

Alice of Old Vincennes

By Maurice Thompson

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ALICE LEE THOMPSON

CAPTAIN LEONARD HELM and LIEUTENANT TSZIUGH BEVERLEY were sent from Kansas to stamp out the rebellion of GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, an officer of the American army during the Revolutionary War. They came to stamp out the rebellion of Alice of Vincennes on the Wabash.

ALICE, the Foster daughter of GASPARD ROUSSILLON, declared that LONG HAIR, a despoiler Indian, was displeased on seeing the new flag of freedom which she had placed over the blockhouse.

Alice and Beverly find pleasure in each other's company, but the Indian, who but Alice proves much that a match for Beverly.

"KEEP IT," he said, "folding his arms and trying to look unconcerned, "you have captured it fairly. I am at your mercy; be kind to me."

Madame Roussillon and Jean, the hunchback, hearing the racket of the foils had come out to see and were standing at a gate.

"You ought to be ashamed, Alice," said the dame in scolding approval of what she had done; "girls do not fence with gentlemen."

"This girl does," said Alice.

"And with extreme disaster to this gentleman," said Beverly, laughing in a tone of discomfiture and resignation.

"Ah, Mo'sieu, there's nothing but disaster where she goes," complained Madame Roussillon, "she is a destroyer of everything. Only yesterday she dropped my pink bowl and broke it, the only one I had."

"And just to think," said Beverly, "what would have been the condition of my heart had we been using rapiers instead of leather-buttoned foils! She would have spitted it through the very center."

"Like enough," replied the dame indifferently. "She wouldn't wince, either—not she."

Alice ran into the house with the foils and Beverly followed.

"We must try it over again some day soon," he said; "I find that you can show me a few points. Where did you learn to fence so admirably? Is Monsieur Roussillon your master?"

"Indeed he isn't," she quickly replied, "he is but a bungling swordsman. My master—but I am not at liberty to tell you who has taught me the little I know."

"Well, whoever he is I should be glad to have lessons from him."

"But you'll never get them."

"Why?"

"Because."

"A woman's ultimatum."

"As good as a man's," she briddled prettily; "and sometimes better—at the foils for example. Vous—comprenez, n'est ce pas?"

He laughed heartily.

"Yes, your point reaches me," he said, "but sperat et in saeva victus gladiatur arena, as the old Latin poet wisely remarks." The quotation was meant to tease her.

Yes, Montaigne translated that or something in his book," she commented with prompt erudition. "I understand it."

Beverley looked amazed.

"What do you know about Mon-

BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN A MOMENT

Try This! Hair Appears Soft,
Colorful and Abundant
—A Gleamy Mass

35 Cent Bottle of "Danderine" Also
Ends Dandruff; Falling Hair



Immediately—your hair becomes beautiful. Just moisten cloth with Danderine, and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and really appear twice as thick and abundant—a mass of luxuriant, gleamy, colorful hair.

Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine eradicates dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is the best, cheapest and most delightful hair corrective, and tonic. It is to the hair what fresh showers of rain are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, vitalizes and strengthens them. Its stimulating properties help the hair to grow long, heavy, strong.

You can surely have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will spend 35 cents for a bottle of Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter. It is not greasy, oily or sticky—Advertise me.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

Meeting Strong Competition



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



THE TEACHER'S PET.



Merrily We Roll Along—By AL POSEN

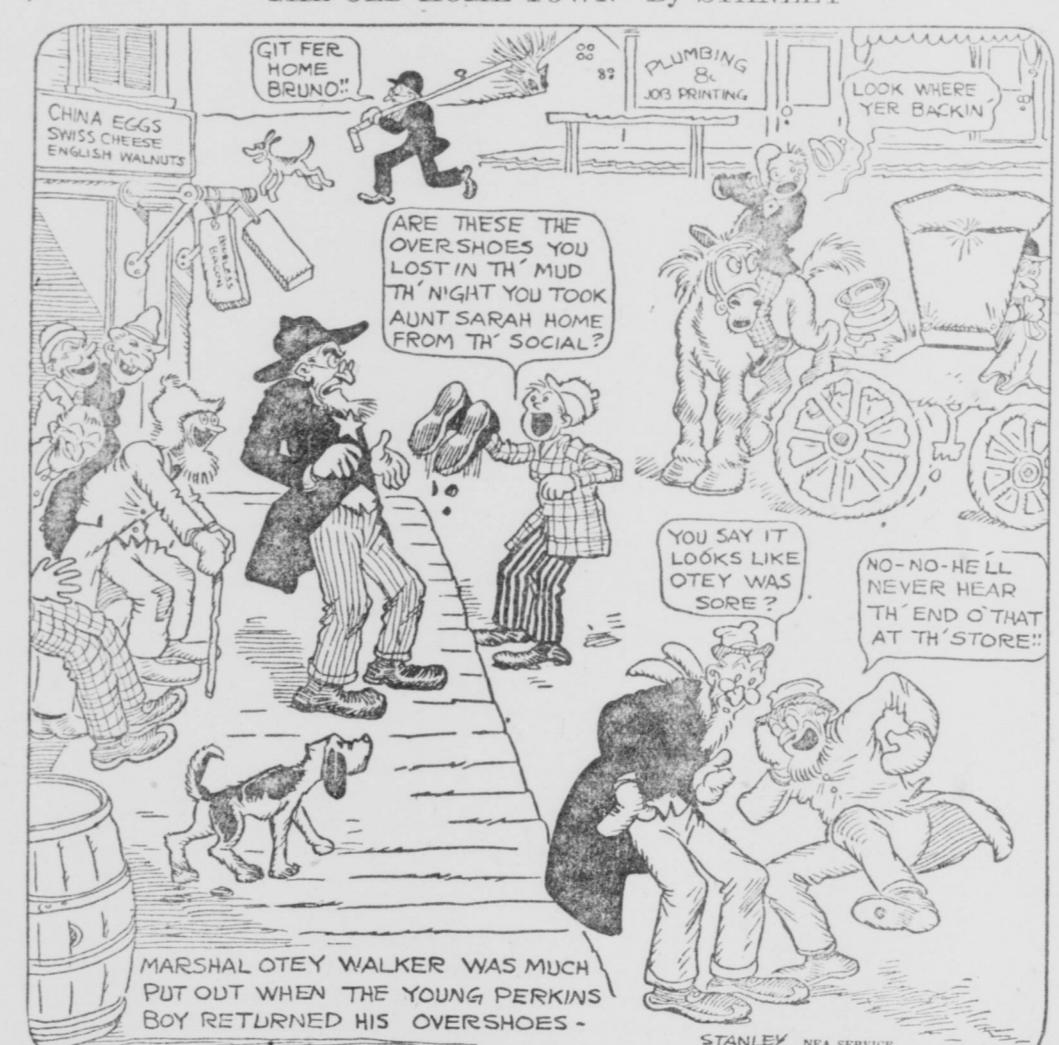
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



old cannon could not have been used to any effect in case of attack. As for the garrison, it was a nominal quantity, made up mostly of men who preferred hunting and fishing to the interest of military duty.

Gaspard Roussillon assumed to know everything about Indian affairs and the condition of the English at Detroit. His optimistic eloquence was given to Gaspard Roussillon occupied everybody's imagination to an unusual

satisfy; but his suggestions regarding military discipline and a vigorous prosecution of repairs to the blockhouse and stockade were treated with dilatory geniality by his superior officer. The soft wonder of a perfect Indian summer glorified land, river and sky. Why not dream and bask? Why not drink exhilarating toddies?

Meantime the entertainment to be given by Gaspard Roussillon occupied everybody's imagination to an unusual

extent. Rene De Ronville, remember-

ing but not heeding the doubtful success of his former attempt, went long beforehand to claim Alice as his partenaire, but she flatly refused him, once more reminding him of his obligations to little Adrienne Bourlier. He would not be convinced.

"You are bound to me," he said,

"you promised before, you know, and

the party was but put off. I hold

you to it; you are my partenaire, and

I am yours, you can't deny that."

"No you are not my partenaire," she firmly said; then added lightly,

"Fee mon partenaire, you are dead and buried as my partner at that dance."

He glowered in silence for a few moments, then said:

"It is Lieutenant Beverley, I suppose."

She gave him a quick contemptuous

look, but turned it instantly into one

of her tantalizing smiles.

"Do you imagine that?" she de-

manded.

"Imagine it! I know it," he said

with a hot flush.

"Precious little," she replied with a

merry laugh.

"You think so."

"Go to Father Beret, tell him every-

thing, and then ask him what he

thinks," she said in a calm, even tone,

her face growing serious.

—By ALLMAN

There was an awkward silence.

She had touched Rene's vulnerable spot; he was nothing if not a devout Catholic, and his conscience rooted itself in what good Father Beret had taught him.

(To Be Continued)

The ocean's depth at any point can

be ascertained now by echoes obtained

through the instruments used during

the war to locate submarines.