

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, "I should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially seeing that you yourself gave me permission to seek Louise for my wife."

"I did not!" groaned the old man. "O, I never gave it!"

"You told me distinctly that I might ask Louise for her hand, and that if she consented you should not follow her own choice."

"But that was after you had fairly hunted me down with questions—after I had refused to listen to you on the subject. But my child never freely gave her consent to this. She could not have done so, O Simon, you have forced her to this! You have—! But the poor man's emotions were too powerful, and his speech failed him. A moment more he gazed into the villain's dark features, and then he bowed his head and burst into tears. He seemed as though his noble heart would break.

"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a son-in-law, then," the scoundrel uttered in a coarse tone. "For," he added, turning a defiant look upon Goupert, "you must, no doubt, to have had a more beautiful husband for her."

"You will be careful how you use your tongue in my presence," spoke Goupert, in a hushed tone, the very breathing of which told that there was a smothering volcano near at hand.

"Ho-ho, monieur!" the fellow replied; "you hoped to stick your fingers into the old man's gold pots, eh? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. But rest assured you won't handle the money through the daughter's pockets."

"Hush, Simon Lohola! I am moved no more deeply than I can bear, so be careful that you move me no more. It is enough that you have crushed this old man's heart, and overturned his life cup."

"Ho-ho! thou art wondrous sensitive, Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the prize, eh? I suppose if you had married the daughter, 'twould have been all right. But you're a little behind the coach this time. However, if you remain here long enough, you shall see the bride."

"Villain!" gasped the marquis, in a frantic tone. "O, would you had killed me ere you had done this thing!"

"But, monieur, what do you mean? If the girl chose to marry me, what can you object?"

"She did not choose so to do, O, you never consented to wed with such a son of her own will!"

"Such a man!" hissed Lohola. "And so you would spurn me now, eh? You have found a new flame in your dotage—have you? Monsieur St. Denis, I give you joy of the friend you have gained; but I can't give you up the wife. You did it well, but I'm afraid you'll have to work some other way for a living now, unless indeed, monsieur le marquis may take pity enough on you to give you a few crowns just to find you in bread and salt until you can get your eyes upon some other heiress!"

This was spoken in a coarse, sneering manner, and during its delivery Lohola had kept his eye fixed upon the youth with a look of stolid exultation.

Goupert St. Denis could not have moved more quickly. Not in all the language of all the world could words have been found more insulting. With one bound he was by the dastard's side, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the face that felled him to the floor like a log.

"O, St. Julien, I could not help it! Forgive me!"

"Goupert, I do not blame you!"

For some moments Lohola lay upon the floor like one dead, and the youth was beginning to fear that the blow might have been fatal, when the villain moved, and shortly afterwards he arose to his feet. He gazed a moment upon his enemy with a deadly look, and then, as he noticed that the blood was trickling down his face upon the floor, he turned towards the door.

"Goupert St. Denis, thou shalt answer for this!"

And thus speaking, the villain left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

That evening Brion St. Julien and Goupert conversed long and earnestly together. For some time the youth had entertained the thought of proceeding at once to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to wait awhile, at least until he had one more interview with Lohola.

"That Lohola was the cause of her being abducted I have no longer any doubt," said the marquis, after some remarks had been made upon the subject.

"How can there be a doubt?" returned Goupert. "His story of the rescue of the poor girl is too improbable for belief, unless he has some understanding with the Indians."

"But do you not think that he found her as he says?" inquired the marquis, earnestly.

"Of course I do. He found her as he says; but of course, the Indians understood that he was to meet them there. He took her there, and he must have used some terrible power to make her marry him."

St. Julien went to his chamber, and went to his bed; but he could not sleep. He lay with his hands clasped over his brow, and ever and anon deep, unquiet groans would break from his lips. His grief was deeper than he could tell, even in his wildest prayers, and his hopes were all gone. The thing had come upon him with a doubly crushing force, for it had found his soul already bowed down beneath the weight of fear. He could have known that Louise had died, for then he might have wept awhile, and then calmly knelt down and prayed. But now even that sad and melancholy boon was denied him. Like the frantic mother who stands and sees the eagle perched upon the cliff with her shrieking infant, stood the youth with respect to his beloved. But, at length, when the first hours of night had passed, Goupert sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains were for awhile only the phantoms of sleep.

While Goupert thus lay pondering upon his terrible misfortune, Simon Lohola was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man, Simon's special servant, and the only one in the whole household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lohola had purchased him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis's agent, yet Peter looked upon the former as his

master. And, moreover, Simon had paid him various sums of money to serve him.

"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goupert and the marquis, as I bade you?"

"Yes, mas'r; me watch 'em well, an' me hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole me of in de floor ober de ole mas'r's library, an' me hab watch 'em every time 's got a chance."

"And what have you found?"

Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Goupert taking his place.

"And," uttered the negro, with a sparkling eye as he gave a sort of flourish of emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder ting, berry sar'tin': One time dey feared young mas'r an' missus'd neber cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to gib Goupert all his whole fortin'. He'll hab heaps o' money, eh?"

"Did he say the whole, Peter?"

"He did say mas'r. An' he's planned to gib 'im half of it now. O, I tell you, mas'r Goupert got mitey big 'd d into ole mas'r's pocket, an' on ole mas'r's lub, too. Dey's together all de time. Yah—guess ole mas'r don't 'ppect he'll want you no more."

It was late in the morning when Simon Lohola made his appearance. He had his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged in bathing his face. He walked on to the sitting room, and he found the marquis and Goupert there.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, dry tone, "I would speak with you."

In an instant the young man turned and followed him. Lohola led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and turned.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he spoke, while his eyes flashed and his lip trembled, "last night you did what no living man has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Ere I leave this place, the stricken man must be past remembrance of his shame—or the striker must be not among the living. You understand?"

Now, Goupert was not in a frame of mind to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his soul was tortured by a fearful power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all, who had torn loved children from a dotting parent—murdered the brother and sister, and made unhappy the life of a defenseless girl. The young man's eyes did not flash like his enemy's, but they burned with a deep, calm fire, such as utter disgust and abomination add to fierce hate.

"I think I understand," was St. Denis's reply.

"I taught you your first lessons in the sword exercise, and you were a proficient when I last saw you handle the blade. Will you now choose that weapon?"

"Yes."

"Then get it and join me at once."

Goupert turned away and went to his room. He took down his sword, and buckled the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he gazed upon it. It had once been an uncle's weapon—the well-tried companion of Gen. St. Denis, a bold and true knight. It was of Spanish make, and never yet had it failed in the hour of need. There was another sword in the room—a lighter one—a Damascus blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his father's sword, and he would not use it now. After he had returned the blade to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink horn stood, and tearing a leaf from his pocketbook, he hurriedly wrote as follows:

"Monsieur le Marquis—You are my friend, and you know the few friends I have on earth. If I fall to-day, you will know why, and I know you will not blame me. You will see Louise. Tell her she shall meet me."

The youth stopped and started up, and his hand trembled.

"If I fall thus, shall we meet there?" he murmured to himself. "O, heaven will pardon the deed. It knows the deep provocation—the burning shame that blights this home!"

Then he stooped once more and wrote: "In that world where love knows no night."

ST. DENIS.

This the youth folded and directed to Brion St. Julien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek, he hurried down to the hall, and from thence to the garden, where he found Simon waiting for him.

"Now follow me," said Lohola; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house towards the barn, and thence out through the postern to the foot of the hill beyond, where grew a thick clump of hickory trees.

"Now, Goupert St. Denis, are you ready?" asked Simon, at the same time drawing his sword.

"In one moment," returned the youth, also drawing his own weapon, but lowering his point upon the ground.

He stopped short in his speech, for at that moment the marquis came rushing out from the court, and soon reached the spot where they stood.

"Simon," he gasped, white with fear, "what means this? Put up your sword."

"Monsieur St. Julien," quickly returned the mad nephew, "stand back! You saw what passed last night—did you not?"

"But that was the result of hot passion. You taunted him most bitterly, Simon; you insulted him most shamefully, and he knew not what he did. O, let this thing stop!"

"You might as well try to stop yonder mighty river from flowing to its mouth! You say I gave him provocation. Did he not give me provocation?"

"Yes—yes. It was all folly—all eager, hot, mad haste. O, give over this thing! Simon, I command you!"

"Brion St. Julien, look upon this mark on my face! Here the man who did that to my own brother, he stand before me with my sword. So now stand back. There shall be a death to wipe this out. If I fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the statement is complete."

"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupert, at this point, "let the conflict go on. Life to me now is not worth the price I would pay for it by refusal. Let it go on."

"But—my child—my son, if you are gone—"

"'Twill have me left," interrupted Simon—"me, who of right belongs here. Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis?"

The youth turned an imploring look upon the marquis, and as the old man fell back, he replied:

"Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to interrupt us. Simon Lohola, you may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you know, where Louise St. Julien is."

"How?" hissed Simon.

"I ask but a simple question."

"Ay—and that question means a foul suspicion. I know nothing of him."

"Then come on!"

And on the next instant the swords were crossed.

Simon Lohola had been accounted one of the best sword players in Marna, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of victory; but at the third pass he was unseated. He turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly trembled. Goupert saw it in an instant,

and for the moment he was astonished. But then he remembered how Simon used to tremble at the whiff of a pistol ball, and he wondered no more. Almost dead he piny the poor wretch. Straight, powerful and tall he stood, with his broad chest expanded, while before him fairly covered the diminutive form of the villain.

"Ah, Simon, I've taught the sword art since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more skill, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villain believed that Goupert meant to kill him if he could. That belief begot a feeling of despair, and that last instant fired him. Like the cornered rat, he set to now with all the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look sharp; but it was only for a few moments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick movement to the right, Goupert brought his downward stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his antagonist's sword, or strike it from his grasp, and thus end the conflict without bloodshed. But Simon had thrust his arm further forward than Goupert had calculated, and the blow fell upon the sword hilt, thus causing a slanting stroke. With a quick cry of pain, Simon dropped his weapon and started back.

"Don't strike me now!" he cried.

"Fear not," replied Goupert. "I never strike a defenseless man. But are you satisfied?"

"Yes—yes! But that was a cowardly stroke."

"No—no, Lohola, I meant not to strike you then; I only meant to knock your sword down. But you know you have been at my mercy this time."

"It was your own fault that you did not take advantage of it. I should have killed you had I been able, and I think you would have done the same."

"No!" cried the marquis; "you know better than that, Simon."

But the wounded man made no further reply. His hand pained him now, and he held it out towards the marquis with a beseeching look. The old man examined it, and found that a bad gash was cut from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, on the back of the hand, but none of the bones were harmed. Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the blow, the hand would have been severed wholly off, for the stout iron guard was found cut nearly in twain!

Thus ended the easy victory he had won, while Simon was surprised at the incredible skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful—deeply thankful—for the result, so far as new life and death were concerned.

(To be continued.)

UNSPUN SYMPATHY.

Little Children Who Were Careful Not to Hurt an Uncle's Feelings.

It was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys, and three sunny-haired pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with this prime little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels, and wore a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round, and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel, and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What?" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—ah! you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow. He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings. You know, hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.—St. Nicholas.

Willie's Perplexity.

When Willie came home last night he was much confused of the usefulness of schools than he ever was before, says the Buffalo Express. Asked the nature of his latest trouble, he explained that "postpone" had been one of the words in the spelling lesson of the day. The teacher had directed the pupils to write a sentence in which the special word should appear.

Along with others, Willie announced that he did not know the meaning of the word, and so could not use it in a sentence. The teacher explained that it meant "delay" or "put off," and encouraged the youngsters to try. Willie's thoughts were on pleasant things than school, and he made no order of sentence was:

"Boys postpone their clothes when they go in swimming."

Not At All.

The Professor—"Don't use that phrase, my dear. It is grossly unscientific. His Wife—What phrase—"As much alike as two peas?"

The Professor—Yes. Examined under the microscope, two peas will present startling differences.—Pack.

Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles.—Sharp.



SUNDAY IN MEXICO IS THE DAY OF ENJOYMENT IF NOT OF REST.

All the stores are open until 1 p. m., and trade is even greater than on week days, for it is the great shopping day of the lower classes.

The streets are filled with people, rich and poor, old and young, well-dressed and in rags. Here is a man in a magnificent suit of gold embroidered hat and tight-fitting "charro" suit walking side by side with the poor peon whose raiment consists of a cotton shirt, blue jeans and "sparraches," or sandals, with a red "serape" or blanket thrown over his shoulders. Here the lady of fashion in silks and satins abhors her less fortunate sister in cotton waist and skirt—barefooted, but always with the inevitable "reboso" or scarf over her head.

All morning bands have been playing through the streets advertising "La gran corrida de Toros," or bull fight, which will take place in the "Plaza de Toros," at 3:30 p. m. The three Revertes, greatest of bull-fighters, are named as the "matadores." Are they not well worth seeing? Ask any citizen of the Republic of Mexico.

We purchase tickets at \$5 a head and pass in. The bull ring is arranged as were the amphitheatres of olden times; in the center the ring, then a barrier, inside of which and running around the ring is a passage about 3 feet 6 inches wide, with little gates at intervals, so that in case the bull jumps the barrier he may again reach the ring; then another fence, and tier upon tier of seats, and finally, at the top, the boxes holding ten persons, with the judges' box in the center.

The bugle blows, and the gate of the bull pen is thrown open. The bull appears in the middle of the ring, his back ornamented and his rage increased by a dart which has been placed in his shoulders as he passed the gate. Swiftly he makes a tour of the ring, driving all except the "picadores" forward the fence. Soon one seemingly more venturesome than the rest runs forward and flaunts his red "capa" in the bull's face, and is immediately chased over the barriers. Most of this is done for effect.

The "matador" then takes a hand in the game and stands in front of the bull, allowing him to charge the "capa," and nimbly stepping out of the way when he does so.

The "picadores" spur their ponies forward, and apparently for the first time the bull notices them. He charges fiercely; the "picador" is unable to repel the attack with his long pike, and in an instant the "picador" and horse are down, the former underneath, and the horse dying from a wound in the heart from which the blood spurts, or rather gushes. Another "picador" rides forward and is upset. His horse picks himself up, and runs madly across the ring into the fence on the other side and drops. He is soon removed. Another "picador" has his horse badly gashed on the shoulder, and then the "picadores" leave the ring. The bull has charged them three times, and their duty is performed.

Then come the "banderilleros," armed with sticks two feet long, in the end of which is a barb-pointed like a fish hook. The first stands facing the bull and waves his arms and stamps his foot dramatically to bid defiance. The bull looks surprised. The banderillero runs forward, and as the bull charges this new enemy places his "banderillas" in the bull's shoulders at the base of the neck, one on each side of the spinal column, and, skipping nimbly out of the way, runs for the barrier with the pain-maddened bull after him.

The second "banderillero" introduces a novelty. He places a pocket-handkerchief on the ground, stands upon it, and as the bull charges, places his "banderillas" and sways his body out of the road just in time to escape the horns. Three pairs of "banderillas" must be placed, and then the bugle sounds once more.

The "matador" takes the "espada" (sword) and the "laneta," or scarlet cloth, and after asking and receiving the permission of the judge to kill, advances to the bull.

The first "matador" is Reverte Espanol. He waves the scarlet "laneta" before the bull, who blindly charges to find nothing—but as he turns, there again is the tantalizing piece of red before him. After several charges of this kind, he stops, puzzled and somewhat tired, and watches the "laneta" closely. Now is Reverte's time. He turns sideways, the sword poised on a level with the shoulder, glances along it to make sure of his aim and running at the bull, who also charges, he sends it home through the bull's heart.

The bull sinks to his knees, and a small dagger is plunged into the spinal column behind the horns. The King is dead.

The band plays the "Victorioso Torero," the people shout, and the body of the bull is hauled away to be put up and sold to the poor people. Then the victorious "torero" makes a circuit of the ring and receives the plaudits of the people. Hats are thrown down into the ring, and happy is he whose hat is thrown back by the hand of the matador. Money and cigars also fall thickly, all picked up by the attendant members of the "cuadrilla."

FROM A "PROBLEM" NOVEL.

Scene in the Conservatory—Tom Bewick Love and Dany.

A step was heard upon the onyx floor of the palace.

"Sh-h! me hooshan! ead c'men!" whispered lovely Lady Sorrentina de Lake View, struggling weakly in the doorway of Lord Clairmont de Monteville.

"I love you! I love you!" burningly hissed Clairmont, the heir to Caddie Hillmans, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch.

His curly hair waved about his fair head like a shimmering halo wrought of silken streamers.

The woman stood, trembling, beautifully, like a frightened doe at the edge of the forest.

"Ting-tank, ting-tank, ting-tank!" remorsefully purled the little clock in the conservatory—the timepiece of the flowers.

"Ah, Clemeint, Clemeint!" came the rich French whisper, "you know not what you do. I in danger am!"

She thought of her drunken husband, who at this moment might be leaving the ballroom—if, indeed, he were not darning a mitten with that coarse English girl, whom she hated. Every delicate fiber in the woman's body revolted at the thought of her husband paying attentions to that violet-eyed mix, while she—she would see with this beautiful boy to his villa overlooking the Adriatic! A thousand temptations, a thousand wrongs, the endless and unhappy vistas of her past shrouded through her mind in the twinkling of a star. She had preserved her beauty through it all. What a preservation! Her womanhood triumphed!

"Release me, my fren," she said, with calm grandeur, rising to a full height.

"I will your leetle seester be forever!"

A step was heard upon the onyx floor of the palace.

"It sees me hooshan!" the woman murmured, frigid with terror.

Lord Clairmont released her hastily. His face, which the woman saw, was as white as moonbeams are.

"I fear no mortal man!" he hissed, huskily, remembering his military training even in that dire extremity.

The step was heard once more.

"Ah, he vill lash me, vit bees glove!" the woman exclaimed in a paroxysm of terror.

Lord Clairmont reached the window safely. "Mind you," he exclaimed, feeling in his pocket for a sword, "I see from no man, but absent myself thus coolly lest the 'magazines of cleverness' should hear of this!"

With these tremendous words he sprang through the window, taking the accompaniment with him.

The woman stood alone.

A step was heard upon the onyx floor of the palace.

TRY ROPE SKIPPING.

Novel Remedy for Many of the Ills that Annoy Women.

Times have changed since then, and even the skipping rope has undergone progress. The rope has been promoted, until now it is brought out at all seasons of the year, and is used by old and young alike. Its mission now is the restoration of the skin, the making of a pair of dimples, the strengthening of the heart and the renewal of youthful charm.

From this time it will be seen that the skipping rope is relied upon as a modern miracle worker. And the woman who tries it will agree that it is such to the last inch.

To manipulate the skipping rope properly a rope should be obtained of the kind which is fitted with handles. Thus one can have a support for the fingers to keep the rope from cutting into the hand. Then, too, the handles enable one to shorten the rope and to make highest skips at will.

The second requisite is that the air in which the skipping is performed shall be fresh.

Women go out into the air more than they once did, and when it comes to exercising they exercise directly in the open. Who does not remember the first gymnasiums, stuffy things, under ground usually. Fully heated, almost unventilated, breathing of the heaviness of stone, they have opened to the pupil, who was expected to come in and get health and strength by exercising in the dark place.

The gymnasiums now are luxuriously fitted out. But, if bereft of luxury, they are at least well aired. In one house, where there is a room called by courtesy the gymnasium, the sole apparatus consists of dumb-bells, a bow and arrow, a tin horn, a skipping rope, a wand and a pair of flat irons.

But there are many little low windows, for the gymnasium is an attic floor, and one side of the room has a wide, low mirror. In this place the women of the family go beauty hunting every day, says the Indianapolis News. And the first move on entering the gymnasium is to open all the windows.

Ever notice what a scramble there is among merchants for a good clerk?

WHEN HE PROPOSED.

Word "Cataclysm" Nearly Wrecked His Impassioned Avowal.

As Mr. Blinks paced to and fro within the limits of his \$x10 chamber, it would have been evident to the most casual observer that the mind of the young man was greatly perturbed. Upon his broad forehead the furrow of anxiety had traced a wrinkle and his abundant hair was disheveled where his hands had grasped it in the stress of the problem he faced. As he paced the floor he occasionally muttered to himself, but the mutterings seemed devoid of meaning. At last he chanced to observe his own reflection in the mirror on the dresser and, pausing in front of it, he addressed his imaged self:

"You are a nice party, you are! A nice spot for nothing in particular! You are six feet high and built accordingly, and you are afraid of a bit of femininity that stands five feet nothing in its French boots! 'Yes, you are; it is useless for you to deny. I know you, you great, overgrown coward; you pass as being somebody, but you are a mere bluff. You swell around and try to keep up the pretense until you meet five feet nothing, and then—"

Mr. Blinks abruptly ceased talking and moodily walked from the mirror. Again he ran his hand through his hair and after that violently bit his mustache for a time. Then he again spoke: "I'll do it. If I die for it, I will. I will go over this very evening and have the thing settled once and for all. Nobody shall longer have an opportunity to say that I am afraid of a lawn dress and its contents. I will summon my courage to the sticking point. Here goes!"

A half-hour later Mr. Blinks, still chewing his mustache, was sitting in a small and cozily appointed parlor awaiting the arrival of five feet nothing on the scene. The little lady took her time and the young man in his nervous tension suffered accordingly. Seconds seemed minutes and minutes seemed hours while still he waited. At last the rustle of a dress was heard and she whom he awaited appeared.

Mr. Blinks said to himself that he dared not wait lest he should fall by the wayside. So he drew a long breath, summoned courage from the deep and hidden recesses of his nature and, almost before the young lady fairly was seated, took the decisive plunge.

"Mary," said the young man, as he nervously himself to the effort, "you must ere now have observed the condition of my feelings. You must long ago have felt how I have seen—that is, you must long ago have seen how I have felt. You must know the emotions with which I look upon you. When I am with you I feel as if my entire nature had undergone a complete cataclysm—that is, a complete kitykity—or, I should say, catichim. Mary, what I wish to say is that in your presence I feel that my nature has undergone a complete kitykity—kitykity—a complete kitykity—Mary, a complete kitykity—a complete kitykity—"

"Mr. Blinks!" a low, sweet voice interrupted him.

"Yes, Mary."

"Don't you think you might get along better if you would skip the word cataclysm and go right on?"

So he skipped the word, says the New York Times, and everything went along too beautifully to be told.

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Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. Via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
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6:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and way landings.	2:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., and Sat.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Yamhill River, Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
1 p. Eliparis 4:00 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River.	1 p. Lewiston 5:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

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