

# Alice of Old Vincennes

By Maurice Thompson

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## BEGIN HERE

ALICE, foster daughter of GASPARD ROUSSELLON, was loved by LIBERTY PITZBUUGH BEVERLEY, American Army officer, who with CAPTAIN HELM, surrendered Vincennes to the English general, GOVERNOR HAMILTON, during the Revolutionary War.

Rousseillon, a fugitive from Vincennes, stole home to see his family when Hamilton's patrolmen rushed in. Rousseillon escaped and Alice wounded one assailant before CAPTAIN FARMWORTH arrived. Because of his infatuation for Alice, Farmworth, though an Englishman, eagerly listened to FATHER BEVERLEY's plan to spare Alice the punishment Hamilton has intended for her.

Beverley escaped to get help for Vincennes, but was captured by Indians whom Hamilton had sent in pursuit of a packet belonging to Alice.

When Beverley was made to run the gauntlet he tried to escape, but due to previous exposure and brutal treatment left his strength fast leaving.

LONG-HAIR, who was at his heels, leaped before him when he had gone but a few steps and once more flourished the tomahawk. To struggle was useless, said to insist upon being brained outright, which just then had no part in Beverley's considerations.

Long-Hair kicked the victim heavily, uttering laconic curses meanwhile, and led him back again to the starting-point.

A genuine sense of humor seems almost entirely lacking in the mind of the American Indian. He smiles at things not in the least amusing to us and when he laughs, which is very seldom, the cause of his merriment usually lies in something repellently cruel and inhuman. When Beverley struck his two assailants, hurrying them so that one lay half stunned, while the other spun away from his fist with a smashed nose, all the rest of the Indians grunted and laughed raucously in high delight. They shook their clubs, danced, pointed at their discomfited fellows and twisted their painted faces into knotted wrinkles, their eyes twinkling with devilish expression of glee quite indecipherable.

"Ugh, damn, run!" said Long-Hair, this time adding a hard kick to the elbow-shove he gave Beverley.

The young man, who had borne all he could, now turned upon him furiously and struck straight from the shoulder, setting the whole weight of his body into the blow. Long-Hair stepped out of the way and quick as a flash brought the flat side of his tomahawk with great force against Beverley's head. This gave the amusement a sudden and disappointing end, for the prisoner fell limp and senseless to the ground. No more running the gauntlet for him that day. Indeed, it required protracted application of the heat from the sun to revive him so that he could fairly be called a living man. There had been no dangerous concussion, however, and on the following morning camp was broken.

Beverley, sore, haggard, forlornly disheveled, had his arms bound again and was made to march again with his nimble enemies, who set out swiftly eastward, their disappointment at having their sport cut short, although bitter enough, not in the least indicated by any facial expression or spiteful act.

Was it really a strange thing, or was it not, that Beverley's mind now busied itself unceasingly with the thought that Long-Hair had Alice's picture in his pocket? One might find room for discussion of a cerebral problem like this; but our history cannot be delayed with analyses and speculations; it must fill its direct course unhindered to the end. Suffice it to record that, while tramping at Long-Hair's side and growing more and more distrustful of seeing the picture again, Beverley began trying to converse with his taciturn captor. He had a considerable smattering of several Indian dialects, which he turned upon Long-Hair to the best of his ability, but apparently without effect. Nevertheless he babbled at intervals, always upon the same subject, and always endeavoring to influence that huge, stolid, heartless savage in the direction of letting him see again the child face of the miniature.

A stone, one of our travel-scattered mysterious western granite boulders brought from the far north by the ancient ice, would show an Indian sympathy as did the face of Long-Hair. Once in a while he gave Beverley a soulless glance and said "damn" with utter indifference. Nothing, however, could quench or even in the slightest sense allay the lover's desire. He talked of Alice and the locket with constantly increasing volubility, saying over and over phrases of endearment in a half-delirious way, not aware that fever was fermenting his blood and heating his brain. Probably he would have been very ill but for the tremendous physical exercise forced upon him. The heat kept him in a profuse perspiration and his

robust constitution cast off the malarial poison. Meantime he used every word and phrase, every grunt and gesture of Indian dialect that he could recall, in the iterated and reiterated attempt to make Long-Hair understand what he wanted.

When night came an again the band camped under some trees beside a swollen stream. There was no rain falling, but almost the entire country lay under a flood of water. Fires of logs were soon burning brightly on the comparatively dry bluff chosen by the Indians. The weather was chill, but not cold. Long-Hair took great pains, however, to dry Beverley's clothes and saw that he had warm wraps and plenty to eat. Hamilton's large reward would not be forthcoming should the prisoner die. Beverley was good property, well worth careful attention. To be sure his scalp, in the worst event, would command a sufficient honorarium, but not the great one. Beverley thought of all this while his Indians were making him snugly in skins and blankets for the night, and there was no comfort in it, save that possibly if he were returned to Hamilton he might see Alice again before he died.

A fitful wind cried dolefully in the leafless treetops, the stream hard by gave forth a rushing sound, and far away some wolves howled like lost souls. Worn out, sore from head to foot, Beverley, deep buried in the blankets and skins, soon fell into a profound sleep. The fires slowly crumbled and faded; no sentinel was posted, for the Indians did not fear an attack, there being no enemies that they knew of nearer than Kaskaskia. The camp slumbered as one man.

At about the mid-hour of the night Long-Hair gently awoke his prisoner by drawing a hand across his face, then whispered in his ear: "Damn, still!"

Beverley tried to rise, uttering a sleepy ejaculation under his breath. "No talk," hissed Long-Hair. "Still!" There was something in his voice that not only swept the last film of sleep out of Beverley's brain, but made it perfectly clear to him that a very important bit of craftiness was being performed; just what its nature was, however, he could not surmise. One thing was obvious. Long-Hair did not wish the other Indians to know of the move he was making. Deftly he slipped the blankets from around Beverley, and cut the thongs at his ankles.

"Still!" he whispered. "Come long."

Under such circumstances a competent mind acts with lightning celerity. Beverley now understood that Long-Hair was stealing him away from the other savages and that the big villain meant to cheat them out of their part of the reward. Along with this discovery came a fresh gleam of hope. It would be far easier to escape from one Indian than from nearly a score. Ah, he would follow Long-Hair. Indeed he would! The needed courage came with the thought, and with immense labor he crept at the heels of that crawling monster. It was a painful process, for his arms were still fast bound at the wrists with the rawhide strings; but what was pain to him? He shivered with joy, thinking of what might happen. The voice of the wind overhead and the noisy building of the stream near by were cheerful and cheering sounds to him now. So much can a mere shadow of hope do for a human soul on the verge of despair! Already he was planning or trying to plan some way by which he could kill Long-Hair when they should reach a safe distance from the sleeping camp.

But how could the thing be done? A man with his hands tied, though they are in front of him, is in no excellent condition to cope with a free and stalwart savage armed to the teeth. Still Beverley's spirits rose with every rod of distance that was added to their slow progress. Their course was nearly parallel with that of the stream, but slightly converging toward it, and after they had gone about a furlong they reached the bank. Here Long-Hair stopped and, without a word, cut the thongs from Beverley's wrists. This was astounding; the young man could scarcely believe it, nor was he ready to act. "Swim water," Long-Hair said in a guttural murmur barely audible. "Swim, damn!"

Again it was necessary for Beverley's mind to act swiftly and with prudence. The camp was yet within hailing distance. A false move now would bring the whole pack howling to the rescue. Something told him to do as Long-Hair ordered, so with scarcely a perceptible hesitation he scrambled down the bushy bank and slipped into the water, followed by Long-Hair, who seized him by one arm when he began to swim, and struck out with him into the boiling and tumbling current.

Beverley had always thought himself a master swimmer, but Long-Hair showed him his mistake. The giant Indian, with but one hand free to use, fairly rushed through that deadly cold and turbulent water, bearing his prisoner with him despite the howling of the waves and scarcely giving Beverley freedom enough so that he could help in the progress. It was a long, cold struggle, and when at last they touched the sloping low bank on the other side, Long-Hair had fairly to lift his chilled and exhausted prisoner to the top.

"Ugh, cold," he grunted, beginning to pound and rub Beverley's arms, legs and body. "Make warm, damn neap!"

All this he did with his right hand, holding the tomahawk in his left. It was a strange, bewildering experience out of which the young man could not see in any direction far enough to give him a hint upon which to act. In a few minutes Long-Hair jerked him to his feet and said: "Go."

It was just light enough to see that the order had a twofold purpose to enforce it. Long-Hair indicated the direction and drove Beverley onward as fast as he could.

"Try run 'way, kill, damn!" he kept repeating, while with his left hand on the young man's shoulder he guided

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—

WELL, GOODBY, LENA—I'M LEAVING TODAY—I WANT TO SAY THAT YOU ARE A GOOD COOK—

GOODBY, MISS HORTON—SORRY TO SEE YOU GO—YOU ARE A FINE NURSE—

MY BUT I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO LEAVE THAT SWEET LITTLE DEAR



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



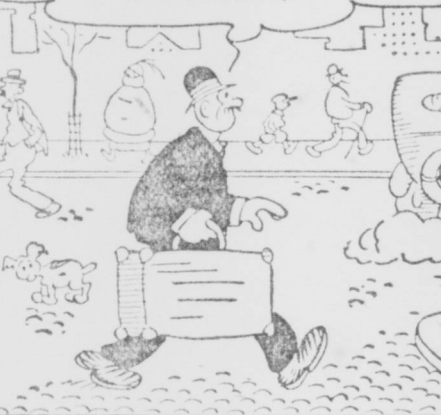
THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE.

JR WILLIAMS

## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

WELL HERE I AM—BACK HOME AGAIN—SIX YEARS I'VE BEEN AWAY—

BUT IT SEEMS AS IF I ONLY LEFT THE OLD TOWN YESTERDAY—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE ROBBER SUSPECT, CAUGHT UNDER THE WATER TANK. THIS MORNING, NO DOUBT KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BURGLARIZING OF THE HOOTSTOWN DOLLAR STORE.

STANLEY NEA SERVICE

## "Many Are the Hearts That Are Weary Tonight"

GOODBY, LITTLE SWEETIE—AND GOOD LUCK—DON'T CRY TOO MUCH—YOU WILL GET GOOD CARE FROM YOUR MOMMY—I KNOW—

SHE WILL MISS YOU I KNOW

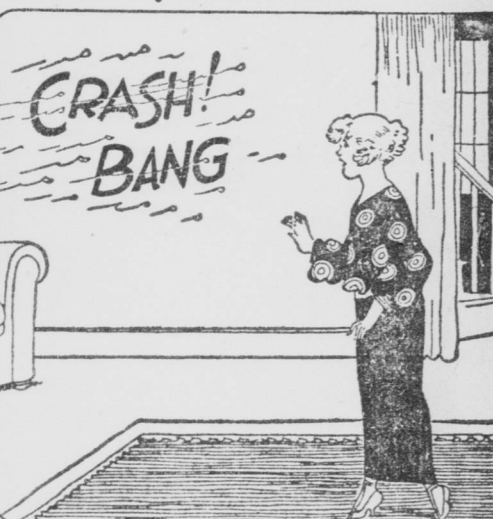


GOODBY, MRS. DUFF—AS A PARTING SUGGESTION I MIGHT ASK YOU TO NAME THE YOUNG LADY DOROTHY AFTER ME—AS I WILL ALWAYS THINK OF HER—

YOUR SUGGESTION IS NOT OUT OF ORDER AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

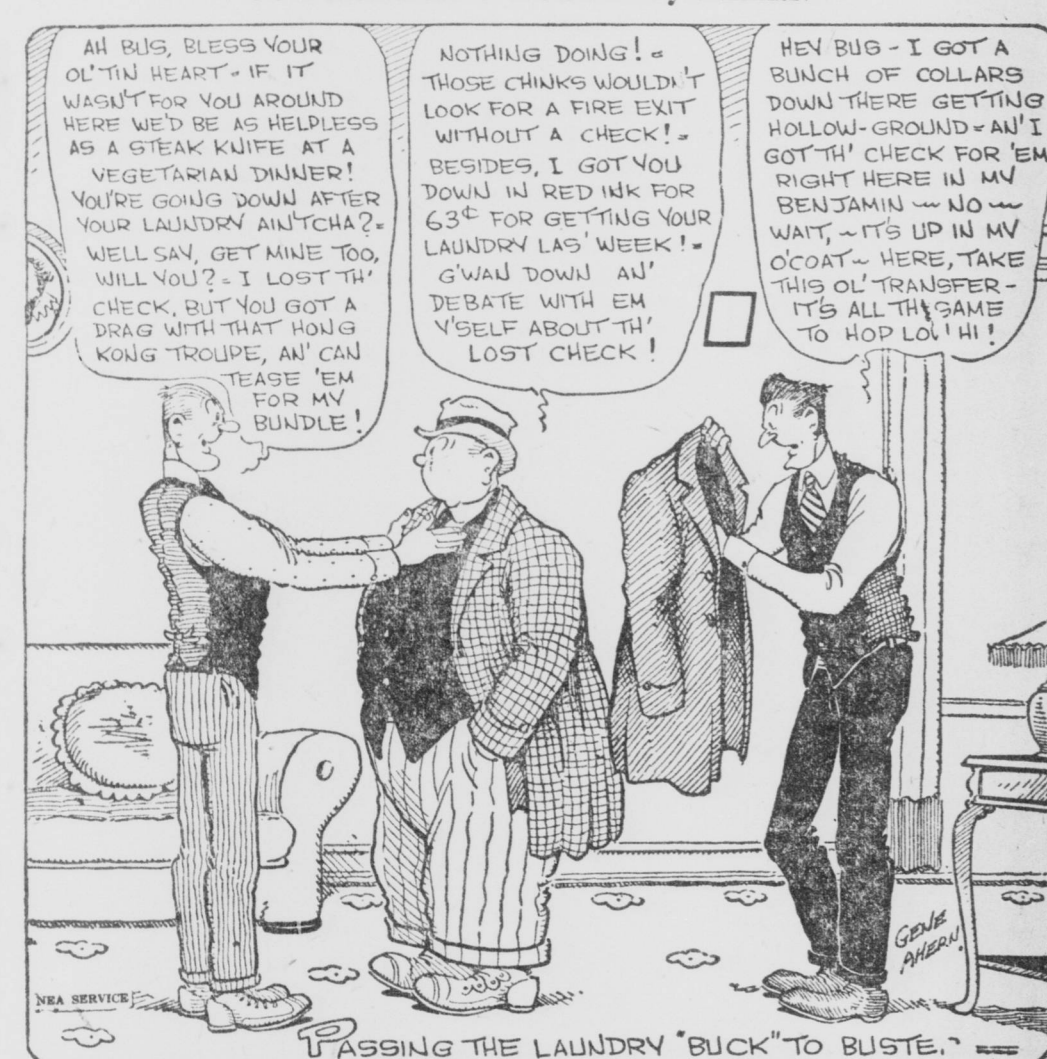


## Nurse Days Are Over

—By AL POSEN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



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him from behind dexterously through the wood for some distance. Then he stopped and grunted, adding his favorite expletive, which he used with not the least knowledge of its meaning. To him the syllable "damn" was but a mouthful of forcible wind.

They had just emerged from a thicket into an open space, where the ground was comparatively dry. Overhead the stars were shining in great clusters of silver and gold against

a dark, cavernous-looking sky, here and there overrun with careering black clouds. Beverley shivered, not so much with cold as on account of the stress of excitement which amounted to nervous rigor. Long-Hair faced him and leaned toward him, until his breathing was audible and his massive features were dimly outlined. A dragon of the darkest age could not have been more repulsive.

"Ugh, friend, damn!"

Beverley started when these words were followed by a sentence in an Indian dialect somewhat familiar to him, a dialect in which he had tried to talk with Long-Hair during the day's march. The sentence, literally translated, was:

"Long-Hair is friendly now."

A blow in the face could not have been so surprising. Beverley not only started, but recoiled as if from a sudden and deadly apparition. The step

between supreme exhilaration and utter collapse is now and then infinitesimal. There are times, moreover, when an expression on the face of Hope makes her look like the twin sister of Despair. The moment falling just after Long-Hair spoke was a century condensed in a breath.

"Long-Hair is friendly now; will white man be friendly?"

Beverley heard, but the speech seemed to come out of vastness and

hollow distance; he could not realize it fairly. He felt as if in a dream, far off somewhere in loneliness, with a big, shadowy form looming before him. He heard the chill wind in the thick round about, and beyond Long-Hair rose a wall of giant trees.

"Ugh, not understand!" the savage presently demanded in his broken English.

"Yes, yes," said Beverley, "I understand."

"Is the white man friendly now?"

Long-Hair then repeated in his own tongue, with a certain insistence of manner and voice.

"Yes, friendly."

Beverley said this absently in a tone of perfunctory response. His throat was parched, his head seemed to waver. But he was beginning to comprehend that Long-Hair, for some inscrutable reason of his own, was desirous of making a friendship between them. The thought was bewildering.

(To Be Continued.)