

# White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

## CHAPTER XXI.

Slowly and painfully dragged away the hours and the days to the poor sick wife in New Orleans. Old Loppa was very kind, and so was the physician. Yet Louise had a very severe sickness, and a part of the time she was out of her head. But gradually the delirium passed away, and she was at length able to sit up. Three weeks had she lain thus ere she could rise from her bed; but on the fourth week she was able to walk about the room. It was at the close of the fourth week that her husband returned. "How I have been away longer than you expected," he asked.

"No," was the quiet reply, "for I've expected nothing about it."

"Ah!" uttered Simon, with show of chagrin.

"I have been too sick to expect anything," explained Louise.

"Oh!" uttered the husband, more mildly.

"Yes—I have been very sick. I even feared at one time I should never see you again."

There was something so piquant in this that Simon was sure there was sarcasm in it, but he chose not to expose his doubts.

"I, too, have been laid up," he said, after gazing into her face for some moments.

"Ah—how? I noticed your hand was rolled in rags. What has happened? Have you been fighting the wicked Indians?"

Again Simon hit his lip, but he kept calm.

"I have had a duel on your account."

"Is it possible? How was it?"

"I heard you insulted most grossly, and I would not bear it. I was angry, at least, if you should not have borne it, at least, if you loved your wife. But who was it?"

"Goupart St. Denis."

Louise started.

"Explain," she said, earnestly and eagerly.

"Is the name moves you, 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 Lobois, and he went on to explain:

"No matter 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."

"As you did."

"Listen. We fenced awhile, and I found that the boy was at my mercy. Twice I refused to press my point upon his open bosom. Finally, when I saw that 'twould be downright murder for me to kill him, I bade him put up his sword. He asked me for what—for the knew not that I only toyed with him. This is only boy's play," said I. Then put up your sword, said he. I did so, and just as my point touched the ground he dealt me a blow across the hand. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps I ought not to speak my thoughts."

"Surely you ought. What do you think of it?"

"Well, then, I think you have told me very fine story."

"Oh? Do you doubt my word?"

"Doubt you? Doubt the word of Simon Lobois? Believe that my own husband could speak falsehood? Never, Simon—never!"

Sharply the scamp looked into Louise's face, but he could detect nothing there, save a calm, cool expression of utter quietude; yet he knew she was quizzing him.

"But you did not tell me how this all came out," she said. "What did you do after Goupart had struck you on the hand?"

"What could I do? My hand was powerless. I might have knocked him down with my left hand, but I spared him. He was beneath all notice, save that of mere contempt."

"Poor Goupart! Did he know how deep was your contempt for him?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, simply that you could have inflicted no worse punishment upon him than to have let him know that you held him in contempt. It must have nearly killed him."

"Look ye, my fine girl, you are venturing on dangerous ground. You may say too much," uttered Lobois, now showing his anger.

Louise bowed her head a moment, and she seemed to think that her companion spoke the truth, for she quickly replied, after she looked at her husband.

"Excuse me—pardon me. I have but just recovered from a severe sickness, and my first feelings were naturally those of joy and gladness, and you know how often you and I have joked and pestered each other. We have often said very hard things in jest, and I have even pulled your hair till you fairly cried with pain, and yet you never got provoked before."

This was spoken so earnestly, and with so much apparent feeling, that Simon was mollified in a moment.

"Let it pass," he said; "only in future choose a light occasion for light conversation, and do not do anything of more importance. When can you be ready to go up the river?"

"At any time," answered Louise.

"Very well. I will see the physician this evening, and be governed somewhat by his advice."

Shortly after this Lobois went out, and when he returned he reported that the doctor would come in the morning. So that night Louise was left with Loppa, and on the next morning the doctor came, with him came the anxious husband. The doctor examined his patient carefully, and he expressed the opinion that the wife should not undertake the journey under a week at least.

"Then I believe I shall go to Biloxi. There is a ship ready to sail, and I have some business to do there."

Louise expressed her entire willingness, as Simon resolved to go. In truth he was now expecting soon to be master of an immense fortune, and he was preparing the way to put it to immediate use, his main object being to obtain a profitable cargo to return to France, whether he went to take his wife as soon as he could, or to stand in his way. He started the very night for Biloxi, and his wife was once more left to the kind care of her sable attendant.

A week passed away, and her husband came not. She had now so far regained her health that she could walk out in company with Loppa, and the rose was all back to her cheek.

Another week passed, and she was well and just as she began to wonder if any accident had happened to her hus-

band he made his appearance. That very day there was a large to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The carriage of Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every soul murdered! Only six had escaped, and four of those had, five days morning reached the town. Gov. Perot had sent messengers up to the plantations to get the river to put the French on the guard, and now the large, full of soldiers, was about to start to see if any assistance was required anywhere on the way, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

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

Of course the passage up, against the current, was slow, the heavy barge not making 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 Brion St. Julien. But the captain of the barge, 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 Lobois, 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 Louise, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez canoe had a peculiar effect that it had upon her companion's.

"But we'll 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 recent massacre."

Louise 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 plantation; but a few loud calls from Simon, and they burst forth, and they were soon 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 sable cheek.

"Mam'selle Louise!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless heaven!"

With glistering eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bounded away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza; she waited not for her husband now.

"Father?"

The frantic parent caught his child to his bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment of reunion he forgot the dark cloud that hung over his loved one. 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?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Natchez Indians making their way up here in a canoe. Perhaps they know not of our habitation. Let men be sent out at once to capture them, and we will interrogate them, at least."

That was enough for Tony, for he had followed Simon to the house, and heard this remark. Ever since the abduction of his young "masc'r and missus," he had longed to get hold of an Indian, and here was a chance.

"Only two ob 'um, d'y'e say, Masc'r Simon?"

"That's all, Tony."

"I'll hab 'um!" And with this the stout Afric disappeared, and in a few moments more he had four stout companions at his heels on the way to the river. In the meantime Simon followed the marquis and his child into the house, and when they reached the sitting room, they found St. Denis there. He looked up and saw the marquis; then he saw Simon Lobois, and then—his eye rested upon that female form. He started to his feet and turned pale as death. That loved face was turned upon him; those soft eyes, now swimming in tears, were bent upon his own, and her name dwelt upon his lips.

"My wife, Monsieur St. Denis," said Lobois, in malignant triumph.

"You see," said Simon, in a wretched man's lips, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back upon his chair.

Louise seemed upon the point of speaking, but at that moment the tramp of feet and the sound of voices were heard in the hall, and in a moment more the door was thrown unceremoniously open.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"Bless heaven!" cried old Tony, bounding into the hall at a wild hop and planting himself directly in the middle of the floor.

"How far?" asked the woodcock, "do you call it from here to Thompson's grove?"

"Well," answered the crow, "the distance, as I fly, is four miles, but as you go by the way of the river, it is a half."

"The recently unveiled Blencroft statue makes the seventy-second monument of its kind in Berlin. Among the most commemorated are twelve of men, eleven generals, nine scholars, ten poets, three physicians, three statesmen."

Simon Lobois gazed first upon St. Denis, and then upon the dark-skinned youth, and he feared them. Then he looked towards the aged parent, who stood with his hands to his eyes sobbing as though his poor heart would break; and the villain evidently felt uncomfortable.

"I refused him at first," continued the unfortunate, "and told him I loved Goupart St. Denis. Then he told me he had seen my father's wealth accumulate under his care, and had looked on a part of it as belonging to him, and he would not now see another come in and snatch that wealth away. He determined to have his share. I told him if he forced me to become his wife I would bear it of my father to give me not a son. Then he swore if such a thing were done, he would make my life such a scene of torture I should pray for death to come and relieve me."

"Liar!" hissed Simon.

"No," calmly replied Louise; "I speak but truth." Then turning to her listeners: "But I refused to marry him, and on the very next night, at midnight, two stout men came and carried me away. I was weak and faint then, for I had but just recovered from sickness. Let them carry me away and I would have locked me in a dark prison house. They refused me both food and drink. There I came nigh fainting with hunger and thirst. At length the villain came to me; and when I begged for a drop of water he swore I should have none till I had promised to be his wife! My mind was fluttering, and I begged him to promise to be my wife! Then he brought me bread and milk; he took me from the prison, and soon arrangements were made for the wedding. He had obtained the consent of the colonial governor, and we were married in the church, the governor himself presiding. When the priest put his questions to me, I was burning with fever, and a dreadful sickness was upon me. Yet my mind was not shaken. I promised to do the best of my abilities to do all he had asked of me. Then we were pronounced man and wife, and I begged of him to hurry away, for I was faint and sick. I reached our home; the fever seized me, and I died many weeks. Health came at last, and I reached my father's house."

(To be continued.)

## When the Roosters Crow.

The feelings of some honest folk from the country when they visit a large city have been very accurately described by a Chicago paper, and as this old farmer says, there's very little difference between city and country if you only look for the things which they have in common.

## 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 Things," 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 1871.

## POORHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT.

LABOR CANDIDATE WHO WON A NOTABLE VICTORY IN LONDON.

Political preferment 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, George Drage, by a majority of over 3,000 although the constituency has for many years been regarded as a majority of nearly 3,000. The election of Mr. Crooks is a victory for the labor vote, which has caused the London Times to say: "The election means that the specter that has hypnotized the continental governments has shown itself at last among ourselves."

Crooks was born in 1852 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 tramped from London to Liverpool in search of work. He was then in the greatest poverty, but he had that had he engaged actively in trade agitation. 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.

Mr. Crooks is a man of the John Burns type. He is a ready speaker, a skilled politician and a well-versed social economist. He neither drinks nor smokes, but devotes all his time to his duties and to self-improvement. His selection has greatly strengthened the labor party in England, impressing upon it the value and necessity of solidarity. During the South African war Mr. Crooks was an advocate of the Boer side and strongly denounced the action of the British government.

## RANK OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

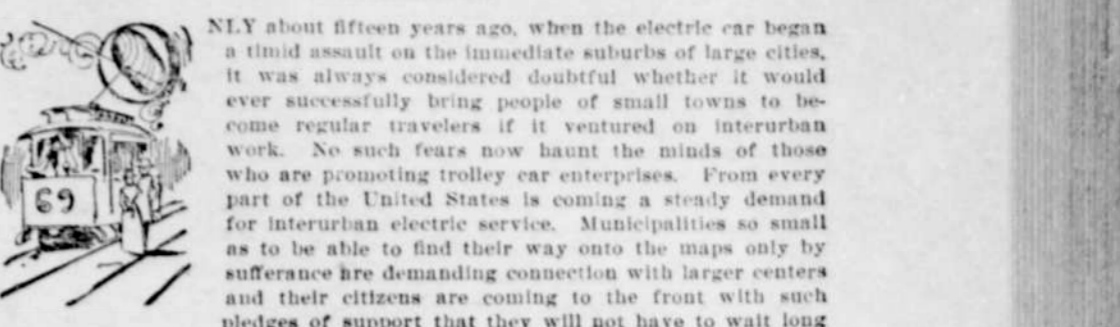
In Point of Architecture It Is in a Class by Itself.

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 semi-tropics 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.

A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both the similarities and the differences of the two pictures were being discussed as we sat in the quiet night, behind the locked gates, where not a sound from the city streets broke the grateful noise of water splashing in the fountains. On the high portico the President sat amid a group of dinner guests, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed the harmonious lines of its graceful shape.

"Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the

## INTERURBAN ELECTRIC RAILROADS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.



NLY 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 maps only by suzerainty here 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 snudly whizzes 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 whose 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 today 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 \$80,000,000 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 \$90,000,000 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 cabbage 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	90,000,000
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 a suggestion 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.

## MISSIONARY ON RACE SUICIDE.

Rev. Dr. Ryder of Opinion that Americans Are Not Decreasing.

Rev. Dr. C. J. Ryder, secretary of the American Missionary Association, alluding 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:

"Even our President called attention to this danger. The disaster which threatened the nation on account of the vast food of foreign immigrants, and the fact that American people were dying out, have presented serious complications. Careful compilation, however, of the statistics does not sustain this view. The twelfth census shows that the birth rate in the United States is slightly larger in the decennial period 1890 to 1900 than in that of 1880 to 1890. Another interesting feature is that the greatest increase occurred in the northeastern group of the States, including New England. This, again, is contrary to a preconceived opinion. It has been assumed that, especially in New England, the birth rate—and so the native population—was decreasing. These facts show that the great problem is still among the dependent people in our own land, and does not arise from the rapid increase of foreigners. The birth rate among the negroes is vastly larger than that among the whites. The national problem still abides in the South land, and is that of the Christian education and elevation of the colored people."

## 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 a dam in 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 Kalbarrie, 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 Kilgourie. The only for-

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