

# White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

## CHAPTER XXI.

Early and painfully dressed along the banks and the days to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The garrison at Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every man murdered. Only a few had escaped, and four of those had this very morning reached the town. Gov. Perrier had sent messengers up to the plantations along the river to put the French on their guard; and now the news, full of soldiers, was about to start up the river, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

Louis galled passage for himself and when they were forced to put up with such accommodations as the others had, save that a sheltered place was fixed for Louis, near the stern, in consideration of her recent illness.

Of course the passage up, against the current, was a heavy labor, and the boat was a headway of over three miles an hour, and stopping sometimes at the few plantations on the way, so that it was not until the morning of the fifth day that they reached the establishment of Simon St. Julien. But the captain of the boat concluded not to go up to the plantation, so Simon and his wife were landed at the mouth of Walnut river, and from thence they made their way up on foot.

"They had gained about half the distance when they were startled, on making a turn upon the river's bank, by seeing a small canoe ahead with two Indians in it.

"Why?" uttered Louis, after gazing upon the strange scene a few moments, "they are Natchez Indians. Do the villains mean harm here?"

"Rather a small party for that," said Louis, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez had not that peculiar effect that it had upon her companions.

"We will watch them. Here—let us keep further away from the bank, and then we can follow them, and not be seen. They surely mean to approach the house. Come, let's hasten, and we'll have them captured. Of course they had a hand in the dreadful massacre.

Louis made no objection to this, and accordingly they took the cross path, and ere long they reached the garden. Half way up the wide path they walked, and here they came to the closed gate of the overgrown, but a few low cubs from Simon's dog barked at them, and they were within the enclosure. The faithful negro could at first hardly believe his eyes. He gazed upon the "apparition," as he afterwards called it, and finally a big tear rolled down his noble cheek.

"Mam'selle Louise!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless heaven!" With glittering eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bowed away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza, she waited not for her husband's word.

"Father!" The frantic parent caught his child by the bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment he had forgotten the dark cloud that hung over his loved ones. Before the old man had found his tongue Simon had reached the piazza.

"My father!" he uttered, "forgive me if I am abrupt—but you have heard of the dreadful massacre at Fort Rosalie?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

"What a name yours is, does it?" "Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

This open avowal, so frank and honest, seemed to please Louise, and he went on to explain.

"My mother what was said, but St. Denis struck me. Of course I challenged him. We chose swords. Your father was present. He would have stopped it if he could, for he feared I should get hurt."

"Ladies," he said, earnestly and eagerly. "Did the name yours is, does it?" "Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

"I have had a duel to your account." "Is it possible? How was it?" "I heard you looked most poorly, and I would not have you die, at least, if you loved your wife. Did she see it?"

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## AUTHOR OF "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER," CELEBRATES EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY



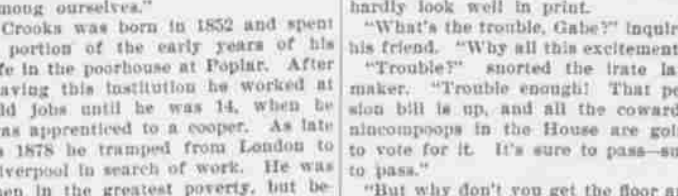
Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages,  
Of eternity.

Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, author of the famous poem, "Little Drops of Water," recently celebrated her eightieth birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a school teacher in Boston, and her object in writing it was to help her pupils understand the value of little things. A few years later the poem had been translated into many languages, and generations have recited and sung it in all the civilized countries of the world. Mrs. Carney's husband, who was a Universalist minister, died at Galesburg in 1851.

## POORHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT.

Political preference awaits the man of ability in England as well as in this country. This is shown by the recent election in the Woolwich division of London, where William Crooks, labor candidate for Parliament, defeated his opponent, Geoffrey Erskine, Unionist.



Crooks was born in 1832 and spent a portion of the early years of his life in the poorhouse at Poplar. After leaving this institution he worked at odd jobs until he was 14, when he was apprenticed to a cooper. As late as 1878 he was tramped from London to Liverpool in search of work. He was then in the greatest poverty, but before that he had been engaged actively in trade agitations. He worked hard for the dockers in the great London dock strike and became chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians and other local bodies. Subsequently he was elected mayor of Poplar—the first labor mayor ever elected in England. He then became a member of the London County Council and has since been supported by his fellow workmen.

## RANK OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

One moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the Park Commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams's taste in landscape architecture. That afternoon crowds of people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semitropics had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience.

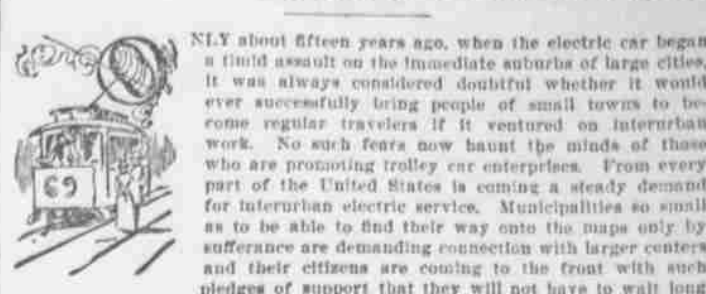
## MISSIONARY ON RACE SUICIDE.

Rev. Dr. Ryder of Opinion that Americans Are Not Decreasing in Number. American Missionary Association, according to recent alarming views of the daily press and the weekly religious journals with regard to the decrease of native population in the United States, says:

## MODERN ENGINEERING FEATS.

Recent Work in Australia Has Been of Value to Gold Fields. An unparalleled engineering feat has recently been achieved in Australia of immense value to the gold fields. The Coolgardie water scheme is to Australia what the famous Assuan dam is to Egypt. The remarkable feat of pumping 6,000,000 gallons of water a day for a distance of 350 miles, from the Helena River to Kalgoorlie, has been accomplished by English engineers by means of a great dam, called the Mundaring weir, ninety feet high, constructed across the Helena River twenty miles from Perth. The reservoir capacity is about 5,000,000,000 gallons. There are a number of auxiliary reservoirs and pumping stations along the thirty-inch steel water main which runs along the railroad line to the goldfields—the "richest square mile of earth on the globe"—near Kalgoorlie. The only for-

## INTERURBAN ELECTRIC RAILROADS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.



ONLY about fifteen years ago, when the electric car began a timid assault on the immediate suburbs of large cities, it was always considered doubtful whether it would ever successfully bring people of small towns to become regular travelers if it ventured on interurban work. No such fears now haunt the minds of those who are promoting trolley car enterprises. From every part of the United States is coming a steady demand for interurban electric service. Municipalities so small as to be able to find their way onto the map only by suffrage are demanding connection with larger centers and their citizens are coming to the front with such pledges of support that they will not have to wait long before they are satisfied.

Among the smaller towns and cities of the United States people are beginning to realize more and more that isolation means neither superiority nor comfort. There is a constantly growing desire to join hands with other localities, to be enabled at all times to come into actual physical contact with the people of other centers of population, and to establish not only interurban communication by means of telephone service, but through a system of travel that shall be pleasant, easy of access and inexpensive.

This sentiment is increasing every day. To satisfy it the electric trolley car has begun its march away from the great cities, and its advent into new neighborhoods is being welcomed with every demonstration of delight. It is invading the mountains, the lakes, the prairies; establishing rapid transit between villages, towns and cities, bringing the people of different counties in daily and hourly touch with one another, and creating for itself a wonderful sphere of usefulness.

It has no fear of competition, even when it snatches whizzing along past towns already well provided with steam transportation, for it invariably gets its share of the business, and, more remarkable still, opens up an entirely new traffic of its own that never could have existed without its coming. Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio are pushing the building of these electric roads in a manner almost beyond belief of those to whom notice this subject is brought for the first time. In Illinois alone from fifty to sixty million dollars is now being spent in construction and maintenance of interurban roads and half as much again is being gathered for new construction already planned. The people of every locality in the State seem to have awakened within the past three years to the great value of service of this character, and every month towns are being placed within an hour's distance of one another that formerly were as far apart as if they had been separated by hundreds of miles.

The interurban electric car of to-day and the roadbed on which it runs are splendidly equipped. The cars make from thirty to fifty miles an hour and are fitted with the most modern air brake appliances and lighting and heating systems. The roadbed is often as substantial and as carefully constructed as those of the best steam road service, and continuous sprinkling service in summer and snowplow service in winter keep it free from the annoying conditions so often met with on routes of steam travel.

One of the valuable considerations that has turned the attention of country towns to the great value to their people of interurban trolley connections has come through the almost impassable condition of the country roads at certain times of the year. With the electric car running at stated intervals and connecting farming communities with main centers of population at all times, irrespective of weather conditions, they are able to assure themselves of steady delivery of their produce where it can command the best rates.

## TWELVE INSECT PESTS THAT COST UNCLE SAM \$358,000,000 ANNUALLY.

TWELVE insects will cost the United States \$358,000,000 this year. The chinchbug will draw \$100,000,000 of this amount, the grasshopper will take \$60,000,000 and the hessian fly will call for at least \$50,000,000 more. Three worms that attack the cotton plant will assess the farmers for a total of \$60,000,000 and the potato bug will eat \$8,000,000 worth of its favorite kind of garden produce. Ten millions of dollars is a moderate estimate of the injury that will be done by the apple worm, and the caterpillar that makes cabbages its specialty will destroy \$5,000,000 worth of crisp green heads.

The estimate, which is conservative and under the mark, is as follows: Chinchbug ..... \$100,000,000 Grasshopper ..... 60,000,000 Hessian fly ..... 50,000,000 Potato bug ..... 8,000,000 San Jose scale ..... 10,000,000 Grain weevil ..... 10,000,000 Apple worm ..... 10,000,000 Army worm ..... 15,000,000 Cabbage worm ..... 5,000,000 Boll weevil (cotton) ..... 20,000,000 Boll worm (cotton) ..... 25,000,000 Cotton worm ..... 15,000,000

Total ..... \$358,000,000 How absurd it seems that the United States government, with an army of 65,000 men, 254 warships and more money in the treasury than any nation has ever before possessed, should be helpless in a fight against twelve objectionable bugs!

Yet such is the fact. The individual bug is small, but its "strong hold" is its tremendous power of reproduction. What is to be done in conflict with an adversary which is capable of having a billion descendants in a summer? In conflict with such an enemy Uncle Sam finds himself in much the same situation as that of Gulliver when he discovered that he was at the mercy of the Lilliputians.

Send by Enclosed Girl. An East Side druggist is preparing a unique scrap book. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that are copied from the originals:

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear Doctor, please give my child some sense worth of Auntie Toxyn for garlic baby's throat and oblige."

"My little baby has cut up its father's pariah plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the enclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl. I send you five cent to buy two sitless powders for a grown up adult who is sick."

"You will please give the little boy five cents' worth of specia for to throw up in a five months old baby. N. B.—The babe has a sore stomach."

"I had a hot time in my insides and when I would like it to extinguish. What is good for to extinguish it? The enclosed money is the price of the extinguisher. Hurry please."—New York Press.

Builded Better Than He Knew. A Wednesday, England, resident in the sixteenth century left \$1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times the money was invested in land (in this case in minerals), and the original legacy has increased in value to \$80,000. Instead of the three gowns and three coats the charity commissioners who administer the funds are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats.

It was so cold in Chicago recently that a pickpocket who happened to touch a \$10 gold piece immediately froze to it.