

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIII.

Several times had Louise suggested to Loppa the idea of her looking out about the town, but she had been informed that it would not be safe. The old progress was firm and uncompromising, but yet kind and considerate as far as her care of her charge's welfare was concerned. Louise had made some examination of the house in which she was confined, and she was satisfied that she could not escape from it without much labor and trouble. It was on the fifth day of her seclusion that she was aroused from a fit of deep thought by the entrance of Simon Lobois. He came in with a warm smile upon his face, and after some remarks upon Louise's improved looks, he took a seat by her side. She did not shrink from him, nor did she seem afraid of him, but with a keen gaze she fixed her deep blue eyes upon him.

"Sweet cousin," he said, "in a tone of extreme softness, "why was it ordained that I should be the one to save you from the jaws of death? Why was I singled out?"

"Because you are my father's son," replied Louise.

"That how so?" he inquired, with a slight start, but quickly recovering himself.

"Why, because to you my father gave me in charge. Because you have received a handsome salary for taking care of me."

"I should say that you had shown an early disposition to throw off the yoke of my authority."

"Ah, how so?"

"Your own sense will tell you how," Simon responded, somewhat bitterly.

"O, I meant to play upon the past, my cousin. But then you are my relative, you know—and hence you ought to save me."

deep blue eye that was fixed so earnestly upon him, and in the calm, earnest features that met his gaze, that moved him more than he had counted upon. But then he was not the man to break down now. He was not the man to give up the fruition of a hope that he had cherished with his very life for years. He was playing for a golden stake of immense value, and how that he held the leading hand, and meant to use it promptly, and without compromise of any kind.

"Louise St. Julien," he at length replied, "I mean just what I have said. You go not from this house until you are my wife! From this purpose I will not sever."

A quick flush passed over the girl's face, and her lip quivered. A moment she present with her, but the thought, most probably, of her defenseless position kept her tongue under guard.

"Simon," she murmured, after a while of silence, "you will not be so cruel?"

"And is it cruel to want a beautiful girl, whom one loves, for a wife?"

"But what can you want with a wife who can never love you in return?"

"I'll teach you to love me."

"As well might you teach me to love the great crocodile I saw the soldiers playing with in the street this morning."

"Then I'll teach you to fear me!"

"You've hit it," Louise sank down upon the pallet and clasped her hands.

"I cannot stand this," she said.

"Then come with me to some other place."

"And in no other way can I get clear of this place?"

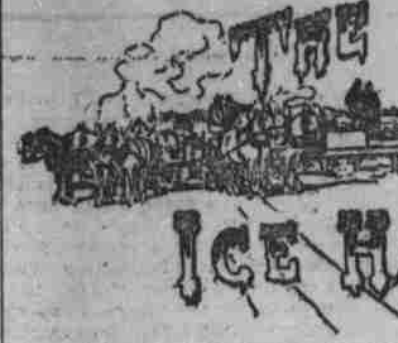
"Bring me water."

"Will you be mine?"

"I will allow the marriage to be solemnized."

"And you will go before the priest and be married to me?"

"I will!"



ICE HARVESTER AT WORK.

THE harvesting of ice for a city such as Montreal is no mean proposition, even in the abstract, but for a moment we will enter into figures and see just what it means.

There have been harvested in the city during the present winter, something like 100,000 tons of ice. Multiply this by 2,000 and we arrive at a total of 200,000,000 pounds.

The ice upon which Montreal depends is drawn from several sources; for instance, the Back River furnishes some the St. Lawrence below St.

A hoary old gray-beard told that he had been cutting ice every winter for twenty-five years, and as he worked the saw up and down through the blocks of blue crystal he really appeared to enjoy it, and that too in spite of the fact that the wind was blowing keen and strong over the St. Lawrence, making the footing anything but secure.

A cubic foot of ice weighs fifty-seven and one-half pounds. From that into quarters and the result is four very small pieces, hardly sufficient to fill an ordinary Derby hat four times over, and still each will weigh upward of fourteen pounds.—Montreal Star.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' OLD HOME.

Beaufort Mansion to Become a Retreat for Confederate Soldiers.

In all the fair southland there is not a place dearer to the hearts of the Southern people than Beaufort, the late home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States. This home was recently purchased by the sons of Confederate veterans and will soon become a home for impoverished Confederate veterans.



HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

entered through tall Venetian doors. The hall is 16 feet wide and opens at the rear on a wide gallery, on which the wings also open. The room to the right as the hall is entered from the front was Miss Winnie's room. What a Mecca this room will be for the veterans, and how they will cherish everything that belonged to the "Daughter of the Confederacy."

Equally distant from the mansion, east and west, are quaint little cottages. Originally there was only one room in each, surrounded on the four sides by wide galleries. Later one and two sides have been inclosed, giving two additional rooms. It is about the east cottage that the principal interest centers, for it was in this that Mr. Davis studied and wrote, and where Miss Winnie did much of her early literary work. The main room of this cottage was Mr. Davis' private library.

The walls are lined with book shelves, and a little gallery runs along the upper shelves. This was reached by a small ladder. Near the fireplace is where Mr. Davis' bed stood, and the door beside it is spattered with ink thrown from his pen when he was writing his book.

"The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The east room has been enclosed, and in this room the chieftain was wont to recline and rest on a sofa. Back of this was a tiny room where Miss Winnie wrote. It is a real girl's den, and is yet quite characteristic of the former fair occupant.

The west cottage was occupied by Mrs. Hayes, the older daughter, and her children when visiting her parents. The Beaufort home was bequeathed by will to Jefferson Davis by Mrs. Sarah Anna Dorsey, of Louisiana.

Origin of the Military Salute.

Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights fled past the throne of the queen of beauty and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross bill of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

Things that Make England.

Important Events in American History Occurred During Its Thirty Days.

April has played a more conspicuous part in American history than any other month of the year," asked a man who is fond of things historical.

"From the way I look at the events involved April is the most important of all the months and I have often wondered why the American people show so much indifference to the fact. Why, when you come to think of it, the Fourth of July, white, of course, important enough, is yet not quite so momentous in the annals of American history as some other days one might mention. April has been the one month of the year which has really settled the great problems with which the American people have had to deal. Suppose we glance at the record for a moment.

The war of the revolution began April 19, 1776, and ended April 19, 1783. Coming down we find the Sabine disturbance, involving Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and which began in April, 1836, running through to June of the next year. The Mexican war began April 24, 1846. The Yuma expedition into California ended in April, 1852, having begun in December the year previous. The Gila expedition into New Mexico was launched April 16, 1857. The Colorado River expedition in California ended April 28, 1859. The Pecos expedition into Texas was launched April 16, 1859. There was the War of the Rebellion, which started April 19, 1861. Hostilities actually began when Fort Sumter was fired upon April 12, 1861.

The Ute expedition in Colorado began April 8, 1878. It is a rather curious coincidence that the late war with Spain began April 21, in the same month and but two days later, with respect to the day of the month, than the War of the Rebellion, which began April 19. The Spanish-American war began April 21, 1898, and ended April 11, 1899. These are some of the more important things which have taken place in the month of April, and many of the events have been of deep import from the viewpoint of Americans. What reason can you assign for the conspicuous part April has played in the history of America? Do men feel more like fighting in April than in the other months of the year? Is the spirit of war and revolution influenced by the rising of the sap? I do not know, but there must be some good reason for the happening of these great things, wars, explorations, adventures and events of this sort in the month of April. At any rate, they have happened in April, and it would be unreasonable and altogether absurd to assume that these things are due to haphazard, that they are mere coincidences. April cannot be explained out of its rightful inheritance among the more important months in American history.

AGED ARE NOT DOOMED.

Diseases May Be Cured by Coaxing and Gentle Care.

In the past, and even yet all too frequently, the old man or the old woman who had the misfortune to fall seriously ill was believed to be doomed. The disease was allowed to run its course with little or no opposition from the doctor, for so little hope was there that it was commonly regarded as a useless cruelty to annoy the dying sufferer by pressing him to take the necessary medicine and food.

Now we know that this is wrong. Old persons, very old ones, can and do recover from the gravest diseases, and they have as much right to claim the thoughtful care and intelligent treatment of the doctor and the nurse as have their children and grandchildren. But, of course, their treatment must be of a different kind, both because the frail system will not endure the sometimes severe measures that are life saving for the more robust, and because disease in the old assumes a different character from that which it assumes in the young.

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