

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

For some moments she sat there, but no word was spoken, and the only sound that broke the stillness were the sighs of the marquis.

"Shall such a foul mockery stand?" he said to her, in a low, hoarse voice. "Let it be torn in sunder and cast aside. By no law of justice or right can it stand."

"Hold!" interrupted Louise, who had now turned herself up to the countess. "You but make a needless disturbance when you thus give thought to the idea of annulling the bond of marriage between my wife and myself. Ever I will stand step I consulted with the governor, and he bade me go on, and I have his pledge of sustaining me. You have heard my wife's story. That I used stratagem to gain her hand, I admit, for I saw an interest in her fortune, and a noble prize from the hand of my father. And now you know all. Henceforth I trust nothing may occur to mar the harmony of our social intercourse."

Turning to St. Denis, he added, a triumphant look settling on his sharp features: "And as for you, sir, I trust you will see the necessity of removing yourself from the society of those who can only be made unhappy by your presence. If you have the common sense I suppose you have, you will see the necessity of this, and if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will not hesitate."

Goupart raised his clasped hands towards heaven, exclaiming: "Has it come to this? Must all my hopes thus fall back upon my broken heart, and the sweet dream of years end in black despair? Louise, beloved of my soul, but still cherished one—"

His words failed him, and he bowed his head in a passionate burst of tears. In a moment more he heard a low, soft voice of cheerful tones, and a pair of arms were twined about his neck. He looked up, but it was not Louise. It was the flowing eyes of White Hand that met his own, and darkly stained arms were entwined about his neck. A voice of thanksgiving next fell on his ear, and he saw the Indian girl on her knees, with her hands clasped, and streaming eyes raised heavenward, and giving thanks to the Great Spirit. St. Denis started as he gazed into the deep blue eyes fastened on him. A moment more, he heard his name pronounced in a tone sweet and familiar, that made his heart beat wildly in his bosom.

"This scene has progressed far enough," now spoke the one Simon believed to be his wife. "Simon, your wickedness has come to a climax, and back on your own head shall fall the terrible consequences of your machinations."

"Ha—ha, Louise, you have gone too far now!" Louise said confidently. "If you imagined your marriage was but a jest, you were mistaken. You'll find the knot too strongly tied to be cast off at will."

"Poor fool! Cannot you open your eyes? Simon, Louise, did you think Louise St. Denis would have married you when life remained? Did you think she would have stooped to mate with you when the grave was open to her?"

"A—and are you not married to me? Are you not my wife?"

"I think you are a hard one to manage, for at this very moment, were you not beneath my notice, I would call ledge you to mortal combat, and I'd carve you worse than Goupart did. Look, Simon! Don't you see that Indian youth staring in Goupart's arms? How I have longed for this moment! Up—up, my father! Thy children are safe, and if they have returned to thee in exchanged guises, be assured they left thee in the same way!"

"How?" cried Simon, starting back and turning pale. "You—you—"

"Why, I am your wife, Simon, if you say so; but if you keep me, you shall fight a duel with me every morning, and I'll alternate till one of us falls; first morning, pistol next morning, sword. You have seen me shoot some."

"At this juncture the truth had forced itself to the old marquis' mind. "It must be!" he whispered, seeing in his noble son by the hand. "It must be my own noble Louis! Assure me I do not dream!"

"You do not, father, for I am your own Louis. But see—here comes Louise. Don't—don't her off because her skin is dusky?"

"Is it possible?" gasped Louise, as she saw Louise sink her father's bosom. "There's been some foul witchery here—some deep, infernal magic! Louise!—Louise! The son is the daughter, and the daughter is the son! There's a foul plot here!"

"Ah!" cried Louise, tearing the rich gown he wore from his body, and revealing the light dress of a French officer, "there has been a foul plot, and you can well explain it!"

"—explain?" stammered the villain, gazing first at the youth, and then at the maiden, who yet wore her Indian dress. "Who are you?" he gasped, starting towards the seeming Indian, and seizing the dusky arm. "Speak! Who are you?"

"I am one whom you once sought for a wife!"

"Louise St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Doped—doped! But—there's a plot!"

A few moments more he gazed upon the two metamorphosed ones, and then, utterly powerless from mad delirium, he sank down.

But Simon, Louise was not the only one in the dark. The old man and St. Denis were left in amazement. The father had clasped his only loved one to his bosom, and she had whispered into his ear the sweet promise of love once more, yet he could not understand it.

"I see you are all astonished," said Louise, "and I will tell you what I know of this funny affair. See all down and listen; sit down—all of you."

And down they sat, Coquilla keeping close by her companion's side, and seeming as happy as the rest of the happy ones.

"Now listen," commenced Louise. "You remember on that night when we played 'hide and find me' in the yard, Louise and I went off into the house before we hid. We had planned to have some sport with Goupart, Louise and I never realized how much we resembled each other until we exchanged garbs. When I saw her in my clothes, she looked just like my own self in a mirror; and when I had put out her dress, which I had to let her counterpane, and when I looked in the mirror, I could have sworn she stood before me. We had reached the corner of the barn, and I was showing Louise where to hide, in doing this to be gone myself to the stable, when a party of Indians rushed in, seized upon us,

and having gazed us, hurried out through the posts. Away they sped, and in a night they kept on through the deep forest. One of them spoke to me in the Chickasaw tongue, and I was upon the point of answering him, when the thought struck me that he only wished to try if I knew the language; so I pretended to know nothing of it. You know I heard a great deal of it from old Oakbow. After I had listened to their conversation, and I found that the girl—was to be carried to New Orleans, while the boy was to be taken up to Natchez. Of course, I then knew that Simon Leblond had a hand in this, for he had gone to New Orleans, where he meant to have Louise taken, and there force her to marry him, while I was carried off another way, perhaps to be killed; and thus he would have all one father's wealth. Before morning, we came to the place where we were to separate. I did once feel like giving battle to the whole pack; but I was wholly un-armed, and the thought was dropped. I began to be allowed to smoke, a few parting words with my companion, and they granted my request. I told Louise what I had heard. 'Now,' said I, 'they don't distrust the changes we've made. I will tell them still that I am the girl, while you go to see the Natchez, still retaining your male disguise, you can at any moment save yourself from death by revealing yourself.' At all events, we both concluded that it would be best for each of us to continue the deception, and we did so. And now for Louise's story."

"This called upon Louise's story. She told how she was taken to the village of the White Apple by Sting Serpent; how they meant to kill her, and what strange purport Louise told her of, and how it was arranged that she should marry the prince."

"Here I was puzzled," said Louise; "but I determined to throw myself upon Coquilla's friendship. I asked her the name of my man, and asked her to save me. She threw her arms about my neck and promised to keep my secret, and be to me a sister, while she passed for my wife. No my secret was safe. Only she told her father when he was on his death bed, and that he was led to believe me from my promise to remain with them."

"CHAPTER XXIII.

Louise went on and told her startling story, and as she did so, more than one bright look longed gratitude was cast upon the beautiful Coquilla.

"And now," said she, in conclusion, "I am able to give you some clue to the great mystery which underlies the whole. When Sting Serpent was upon his death-bed, he sent for me, and he told me all his truth. Read it, father, and know what a villain you have kept beneath your roof."

As Louise handed her father the paper, Simon Leblond started to his feet, and he saw the old man, starting forward and pushing him back into his chair. "Tony, watch this man, and see that he does not leave the room."

Old Tony, who had stood by and heard all, now moved to Simon's side, and with the citizen gazed upon the huge bulk of the negro, he uttered a stifled groan, and settled back.

The marquis read the paper aloud. It was as follows:

"This is my hand, that I will pay to Sting Serpent one hundred large pieces of gold, in French coin, when he shall have removed Louise and Louise St. Julien from their home. And he, on his part, promises that said Louise shall be killed, and that Louise shall be sent off to the middle trail on Lake Pontchartrain."

SIMON LÉBLOND.

That was enough. Simon denied it all, then swore, then drew his sword, and then—Tony knocked him down; and ere long afterwards he was taken from the room.

Before noon, Louise had retired, with Coquilla's assistance, to remove the last stain from her skin, and when she stood, all white and pure, she saw a tear on Coquilla's cheek, and she said to her: "What is it?"

"Nothing," she was the reply. "Ah, tell me the truth. Coquilla will not deceive her sister."

"No—no," murmured the noble girl, throwing her arms about Louise's neck, and pillow her head upon her bosom.

"But you will forgive me. Coquilla has left her people forever, but she has not left her skin."

"But tell me all, my sister."

"Coquilla loved the White Hand, and she was only a girl. Coquilla has seen another with the same beautiful face. But she does not murmur. She is content; only—"

"Go on, my sister. Tell me all."

"If Coquilla was white, she could love; O, my sister, does not know how she could have been loved had she not been Coquilla's sister?"

Louise had read the girl's secret, and as she gazed into those soft, mild features, she uttered, with all the truth of her soul: "—"

"Coquilla does not need a whiter skin. She is beautiful enough. I know Coquilla's heart, and her face is as pure as that."

The maiden princess blessed her sister, and wiped away her tears, for she heard some one coming.

On the next morning the room where Simon Leblond had been put was found empty, and the slave Peter was also found to be missing; but no search was made for them, for the one was worthless and the other carried guilt enough to punish him with his shame and brand.

And now Jay was once more in St. Julien's household. Goupart and Louise wandered about together, and for a while Louise was left alone, for the only other young person with whom he could associate seemed to shun him. One day Louise drew her breath one side, and found herself with him, for she had that morning found Coquilla in tears, and the poor princess had murmured the thought of going back to the homes of her fathers.

At length the old cure, Father Langret, made his visit to the chateau, and there was work for him to do. Goupart and Louise were made one for life, and this time the blushing girl was fastened.

But the work ended not here. Louise St. Julien had spent many hours with Coquilla, for he had become her teacher, and he had opened to her mind the riches of the Great Book. And while she had studied that, he had studied her. At first he was surprised at the wonderful depth of her mind, but he was less awed by its sublime purity and grandeur of conception. And thus he proved her heart to be true and deep, and he found it as noble and pure as it was generous and loving. Ever he knew it, he had loved her, and almost unconsciously the story of his love dropped from his lips.

"Coquilla," he whispered, "thou didst love my sister for her face. Mine is like it. Love me, then, and be mine for life. I love thee, for thou art all love and purity to me."

And Coquilla placed one of her soft hands in his, and they rested her head

upon his bosom, and as her dark tresses fell over his shoulders, his eyes met and the tears that alone there, she answered him:

"Coquilla can give thee all her heart, and be to thee a slave for life. But if you make her your wife, O be sure you will never regret it; for Coquilla's heart would break if you loved her no more."

For a long time the pair gazed at the fearful plot of the Indians (lasted among the colonists, but they gradually waded out of the danger, though their way was through much blood. The Natchez had sealed their own doom, and a few short years sufficed to sweep them from the list of Indian tribes, and the once powerful nation was known no more on earth, but in name and in the history of the past. Simon Leblond joined the French forces, having obtained a lieutenant's commission from Perre, and he fell at the siege of one of the Natchez forts. So a Natchez bullet found the life of him who had thought to barter away the life of another through the hands of the Natchez.

Trouble came now thick and fast upon the hardy settlers, and once the marquis told his children that if they wished, he would sell out and return to France. But they did not wish it. St. Denis was happy enough where he was, for Louise was a sufficient shield against every ill from within, and his own bravery and fortitude swept away all other fear. And Louise found himself in possession of a treasure the intrinsic merits of which were every day developing themselves to his understanding; and after a few short months of wedded life, all dangers vanished from Coquilla's mind, for she was assured that a love like her husband's could never grow cold while she remained true and faithful to his side.

"No," said St. Denis, "we will not return, for in this colony, now surrounded by dangers and gloom, I can see the germ of a nation. A soil so productive, so resourceful, and so fertile, as to be almost a miracle of the highest order. There is no reason why this great valley of the Father of Waters should not, at no very distant time, become literally the Garden of the World. And," he added, while his dark eye burned, and his bosom swelled with deep emotion, "may not these who have already subdued the wilderness in the East, at some time meet us of the West, and, as one family in the New World, holding each to the throats of the other, raise the cry of a united nation, with a government commensurate with the grandeur of the result, and with a perpetuity of purpose worthy the memory of those noble pioneers who first grasped the dark terrors of the wilderness, and opened the way to the students of a new and more glorious realm?"

(The end.)

His Bluff Did Not Work.

Stories of Yankee shrewdness have always been widely circulated, but when one gets ahead of a Yankee there is very little said about it, especially on the part of the man from the North. Several days ago a hotelkeeper at a small station on one of the roads running out of Memphis put the laugh on a drummer from the North in a very good way, and the traveling man was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The drummer arrived at the hotel about 8 o'clock in the evening, and fearing that he would not be able to get any supper he asked the landlord what he could get to eat.

"My friend," said the hotelkeeper, "I can give you anything from a pickled elephant to a broiled emerald bird's tongue for supper to-night."

The drummer looked at the man, and thinking that he was jesting, decided to call his bluff.

"All right, my friend," said the drummer. "I'll take some pickled elephant."

"Very well," said the host; "I'll go and get it."

He was gone about five minutes, and when he returned said:

"All right, sir; supper will be ready in a moment. You'll have to take a whole one, as we don't carve them after dark."

The drummer decided that he was not very hungry, and took some cheese sandwiches.—Memphis Scimitar.

Plenty of That Kind.

Jones to Smith—Hello, Smith, what's the matter with your bookkeeper? I see you advertise in the Morning Bugle for a new one. Been falsifying figures, eh?

Smith—No, he's resigned. Going west for the benefit of his health.

Jones—Going west, eh? By the way, old Beeswax is an excellent bookkeeper, and I'd recommend him to you.

Smith—Old Beeswax be blown. Why the old dot don't know the first principle of bookkeeping.

Jones—There's just where you're mistaken. He borrowed my two volumes of 'Grant's Memoirs'—bound in calf, price \$10—last summer, and is keeping them yet. As a book-keeper he's a prime success.

Tale of a Tender Heart.

The boy in tears naturally attracted the attention of the sympathetic man.

"What's happened, my boy?" the latter asked. "Perhaps I can help you."

"I lost a quarter," answered the boy, "and when I go home I'll get licked for it."

"Oh, well, don't cry," returned the sympathetic man. "Here's another quarter. How did you lose the first one?"

"—M—"

Correct.

Miss Bosting—They say she's extremely naughty.

Miss Tours—Easy enough; this was in Venice.—Philadelphia Press.

Thinking of Moby.

Tom—I didn't know he had any children.

Dick—Oh, yes, he must have one, and I suppose it's at least a year old.

Tom—Ah, you've seen the kid, then? Dick—No, but when I was in his office yesterday I asked if he had any left water, and he said, absent-mindedly: "So, 'im' ants a Jibby 'ster, does 'im?"—Philadelphia Press.

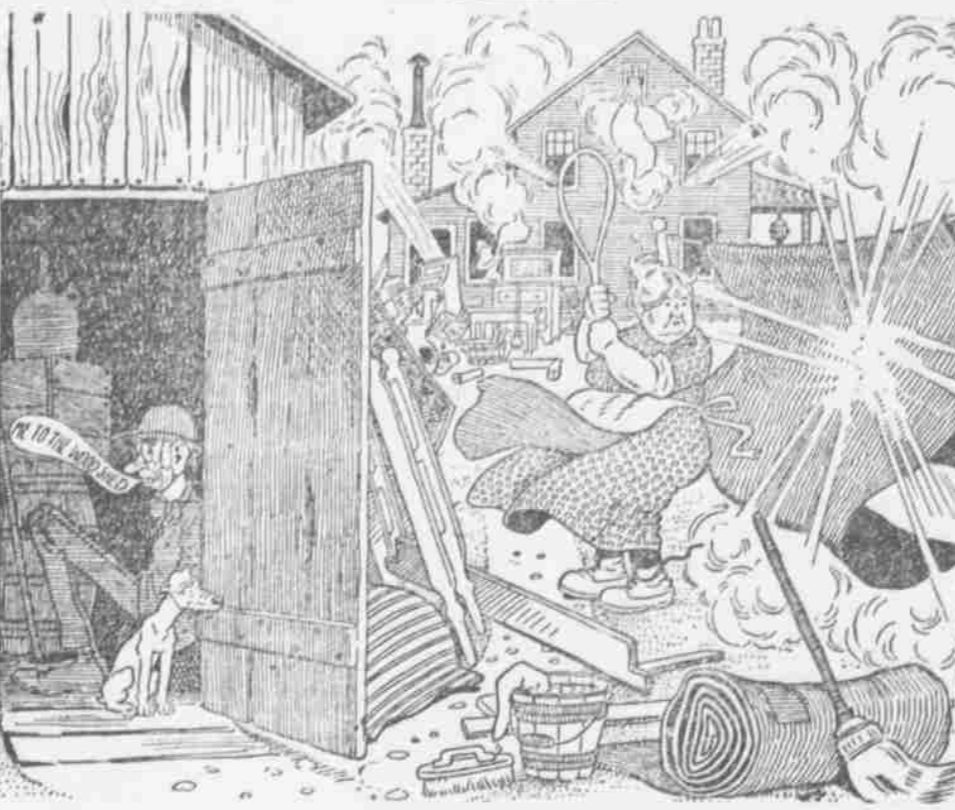
His Forethought.

"Stroeter tells me he has stopped giving his wife any pin money."

"Stringy of him, I say?"

"Oh, no. He leaves a smaller amount in his pocket for her to help herself out when she thinks he's asleep. It gives her more pleasure and she never tells him it! It's a thought.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.



"Who's Boss Now?"

OUR STRENUOUS LIFE MAKES EUROPE "RICH IN ELEGANT AMERICAN WIDOWS."

It may be asked if European domestic habits have not something to do with the frequent breakdowns of American nerves. In perhaps the majority of cases, in cities at least, the day is admirably arranged so as to give the business man no rest whatever until he gets into bed. It has come within our observation that, in our civilization there are three systems of living out the ordinary working day.

There is the French system, which is that of the continent of Europe in general; there is the English system; and there is the American system. The last combines the chief features of the other two. The Englishman goes to work late and comes away early, but during working hours he works all the time. His luncheon is light, and eaten hastily—perhaps at his desk. For this he makes up by a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely dinner; while he has the early part of the morning and the latter part of the afternoon to himself. The Frenchman, on the other hand, goes to work early, and works hard until noon. The American is apt to underrate energy with which the Frenchman works while he is working. But at noon work ceases, and he sits down to an abundant meal, well cooked, well served and eaten with an appetite and in peace.

After his dinner he has his pipe, or perhaps a game of dominoes or cards, while he discusses politics, the arts, or the topics of the day. He takes his two hours of refreshment as a matter of course; he has no prickings of conscience at wasting time, nor searchings of heart lest some one else should "get ahead of him." Even the laborer, who in America eats his cold midday meal in a ditch or behind a pile of boards, generally sits down in Europe to a decent table deftly served, and however coarse his food, has time to eat otherwise than as the lower animals. Then with mind cleared and cheered, and body strengthened and refreshed, laboring man and business man return to their tasks, to work hard and late.

The American system, as we have said, combines the chief features of the other two. The American goes to work early, like the Frenchman; like the Englishman he works hard; like the Frenchman, he works late; but, like the Englishman, he takes no time to himself at midday. His luncheon is the merest "snack"; it is often cooked badly and served worse; it is oftener still, perhaps, drawn from a paper in his pocket, and not served at all. As for any intellectual repose or mental distraction from the grim facts of work—not only is it not thought of, but the very idea would be laughed to scorn. From the moment of setting forth to the moment of return mind and body alike are deprived of their proper nourishment and rest. It is scarcely strange, therefore, that Europe should be rich in elegant American widows and orphans, and the churchyards at home too full of young men's graves.—Harper's Weekly.

LIKE AN ORIENTAL PRINCE

Whittaker Wright, the London Promoter, Lived.

Whittaker Wright, the noted English promoter, whose recent arrest in New York on the charge of swindling is familiar to newspaper readers, had some fastidious tastes. His house at Lea Park, Surrey, England, can only be accurately described by that much abused word "princely."

It was a fine old manor house, unpretentious English house and estate into an enchanted place set in the midst of a modern fairyland he acted the part of a Monte Cristo, and the magic wand used in the transformation was the sum of \$1,500,000 expended on it.

Mr. Wright bought the property seven years ago, and immediately engaged a small army of architects and contractors, whom he ordered to set 500 men at work in carrying out the projected changes. He himself took up the work of changing the landscape, having under him competent men to carry out his every whim. He took long walks over his broad acres, setting in his mind how he would improve on nature. Where there was a hill, say, he would decide to have a lake, giving orders that the eminence should be carted off and put somewhere else, and if there happened to be a chasm where Mr. Wright believed a grove would have a more picturesque effect, why the chasm had to be filled up and trees planted over it.

He had two artificial lakes constructed and in them placed artificial islands. Beneath the surface of one of these stretches of water, he built a sort of glass conservatory, the entrance to it being on land, so that on hot days, he and his guests could bask in the coolness that lies under the water, or on the other lake, too, he conceived a feature that Monte Cristo himself would have approved. This is a sort of cavern, which one enters by boat through a rock chasm. Then there are steps down out of solid rock which lead to a hall that is a glitter with Oriental ornaments and handsome statuary.

Statuary is, in fact, a hobby of Mr. Wright's and a feature of his Lea Park estate. One piece represents a gigantic dolphin carried out of a single block of marble. It weighs thirty tons, and, as no railway could carry it, was hauled to the Wright estate by traction engines. There is also a magnificent fountain, formerly one of the glories of an Italian palace. Whittaker Wright bought it in Italy, and engaged several Italian sculptors on the spot to go to England and superintend its setting in place.

VAST DEPOSITS OF LIGNITE IN NORTHWEST FURNISH CHEAP AND POPULAR FUEL

TEN years ago the lignite deposits that underlie 31,500 square miles in North Dakota, 25,000 square miles in Montana, and smaller though extensive areas in Wyoming and South Dakota, were considered almost worthless. To-day one can hear from both merchant and farmer everywhere over the plains that "the lignite is the salvation of this region."

Lignite is the brainchild of the Germans and that of the northwest has a higher fuel value than the European varieties. The percentage of fixed carbon ranges from forty to sixty, with an average, as shown by eighty analyses, of fifty-one, or ten per cent. higher than the German lignite and fully as high as the bituminous coal of Iowa and Missouri. Its contents of moisture is thirty-two per cent. and out of this fact arises the difficulties connected with its use.

On drying the lignite "slacks" or crumbles, but loses nothing of its fuel value in consequence if proper appliances for burning fine coal are used. Slacking does not take place rapidly; and in summer lignite that has been exposed in heaps to ordinary atmospheric conditions for eight or ten weeks may be burned on ordinary grates with little loss. During the winter months the "green" coal shows no tendency to crumble.

If the lignite is dried before burning the energy to volatilize the contained moisture is saved. Devices are already in use which burn the lignite successfully. In Germany, where great quantities of lignite are used, it is dried and briquetted. By this process the percentage of fixed carbon is raised and the fuel value of the lignite materially increased. Pressed into firm blocks of convenient size and free from dust the lignite briquette is a popular fuel, says the Review of Reviews.

OLD-TIME CHRONICLES.

Battle of Lexington Described in an Ancient Book.

The Sons of the Revolution recently selected the 19th day of April as the time of their annual meeting there-afore. This is the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, in 1775, the initial conflict of the Revolution which brought about American freedom. In a quaint old book this is recorded of the battle thus commemorated:

"1. And it came to pass that Thomas, captain of the King of Britain, privately sent a chosen band of men about the eleventh hour of the night, to a place called in the Italian tongue Concordia, to destroy the store houses of the people and the implements for war."

"2. And it came to pass when it was known throughout the land of Columbia that some of the people of the provinces were slain by the soldiers of the King of Britain."

"3. And there assembled together of the people of the provinces, three score and ten persons, and the soldiers of the King of Britain were 800 valiant men."

"4. And when the soldiers were collected together they shouted with a great shout, and as they shouted they shot at the people of the province, and it was said that some of the people were slain."

"5. And it came to pass that John, captain of a company of the province, when he heard the shouting of the men of war, that he armed himself and ran, and about 400 men followed after him to the battle."

"6. And they overtook the soldiers of the King of Britain at a place called in the vernacular tongue, Lexington, and they fought with them there; and the soldiers fled by the highway of the country; and John and the men who were with him followed hard after them, warring as they went, until they came to a mountain that looketh toward the town."

"7. And the men of Britain were very weary and chafed in their minds; and it was about the going down of the sun when they ascended the mountain; and they rested them that night."

"8. And on the morrow they passed over the river and went into the town, and the number of the slain of the men of Britain were three score and five persons; and there fell of the people of the provinces two score and ten men."

"9. And it came to pass when it was known throughout the land of Columbia that some of the people of the provinces were slain by the soldiers of the King of Britain."

"10. That the leaders of the people cried out, saying: 'What part have we in George, or what inheritance in the house of Brunswick? Lo, he hath cast us off as aliens to his house, and dealt with us as his enemies.'

"11. Then the people strengthened themselves greatly, and encouraged one another to fight manfully for their country, their wives and their little ones."

"12. And the people accustomed themselves to the exercises of war; and instead of the voice of melody and the songs of gladness, the sound of the trumpet and the shouting of the warriors were heard."

"13. And they overtook the soldiers of the King of Britain at a place called in the vernacular tongue, Lexington, and they fought with them there; and the soldiers fled by the highway of the country; and John and the men who were with him followed hard after them, warring as they went, until they came to a mountain that looketh toward the town."

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"16. And it came to pass when it was known throughout the land of Columbia that some of the people of the provinces were slain by the soldiers of the King of Britain."

THROW FEW SNOWBALLS.

Silk Hats, Once Tempting Targets, On Unsettled Newsdays.

Snowballing has gone out of style. Why this is the case nobody is able to say, but that it is true is apparent to anybody who happens to think on the subject. It may be because of the mild winters of the last ten years and the scarcity of snow the present generation has never learned the joys of snowballing. Or it may be that the growing tendency to regard a boy who threw a snowball in the same category with the person who threw a brick or any other kind of missile has had a tendency to throw the sport in disfavor.

It is more than probable, however, that the first reason is the true one. In former years, when a winter meant a carpet of white over the earth from December to March, snowballing was one of the recognized sports of childhood. In those days flourished the snow-fort, with ramparts and outworks, and many and fierce were the battles that raged between the defenders of the fort and the attacking party, and the ammunition always consisted of snowballs. But during the last decade a scarcity of snow has made such a thing as a snow fort an impossibility.

It was in the training in defense or attack that the boys of other days became proficient in the use of the snowball. When they were not actually engaged in battle they would do target practice on silk hats, cats, dogs or anybody who happened to pass by. But now, while at times during the winter there is plenty of snow for the fashioning of snowballs, the present day boy is not trained in the sport. He never saw a fierce snowball battle that prevailed in the days when his father was a boy, and he has come to feel that throwing a snowball at a passer-by is about as bad as throwing anything else.

Staid old people rejoice exceedingly as well as marvel that they can pass a schoolhouse at recess time when the snow is thick on the ground and not be greeted by a well-directed volley of snowballs. It used to be considered absolutely fatal for a man to wear a silk hat on a day when the snow was in the air. Now a silk hat can be worn with absolute impunity any day in the winter. Snowballing was once the time-honored and well-established prerogative of the boy. But the pendulum has swung the other way; it is no longer considered bright or cute for a boy to hurl a wet spheroid of snow into the left ear of a sedate person walking quietly down the street. And the saddest person is not said that this is so—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ONE OF KENTON'S ESCAPES.

His Use of a Burning Glass Seemed Miraculous to the Indians.

The fact that Simon Kenton, one of the most noted frontiersmen of his day, had a shock of red hair may have had something to do with the saving of his scalp, for a red-haired man was always a matter of curiosity to the Indians; but his own resourcefulness was his real protection. Kenton was the hero of more remarkable escapes from the Indians than any other man of his time. He was eight times exposed to running the gauntlet, and thrice were the fugitive piled to roast him. "Kenton's luck" was a favorite expression among the friendly Indians. On one occasion