

Good morrow. How many children are you the father of?

Santos-Dumont is now figuring in a divorce case. Perhaps the lady thinks he is too fly.

The government might be able to sink a good deal of money, judging from the submarine-boat scandal.

The German Empress is now having her dresses made in Paris. This looks like a bad slap at the "Made-in-Germany" tag.

A woman with a new dress that is becoming isn't satisfied until the man she likes best or the woman she likes least has seen it.

Love potions have figured in a New York divorce case. Every now and then the dark ages show signs of lingering animation.

Somebody has been forging J. Pierpont Morgan's name to checks and getting money on them. This is not only criminal but sacrilegious.

The worst thing that Dr. Elliot and Dr. Shraday have done is to let loose a horde of irresponsible, meddlesome and highly imaginative statisticians.

Over in Russia a large number of writers have demanded the abolition of the press censor. Let us hope they have their furs ready for the trip to Siberia.

The Minnesota physicians hold that those with weak hearts should be restrained from kissing. The inhibition should also include those with strong breaths.

When little Prince George of Wales was baptized the other day he yelled like a young wild cat and seemed to be half scared to death. Royalty has to grow on a person, like whiskers.

There is talk in France of reviving the Dreyfus case with a view to fully rehabilitating the former prisoner of Devil's Island. Evidently the French military authorities deal out justice on the installment plan.

"Have the courage of your ignorance and never be ashamed to say that you don't know," is the motto of a man who is continually learning. Indeed, the first step toward knowledge is to be conscious of ignorance.

It is much easier to "say kind things" than to come out boldly on questions which concern the public weal. Saying "kind things" is well enough, but there are occasions when the mealy-mouthed person becomes tiresome to everybody.

When a man who ruined himself by being a "good fellow" runs away and then comes back to pay his debts he gets a column on the first page; but the thousands of other men who are such good fellows that they pay right along have to wait to get an agate notice in the obituary column.

Max Nordau inclines to the belief that the American people are degenerate. What makes his opinion the more interesting is the fact that he has gracefully narrowed this thing down until he now holds that he is about the only fellow in the vineyard who is not a degenerate, whereas the rest of the world seems somewhat reassured.

There is a great tendency in the present time towards eager pursuit of luxurious living. Every man seems straining every nerve to outdo some one else in showy appearance. He builds his house, not for comfort and convenience, but to have it cost more and make more imposing appearance than his neighbor. Dress, furnishing, equipages, style of living or giving of entertainments are all based upon how they will strike other people rather than what will gratify one's own personal tastes. If we would have a more real foundation to our prosperity as a nation we need to seek greater simplicity in our lives.

When you go to Europe you may now travel by rail from the head of the Gulf of Bothnia to the Atlantic, as the road connecting the iron mines of Sweden with Victoria Haven, one of Norway's open ports on the ocean, has been completed. For two hundred and thirty miles, or nearly its whole length, the road lies north of the Arctic circle. It has a station on that imaginary line, and as the trains approach it the brakeman calls out: "Next stop is Polar Circle!" and the passengers alight and telegraph to their friends from this interesting spot. The road would not have been extended but for the fact that the Gulf of Bothnia freezes over in the winter, making it impossible to ship ore for more than four or five months each year. Now Germany and England can get Swedish ore every month.

Publications that sedulously report the doings of society as represented by the rich bring the cheerful tidings that invalidism and idleness have gone out of fashion. It is not good form, they say, for a woman to be "delicate" or for a man to be without occupation. Therefore he has ceased to decorate the club windows, and she, having taken up some outside interest befitting her renewed vigor, no longer sleeps late, but is ready to begin the business of the day seasonably. My lady's athleticism seems to be reflected in the fashions for 1903, if it did not even shape them. High collars, tight sleeves and trailing street gowns have "gone out," and loose gloves and shoes are worn. Perhaps it is because she has learned to care for her body that the millinaire's wife has revised the fashion and dinner-giving also. No modern hostess thinks of offering twelve or fifteen courses or serving six or eight wines. Indeed, it is asserted that society continually grows more temperate, and in one sense at least this is true, for the dinner-table is no longer

overloaded with silver or banked high with flowers. Simplicity is the law, and simplicity tends towards temperance. All these new fashions are in the direction of improvement. So, above all, is the increasing tendency, noted by society reporters, to frown upon gossip as not being "good form." Probably the truth is that it never was, but that it flourished because people had nothing to do. When society took a notion to be busy there was no time to talk about other people's affairs, nor was there inclination so to do. In some more degenerate age society may recede from this position, as it has receded in the past. But although that rule of conduct, not to be idle and not to gossip, may cease to be good form, it will never be anything but good sense.

Isn't this "young man's age" business being a bit overdone? You can't pick up a newspaper that doesn't contain some allusion to the achievements of the modern youth, while Roosevelt and Emperor William have furnished enough inspiration for young-man editorials to float a battleship. We have forgotten history. Every age since the dawn of civilization has been the young man's age. It was so in the beginning, and it will always be so. It is the part of youth to do things. Over a century ago Charles James Fox, at 29, was Lord of the English Admiralty. He was dissolute and tricky, but keen and able. His rival, William Pitt, managed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer at 23 and was a Premier of England at 24. Prince Edward, at the age of 16, fought at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, and led the English army to great victory at 24. At 16 Mozart was director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's orchestra. Remember that, you who marvel at the youth of Hoffman and Kubelik. David, the shepherd boy, was a king at 18, and James Watt made possible the steam engine while a boy. Rafael had finished his masterpiece at 33 and Cortez was master of Mexico at 36. Patrick Henry was a leader at 29, and Schubert, he of the beautiful melodies, was in his grave at 31. Napoleon, a self-made man, swept the Austrians from Italy before he was 29. He had his foot on Europe's neck while he was still a young man. Alexander conquered Persia at 25, and Kents, the hostler's son, was singing sweet songs at 20. Burns had done his work at 37 and Byron died at the age of 36. There isn't any end to the list. It should encourage the young man of today. Fame and greatness have been for those who would win them in all times. To-day there are more opportunities than at any time in the world's history. We haven't so many great warriors, but our Napoleons are great in the fields of industry and the arts of peace, and none the less truly great if history shall have no page for them and coming generations forget their names.

They Detected the Odor. Bottle Contained Nothing But Distilled Water. Imagination Did the Rest. Two bright young men attended a lecture in the city a few days past, the lecturer's subject being one dealing with the rather occult features of the mind as exemplified in physical phenomena. After giving several demonstrations of how fraud might be practiced in such matters, the speaker stated that he had in his possession a small bottle containing a chemical agent of wonderful properties.

This bottle, he said, he would unceremoniously use as a test of the sensitiveness of the audience to telepathic impressions. The test consisted in being able to detect the odor of the chemical, which was liquid. Those who could detect the odor were sensitive, and those who could not were, to borrow the language of Shakespeare, fit for treason, stratagems and spoli.

It was at this point that the two young men, or one of them, made good. He began to smell immediately, and regarded his companion with sundry rib jabs and remarks on the strength of the odor about.

But his friend was from "Missouri," and had to be shown. His olfactory nerves responded to no sensation. According to the terms of the lecturer's request those who smelled held up their hands.

After a number of hands had been raised the bottle was recorked, but he could never detect the odor, and said so.

When, after a little further talk, the speaker announced that the bottle contained nothing but distilled water, the young man lowered his head as well as his hand, and was quiet. But even now he is sensitive on the subject.—Memphis Scimitar.

Satisfied His Curiosity. The curiosity of the natives of wild countries as to everything belonging to the traveler often leads to amusing situations. J. W. Wells tells in "Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil," of his visit to one settlement where the only shopkeeper of the place proved very inquisitive. He was a frequent visitor, and would carefully examine the few belongings of the traveler. His curiosity was finally punished in a very funny manner.

On one of his visits, writes Mr. Wells, he found my bottle of spirits of ammonia on the table, and seeing it was something he had not hitherto inspected, he naturally laid hold of it, and asked me, "What is this?"

"Only a medicine," I replied; and with a perhaps unworthy satisfaction I watched him hold it up to the light, look at it all round, and finally remove the glass stopper and then take a good sniff.

I had to rush forward to save my precious ammonia, as he staggered and gasped for breath, and ejaculated, "I am dying!" By dint of much slapping of his back and dousing of cold water, he quickly recovered; but nevertheless did he touch any of my things.

Lacking in Experience. "How many years does it take a woman to learn not to talk to her husband while he's shaving?"

"I don't know. I've only been married eight years."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

We wish we knew a warden lodged man well enough to ask if he takes his leg off when he goes to bed.

When it comes to helping the poor, actions speak louder than words.

THE RUSH FOR DAMAGES.

Queer Offers Made to the Claim Agent of a Railroad. "The first thing some people think about when they hear of a railroad disaster is to sue the railroad company," said a claim attorney in one of the big corporations in New York. "The other morning, when I got to my office a man was waiting to see me. When I asked him his business he said: 'I want damages.'

"I replied, 'For what?' "Then he explained to me that there had been a wreck on our road and that a relative of his had been injured. It was the first I had heard of the wreck. This man had come over from where the accident occurred and got to my office ahead of me, and told me the news. I explained to him how he must proceed.

"How much do I get if my relative dies?" he asked. "I told him I could not go into that, and suggested that it would be time for him to think of that when the time came. He said that he had heard that somebody got \$100,000 damages out of a railroad company for killing a man. I told him that was no criterion.

"At all events," I said, "your friend is not dead yet, and you should be thankful for that."

"Yes," he replied, "I reckon you are right about that, but \$100,000 is a good deal of money."

"Of course, he was an exception, but he wasn't a marker to a man who came in and asked how much the company would be willing to settle for a pair of torn trousers. He amused me. I asked how his trousers came to be torn. He said he didn't exactly know. The first he noticed about them was when he was coming over on a ferryboat; he felt kind of chilly. I suggested that he might have torn them on the ferryboat.

"Maybe I did," he replied, "but it looks more like I had been in a collision," and he proceeded to make his exhibit. Still amused, I suggested that he might sue the ferryboat company first.

"I had thought about that," he replied, "but my lawyer in Jersey said ferryboats didn't pay as much as railroads."

"I suggested to him that he might sue the ferryboat company first, and if he didn't get what he thought he ought to have then he could sue the railroad company."

"That's a good idea," he replied. "How much do I owe you?" "That was a novelty I had never encountered in the settlement of a claim. But I was enjoying the situation. I replied that I guessed I would have to charge him about \$50.

"All right," he answered, "if I beat the company you can deduct the amount of your bill from the damages I will get."

That was also a novel proposition and as my business was rather pressing I told him I would see him later, and he went out, saying that he would let me know after he had seen his other lawyer. A claim agent's office isn't the dulllest place in the world.—New York Sun.

SOVEREIGN WITH WEAK HEAD.

Graphic Pen Picture of William IV, of England.

Letters written by Princess Lieven early in the last century have been published recently. She gives the following picture of King William IV, of England: "In the first place, there's the king; a quaint king indeed, a bon enfant—with a weak head. At times I think he is likely to lose it, so great is his pleasure at being king. He changes everything except what he ought to change—his ministers. He changes the uniforms of the army and of the navy; he dismisses his cooks and his French servants. He will have none but English. He makes everybody cut off their mustaches; he strolls about the streets and gazes at the passers-by. He goes to the guard room and shows the officer in command his ink-stained fingers, tells him how many letters he has signed, of the audiences he is going to give; talks about the queen, his wife, and promises to bring her to the guard room to make his acquaintance. The day before yesterday he paid a visit to Lord and Lady Holland and invited himself to dinner for next week, to the dismay of his ministers. Asked if he had given the Duke of Wellington (the prime minister) an audience that morning, he replied: 'Thank God, no, madam. I am only too happy not to see him—I wish I might never see him'; he is delighted with court ceremonies and receptions, is constantly showing himself in public, occupied all day long in trifles, eager to reform everything at once—in a word, he is in a state of feverish excitement. The mob adore him; he goes about openly in his state, and treats everyone familiarly; that is enough for John Bull. Wellington said to me quite truly: 'This is not a new reign; it is a new dynasty.'"

They Don't Botcher. When Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, was at the Astor House recently he told a story illustrating how the negro race was divided in its allegiance during the civil war.

A negro boy was sent to school in a little hamlet on the James river, and the teacher asked him his name.

"I dunno 'xactly," said the boy. "It might be Jetson Davis Higgins, an' it might be Ab'm Lincoln Higgins."

"Don't you know which it is?" asked the teacher.

"Mammy 'lows it's Jetson Davis," replied the boy; "but my ole man won't hab it nohow, an' says it's Ab'm Lincoln. They've been scrapper 'bout it 'long as I kin recollect, an' sometimes mammy gets th' best of it, an' sometimes th' ole man."

"Well, what do your neighbors call you?" asked the school-teacher, taking in the situation.

"Oh, theyse don't bother with no family scraps. They just calls me Mose."

Power from an Artesian Well. At St. Augustine, Fla., is the only well in the world that gets its power direct from an artesian well.

Most card players say it is all right to cheat on low.

White Hand A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana. BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"But what is the nature of this danger? What is this alternative?"

"I dare not speak now, but I may tell you of time."

"But—"

"—sh!" interrupted the princess, in an abrupt, but yet kind tone. "You must not urge me beyond what I have assured you. Coqualla speaks not without thought, and hence she speaks only when she has a purpose to stop now. I know the character of some of your people, and their words do not come from their hearts. So you might be led away, and think Stung Serpent meant a dark thing when he spoke fair. You will not forget Coqualla."

"With these words she turned away, and ere the youth could detain her she was gone. He saw the heavy door close after her light and graceful form, and then he sank down again upon the cold earth. What could be the meaning of him thus valiantly and so suddenly threatened by her father? It was a strange circumstance, and afforded the prisoner plenty of food for thought.

The morning dawned, the prison door was opened, and Stung Serpent entered, and with him came two others, one of them an old man, decrepit with age, and the other a man of athletic form, only a little older than Stung Serpent. White Hand quickly recognized this latter individual as the Great Sun—the king of all the Natchez, not only from his noble bearing and his resemblance to his brother, but also from the curious growth of white feathers, with its elevated plume of horse hair, that adorned his head.

The youth arose as these men entered, but he did not speak. His arms were folded across his breast, and with a steady, calm look, he returned the gaze that was bent upon him.

"White Hand," spoke the prince, "listen to the words that the Great Sun shall speak to thee."

At these words the king stepped forward. The prisoner had been many proud men, and many of the great men among his people, but he had never seen one so purely noble in his look, bearing as the Great Sun of the Natchez.

"Son of the pale faced invader," spoke the chieftain, "thy people have come upon us with evil intent, and their feet already tread upon lands not their own. They have come with smooth tongue and smiling face, and while they whispered words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He