

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

CHAPTER I

We who turn our eyes westward and behold the "Star of Empire" setting amid the golden waters of the Pacific, while the folds of our nation's banner almost envelop the continent, are prone to look upon the valley of the Mississippi as a region old in civilization. Yet, long after the Atlantic shores were grained with cities and thriving villages, the great valley of the mid-continent was a vast solitude unknown to our forefathers. Long after colleges and schools, governments and courts, societies and churches, had arisen and flourished in the Atlantic colonies, the red man hunted his game in the forest, and drove his canoe over the bosom of the great Father of Waters, unmolested by the pale-faced invader.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, a bold and hardy band of adventurous knights and warriors, under the banner of Soto, landed at the bay of Santa Spiritu, in Florida, and, in all the pride and pomp of glorious array, started off through the deep forests in quest of those fabled cities where untold gold awaited their coming. On their way, meeting and overcoming obstacles innumerable, they landed at length, a worn and weary remnant of the once proud host, on the banks of the Mississippi. A little further on, they went through the wilds of Arkansas, but the same storm, dark forest, with its avenging hordes of red men, met them at every step and they came back to the Mississippi, where De Soto laid down and died. His great, hard heart was broken. The remnant of his party hastily constructed a few rude vessels, and sailed down the river, followed by the curses of the Indians.

After this, the great valley remained untrodden by the white men for a century and a half, when, in July, 1673, a small band of Europeans and Canadians, under Joliet and Marquette, reached the banks of the great river. They had come from the St. Lawrence, and had wandered through the vast solitudes of the Maumee and the Wabash. They floated down as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, where, having made themselves sure that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, they returned to their homes in Canada. Great reports were held over the reports these adventures brought with them; yet Joliet and Marquette both died ere the white man again sought the Father of Waters.

Seven years later, the celebrated La Salle, at the head of forty soldiers and a few monks, found the mighty river, and after recrossing the Atlantic, and returning through adventures almost incredible, he fairly commenced a colony in Louisiana. In 1687, he was assassinated by his own companions, and the few white men left were little better than a mere handful of wanderers in the wilderness.

A few years later, came the men whose names are cherished as among those who suffered the most and worked the most faithfully for the noble work of the South. Most prominent among them were the two brothers, Bertrille and Bienville, the latter of whom was the founder of the city of New Orleans, and for many years governor of the colony. From this time really commenced the growth of Louisiana.

This territory was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, more numerous, perhaps, than in any other section of the country. Some of them were more ferocious, insignificant in their capacity as distinct tribes, but yet speaking an idiom peculiar to themselves, cherishing their own exclusive traditions, and exercising all the rights of independent powers. But the principal tribes in the southern country were three in number—the Natchez, the Choctaws, and the Chickasaws, and with these and the Yazoois, did the French of that period have mostly to deal.

It was in the summer of 1727 that we introduce our readers to a pleasant home on the banks of the Mississippi. Some forty miles above where the city of Baton Rouge now stands, the Marquis Brion St. Julien had located himself, and erected a house. He was now just the prime of life, having been some five years on the road through the second half century of his life, and had left France out of pure disgust for the society he was obliged to mingle with there. Unlike most of those who came to the new home in the vast wilderness, he was wealthy. He had left his wife in the tomb of her ancestors, and her death was a severe blow upon his noble heart.

Money was potent, even in the wilderness, and the marquis had the most sumptuous residence in the country. Near his estate, the great river made a sweep to the westward, and his house was built upon a small tributary stream, which ran nearly south from its source, and at a distance of nearly two miles from the Mississippi.

Here he and his family lived, with such of his domestics as were needed about him. The house faced to the west, being about ten rods from the river. Next were two buildings, one upon the north and the other upon the south of the main house, and each about twenty feet distant. These were for the residence of the black slaves. Then back of all these, and distant forty feet, were two more buildings, one of them, twenty feet square, was for the stable, and the other, fifty feet square, was for the general storehouse of provisions for both man and beast. In front of the main dwelling extended a beautiful garden almost to the river. Outside of all, was a stout, barricade, completely enclosing the grounds on which stood the buildings and most of the garden. It was formed of posts driven firmly into the ground, at the distance of a foot apart and twelve feet high, and then these intervals were tightly filled with other upright timbers, firmly fastened in their places by transverse girdles and stout wooden pins. There were numerous loop or port-holes through this barricade, which could be opened or closed at pleasure.

The whole household of the marquis consisted of fifty-two persons. In addition to himself and two children, and one nephew; eight male white servants and five female whites; twenty-five black males, and ten females of the same dusky hue. And now, considering that St. Julien had arms and ammunition in plenty, we may suppose that he had little to fear from the red neighbors who prowled about his premises. And yet he had more protection than ought to have been more powerful than all else, and that was the perfect honor and genuine kindness with which he treated all the Indians with whom he came in contact.

Late one afternoon, the marquis went out into one of his fields that lay upon the rich bottom of the Walnut River. The Marquis St. Julien was a tall man, with a slight tendency to stoop in his gait, though this was more the result of

a habit of deep thought which he had contracted than of any physical cause. His hair was gray—a dark, granite-like gray, and he wore it long over his shoulders, whether it depended in loosely flowing curls. His features were very regular and handsome, but pale and thoughtful. His dress was mostly of black velvet, and its few ornaments of jet. He was, in truth, a noble-looking man, and just such an one as the common class would love to obey and instinctively respect. Hence his servants were fondly attached to him, and his slaves loved him.

He had nearly gained the southern edge of the copse, when he was startled from his reverie by hearing a crashing sound among the dry sticks near him. He stopped quickly, and for the instant his pistol was in his hand. He had time to see a dark object glide from the path in front of him towards the river, and he immediately resolved that this was something which wished to escape him. Another thing, also, occurred to his mind; and that was that no man could be so bold as to do the Stung Serpent here! "He is only in the path which his white brother has made through the forest," returned the red man, standing proudly erect.

"But wherefore art thou in his path?" "The Stung Serpent is on his way to his people."

"And are there none of thy people with thee?" "No, my white brother—no, he who stands second among the Sons of Natchez—wander alone so far from home?" "Yes, for he is not afraid. He knows the white chief is his friend, and wherefore should he fear?"

"But why did you come here?" asked the marquis, coming more directly to the point.

"I came to guide some traders on their way to the town of the great white chief, and my boat is left above where the great river turns toward the setting sun," answered the Indian.

"Then let my red brother return with me to my home, and there rest for the night."

But the Indian would not accept the invitation. He professed to be in haste, and in a few moments more, he turned on his way, and was soon out of sight.

As the marquis turned once more homeward, he pondered upon this thing. He knew the Stung Serpent well. He was the only brother of the Great Sun, or chief, of the Natchez, and was the most staid warrior of the whole tribe. Thus far, in all their intercourse, St. Julien had found him upright and honorable, but he knew how treacherous the Natchez could be, and how the crime of one white man against them could be visited upon the heads of all with whom they might come in contact. That Stung Serpent should have come fifty miles from his village to guide a few traders did not seem probable, and yet the marquis was at a loss for any other cause of the visit. At all events, he resolved to be prepared for danger; so when he reached his dwelling, he called his people together, and having informed them of what he had seen, he bade them to be on their guard.

After having done this, he was about to turn towards the house, when one of his blacks, a huge Gulesman of Ashante, named Tony, came up to him and spoke.

"Look here, my white brother, I have just seen him he went down the hill over his head by de die, and he was a lookin' sharp all round. S'pose he wants some of your fat oxen, eh, my white brother?"

"When did he go down, Tony?"

"Arly dis mornin'."

"And when did you see him first on his return?"

"Jus' bout an hour after noon."

"Then see that the dogs are confined among the cattle. The red scamps may mean mischief."

And with this, the marquis turned and went into the house. He did not wish to lose any of his cattle, though he would rarely have given bountyfully to them in those in absolute need.

Ah, St. Julien, watch thy cattle, but the red man wants them not. His quest is nearer thy heart!

CHAPTER II

We have remarked that the Marquis St. Julien had two children. They were twins, and were a boy and a girl. Louis St. Julien had seen seventeen years of life, and he had much of his father's look, save that his frame never promised such height. Those who knew Louis best, said that the noble he was at heart, since how fearless he was of danger. In the hour of the deepest peril, he carried a steady hand and a cool head, and it was more than usually moved, it was for some loved friend who might share the danger with him. His hair, which was a dark golden hue, hung loosely over his shoulders, curling, as did his father's, and his eyes were large and bright, and of a deep-blue color.

The sister was called Louise. Not only was she of the same age, but in every respect of feature she resembled her brother. She may have been a little smaller, but the difference was not readily noticed. She had the same regularity of feature, the same deep golden hair, the same brilliant blue eyes, the same fair, open brow, and the same nobleness of expression. She was a beautiful girl, as she and her brother wandered about together, many and many were the untutored red men who had dwelt with the untutored awe upon the fair picture.

We have also said that the marquis had a nephew living with him. This was Simon Selois, the son of St. Julien's sister. He was near five-and-thirty years of age, rather below the medium stature of man, and not very perfect in physical form. His shoulders were heavy, almost to humpiness, and his head was thrown forward in the habit of standing erect. His arms were very long, and his legs rather short and crooked. His hair was black and crisp, and his eyes also black and small; his face was very regular in feature, and might have been called handsome but for the tendency of the brow to preassure wrinkles, the strange sharpness of the small black eyes, and the unchristian crispiness of the hair. He had been left an orphan at the age of twenty, and had a good squandered what little patrimony was left him. After this, he had sought his uncle, who kindly gave him a home. Simon was an excellent accountant, so when the marquis resolved to come to America, he took his nephew with him, to help superintend the business, and also to act as tutor for his two children, for Simon was a good scholar.

It was on the second evening after the marquis had met the Stung Serpent in the wood that the family were sitting in one of the rooms which looked out on the garden. It was towards 8 o'clock, but there were no lamps lighted, for the moon was up, bright and full, in the west,

and her soft beams were poured into the sitting room in a gentle flood, which sufficed for all purposes of conversation. Thus the family sat, when one of the servants entered and announced that a stranger had arrived and asked for shelter and food. St. Julien's answer was quickly spoken:

"Give him food, and then conduct him hither."

In the meantime, lights were brought, and when the new-comer entered, the window had been closed and the room was now brilliantly lighted. He was a tall, nobly formed man, not over five-and-twenty, with a profusion of nut-brown ringlets clustering about his high, full brow, and a sweet smile of gratitude lighting up his handsome face. That a "white man" welcomed the marquis, starting up, "Welcome, air—thrice welcome! My mind has so run upon these red dogs, for the past four-and-twenty hours, that I expected to have seen one of them now. And a countryman!"

"Yes, sir," spoke the stranger, in a voice peculiarly soft and pleasant. "France is my native land."

"Then welcome again," resumed the host, shaking the stranger once more by the hand, and then conducting him to a seat.

The conversation turned upon the natural topics of the times, but Simon Selois did not join in it. He had made one or two remarks at the commencement; but, suddenly, he seemed more by the stranger's appearance, and now was engaged in scanning his countenance. At length, he seemed to have arrived at a solution of the mystery, and a dark cloud gathered over his features.

Meanwhile the conversation went on, and both Louis and Louise seemed trying to recall some memory of the past.

"How far up are you going?" asked the marquis, at length.

"At present," returned the stranger, "I had only thought of seeking the dwelling of the Marquis Brion St. Julien."

"Ah!" uttered the host, elevating his eyebrows. "Did you ever know him in France?"

"Very well."

"But—really—"

The marquis was here interrupted by Louis, who at that moment sprang from his chair.

"Ah!" the youth cried, "I know you now!"

"Do you?" said the visitor, arising and grasping Louis by the hand.

"Yes—yes; Goupard St. Denis!"

"St. Denis?" uttered the old man, starting quickly from his chair and hastening forward.

"Goupard!" cried Louise, also springing forward. "Goupard—Goupard!" she repeated. "O, it is—it is! Dear, good Goupard!"

And as these words fell from her lips, she bounded forward and caught the young man by the hand. His eyes burned with a strange light as he met her glad, joyous look, and his voice was marked by a perceptible tremulousness as he said: "Yes, Louise—it is your old friend Goupard."

"Goupard St. Denis!" muttered the dark-browed nephew to himself, as he cast a look of unmistakable hatred towards the newcomer.

(To be continued.)

KNOWN PRECISELY WHAT TO DO.

Tickets Told the Whole Story to Her in One Glance.

The sharp-nosed man looked dubiously after the retreating figure of the stenographer. "I am in a quandary what to do with that girl," he said. "I don't know whether to fire her or raise her salary. I don't know what to make of her. She is the quintessence of either innocence or deceit. I can't figure her out. About two months ago some misguided member of a certain benevolent society sent me two tickets for a charity ball to be given at a well-known hall in Harlem. I was surprised to get the tickets, for I supposed that everybody who knew me knew my sentiments in regard to charity.

"I don't believe in it. I don't believe in giving things away. I have to work for every cent I have, and I expect other people to do the same thing. To my mind, these folks that dance for charity and sing for charity and cut all sorts of dices for benevolent purposes are only degrading the masses they are supposed to benefit. I had expressed this opinion so often that I was amazed that anybody should ask me to countenance a benevolent scheme by buying a ticket for a ball. Naturally, I put them into an envelope and handed them to the stenographer."

"Here, Miss Drew," I said. "You know what to do with these."

"Yes, sir," she said. "Thank you."

"It struck me then that there was no occasion for her to thank me for requesting her to perform her regular routine of duties, but I didn't give the matter a second thought until three weeks later when a representative of the benevolent society called to collect \$10 for the ball tickets."

"But I didn't see the tickets," I said. "I don't believe in charity."

"Pardon me," he said, "they were used. Here are the numbers sent you and here are the tickets bearing the same number which were taken in at the door. If you didn't want them, you ought to have returned them to us at once, as requested in our communication to you."

"But I did return them," I argued. "Then I called in the stenographer, 'Miss Drew,' I said, 'didn't I give you two ball tickets some time ago to be returned to the benevolent society?'"

"Why, no," she said. "You gave me the tickets, but you didn't say anything about returning them. You said I knew what to do with them."

"And what did you do?" I asked.

"I went to the ball," said she. "I thought that was what you meant."

"I was furious, but I saw the benevolent society had the drop on me, and I paid them the \$10. The worst of it is the girl seemed so sweet and innocent and sorry that I haven't had the courage either to discharge her or deduct the money from her salary. I can't make up my mind to this day whether she really thought I meant to make her a present, or whether she notified the society to send me the tickets and then deliberately worked me for a long time. But, whatever her motive, there is one charitable organization in town that is now growing fat off \$10 of my hard-earned money."—New York Herald.

Told of Miss Willard.

Frances Willard once wrote to her friend Mrs. Bain, of Kentucky, who had just lost a daughter: "Dear Sister Anna, how much richer are you than I! Here I sit alone without a child to die, while you are mother to an angel."

Candor looks with equal fairness at both sides of a subject.—Noah Webster.

EDITORIALS
OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Snobs of Washington.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S effective rebuke to a part of Washington's official society for snubbing one of her guests, who had been a saleswoman before becoming the wife of an influential government official, is disquieting chiefly because it proves that there are almost as many snobs in the national capital as there are in New York, Chicago or Boston. It is generally conceded that the relation of the spoils to the population varies directly with the youth and size of the city. Of Washington we have long thought better things. Washington is an old city and a democratic one. It is at Washington that there assemble the men who have made themselves, whose mental superiority over their fellow-men has been recognized by their fellow-citizens in being sent to the nation's capital to represent them and to shape the nation's destinies. Most of those men have started the destiny-forging by selling papers or splitting fence-rails. We have rather plumed ourselves with the idea that the prime qualifications of Washington society were mental capacity and a clean record. We have never permitted ourselves to think that a man who has sufficiently won the confidence of his community or district to be chosen a government servant would go to Washington to suffer humiliation because his wife had once been forced to earn an honorable living with her own hands. To an American it is not a pretty conceit.

It might be embarrassing to those same ladies who have been trying to appoint themselves arbiters of elegance if a general investigation of social qualifications were made. The husbands of a great many of these ladies have not always been so prominent. In fact, many of those marriages were contracted when the husbands had no such lofty ambitions, and the idea of securing a helpmate to decorate a Washington home was not seriously considered. That is quite right. It is the natural safeguard against fallacious aristocracy. But it is an essential consideration for those wives of Congressmen and Senators who feel themselves qualified to suggest etiquette and social distinctions to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.—Detroit Journal.

How to Become Rich.

AN analysis of the large fortunes which on account of death have changed hands during the year shows that no fewer than 206 of these estates were valued at over \$100,000 each. Among them figure the \$2,900,000 of Earl Fitzwilliam; the \$2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the \$2,000,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers.

A further analysis of these two hundred odd fortunes discloses this instructive fact—that the great majority of them have been created during the life of their owners, and created not by speculation nor by any sudden chance of fortune, but by deliberate and unremitting hard work. It is clear that "Dogged does it" in the small and exclusive world of money just as in the ordinary world at large.

But still more instructive is this further fact which is revealed by our analysis—that these men, who have worked so hard and succeeded so signally, have also lived a long life. Of the great fortunes of the year—amounting to some \$58,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score.

The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth; but the activity and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health of both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

Do Not Talk Too Much.

BLUNTNESS OF speech, directness of action, strict insistence on one's rights and disdain of diplomatic, roundabout methods of dealing with men and affairs are meritorious in a way, but the shortest road is not always the easiest and a little diplomacy will save much trouble in many cases. One can be diplomatic, too, without lying or doing anything that need worry the strictest conscience.

The first and hardest rule of diplomacy in large affairs and small, in public and private life, is Do not talk too much. Some instinct in the majority of people impels them to tell all they know, and, sometimes, a little more. It is a talker against a man that can keep his own counsel in any affair of business or intrigue, and it is strange if the talker does not get the worst of the matter. He puts his oppo-

HIS TEST OF THE ARTIST.

Would-Be Purchaser Made Suggestions Concerning a Painting.

There is perhaps a lesson of some sort for young artists in the story told by Frederick Kost, the landscape and marine painter, of the days when he was just starting. It was at a time when things were not prospering as he could have wished—where, in fact, the artist was pretty hard-up—that a man wearing a great fur-lined overcoat knocked at the door of his studio. The stranger was evidently a Westerner, and a man of wealth.

"Mr. Kost," he said, "I have seen pictures of yours at different exhibitions, and I think I would like to own one."

Then he nodded approvingly at a landscape on the easel, and said: "That is exceedingly nice. But," he added after a pause, "might I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Kost. "Go ahead."

"Well," said the would-be purchaser, "I think the sky might be changed with advantage," and he started in to explain the alteration which he thought would improve the painting.

Mr. Kost did not agree with him, but as he wished to sell the picture he said he would consider the matter. And the stranger went away, promising to call in a few days.

Mr. Kost went to work to change the sky, against his own judgment, to suit the stranger. He ended by changing the entire picture to suit the sky. In fact, from a landscape, it grew into a marine. The stranger never turned up, and the artist cursed his folly in having acted contrary to common sense to please an ignorant person, and so spoiled one of his best efforts, the result of several months of work.

About a year later a knock took Mr. Kost to his door again, and there stood the stranger in the fur-lined overcoat. Being asked in, he took a seat before the easel and nodded approvingly at a picture that happened to be there.

"I like that—like it very much," he said thoughtfully. Then, after a pause: "But may I make a suggestion?"

Mr. Kost was not so angry with the man as annoyed at the recollection of his own foolishness. He looked squarely at his visitor.

"Go to the devil with your suggestion," he replied.

"What's that?" exclaimed the stranger.

Mr. Kost repeated his invitation. For a moment the other colored. Then

Courtesy in Business.

COURTESY in business has been called the "oil on the wheels of worldly progress" and "an air cushion with apparently nothing in it, that yet eases the heavy jolts of trade." But it is more than these. It is a positive virtue—the most democratic of all virtues—in that it recognizes all individualities and pays all just claims. By its consummate consideration it infringes upon no one's rights and lessens no one's advantage.

It is often a form of self-suppression in action as well as an expression of universal and individual sympathy. It loosens the burdens of life, soothes anger, and often counteracts and does away with misunderstandings. Courtesy is the outward expression of the most essential sentiments of the inner, truer man. When these outward expressions cease the inner sentiments themselves are weakened and lose their delicacy and energy, and so we may say that the foundations of courtesy are based upon the universal needs of humanity itself.—New York Daily News.

The Span of Life.

IT seems that we were all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.5. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement that by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."—Harper's Weekly.

High Prices.

IT is significant that in some quarters there are beginning to be arguments made to show that high prices, being a sign of public prosperity, are good for the people. If this remark were so amended as to read that high prices are good for some of the people, it would be correct. They are undoubtedly good for a considerable portion of the people. Included in these are the people in active business who find themselves selling goods on a rising market, a rising market generally implying abundant sales and orders for goods to be made. Rich people who own property also find it increased in value. There are others, however, who are less fortunate. They are the men and women of fixed incomes, who are compelled to pay increased prices for what they purchase without addition to their money resources for purchasing. There is a much larger class in those whose fixed income comes from their labor. These are worse off, as they find the cost of what they eat and consume in the other necessities of life—such as fuel and coal and salt and butter, for instance—increased without a corresponding addition to their wages. There can be no equal increase in prices unless the prices paid for labor are a part of it.—Boston Herald.

WALKING THROUGH FIRE.

Lava Streams in the Crater of Kilianea in Hawaii.

Compared with the volcanoes in the Hawaiian Islands, those in the West Indies are larger, and exhibit the phenomena of nature on a grander scale. The cone of Kilianea, in Hawaii, holds a lake of melted rock, the outlets of which are rivers of lava which gleam like molten silver. In "Fire Mountains" Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming describes her descent into the outer crater.

We took a circuitous route to avoid the fiery breath of the sulphur cracks. Some of the cones are dome-shaped; others are more open, like witches' cap-dons, and curiously compelled me to snatch a glimpse of the fiery broth within, although I knew that such stolen peeps were dangerous, as at any moment the wrathful spirits might drive away the intruder with a shower of molten rock.

So numerous were the streams which interested the bed of the crater on this side that it was necessary for the guide to keep ceaseless watch to guard against the possibility of our retreat being cut off.

We took our stand on an elevated hummock of lava, and were thus raised to the level of the lake, which had very capriciously selected the highest portion of the crater, so that all the rivers flowed down over the steep bank.

Dr. Coan told me he had seen lava flowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, rushing downhill through forests on its seaward way. I confess I watched this small, comparatively safe river with some trepidation.

So rapidly does lava cool that when we had gained sufficient confidence to follow our experienced guide, we were

Just a Girl.

Many a throne has had to fall
For a girl,
Just a girl;
Many a king has had to crawl
For a girl,
Just a girl.
When the hero goes to war
He may battle for the right,
But 'tis likelier by far
That he sallies forth to fight
For a girl,
Just a girl.

When the doctor turns to say:
"It's a girl,
Just a girl,"
Papa murmurs with dismay:
"What! A girl,
Just a girl!"

Ah, but why the sadness there?
Why the bitterness displayed?
That the great round world was made
For that girl,
Just that girl.

Why did Adam take the bite?
For a girl,
Just a girl.

Why was Troy swept out of sight?
For a girl,
Just a girl.

O would heaven still be bright,
And would any good man care
To achieve it, if he might
Never claim it forever here,
Just a girl,
Glorious girl!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

We heard a long time ago that the devil invented the saddle, but we heard to-day that he also invented the pump.

You can interest any man by saying to him, "You work too hard."

GEO. P. CROWELL,
(Successor to E. L. Smith,
Oldest Established House in the valley.)
DEALER IN

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Leave Dalles 7 A. M.
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Daily round trips except Sunday.

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Through Portland connection with Steamer Hakolia from Ilwaco and Long Beach points. White Collar Line tickets interchangeable with O. R. & N. Co. and V. T. Co. tickets.

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Leave The Dalles Mon., Wed., Fri. 7:00 A. M.

Landing and office: Foot Alder street. Both boats leave Main St., Portland, Oregon.

AGENTS.

J. W. CRICHTON, The Dalles, Ore.
E. W. CRICHTON, Hood River, Ore.
WOLFE & WYBURN, White Salmon, Wash.
HEERY & GLENN, Astoria, Ore.
JOHN T. TOTTEN, Stevenson, Wash.
J. C. WYATT, Vancouver, Wash.
A. J. TAYLOR, Astoria, Ore.

O. R. & N.
UNION PACIFIC
OREGON
SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special \$20.00 via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Pt. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Alvantic Express \$15.00 via Huntington.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minnetonka, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, and Chicago East	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail \$20.00 via Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Pt. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:50 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

5:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change.	5:00 p. m.
	For San Francisco— Sail every 5 days.	
Daily \$10.00 Saturday 10:30 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers To Astoria and Way Landings.	5:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6-8 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Winnemucca River. Water connecting Oregon City, New- berg, Salem, Inde- pendence, Corvallis and Way Land- ings.	About 6:00 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:30 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Winnemucca and Yam- hill Rivers. Water connecting Oregon City, Inde- pendence, Corvallis and Way Land- ings.	5:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:00 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Squak River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.
A. N. ROAN, Agent, Hood River.