

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Here, Simon," uttered the marquis, turning towards his nephew, "don't you remember Goupert St. Denis?—our young Goupert, who used to come and shoot my game, and frighten you with his gun and pistols?"

"Ah—yes!" said Simon, arising and smiling with an effort. "M. St. Denis, your humble servant, sir. We are happy to see you among us once more."

Goupert St. Denis had once lived very near to St. Julien's country residence, and among all the youthful visitors he was by far the most welcome. His father was a count and a gentleman, and Goupert was a handsome, noble boy. In those days, Louis and Louise were merry children, and the stout Goupert used to play with them hour after hour and day after day. And in those days, too, he used to carry the lovely little girl in his arms, and he used to tell her that some day she should be his wife, and then she would laugh and clap her little dimpled hands, and sometimes she would pluck his cheek and box his ear, and tell him she should be stronger, and could punish him more severely when she became his wife. But those days were gone now, and while Goupert had only put on a very little more manhood, Louise had grown from a thoughtless child to be a very beautiful maiden.

"But how is it, Goupert?" asked the marquis, after the party had become calm. "What brings you here into this wilderness?"

"Of a truth, my old friend, I came to seek my fortune," returned the young man. "You know my father lost his all in his meddling in the affairs of Spain, and when he died, three years ago, I found myself not only alone in the world, but nearly penniless. The little estate at Sezanne, in Lower Maine, was the only thing left. I sold it, and after paying off all demands, I found myself the owner of the enormous sum of ten thousand francs. What should I do? That would not last me a month if I remained amongst my old associates. The last of my father's wealth he lost in Law's great Mississippi scheme; and now that I was left alone, I was not long in turning my eyes hither. At New Orleans, I heard that a Marquis Brion St. Julien had settled up here somewhere. I think I must have been crazy for awhile after receiving this information; but when I did really come to myself, I started, and here I am."

"But didn't you know that we were here?" asked the marquis.

"Why, no. I thought you were in Canada."

"Yes—here we are!" cried the old man, joyfully, "and now we will live over some of the happy days again."

"Ay," added Goupert, "and forget all the dark ones."

After this, the conversation turned upon affairs in the native country, and for three hours the marquis kept his visitor answering questions and retelling the news of the past six years. It was at a late hour when they separated, and with tears in his eyes, Brion St. Julien called upon heaven to bless his young friend. There was something in Goupert's presence that had called up the brighter days of his past life, and he was happy in the hope that he might keep the youth a long while with him.

Louise retired to her chamber, and for a while, only a bright joy seemed to move her; but gradually her thoughts seem to take a more serious turn, for her countenance changed to a sober, thoughtful cast, and with her hands clasped upon her bosom, she bowed her head, and thus she remained for a long while, the color of her face changing like the deepening twilight.

But there was one more whom we have seen affected by the young man's presence. Simon Lobois retired to his chamber, and for some time he paced up and down the apartment with quick, nervous strides. His face showed that he was ill at ease, and the clenching of the hands seemed to speak of a war within.

"What brought him here?" he muttered to himself. "Now we'll have more boy's play and monkey-dancing, and it will all end in his falling in love with Louise. And if he does so, and should ask for her hand, I am simply sure that the old man would tell him—yes. But what does he want with the young popinjay? I'll be ahead of him. And if I should be—he who treats upon me may tread upon dangerous ground! Let them beware!"

CHAPTER III.

The morning of the next day dawned brightly, and at an early hour, Goupert and Louise were astir. The latter took his friend all over the buildings, showed him the defenses, and would have passed out through the northern gate had not the marquis joined them just as they came out of the stable leading two horses by the bridles.

"How now, you young rascal!" cried the old man. "Are you going to run off with my horses?"

"Not at all," returned St. Denis, with a merry laugh. "We were going to let the horses run off with us. But we won't go now, unless you'll go with us. Here, Louise, hold this animal of mine while I help your father to saddle his horse. I know he'll love to sniff the fresh air before breakfast."

The old man joined in the plan joyfully, and ere long the three were galloping off over the country. They laughed and shouted merrily on the way, and the forest rang with the echoes of their glad voices. When they returned to the house, they found Louise upon the piazza, her face radiant with smiles.

Simon Lobois had been a spectator of the morning's sports; and when the party sat down to the table he was silent and moody. Several times he tried to hide his emotions, and finally he so far succeeded as to engage in quite an animated conversation. After the meal was done, Simon took the first opportunity to call the marquis one side, and as he said that he wished to have a few moments of private conversation, the old man retired to his library, whither Simon followed him.

"Now, what is it?" asked St. Julien, after they had both become seated.

It was some moments before the nephew replied; but at length he seemed to collect his mental forces, and he commenced:

"M. St. Julien, his voice trembled at first, but it grew more steady as he went on, 'I have now been in your family a long while, and my attachments have become strong and fixed. Six years ago you placed your children under my charge, and I have done all I could for them.'"

"I know—I know, Simon," uttered the old man, "and I have told you a thousand times how grateful I was."

"Yes, sir, and your gratitude has been

a choice blessing to me. But remember the hours I have spent with those two children—"

"And haven't they been happy hours, Simon?"

"Indeed they have, sir, been very happy ones. But, alas! the thought has often been with me of late—must they all end in misery now?"

"How, Simon?—misery?" uttered the marquis, in astonishment. "What mean you? Do you fear that I am going to turn you away?"

An instantaneous flash of defiance passed over the younger man's face, but he revealed none of the feeling that had given it birth.

"No, no," he replied, "I did not fear that. You do not understand me. Remember, sir, that Louise St. Julien has grown up under my care—that I have seen each opening beauty as it has gradually expanded itself into life, and each bud of promise I have seen blossom into the full rose. She has now grown to be a woman. Think you I have seen and known all this unmoved? No, sir. My heart has been caught in the snare of her charms, and I am but as an outcast now, if I possess her not for mine own. You understand me now?"

Brion St. Julien understood, but he made no reply. He started when the truth first broke upon him; and when Simon ceased speaking he arose to his feet and commenced to pace the room. The nephew watched him for a moment, and then, in a tone as soft and persuasive as he could assume, he resumed:

"Reflect calmly upon this, my lord. Remember, you are growing old; your children are yet young—"

"Too young for this, Simon," whispered the marquis. "And then I am not old, either. I am but fifty-five—that's all."

"I know," pursued the nephew; "but Louise is not young. Her mind is that of a woman."

"But you are one year over and above double her own age," suggested the parent; "almost old enough—ay, fully old enough to be her father."

"Simon, yet I am not old, nor have I yet reached my prime; only five-and-thirty years. But what of all this? Speak plainly, sir, and let me know your mind. Only remember that I have not sought your daughter's society. It has been forced upon me, and I could not avoid the result. Ah, sir, I cannot think you will refuse me."

Now, to speak the truth for the marquis—he had not the faintest confidence in Simon Lobois. He knew that his nephew would work well for pay, but he had long doubted the truth of his heart—the pureness of his motives; and what was more, he had moments when he almost feared him. This latter emotion was a sort of dim, vague working of mind, without point and without shape; but yet it worked, and had its influence.

"Simon," he said, "when I left France, I left all the rotten, useless usages of society behind me, and here I resolved to form a world of my own. First among the miserable falsehoods of old society, I meant to cast away that plan which makes the marriage of the child a work of the parent. When my child is old enough to marry, she is old enough to select her own husband; and until she is old enough to use her own judgment in that respect, she is not old enough to perform the duties of a wife. Upon the marriage of my children may depend the whole weal or woe of their earthly future. Such being the case, I must leave them to choose for themselves, only hoping that they will seek my counsel, and listen to my advice, so far as my judgment is good."

"What am I to understand by this, sir?" asked Simon, not able to conceal his chagrin.

"Simply that Louise may choose her own husband."

"But you will exercise some authority? You will speak in my behalf?"

"First, I would know if the girl chooses you."

"But—but you might influence her choice."

"Not now, Simon."

"Yet you will speak one word?"

"Why so soon? Louise is young yet. Why, bless you, man, there's some time yet—some years—ere she'll be of lawful age."

"Not quite a year, sir."

"I mean ere she'll be able to do business as an heiress. Let the matter rest now."

"No, no—I cannot. I cannot live in doubt. I must know what my fate is to be."

"But what is to be gained by this haste? Louise must be free yet, unless she may reciprocate your own love."

"Ay," cried Simon, hotly and passionately, and speaking now without thought or consideration; "but how long is this to be so? How long before this new-fledged popinjay may seize her with the fire of his eye, and influence her to love him? He is here, and he is likely to stay here while—"

"Simon Lobois!" spoke the marquis; sternly and quickly, "you know not what you say. Beware, sir, or I may tell you a truth that shall grate upon this ear."

"Speak, sir—speak!" uttered the nephew, still under the influence of passion. "Let me hear all."

"Listen," interrupted the marquis, "and you shall hear. I took you to my home, penniless. Only remember you this: the Count St. Denis was one among the few, very few, true friends I ever had, and his only son has inherited all his father's good qualities, all his nobleness of soul, and all his virtues. And mark me, I love Goupert St. Denis. Yet I will speak one word more since you have brought the subject up; and I hope this may be the last time that need shall arise of alluding to the subject here. When I came here, I begged that I would take you with me. I offered you a salary of four thousand francs a year in money, besides your living, to come and keep the bare account of my business, and three thousand more to teach my children. Thus far you have done your duty well. Have I not done mine?"

There was something in the look, the tone, and the words of the speaker, that struck a transient feeling of awe to Simon's soul, and in a moment he concealed all traces of his anger. He found that there was much of the old blood yet left in the old noble, and that hot words would only serve to blast his own hopes. So he assumed a repentant tone, and with a more modest look, he said:

"Forgive me, sir. I meant not to speak ill of any one, but my tongue ran away with me. Out of my deep love for your noble child sprang a dreadful fear when I saw St. Denis come. But may I not speak with Louise? May I not ask her to be mine?"

"Of course you may."

"And if she says yes?"

"Then I should simply bid her follow her own wishes."

Simon Lobois thanked his uncle, and then left the room, and when he was alone, his hands were clenched and his brow was dark.

CHAPTER IV.

All that day did Simon Lobois watch for an opportunity to speak alone with Louise, and it was not until towards evening that he gained the wished-for opportunity. She was standing in the hall, her brother and Goupert having gone down to the river, while the marquis was somewhere among the blacks, giving directions for the next day's work. Simon

touching the maiden upon the arm, and asked her to follow him into the study, as he wished to speak with her a moment. The beautiful girl smiled a reply, and languidly tripped along by his side to the study apartment.

"Louise," he commenced, in a very soft, winning tone—and he could speak very sweetly, too, when he chose—"I want you to listen to me candidly, now, and weigh well what I shall say."

"How now, good master?" cried the happy girl, with a merry twinkle of the eye; "am I to take a lesson for not getting one to-day?"

"No, no. Listen, and be sober, for I would be serious. You know how our lives have been spent here for the last six years, and how we have moved about in our little world here in the wilderness. You have been my constant companion. Then Simon introduced the same speech, word for word, that he had uttered to the parent in the morning about the expanding beauties and budding promises, and he ended thus: 'And now womanhood has come upon you with its loveliness and goodness all nobly developed, and my heart has become captive, and is all your own.'"

"Good Simon, sweet cousin, I am glad you love me!" said the maiden, with a bright smile.

"Are you, Louise?" the tutor cried eagerly. "O, and will you be mine?"

"Be yours? Be your what?"

"My wife, most lovely girl—my wife!" Louise St. Julien gazed for some moments into Simon's face, and then burst into a long, loud laugh.

"O, you do not mean so? You are not in earnest?" she uttered, for she could not at first realize it.

"Mean it? Do not say, you? Louise, I do mean it!" This unexpected turn had thrown him entirely from his studied plan.

"Mean to ask me to be your wife?" spoke the fair girl, giving each word a particular emphasis, and speaking with a pause between every one, as though she would have no misunderstanding.

"Most assuredly I do. I love you as the very core of my soul, and I cannot lose you now. How can I help loving you? How should I be with you thus if I have been, and not love you? O, blessed one, you will not crush me now?"

"It doesn't seem possible!" she uttered, "Wake up, Simon; shake yourself, and see if you have not been dreaming this! I be your wife? Why, you are more fit for my father. Don't speak so any more, for you'll frighten me."

"And can the love of a true and faithful heart frighten you?" he asked.

"Most assuredly not. You may love me as much as you please—as an only cousin ought to love, or as a father ought to love, or yet as a friend ought to love a dutiful pupil; but if you talk of marriage to me any more, I shall certainly think you are crazy, and then, of course, I should be frightened, for I am afraid of crazy folks. Don't talk so to me any more, or I shall surely think your brain is turned."

(To be continued.)

DEER JACKING WITH TUGBOAT.

Unique Chance That Came to a Maine Boat When Out for Fish.

So far as is known the first instance on record of a deer being jacked by an ocean-going tugboat happened on the last day of open time this year on the shore of Fort Point cove at the mouth of the Penobscot River. The cove is a general exchange for shipping bound up or out of the river. It is here that the ocean tugs drop their bows for the river boats to take to Bangor and here they come for the ice barges ready for sea. The country in the vicinity of the cove is sparsely settled and on the western side begins the vast range of forests which extend for miles across Hancock and Washington counties. Deer are plentiful farther back, but are rarely seen near the shore.

It was not for a deer that young Judson Perkins loaded up his father's old musket with a handful of slugs and went down to the shore after school. It was a sent upon which Judson had intentions. The small river or bay seals are plentiful in the cove and are a great pest to the fishermen in robbing their nets and weirs of the choicest of the catch. A boy is considered a seal for his shyness is remarkable. The cove is dull in discovering the presence of danger compared with a bay seal. And so it happened that Judson was down on the shore with a gun that afternoon. After waiting and watching in vain for his quarry, he started for home in the darkness.

He was only a few steps from the shore when a big tug shot by in the point and played her searchlight upon the fleet of schooners and barges at anchor there. Then the big ray searched along the shore until it caught Judson full in the face. Turning about to avoid the blinding ray, he looked toward the woods and saw a slight white light in the path of the big, white tug, with head and antlers above a small bush, stood the finest buck deer seen in those parts for years.

The deer seemed fascinated, standing with gleaming eyeballs and quivering nostrils, trembling. Judson quickly covered his wits, raised his gun and fired. At that moment the light went out, but at the report back it came and flickered back and forth like a dog looking for a scent. Had the men on the boat been a little nearer they might have seen a boy standing over a big deer and gazing at it as if he could hardly believe his senses. As soon as he was assured that the deer was really dead he ran to the house as fast as his legs could carry him, but had desperate work to make the hired man understand that it was a load for the steers and drag. Judson is probably the only hunter in Maine who ever shot a deer with the aid of a 500-ton steel ocean-going tugboat.

Pills as Big as Duck Eggs.

A wanderer from the flowery kingdom recently died in Melbourne. It transpired at the inquest that he had been treated by a Chinese physician, who gave him pills each the size of a duck's egg. There were said to be forty different ingredients in the medicine, including blood, grasshoppers, ashes, bone dust, clay, dates, honey, sawdust and ground-up insects.

The Memory.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and too much sleep.

The Dramatic Case.

Mr. FULTON—Our friend Epicure has got out a new book.

Mrs. FULTON—That's nice; is it going to be dramatized?—Ohio State Journal.

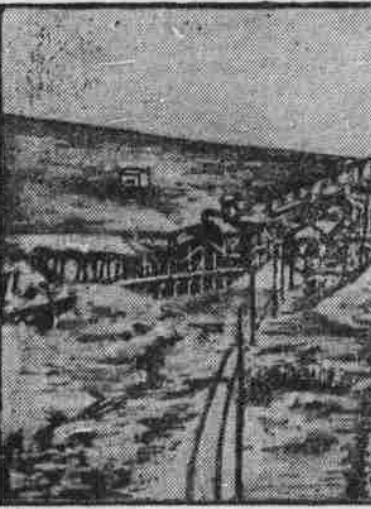
COAL

WHEN one speaks of romance coupled with the contents of the coal scuttle, the connection may seem somewhat remote. But it isn't. There are wonders and beauties of vegetation concealed in the coal, with the glory and fervor and sunshine of days that dawned when the earth was young. And while these marvels are not apparent at a casual glance, they are not so deeply hidden as to be visible only to the learned mineralogist working in his well-equipped laboratory. A little manual dexterity readily acquired; a microscope, and a modest amount of study,



FIG. 1—FOSSIL CALAMITE STEMS.

are all the preparation needed to enable one to unfold a record not made by human hands, and to reveal beauties of rare excellence. And there is history—concentrated to a degree which comprehends the activities of millions of years in the piece of mineral you may hold between your fingers. Coal tells much about the earth we live on and delve into, and all it imparts happened long before there was a human being in existence to take note of the terrestrial catastrophes compared with which the might-



WHERE THE ROMANCE OF COAL IS NOT APPARENT ON SURFACE.

lest upheavals of present times sink into absolute insignificance.

Coal is a mineral. It is carbon. It is about the only source of carbon on earth available for the extraction of metals from ores, and their subsequent transformations. Millions of years ago it grew, in the literal sense. That period of the earth's existence is styled the carboniferous. Man wasn't due for millions of years. There were few vertebrates of any sort on land. One of the first to make his bow was a chimp shaped like a frog and as big as a small ox. And he was amphibious;

worn stone, with its secret hidden at the core.

Coal can be made to tell its secrets just as surely as can the sandstones and shales found near it. It would be useless to look at any casual piece of coal to trace its vegetable origin, but by cutting a thin plate and grinding carefully between glass with emery and water until it becomes so thin as to be transparent, and then submitting this to microscopic examination, we discover something as to its structure. So it occurs, by making sections through all kinds of coal, we are almost invariably able to trace their vegetable origin from the softer vegetable and wood structures, until it becomes saturated and consolidated, eventually losing its gaseous constituents, and becoming converted into carbonized coal of various states of purity as it nears the stages of the more pure forms of carbon.



FIG. 2—MODERN CALAMITE AND CLUB MOSS.

that is, not particular whether he swam in the water or moved about on land. He had relatives, and the whole tribe went by the general name of labyrinthodonts—the name being of dimensions to correspond with its bearers. Then there were scaly, alligator-like reptiles, and the smaller fish included tree lizards, land snails, large scorpions and spiders, cockroaches, beetles, huge May-flies, and other marsh insects. Among things in the seas were the oyster, and fishes to which the armored sturgeon of to-day bears some resemblance. All these left their trade-marks, so to speak, in coal.

But this is in a manner of aggression. There were trees in those days. Not the sorts we now have, but those of less complex structure. They were tall—some of them over 200 feet, and correspondingly thick. They have left descendants, but puny ones—horsetails, club mosses, ferns, are common instances. The construction of these trees tells us that the earth was a very damp place those days. There was water everywhere, and in abundance. Even the air was habitually saturated with it. The sun was hot, and the combination made things grow. Figure 1 shows at its right a fossil root-end of a calamite or horsetail of the coal period, and figure 2 a modern horsetail, actual size. Comparison speaks for itself. Club mosses were abundant in varieties many of which are extinct. These mosses grew 100 feet or more tall, and scattered myriads of seed spores and spore cases; season after season this continued, until deep and dense layers were formed around the roots. To-day we get coal that is more or less completely built up of these resinous spores—the bituminous sort frequently owes its brilliant and glossy appearance

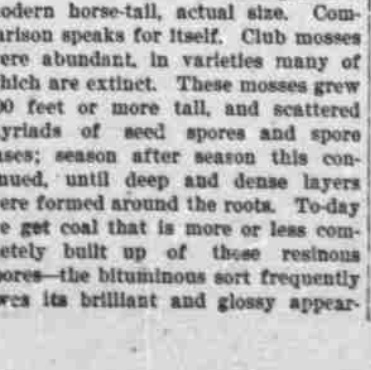


FIG. 3—COAL SHALES.

Wonders and Beauties of Vegetation, and Remarkable Chemical Combinations Revealed; Sunshine of Days When the Earth Was Young Concentrated in the Bright Black Lump Upon Whose Energy a World Depends.

ance to the presence of this resinous matter. These big club mosses are termed lepidodendron. The stem or trunk of a lepidodendron is covered with scars where the leaf stalks were originally attached, and these trunks are often found standing upright in the coal mines, with their striking scars arranged spirally around their whole length. The sandstones and shales found above coal strata often reveal fossilized portions and casts or impressions of the scaly bark of these great stems.

If we add to the plants already mentioned certain coniferous trees similar to pines and larches, we will comprehend that the forests of the coal period, although largely composed of what we now regard as insignificant weeds, were not by any means insignificant as forests. On the contrary, everything points to the fact that the forests were so dense as to be almost impenetrable through the various plant-growths, individuals striving with one another to get their leaves exposed to the sunlight, just as the living plants in crowded situations do today, for sunlight was just as essential to these early plants as it has always been to all plant life. In among the great stems were undergrowths of ferns, many of which are very similar to sorts which flourish to-day. The frequency with which fronds and frondlets of ferns are seen in coal and shales shows how plentiful the growth must have been. The two central examples in the top row of figure 3 represent cameo and intaglio pieces, and when closed together these become simply a piece of smooth, weather-

ed and we sit by our fireside and appreciate the glowing embers while reading our newspaper or book with comfort and enjoyment, with our rooms illuminated primarily from this same source, and our surroundings further cheered by the innumerable aesthetic and useful products derived alike from coal, such as the lovely coal-carbon, exquisite perfumes, and the jet, marbles, slates, and sandstones from the adjoining strata, not to mention the comforts derived from the numerous curative drugs that chemists have learned to compound from the coal-carbon products, and even sugar 300 times sweeter than that obtained from the cane—indeed, the wonderful products and benefits obtained primarily from coal would require pages for their mere mention; for the Carboniferous strata was a special one, like none before or after, and yielded more for the progress and service of man than all the other systems put together—we must see how vast and far-reaching are Nature's schemes, and although these great forests grew ages ago apparently without any special purpose, yet on these the progress and social happiness of man to-day largely depends. Nature is one vast whole inseparably related and connected.

PALACES OF EDWARD VII.

Some Facts About His Former and Present Homes in London.

To the many changes lately made at Buckingham palace one other might well, one thinks, be added. And that is a change of name. True the site was once occupied by the house of a duke of Buckingham built therein in 1703. But that occupation does not seem to impose the name of a subject upon a residence bought by George III, rebuilt by George IV and, although disliked by William IV, at once adopted by Queen Victoria as her London residence, and now, the fixed headquarters of the king and the prospective headquarters, of our kings to be. No wonder that foreign visitors are puzzled by the unexplained retention of a former and long irrelevant appellation. They ask for the Palais Royal and are met with a blank stare, a shake of the head, or a statement which leaves a proportion of them under the supposition that his majesty is the guest of the duke of Buckingham.

Scarcely less appropriate would be a cancelling at last of the name of Marlborough house as applied to the new hereditary residence of the heirs apparent. Marlborough is a great name; it is true; but it is a name that the present owner has a very natural right to put up on the lintels of the new house he is building in Curzon street. No disrespect, then, is implied toward the great duke of Marlborough who built it in the first decade of the eighteenth century, and gave "Sarah, duchess," the right to point over to the way to Buckingham palace and to speak of "Neighbor George." In 1817 it was bought from the Churchills for the Princess Charlotte and Leopold, afterward king of the Belgians. Later Queen Adelaide was its occupant. Her name or his would be at least as apt as that of Marlborough for the house each had inhabited. But Alexandra house—the name of the first princess of Wales to live under its roof—might well give the house a title which would also be a welcome private and public commemoration. — London Chronicle.

Proof Positive.

Hix—I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday she was ill.

Dix—So she was; but to-day she's on the mend.

Was there ever a man who could not be successfully sued for breach of promise?

But for the donkey's big ears he couldn't appreciate his own music.

General L. CRAIG, Agent, Portland, Ore.

A. H. HOAR, Agent, Hood River.

plant leaves of the great carboniferous trees were continually catching and storing these particles of carbon from the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere, which in those times, it is thought, was in greater proportion in the air than it is to-day, it naturally follows that great and ever-increasing stores of carbon were being put by, not as pure carbon alone, but chemically combined in the form of starches, oils, etc., essential to plant growth.

But the earth was at this time in a very unsettled condition, and perhaps after these forests had grown and developed their trees and dense foliage and undergrowths for long periods of time a slow and persistent subsidence of the land would take place. As this sinking went on the tides would gradually wash in among these forests deposits of silt and mud, which would increase as time went on, until the once living and flourishing forest was completely submerged. And so a future coal-bed was laid, which the ever-increasing weight above would eventually along with the natural chemical influences, convert into coal as we know it. After a time the land would rise again, and the surface would become suitable once more for plant growth and in the course of time a new forest would spring up, which in due time would once more meet the same fate of submergence. This again would be followed by others until we get coal stratum beneath the coal stratum, each showing the same remarkable order—first a bed of clay, which represents the soil of the ancient forest; next the coal layer itself, representing the accumulations of the once living vegetation, and above this the deposits of sand and mud which have hardened into shales and sandstones. A second time another layer of clay or soil follows, and over it coal and sandstone, the whole to be similarly repeated.

It has been truly and frequently remarked that our stores of coal represent so much fossil sunshine of the Carboniferous period. For the carbon gathered during the sunlight by the plants of this period constituted the great and chief source of energy contained in coal, and the heat and light given out during combustion is but the warmth and light of the sun's rays absorbed ages ago by the leaves of the strange plants which we have been considering, reasserting itself as it were, after lying dormant through the countless ages.

And as we sit by our fireside and appreciate the glowing embers while reading our newspaper or book with comfort and enjoyment, with our rooms illuminated primarily from this same source, and our surroundings further cheered by the innumerable aesthetic and useful products derived alike from coal, such as the lovely coal-carbon, exquisite perfumes, and the jet, marbles, slates, and sandstones from the adjoining strata, not to mention the comforts derived from the numerous curative drugs that chemists have learned to compound from the coal-carbon products, and even sugar 300 times sweeter than that obtained from the cane—indeed, the wonderful products and benefits obtained primarily from coal would require pages for their mere mention; for the Carboniferous strata was a special one, like none before or after, and yielded more for the progress and service of man than all the other systems put together—we must see how vast and far-reaching are Nature's schemes, and although these great forests grew ages ago apparently without any special purpose, yet on these the progress and social happiness of man to-day largely depends. Nature is one vast whole inseparably related and connected.

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Some Facts About His Former and Present Homes in London.

To the many changes lately made at Buckingham palace one other might well, one thinks, be added. And that is a change of name. True the site was once occupied by the house of a duke of Buckingham built therein in 1703. But that occupation does not seem to impose the name of a subject upon a residence bought by George III, rebuilt by George IV and, although disliked by William IV, at once adopted by Queen Victoria as her London residence, and now, the fixed headquarters of the king and the prospective headquarters, of our kings to be. No wonder that foreign visitors are puzzled by the unexplained retention of a former and long irrelevant appellation. They ask for the Palais Royal and are met with a blank stare, a shake of the head, or a statement which leaves a proportion of them under the supposition that his majesty is the guest of the duke of Buckingham.

Scarcely less appropriate would be a cancelling at last of the name of Marlborough house as applied to the new hereditary residence of the heirs apparent. Marlborough is a great name; it is true; but it is a name that the present owner has a very natural right to put up on the lintels of the new house he is building in Curzon street. No disrespect, then, is implied toward the great duke of Marlborough who built it in the first decade of the eighteenth century, and gave "Sarah, duchess," the right to point over to the way to Buckingham palace and to speak of "Neighbor George." In 1817 it was bought from the Churchills for the Princess Charlotte and Leopold, afterward king of the Belgians. Later Queen Adelaide was its occupant. Her name or his would be at least as apt as that of Marlborough for the house each had inhabited. But Alexandra house—the name of the first princess of Wales to live under its roof—might well give the house a title which would also be a welcome private and public commemoration. — London Chronicle.

Proof Positive.

Hix—I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday she was ill.

Dix—So she was; but to-day she's on the mend.

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But for the donkey's big ears he couldn't appreciate his own music.

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