are always given little banks, and instructed to show the mechanism to visitors.