

Alice of Old Vincennes

By Maurice Thompson

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BEGIN HERE
CAPT. LEONARD HELM and
LIEUT. FITZHUGH BEVERLEY were sent
to the Kanawha Valley to the Wabash
George Rogers Clark, an officer of the
American Army during the Revolutionary
War, to take charge of the military affairs
of Vincennes. The Wabash
Alice, the foster daughter of
Gaspard Roussillon, learned that
LORD HAMPTON had been sent. She was dis-
pleased on seeing the new flag of freedom
which she had placed over the block-
house.

Both Beverley and
Pere Beret, a Catholic priest, were re-
sponsible for the capture of Gaspard Roussillon
after Beverley had made a vain attempt to
save Beret who had been thrown from
his boat by driftlogs.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Bring them to my house
immediately," M. Roussillon
ordered, as soon as
they were restored to con-
sciousness; and he shook himself as a
big, wet animal sometimes does, cov-
ering everybody near him with muddy
water. Then he led the way with
moldy dramatic strides.

In justice to historical accuracy,
there must be a trifling reform of what
appeared on the face of things to be
grandly true. Gaspard Roussillon
actually dragged Father Beret and
Lieutenant Beverley one at a time
out of the eddy water and up the steep
river bank. That was truly a great
feat, but the hero never explained.
When men arrived he was standing
between the collapsed forms, panting
and dripping. Doubtless he looked
just as if he had dropped them from
under his arms, and why shouldn't he
have the benefit of a great implication?

"I've saved them both," he roared;
from which, of course, the ready
creole imagination inferred the ex-
treme of possible heroic performance.

"Bring them to my house immediately," and it was accordingly done.

The procession, headed by M. Roussillon, moved noisily, for the French
tongue must shake off what comes to
it on the thrill of every exciting
moment. The only silent Frenchman
is the dead one.

Father Beret was not only well-nigh
drowned, but seriously hurt. He lay
for a week on a bed in M. Roussillon's
house before he could sit up. Alice
hung over him night and day, scarcely
sleeping or eating until he was past
all danger. As for Beverley, he shook
off all the effects of his struggle in a
little while. Next day he was out, as
well and strong as ever, busy with the
affairs of his office. Nor was he
less saucy on account of what the
little adventure had cast into his ex-
perience. It was good to feel that one
has done an unselfish deed, and no
young man's heart repels the freshness
of what comes to him when a
beautiful girl first enters his life.

Naturally enough Alice had some
thoughts of Beverley while she was
attentively caring for Father Beret. She had not before seen a man like
him, nor had she seen one of one. Compared
with René de Ronville, the best
youth of her acquaintance, he was in
every way superior; this was too evident
for analysis, but referred to the
comme à prendre taken out of the
novels she had read, he somehow
failed, and yet he looked bravely in
her vision, not exactly a knight of
the class she had most admired, still
unquestionably a hero of large propor-
tions.

Beverley stepped in for a few minutes
every day to see Father Beret, involuntarily lengthening his visit by a
sliding ratio as he became better
acquainted. He began to enjoy the
priest's conversation, with its shy
worldly wisdom cropping up through
fervid religious sentiments and quaint
humor. Alice must have interested
him more than he was fully aware of,
for his eyes followed her, as she came
and went, with a curious criticism of
her half-savage costume and her
sprightly, dry-like suppleness, which
reminded him of the shyest and the
gracefulst wild birds, and yet a
touch of refinement, the subtlest and
best, showed in all her ways. He
studied her, as he would have studied
a strange, showy and originally fragrant
flower, or a bird of oddly attractive
plumage. While she said little
to him or to any one else in his presence,
he became aware of the willfulness
and joyous lightness which

"There's a world of fascination in
these things; I like nothing better than
a bout at fencing. Does your father
practice the art?"

"I have no father, no mother," she
quickly said, "but good Papa Roussillon
does like a little exercise with the
colechamere."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, I shall
ask to teach him a trick or two,"
Beverley responded in the lightest
mood. "When will he return from
the woods?"

"I can't tell you; he's very irregular
in such matters," she said. Then,
with a smile half banter and half
challenge, she added: "If you are
really dying for some exercise, you
shall not have to wait for him to come
home, I assure you, Monsieur
Beverley."

"Oh, it's Monsieur de Ronville, per-
haps, that you will offer up as a
victim to my skill and address," he slyly
returned; for he was suspecting
that a love affair in some stage of
progress lay between her and Irene.

She blushed violently, but quickly
overcoming a combined rush of surprise
and anger, added with an emphasis
as charming as it was unexpected.

"I myself am, perhaps, a swordsman
enough to satisfy the impudence
and vanity of Monsieur Beverley,
Lieutenant in the American army."

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle; forgive
me, I beg of you," he exclaimed, earnestly
modulating his voice to sincerest
beseachment; "I really did not mean
to be impudent, nor—"

Her vivacity cleared with a merry
laugh.

"No apologies, I command you," she
interposed. "We will have them after
I have taught him a fencing lesson."

From a shelf she drew down a pair
of foil and presented the hilts bade
him take his choice.

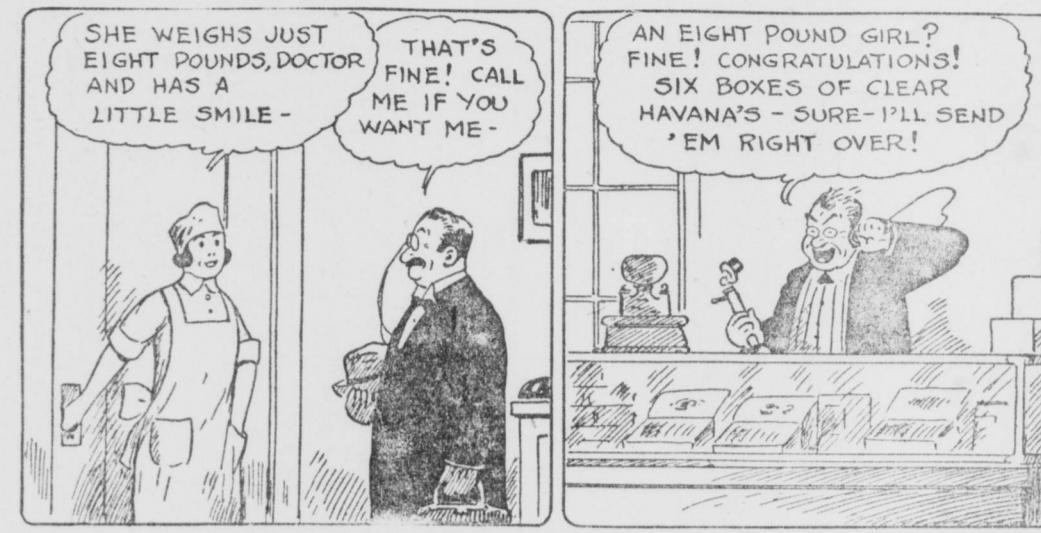
"There isn't any difference between
them that I know of," she said, and
then added archly: "but you will feel
better at last, when all is over and
the sting of defeat tingles through
you, if you are conscious of having
used every sensible precaution."

He looked straight into her eyes,
trying to catch what was in her
mind, but there was a bewildering
clamor playing across those gray,
pale-tinted wells of mystery, from
which he could draw only a mischievous
smile-glint, direct, daring, irre-
sistible.

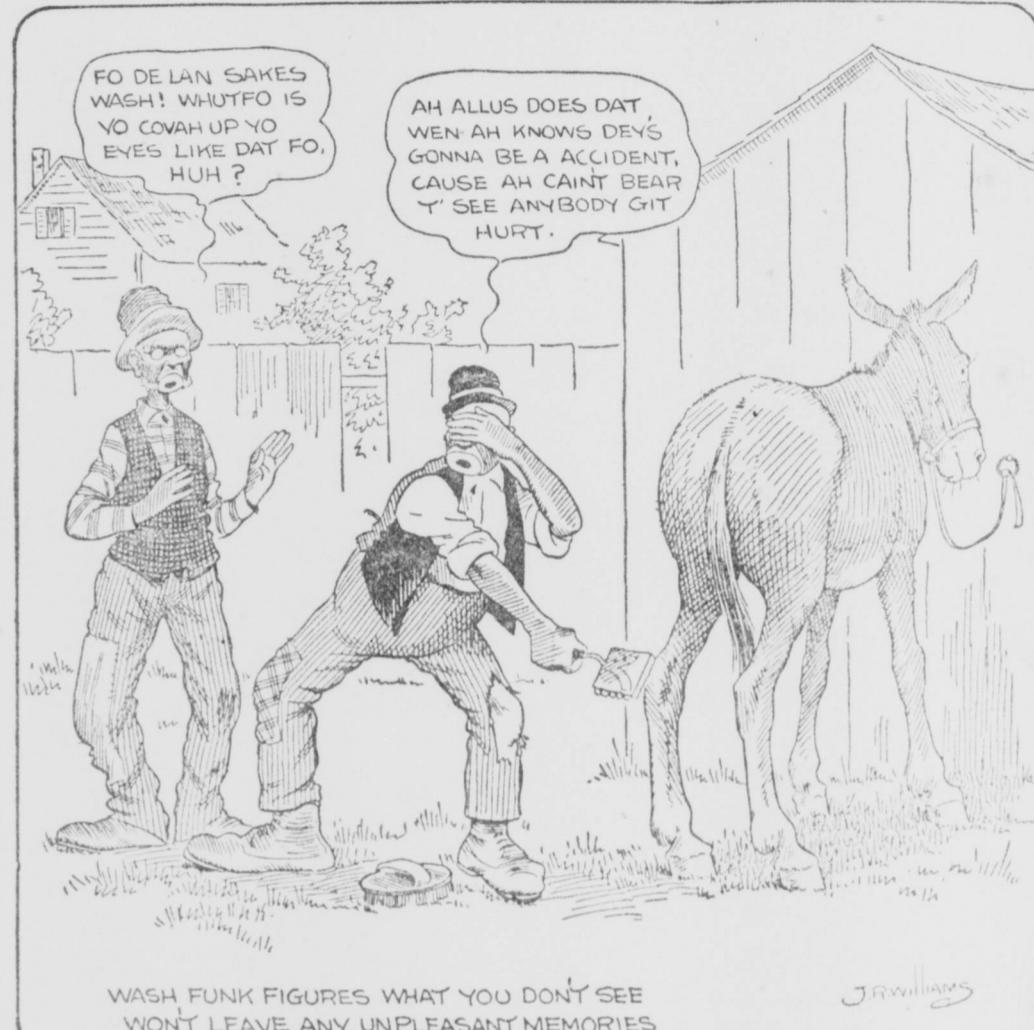
"Well," he said, taking one of the
foils, "what do you really mean? Is
it a challenge without room for hon-
orable retreat?"

"Are you ready?" she inquired.
He tried again to force a way into
the depths of her eyes with his; but he
might as well have attacked the
sun; so he stood in a confusion of
not very well defined feelings, unde-
cided, hesitating, half expecting that
there would be some laughable turn
to end the affair.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



garden. Here she turned about and faced him, poising her foil with a fine grace.

"Are you ready?" she inquired.

He laughed now and whipped the air with his foil.

"You certainly are not in earnest?" he said interrogatively. "Do you really mean that you want to fence with me?"

"If you think, because I'm only a girl, you can easily beat me, try it," she tauntingly replied, making a level thrust toward his breast.

Qutek as he flashed parried, and

then a merry clinking and twinkling

of steel blades kept time to their

swift movements. Instantly, by the

sure sense which is half-sight, half-

feeling—the sense that guides the ex-

pert fencer's hand and wrist—Beverley

knew that he had probably

more than his match, and in ten

seconds his attack was met by a time

thrust in opposition which touched

him sharply.

Alice sprang far back, lowered her

point and laughed.

"Je vous salue, Monsieur Beverley!"

she cried, with childlike show of de-
light. "Did you feel the button?"

"Yes, I felt it," he said with frank

acknowledgment in his voice. "It was

cleverly done. Now give a chance to

redeem myself."

He began more carefully and found

that she, too, was on her best mettle;

but it was a short bout, as before.

Alice seemed to give him an easy

opening and he accepted it with a

thrust; then something happened that he did not understand. The point of his foil was somehow caught under his opponent's hilt-guard, while her

blade seemed to twist around his; at

the same time there was a wring and a

a jerk, the like of which he had never

seen before felt, and he was disarmed, his

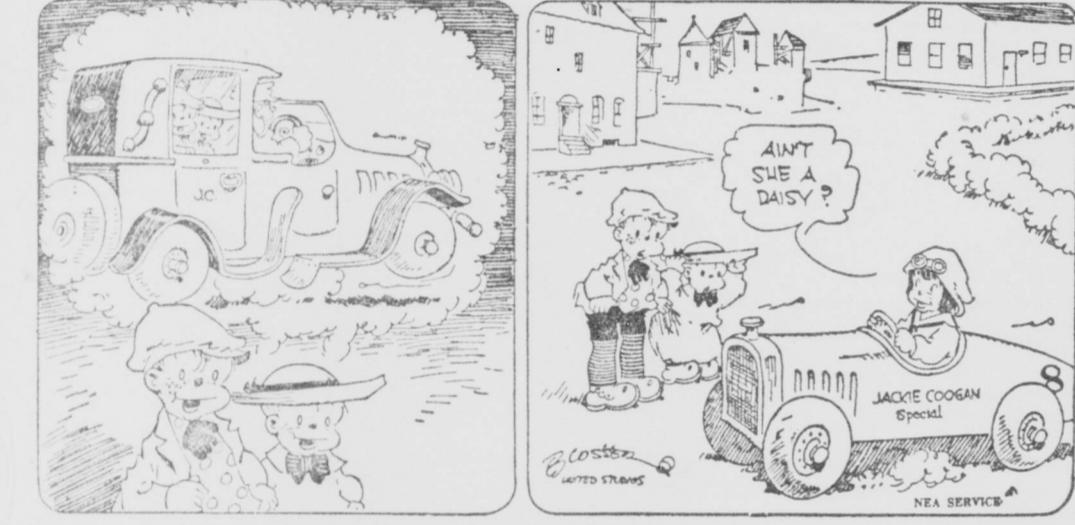
wrist and fingers aching with the

The News of the Day

—By ALLMAN



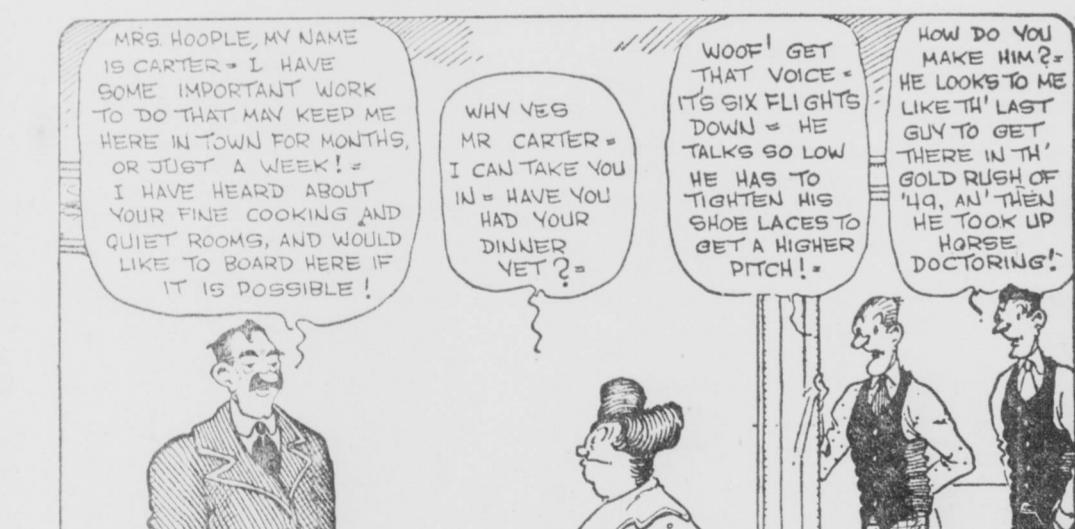
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



—By AL POSEN

MOTHER! MOVE
CHILD'S BOWELS"California Fig Syrup" is
Child's Best Laxative

Hurry mother! Even a cross, sick
child loves the "fruity" taste of "Cal-
ifornia Fig Syrup" and it never fails to
open the bowels. A tablespoonful to-
day may prevent a sick child tomorrow.
If constipation follows, feve-
rish, colic, or if stomach is sour, tonic-coated breath bad, re-
member a good cleansing, the little
bottle is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine
"California Fig Syrup" which has
directions for babies and children of all
ages printed on bottle. Mother! You
must say "California" or you may
get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertise-

wrench they had received.

Of course the thing was not new; he had been disarmed before; but her trick of doing it was quite a mystery to him, altogether different from any that he had ever seen.

"Vous me pardonnerez, Monsieur," she mockingly exclaimed, picking up his weapon and offering the hilt to him. "Here is your sword."

(To Be Continued)