

## Alice of Old Vincennes

By Maurice Thompson

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BEGIN HERE  
CAPTAIN LEONARD HELM and  
LIEUT. FITZHUGH BEVERLEY were sent  
from Kaskaskia by the American  
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, an officer of the  
American Army, during the Revolutionary  
War, to the Indians, who had been in  
charge of the fort. GASPARD ROUSSILLON and  
RENE DE RONVILLE, who had been in  
charge of the fort, were captured by the  
ALICE, the foster daughter of Roussillon,  
learned that  
LONG HAIR, a desperate Indian, was dis-  
persed on seeing the new flag of freedom  
which she had placed over the block-  
house.  
Lieutenant Beverley was instructed to  
call on Gaspard Roussillon, who was  
away when the new officers took charge  
of the fort.  
GO ON WITH THE STORY

"NOTHING unpleasant, I assure  
Madame," said Beverley.  
"Well, he's not at home,  
Moist; he's up the river for a few  
days."

She relaxed her state, united her  
eyebrows, and even let fall her hands  
from her shelf-like hips.

"Thank you, Madame," said Beverley,  
bowing again, "I am sorry not to  
have seen him."

As he was turning to go a shrimper  
of brown hair streaked with gold  
struck upon his vision from just within  
the door. He paused, as if in re-  
sponse to a military command, while  
a pair of gray eyes met his with a  
flash. The cabin room was ill lighted; but  
the crepuscular dimness did not  
seem to blinder his sight. Beyond the  
girl's figure, a pair of slender swords  
hung; crossed aslant on the wall op-  
posite the low door.

Beverley had seen, in the old world  
galleries, pictures in which the shad-  
owy and somewhat uncertain back-  
ground thus forced into strongest pro-  
jection the main figure, yet without  
clearly defining it. The rough frame  
of the doorway gave just the rustic  
setting suited to Alice's costume, the  
most striking part of which was a  
grayish short gown ending just above  
her fringed buckskin moccasins.

Around her head she had bound a  
blue kerchief, a wide corner of which  
lay over her crown like a loose cap.  
Her bright hair hung free upon her  
shoulders in tumbled half curls. As  
a picture, the figure and its entourage  
might have been artistically effective;  
but as Beverley saw it in actual life  
the first impression was rather em-  
barrassing. Somehow he felt almost  
irresistibly invited to laugh, though he  
had never been much given to ris-  
tality. The blending, or rather the  
juxtaposition, of extremes—a face, a  
form immediately witching, and a costume  
odd to grotesque—had made an assault upon his comprehension at  
once so sudden and so direct that his  
dignity came near being disastrously  
broken up. A splendidly beautiful  
child comically clad would have made  
much the same half delightful, half  
pleasing impression.

Beverley could not stare at the girl,  
and no sooner had he turned his back  
upon her charm than the picture in  
his mind changed like a scene in a  
kaleidoscope. He now saw a tall,  
finely developed figure and a face delicate-  
ately oval, with a low, wide forehead,  
arched brows, a straight, slightly  
tipped nose, a mouth sweet and full,  
dimpled cheeks, and a strong  
chin set above a faultless throat. His  
imagination, in casting off its first  
impression, was inclined to exaggerate  
Alice's beauty and to dwell upon  
its picturesqueness. He smiled as he  
walked back to the fort, and even  
found himself whistling gayly a  
snatch from a rollicking fiddle-tune  
that he had heard when a boy.

## CHAPTER VI

A FEW days after Helm's arrival,  
M. Roussillon returned to Vincennes,  
and if he was sorely  
touched in his amour propre by seeing  
his suddenly acquired military rank  
and title drop away, he did not let it  
be known to his fellow citizens. He  
promptly called upon the new com-  
mander and made acquaintance with  
Lieutenant Fitzhugh Beverley, who  
just then was superintending the  
work of cleaning up an old cannon  
in the stockade.

Helm formed a great liking for the  
big Frenchman, whose breezy freedom  
of manner and expansive good humor  
struck him favorably from the be-  
ginning. M. Roussillon's ability to  
speak English with considerable ease  
helped the friendship along, no doubt;  
at all events their first interview  
ended with a hearty show of good  
fellowship, and as time passed they  
became almost inseparable  
companions during M. Roussillon's periods  
of rest from his trading excursions  
among the Indians. They played  
cards and brewed hot drinks over

## CORMS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freecome" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freecome" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Advertisement.

Indeed, swollen as the current  
was, a man could stand on the top of  
the bank and easily leap into the deep  
water. At a point near the middle  
of the river a great mass of drift-  
logs and sand had long ago formed a  
barrier which split the stream so that  
one current came heavily shoreward  
on the side next the town and  
swashed with its muddy foam, making  
a swirl and eddy just below where  
Beverley stood.

The spot, as nearly as it can be  
told, was about two hundred yards  
below where the public road bridge at  
present spans the Wabash. The bluff  
was then far different from what it is  
now, steeper and higher, with less silt  
and sand between it and the water's

edge. The pirogue rounded the upper  
angle of this obstruction, not with-  
out difficulty to its crew of one, and  
swung into the rapid shoreward rush,  
which was evidently planned for by the  
steersman, who now paddled against  
the tide with all his might to keep  
from being borne too far down stream  
for a safe landing place.

Beverley stood at ease idly and  
half-dreamily looking on, when sud-  
denly something caused a catastro-

phe, which for a moment he did not  
comprehend. In fact, the man in  
the pirogue came to grief, as a man  
in a pirogue is very apt to do, and  
fairly somersaulted overboard into  
the water. Nothing serious would  
have threatened (for a man not a floating  
half-submerged log, thrust up some  
short, stiff stumps of boughs, upon  
the points of which the man struck  
heavily and was not only hurt, but

had his clothes impaled securely by  
one of the ugly spears, so that he  
hung in a helpless position, while  
the water's motion alternately lifted  
and submerged him, his arms beating  
about wildly.

When Beverley heard a strangling  
cry for help, he pulled himself promptly  
together, flung off his coat, as if by  
a single motion, and leaped down the  
bank into the water. He was a swim-  
mer whose strokes counted for all

that prodigious strength and excel-  
lent training could afford; he rushed  
through the water with long sweeps,  
making a semi-circle, rounding against  
the current, so as to swing down upon  
the drowning man.

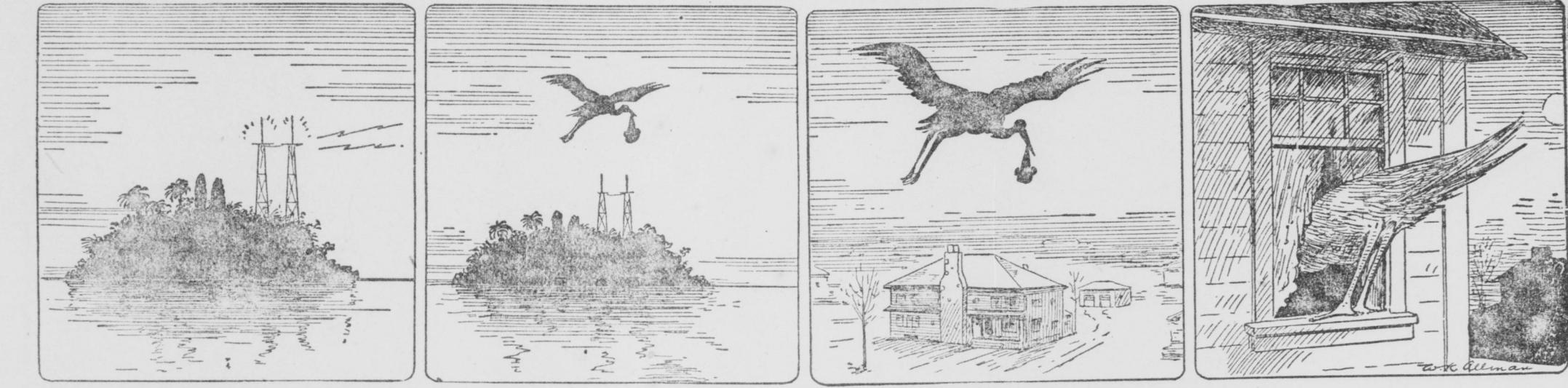
Less than a half-hour later a rumor  
by some means spread throughout  
the town that Father Beret and Lieu-  
tenant Beverley were drowned in the  
Wabash. But when a crowd gathered  
to verify the terrible news it turned

out to be untrue. Gaspard Roussillon  
had once more distinguished him-  
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and muscle.

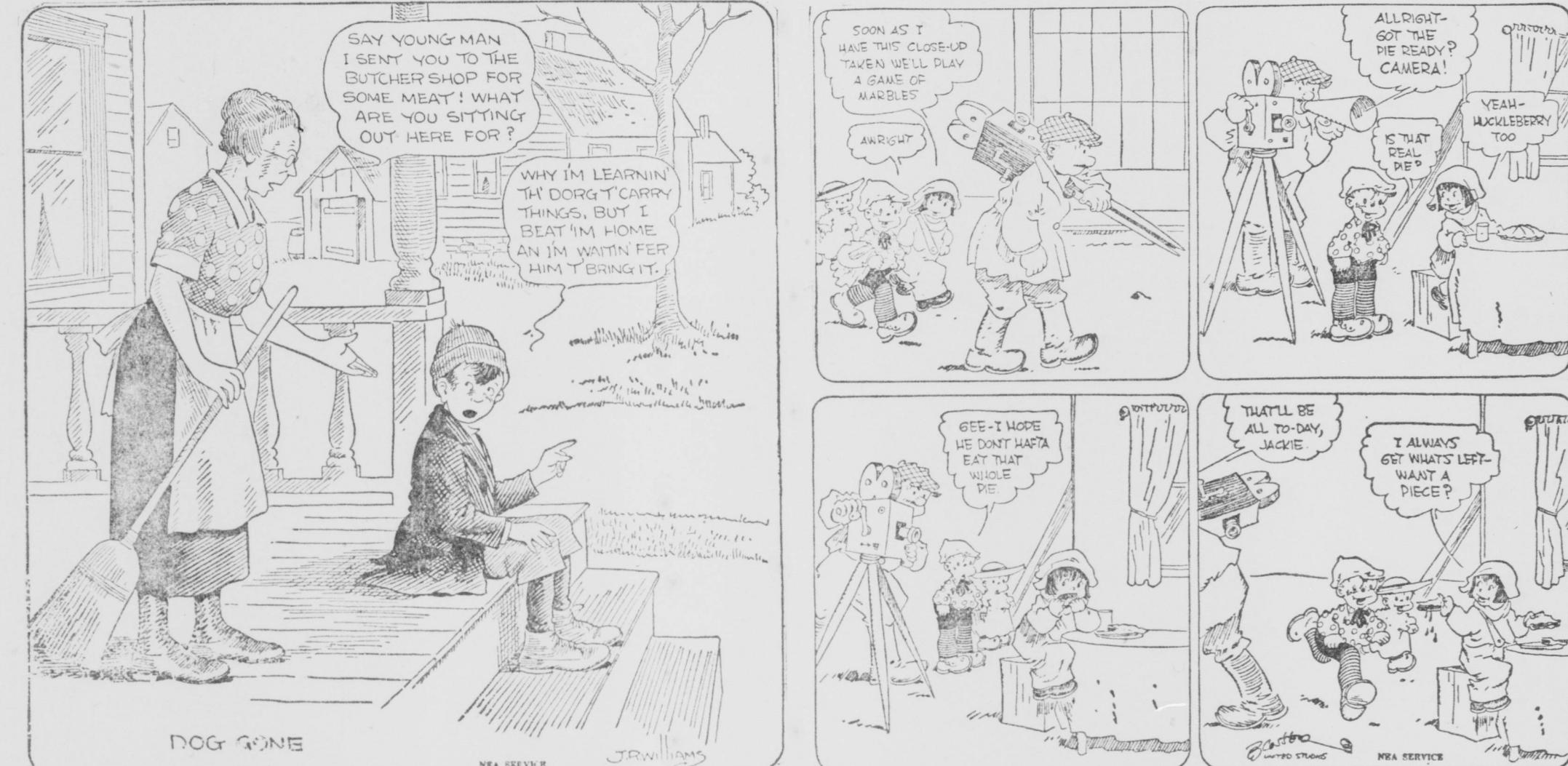
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M. Roussillon had come up the bank  
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under the other, both men apparently  
dead.

—By ALLMAN

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



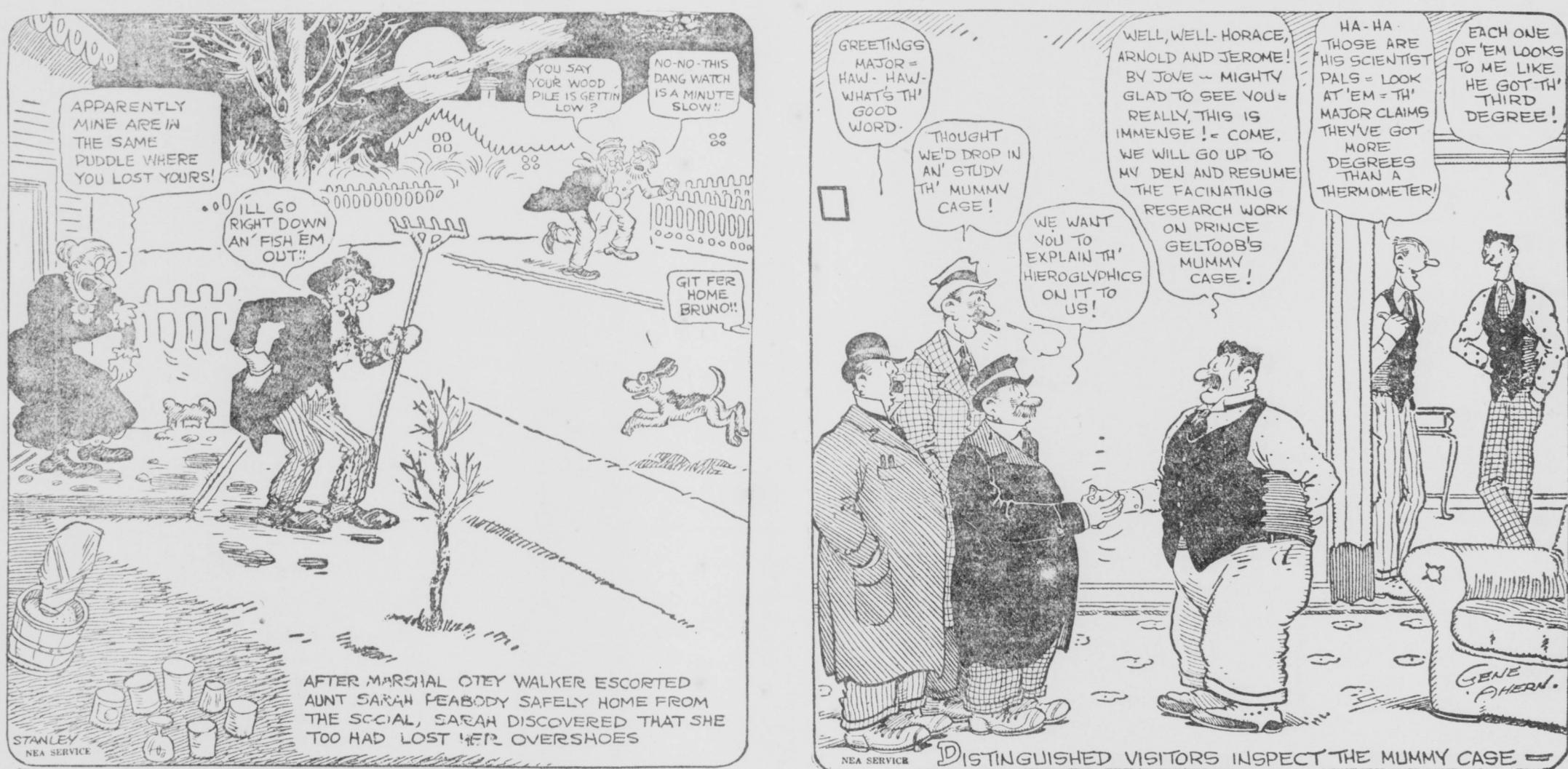
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



STANLEY  
NEA SERVICE

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To Be Continued.