

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

had broken ground, he hurried back through the forest. After a long walk he reached his cabin, and the old man lay down to sleep. But when he awoke, he found the cabin had been broken into, and his gun and powder were missing. He was afraid to go outside, so he lay down again. But when he awoke again, he found his gun and powder were still missing. He knew he must get out of the forest, so he started walking westward. He had been walking for several days when he came to a small town. There he found a gunsmith who made him a new gun. He then continued his journey westward, finally reaching the Pacific Ocean.

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PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR. — In New Orleans, as in many other cities, there was a great deal of fun and merriment on New Year's Eve. The streets were crowded with people, and the air was filled with the sound of music and laughter. The city was decked out in its finest attire, and the lights of the city reflected off the water of the Mississippi River.

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"As I mentioned a week ago," said Mr. Ames, "the cold will go to the core of us, and we will have to live up to the weather. But we will not be able to do it, because we are not prepared for it."

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CHARLES XXI.— Charles was a young man who had just come to America from France. He was a good boy, but he had a bad temper. He would often fight with other boys, and he would sometimes break things.

One day, while he was walking in the park, he saw a group of boys playing football. He thought they were being mean to each other, so he ran up to them and started fighting with them. He ended up getting hit in the head by one of the boys, and he fell to the ground. He got up and ran home, crying.

When he got home, his mother asked him what had happened. He told her that he had been fighting with some boys in the park. His mother was angry at him, and she told him never to fight again.

Charles did not listen to his mother. He continued to fight with other boys, and he got into more trouble. Finally, he got into a fight with a boy named John. John hit Charles in the head, and Charles hit John back. They ended up fighting for a long time.

Charles' mother was very angry at him. She told him that he had to apologize to John. Charles did not want to do it, but he did it anyway.

After he apologized to John, his mother was still angry at him. She told him that he had to stay home for a week. Charles did not like this, but he did it.

During the week, Charles did not leave the house. He stayed in his room, reading books and writing in his diary. He did not talk to anyone, and he did not go outside.

At the end of the week, his mother let him out. He was very happy to be free again. He went outside and played with his friends. He had learned his lesson, and he did not fight again.

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The Little Prince Said

BY WILHELM STRAUS

THREE years ago, when I was a boy, I used to go to a school in a little town called Garmisch. One day, I was walking home from school, and I saw a small boy sitting on a bench. He was wearing a simple coat and a hat, and he looked very sad.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. "Are you sad?" He looked at me and said, "Yes, I am." "Why are you sad?" I asked him. "I don't know," he said. "I just feel sad."

"Well, why don't you tell me?" I asked him. "I don't know," he said. "I just feel sad."

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A LABOR OF LOVE.

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