

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

Chopart was a bold, reckless man, and cruel and avaricious. He had commenced his career as a trader at the Natchez fort by cruelty to his own men, but one or two grave complaints made to Gov. Perier had come high causing his removal, and he let the whites be in peace, but expended his wrath upon the poor Indians. He was now much elated, for he was sure that the beautiful village of the White Hand would soon be his, and he meant to pocket much money in the transaction. One day he sat in his rude house, with some of his attendants about him, when a soldier demanded admittance.

"How now, strag?" he demanded, as the man entered.

"I have come with a warning," the soldier replied.

"A warning? Speak out."

"An old woman passed my post this morning, monsieur, and she bade me tell the French to be on their guard, for danger threatened them."

"And from whom?"

"From the Indians. They will rise and butcher us all."

"Have you spoken of this before?"

"I have not."

"Then you shall not tell it to others!" cried Chopart, in anger. "Have you not seen enough of this idle fear? What ho!—without there!"

At this call, two soldiers entered, who usually stood in the passage to obey the commander's call.

"Take this fellow and lock him up in the prison," he ordered. "We'd soon have the red rascal down upon us if they knew we lived in fear! They dare not offer us harm. Away with him!"

And for conveying this intelligence the poor man was cast into a strong dungeon, and there kept for several days with his feet in the stocks.

But this was not the only note of warning Chopart had. Four days afterwards a soldier came to him and informed him that the Indians surely meditated the destruction of the fort, and of all its white inhabitants.

"Out, fool!" exclaimed Chopart, angrily. "The old hag who told you this only this time to frighten us. She thinks that by exciting our fears she can frighten us into giving up our plan of taking their village of the White Apple. What! would ye show to the Indians that we feared them? Away with such idle foolery!"

Pricked Arm was astounded at the information of the French commander, and as a last resort she went to Chopart's lieutenant, a man named Mace, who, she imagined, would have some influence with his superior. But even this proved abortive. She told Mace that destruction would surely fall upon them if they did not take some means to keep the Indians away from the fort. But on the very next day Chopart invited all the Indians to a banquet, and pledged his friendship to them anew.

With a feeling of utter consternation, Pricked Arm returned to her lodge. One evening she sought the White Hand's dwelling, for she had a faint idea working through her mind that the French youth might have some influence in all this. She knew that he had been originally doomed to death to go and intercede face to face with the white man's God, but she had been yet fully known why he was spared. She found White Hand alone, and he gazed eagerly into her face, for he was anxious to know how her work progressed.

"White Hand," she said, speaking abruptly, "why were you spared from death when you first came here?"

"That I might marry Coqualla," replied the youth.

"But was there nothing else?" asked the old woman, looking him sharply in the face.

"Why, yes," returned White Hand, speaking with some diffidence, for the reason seemed so foolish and ridiculous to him that he almost feared he should be laughed at for speaking of it.

"And what was that?"

"Why, I promised to pray to the white man's God that none of the wickedness of the French might succeed, and also to tell him how basely the red men had been wronged by the invaders; for I was one of that people, and they supposed the white man should have some influence with my Supreme Father."

"That's it!" the aged princess groaned, with her hands folded across her bosom.

"How?" asked the youth, in surprise.

"I knew that the Great Spirit had a hand in this work. The fort at Natchez is doomed past all hope!"

"No—not doomed!"

"It is. The last stick will be removed to-morrow, and then the blow must fall!"

"To-morrow?"

"No—the blow falls on the day after. The fatal sticks mark the intervening days."

"And must all fall—all—all!"

"All at Natchez, but not elsewhere, for the others wait yet another week, and ere that time the whites will be warned. But what noise is that? Hark! There are shouts of welcome."

They both started for the door, where they were met by Stung Serpent, who caught the youth by the arm and forced him into the house again.

"White Hand," he said, speaking quickly and sternly, "remember your oath, for your salvation may now depend upon it. The white man has come to carouse in the White Apple. Beware that you do not forget yourself! Shall we trust you? Mind—all is well with you if you are faithful!"

"Fear not, my father," spoke the youth, unable to repress the trembling that seized his limbs.

"Then you may conduct Coqualla to the revelry."

It was a calm, warm night, and in the center of the great square were built two trees of pitch-wood to serve as torches, and here the white men and the red were gathered in social confab and amusement. There were over a hundred white men there, and at their head was Chopart himself. Louis recognized him at once as a brutal man whom he had once seen at New Orleans slugging an Indian girl. Most of the whites were decent looking men; but before the night had passed away, White Hand shrank away to his lodge, and as he laid his sching head upon his pillow he drew Coqualla close to him, and in a stinking tone he murmured:

"Alas! I am ashamed of my own people. With all their advantages of birth and education—with the enlightenment of ages as their heritage, they are but savage still!"

The next day found some dozen of the Frenchmen still at the Indian village, but the Great Sun himself, with a few

of his warriors, accompanied them to the tower and there the dark monarch pronounced Chopart that, in consideration of his kindness in allowing them to remain so long in their village, they would bring more than the quantity of corn promised.

"On the morrow," he said, "we will come with our tribute of corn, double what we promised, and on the next day we shall leave the village of the White Apple."

"But stay," cried Chopart, "we will have one more carousal ere we part. This night you shall bring your warriors here, and we'll cheer our souls."

"Our white brother speaks kindly," returned the Great Sun; "but will he not be wroth at the rudeness of my people?"

"No. Bring them, and we'll pledge friendship."

"The red brother will come."

"The red brother will come."

"It shall be so."

And that night saw the scene of carousal changed to Natchez. And there they sat—the doomer and the doomed! And they pledged eternal friendship! The white man had planned to rob the red man of his birthright—to drive him from his home, profane his temple, and place up his fathers' graves. The red man had planned to keep his home, to maintain sacred his temple, to guard well his fathers' graves, and that this should be done, the invader was to be swept away! It was a strange pledge, but the white man was the first to offer it.

It was after midnight when they separated, and the stars lighted the Natchez to their homes. When they reached their village, the Great Sun, in company with his chiefs and nobles, went to the temple and entered. They approached the place where the sticks had hung, but there were none there now. The leathers which hung against the wall, but there was nothing in them.

"Chiefs, nobles and warriors of the once powerful Natchez, may not this be the eve of our re-awakening? The day is past—the morn cometh! Shall not the Natchez once more stand at the head of nations? To-morrow we open the path, and henceforth from that time let our enemies beware! The Great Spirit is with us, while the white man's God has forsaken him. What shall we fear? Sleep now, but sleep not so soundly nor too long. Let the sun find us ready to bid him welcome—so shall we do honor to the parent of our great first king!"

Thus spoke the Great Sun, and as he closed, he moved slowly towards the door, and his chiefs followed him; and ere long afterwards the village of the White Apple was wrapped in silence; but there were two there who slept not. White Hand still prayed that the coming death blow might not extend to his father, and the wish kept sleep from his eyes. And he who watched the sacred fire now felt his duty doubly binding, and sleep came not to him, as he still kept up his tireless vigils.

of his own soul in the grief of his companion.

"He received a bullet in his bosom yesterday. But he sent me for you. Come."

White Hand arose and followed Coqualla from the lodge. In the center of the great square, before the temple, there was a fire kindled, but the youth dared not look towards it. He knew its terrible purpose, and with quickened steps he hurried, stopping his ears with his fingers to shut out the sounds that fell upon his ears. But fortunately he had not far to go. When he entered Stung Serpent's dwelling, he found the women there crying and yelling in despair. Upon his bed of bearskins lay Stung Serpent, breathing heavily, and ever and anon raising his head to listen to the sounds that came from the square. When his eyes rested upon White Hand, he beckoned the youth forward, at the same time bidding the others stand back.

"Sit thee down by my side," he said, "for I have much to say to thee."

Quickly the youth sat down, for he hoped he should now know some things that were only his at present by suspicion.

(To be continued.)

ONE WAY TO SMASH TRUSTS.

How Jupiter Pinvins Knocked Out a Corner in Olympus Nectar.

The boss of high Olympus looked up from his cup with a wry expression.

"What's the matter, Jupiter?" inquired Juno, as she dipped into the ambrosia platter.

"It's this nectar," replied the eminent Olympian. "It ain't up to the standard. What's the matter with it?"

"In my opinion," said Juno, as she took a spoonful of the honey of Hybla, "it's all the fault of the trust. They have let the quality run down. And at the same time they have raised the price."

"Trust!" cried Jupiter. "What trust is that?"

"The Olympus Nectar trust," replied Juno. "I thought you knew all about it. Mercury is the president and general manager, and he and Apollo are on the board of directors. Mars wanted to buy in, but they wouldn't let him. They claimed he was too quarrelsome. They gave Neptune 100 shares of preferred on condition that he'd help them water the stock. I thought you heard of it at the time."

Jupiter looked black, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, as he pushed away from the table.

"I hear of it now for the first time," he growled, and the echoes of his growl reverberated among the distant hills. "And what's more, I don't expect to hear of it again. Syndicate my nectar, will they? Why, blame their pesky hides, what do they mean by it?"

"There, there, Jupiter," said Juno, in her most soothing tone, "don't get so riled. The boys didn't know how vexed you'd feel about it."

"Well, they'll soon find out! Haven't they a plant somewhere, or something to grow?"

"There it is," said the statuesque one, as she pointed to a lower terrace.

Jupiter grimly smiled.

"We won't have to wait for any Supreme Court decision in this case," he remarked, as he stepped to the nearest cupboard and drew out what looked to be a half-dozen metallic skyrockets.

At eight of them Juno gave a little scream and put her hands over her ears. A moment later Jupiter stood by the open window and drew back his massive arm. There was a blinding flash and a startling report, and the nectar plant on the terrace below trembled to its base. Thunderbolt followed thunderbolt, and when the sixth was throwing there wasn't a vestige of the building left.

"There," said Jupiter, as he wiped his hands on his napkin and calmly resumed his seat at the table, "I fancy that's one way of solving the trust problem. Pass the nightgale tongue, please."

VERSATILE MR. HILL

Railroad Magnate Who Knew How to Handle a Dressed Kneave.

James I. Hill's wonderful versatility and grasp upon the multitude of details of practical railroad management have been a source of much comment among railroad men in recent years. While on a tour over the Great Northern road, his train, which was going down a steep grade, became derailed. Running at a low rate of speed as the train was, no damage was sustained by the officials further than a general shaking up. Mr. Hill was the first man to alight when the train stopped after running several rods along the ties. He found that the locomotive had been thrown from the rails, and stood watching the ineffectual efforts of the train crew to place the engine back on the track. Jackscrews were used, but the men did not seem to thoroughly understand the work.

"That won't do," said Mr. Hill. "Your jacks won't lift it when in that position."

But the men applied the levers, thinking they would show the president that they knew the business. The jacks slipped, letting the ponderous machine down on the ties with a bump.

"Let me set that jack," said Mr. Hill; "I don't think it will slip then." And, grasping the screw, he set it at an incline to his own satisfaction, and, after throwing a little sand on the top and bottom, he exclaimed, "Now go ahead."

The train men were a little dubious at first, but they applied the levers, and the huge machine slowly lifted itself into place and slid quietly onto the rails. The delay was only twenty minutes.—New York Times.

Question of Degree.

The philosophy of human existence was discussed in the presence of the representative of the Washington Star.

"It is my opinion," remarked the first sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"True," answered the other, fresh from the reports of the commencement exercises in the newspapers, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."

From Habit.

Mr. Brown—Good morning, Mr. Jones; how's your wife?

Mr. Jones (who is deaf and didn't quite understand)—Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

Grief halloos hearts even while it ages heads.—Bailly.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Science and Disease.

The warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has undoubtedly done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease, these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germs, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death rate from typhus is decreasing. Only the cooperation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.

In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.—Current Literature.

A Disappearing Race.

Two decades ago the native population of the Esquimaux lands, Labrador, Greenland and Alaska, was 30,000. To-day the population of these countries is only 15,000—a decrease of 50 per cent. At this rate the Esquimaux will soon have vanished off the face of the earth. There is something about this evanescence of race as a totality which is more than dramatic—it is tragic. This in spite of the fact that the Eskimos are only one of the inferior divisions of the great human family. The disappearance of a distinct subdivision of humanity as a whole shows how dubious is the tenure of the earth when the question is considered with regard to the destiny of human beings in their relation to the great march of historic progress. One naturally thinks of the disappearances of the Indians in the United States as a parallel. But great as is the decline of their branch of the human commonwealth within recent years, it cannot relatively equal the losses sustained by the Esquimaux.—Buffalo Enquirer.

How the New Law Hits Bankrupts.

A MEASURE of great importance to business men and lawyers—indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President recently, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterward becomes a bankrupt are not debared from having their claims passed upon by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme

Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to the wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average of about 50 per cent of the fees hitherto allowed by law.—Harper's Weekly.

New Tendency in Immigration.

Notwithstanding the fact that during the six months ending with the close of 1902, 323,641 aliens entered the United States, Commissioner Sargent, of the Immigration Bureau, points out that the great bulk of this army of newcomers promptly sought employment in the towns and cities, especially in the East, instead of spreading throughout the country and assisting to populate the farming regions of the West.

The change that has come about in this respect is marked. Formerly the majority of our immigrants came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. Those from the last two territorial divisions of Europe made their way in great numbers to the West and Northwest, where their energy and industry made them valuable factors in building up the prosperity of the agricultural Commonwealth which play such important parts in feeding the nation and producing the surplus food products which the United States send abroad to furnish means of subsistence for the masses of the Old World.

This general distribution of the immigrants was wholesome on every account, since it tended to equalize the national population. Now, however, the people who come to our shores are chiefly from Russia and the south of Europe, and their tendency to stay in the cities increases the congestion in industrial centers, while it leaves a marked scarcity of labor on the farms of the West, where, during most of the year, the demand for workers at good wages is keen and constant.

How this trend toward concentration is to be overcome is not apparent. But it is manifest that it is a much less healthful development than the former practice. It is far better that the immigrants who are now arriving in such multitudes should be distributed widely over areas where the population is comparatively scarce than that they should be piled together on the Atlantic slope in "colonies" which tend to make the progress of Americanization slower and more difficult.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Increase of Crime.

THE statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur Macdonald indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are present in increasing faster than the population. This increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long run will be salutary. Dr. Macdonald's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it.—Harper's Weekly.

FAVORITE MODELS IN MILLINERY.



TEN DOLLARS FOR A SLAVE.

Owner Was Glad to Take the Money Eventually.

They had been speaking of the far back days, the days when the men of the old regime used to put negroes upon the block and sell them, the mellow antebellum days before the proclamation had been issued giving the negro his freedom.

"That reminds me of one of the most interesting slave sales I ever made," said an old auctioneer, who lives down in the old quarter, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and it may be interesting to you to learn that the sale was made just before the war between the States. I was conducting an auction business in the neighborhood of the old Cabildo.

"One day a friend of mine who was a very large slave owner came to me and said he had an old negro woman that he wanted to get rid of. He said she was not worth much, and he was willing to take almost anything for her. 'She is too old to work,' said the owner, 'but she makes about 50 cents every day by picking up coffee on the river front, which means \$15 a month. But just give her away if you want to,' he said, as he left me, and as a matter of course I thought he meant what he said.

"A few days later I put the old woman up and sold her under the hammer, and she brought the sum of \$10. The owner came around. 'Well, I guess you sold the old woman for a song,' he said, as he brushed into the office 'a couple of hundred was all she was worth.' I began to feel heavy in the throat, for I knew he would have a fit when I told him I had been able to get only \$10 for her. But I had to tell him, just the same, and he did have a fit. He refused to take the

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