

Alice of Old Vincennes

By Maurice Thompson

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BEGIN HERE
CAPTAIN LIONARD BELM and
LIEUT. FITZHUGH BEVERLEY were sent
from Kaskaskia by
GEORGE HODGINS CLARK, an officer of the
American Army during the Revolutionary
War, to take the place of
GASPARD ROUSSILLON and
RENE DE RONVILLE who had been in
charge of Vincennes temporarily.
ALICE, the foster daughter of Roussillon,
learned that
LONG HAIR, a desperate Indian, was dis-
pleased 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 Ft. Vincennes.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"NOTHING unpleasant, I as-
sure Madame," said Bever-
ley.

"Well, he's not at home,
Monsieur; 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 Bever-
ley, bowing again. "I am sorry not to
have seen him."

As he was turning to go a shimmer
of brown hair streaked with gold
struck upon his vision from just with-
in 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 hinder his sight. Before him
stood a figure, a pair of slender sword-
hilt; crossed against the wall op-
posite the low door.

Beverley had seen, in the old world
galleries, pictures in which the shadow
and somewhat uncertain background
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 risi-
culty. The blending, or rather the
juxtaposition, of extremes—a face, a
form immediately witching, and a cos-
tume odd to grotesquery—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 deli-
cately oval, with a low, wide fore-
head, arched brows, a straight, slight-
ly tip-tilted 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 picturequeness. 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 Vin-
cennes, 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 fort and mending some breaks
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 com-
panions during M. Roussillon's periods
of rest from his trading excursions
among the Indians. They played
cards and brewed hot drinks over

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little
"Frezzone" on an aching corn, in-
stantly that corn stops hurting, then
shortly you lift it right off with your
fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of
"Frezzone" for a few cents, sufficient
to remove every hard corn, soft corn,
or corn between the toes, and the cal-
luses, without soreness or irritation.—
Advertisement.

which they told marvelous stories,
the latest one invariably surpassing
all its predecessors.

Helm had an eye to business, and
turned M. Roussillon's knowledge of
the Indians to valuable account, so
that he soon had very pleasant re-
lations with most of the tribe within
reach of his agents. This gave a
feeling of great security to the people
of Vincennes. They pursued their
narrow agricultural activities with ex-
cellent results and redoubled these
social gayeties which, even in hut and
cabin under the all adverse conditions
of extreme frontier life, were dear to
the volatile and genial French
temperament.

Lieutenant Beverley found much to
interest him in the quaint town; but
the piece de resistance was Uncle
Jazon, who proved to be both fasci-
nating and unmanageable; a hard nut
to crack, yet possessing a kernel ab-
solutely original in flavor. Beverley
visited him one evening in his hut—it
might better be called den—a curiously
built thing, with walls of vertical
poles set in a quadrangular trench
dug in the ground, and roofed with
grass. Inside and out it was plastered
with mud, and the floor of dried
mud was as smooth and hard as con-
crete paving. In one end there was a
wide fireplace grating with coals in
the other a mere peephole for a window,
a wooden bench, a bed of skins and
two or three stools were barely visible
in the gloom. In the doorway Uncle
Jazon sat whittling a slender billet of
hickory into a ramrod for his long
flint-lock American rifle.

"Maybe you know Simon Kenton,"
said the old man, after he and Bever-
ley had conversed for a while, "seeing
that you are from Kentucky—eh?"

"Yes, I do know him well; he's a
warm personal friend of mine," said
Beverley with quick interest, for it
surprised him that Uncle Jazon should
know anything about Kenton. "Do
you know him, Monsieur Jazon?"

Uncle Jazon winked conceitedly and
sighed as if his rudimentary ramrod
to see if it was straight; then he
buckered his lips, as if on the point
of whistling, made an affirmative
noise quite impossible to spell.

"Well, I'm glad you are acquaint-
ed with Kenton," said Beverley.
"Where did you and he come to-
gether?"

Uncle Jazon chuckled reminiscent-
ly and scratched the skinless, char-
acterized spot where his scalp had once
flourished.

"Oh, several places," he answered.
"Ye see that hair a hangin' there on
the wall?" He pointed at a dry wisp
dangling under a peg in a log barely
visible by the bad light. "Well, that's
my scalp, he! he! he!" He snickered
as if the fact were a most enjoyable
one.

"Simon Kenton can tell ye
about that little affair!" The Indian
thought I was dead, and they took
my hair; but I wasn't dead; I was
just a givin' 'em a possum act. When
they was gone I got up from where
I was a layin' and trotted off. My
head was sore and ventricle! but I
was mad, he! he! he!"

All this time he spoke in
French, and the English, but poorly
paraphrases his odd turns of ex-
pression. His grimaces and grunts
cannot be hinted.

It was a long story, as Beverley
received it, told scrappily, but with
certain rude art. In the end Uncle
Jazon said with unctuous satisfac-
tion:

"Accidents will happen. I got my
chance at that damned Indian who
skinned my head, and I jes took a
head on 'im with my old rifle. I can't
shoot much, never could, but I
happened to hit 'im square in the
left eye, what I shot at, and it was
a hundred yards. Down he tumbles,
and I runs to 'im and finds my same
old scalp a hangin' to his belt. Well,
I lifted off his hair with my knife,
and untied mine from the belt, and
then I had both scalps, he! he! he!"

You ask Simon Kenton when ye see
'im. He was along at the same time,
and they made 'im run the gantlet
and pretty high beat the life out o'
'im. Ventricle!"

Beverley now recollected hearing
Kenton tell the same grim story by a
camp-fire in the hills of Kentucky.
Somehow it had caught a new spirit
in the French rendering, which linked
it with the old tales of adventure
that he had read in his boyhood, and
it suddenly endeared Uncle Jazon to
him. The rough old scrap of a man
and the powerful youth chatted to-
gether until sundown, smoking their
pipes, each feeling for what was best
in the other, half aware that in the
future they would be tested together
in the fire of wild adventure. Every
man is more or less a prophet at
certain points in his life.

Twilight and moonlight were blend-
ing softly when Beverley, on his way
back to the fort, departing from a
direct course, went along the river's
side southward to have a few mo-
ments of reflective strolling within
reach of the water's pleasant murmur
and the town's indefinite evening air.
Rich sweetness, the gift of early au-
tumn, was on the air blowing softly
light reflected from falling clouds and
sky. Now and again the man stood
up in his skittish pirogue, balancing
himself with care to use a short pole
in shoving driftwood out of his way;
and more than once he looked to
Beverley as if he had plunged head-
long into the dark water.

The spot, as nearly as it can be
fixed, 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. 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 pirogue rounded the upper
angle of this obstruction, not with-
out difficulty to its crew of one, and
swung into the rapid shoreward rush,
as 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 the man could
swim like an otter) had 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 strangled
cry for help, he pulled himself promp-
tly 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.

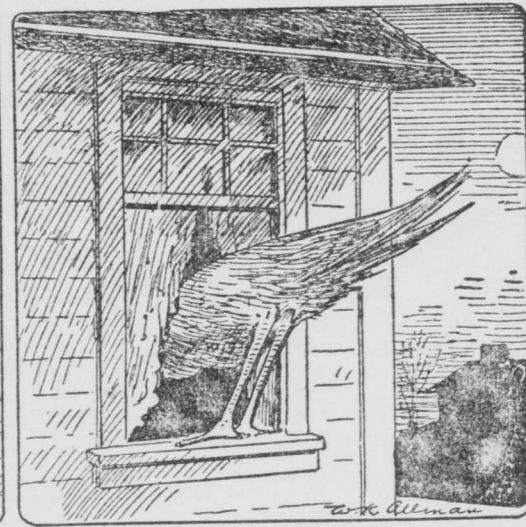
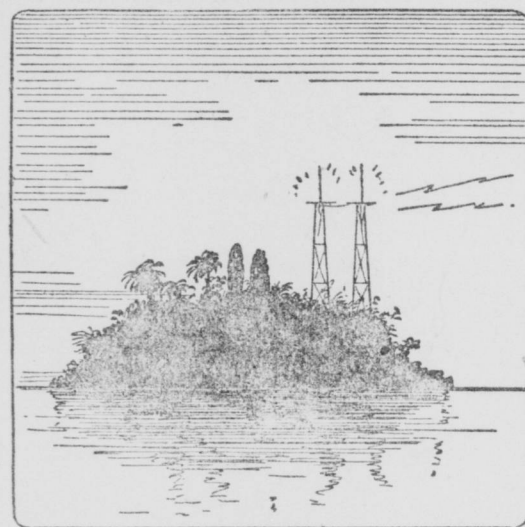
Less than a half-hour later a rumor
by some means spread throughout
the town that Father Beret and Lieu-
tenant Beverley were drowned in the
Wabash. But when a crowd gathered
to verify the terrible news it turned

out to be untrue. Gaspard Roussil-
lon had once more distinguished him-
self by an exhibition of heroic nerve
and muscle.

"Ventricle! Quel homme!" ex-
claimed Uncle Jazon, when told that
M. Roussillon had come up the bank
of the Wabash with Lieutenant Bever-
ley under one arm and Father Beret
under the other, both men apparently
dead.

(To Be Continued.)

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

Take This On Your Trumpet



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS INSPECT THE MUMMY CASE