

## Alice of Old Vincennes

By Maurice Thompson

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**BEGIN HERE**  
ALICE, foster daughter of GASPARD ROUSILLON, was loved by LIEUT. FITZHUGH BEVERLEY, American Army officer, who with Captain Hamilton surrendered Vincennes to the English general. GOVERNOR HAMILTON, during the Revolution, was captured by Beverly, who escaped and was captured by Hamilton's Indian scouts. In the meantime, Father Beret, the Indian scout leader, LONG HAIR, stole Beverly away, telling him he wished to protect him for the sake of Alice who had once saved the Indian's life. He returned her to the Indian camp.

On his way back to the Indian camp he met LIEUTENANT BARLOW and presented his scalp as that of Beverly to mislead his captors.

He called the tall, strong girl "little Alice," and so she seemed to him. He did not, without direct effort, think of her as a magnificently maturing woman. She had always been his spoiled pet child, perversely set against the Holy Church, but dear to him nevertheless.

"H AS she a comfortable place?" Do you think Governor Hamilton would let me visit her?"

"It is horrible!" Farnsworth blurted. "She's penned up as if she were a dangerous beast, the poor girl. And that damned scoundrel—"

"Son, son!"

"Oh, it's no use to try. I can't help it, Father. The whelp—"

"We can converse more safely and intelligently if we avoid profanity, and undue emotion, my son. Now, if you will quit swearing, I will, and if you will be calm, so will I."

Farnsworth felt the sly irony of this absurdly vicarious proposition. Father Beret smiled with a kindly twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

"Well, if you don't use profane language, Father, there's no telling how much you think in expletives. What is your opinion of a man who tumbles a poor, defenseless girl into prison and then refuses to let her be decently cared for? How do you express yourself about him?"

"My son, men often do things of which they ought to be ashamed. I heard of a young officer once who maltreated a little girl he met at night in the street. What evil he would have done, had not a passing kind-hearted man reminded him of his honor by a friendly punch in the ribs, I dare not surmise."

"True, and your sarcasm goes home as hard as your fist did. Father, I know that I've been a sad dog all my life. Miss Roussillon saved you by shooting me, and I love her for it. Lay on, Father, I deserve more than you can give me."

"Surely you do, my son, surely you do; but my love for you will not let me give you pain. Ah, we priests have to carry all men's loads. Our backs are broad, however, very broad, my son."

"And you flits devilish heavy, Father, devilish heavy."

The gentle smile again flickered over the priest's weather-beaten face as he glanced sideways at Farnsworth and said:

"Sometimes, sometimes, by son, a priest's weapon must break the way for a spiritual one. But we priests rarely have much physical strength; our dependence is upon—"

"To be sure; certainly," Farnsworth interrupted, rubbing his side, "your dependence is upon the first thing that offers. I've had many a blow, but yours was the solidest that ever jarred my mortal frame. Father Beret."

The train began to laugh. There is nothing like a reminiscence to stir up fresh mutual sympathy.

"If your intercostals were somewhat sore for a time, on account of a contact with priestly knuckles, doubtless there soon set in a corresponding uneasiness in the region of your conscience. Such shocks are often vigorously alternative and tonic, eh, my son?"

"You jolted me, sober, Father, and then I was ashamed of myself. But where does all your tremendous

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"You showed something of the same sort to me, once upon a time, my son."

"Yes, I did, Father Beret, and I got a load of slugs in my shoulder for that from brave girl's pistol. She saved your life. Now I ask you to help me save hers; or, if not her life, what is infinitely more, her honor."

"Her honor!" cried Father Beret, leaping to his feet so suddenly and with such energy that the cabin shook from base to roof. "What do you say, Captain Farnsworth? What do you mean?"

The old man was transformed. His face was terrible to see, with its narrow, burning eyes deep under the shaggy brows. Its dark veins writhing snakeslike on the temples and forehead, the projected mouth and chin, the hard lines of the jaws, the iron-gray gleam from all the features—he looked like an aged tiger stiffened for a spring.

Farnsworth was made of right soldierly stuff; but he felt a distinct shiver fit along his back. His past life had not lacked thrilling adventures and strangely varied experiences with desperate men. Usually he met sudden emergencies rather calmly, sometimes with phlegmatic indifference. This passionate outburst on the priest's part, however, surprised him and awed him, while it stirred his heart with a profound sympathy unlike anything he had ever felt before.

Father Beret mastered himself in a moment, and passing his hand over his face, as if to brush away the excitement, sat down again on his stool. He appeared to collapse inwardly.

"You must excuse the weakness of an old man, my son," he said, in a voice hoarse and shaking. "But tell me what is going to be done with Alice. You words—what you said—I did not understand."

He rubbed his forehead slowly, as one who has difficulty in trying to collect his thoughts.

"I do not know what Governor Hamilton means to do, Father Beret. It will be something devilish, though—something that must not happen," said Farnsworth.

"Black-Draught is very convenient to take. I take a half spoonful in water as long as I need it and it is the finest regulator for the bowels. I've stopped up and had a full, swollen feeling through my stomach, sometimes I would even faint, they would be so bad."

"Now, when I feel myself getting the least bit constipated, I immediately begin the use of Black-Draught. I have given it to my children and my grandchildren. Everybody here takes

Black-Draught. I am glad to recom-

mon. Jeannette S. Carnal says that she has kept Thedford's Black-Draught liver medicine in her home, here, for more than thirty years, and has given it to members of her family when they needed it. Of her own use of Black-Draught, Mrs. Carnal says:

"I have suffered from constipation, I get in such bad condition sometimes that I do not know what to do. My head aches with a dull kind of an ache, and I get bilious. I have come to depend on it in our family as a family friend."

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

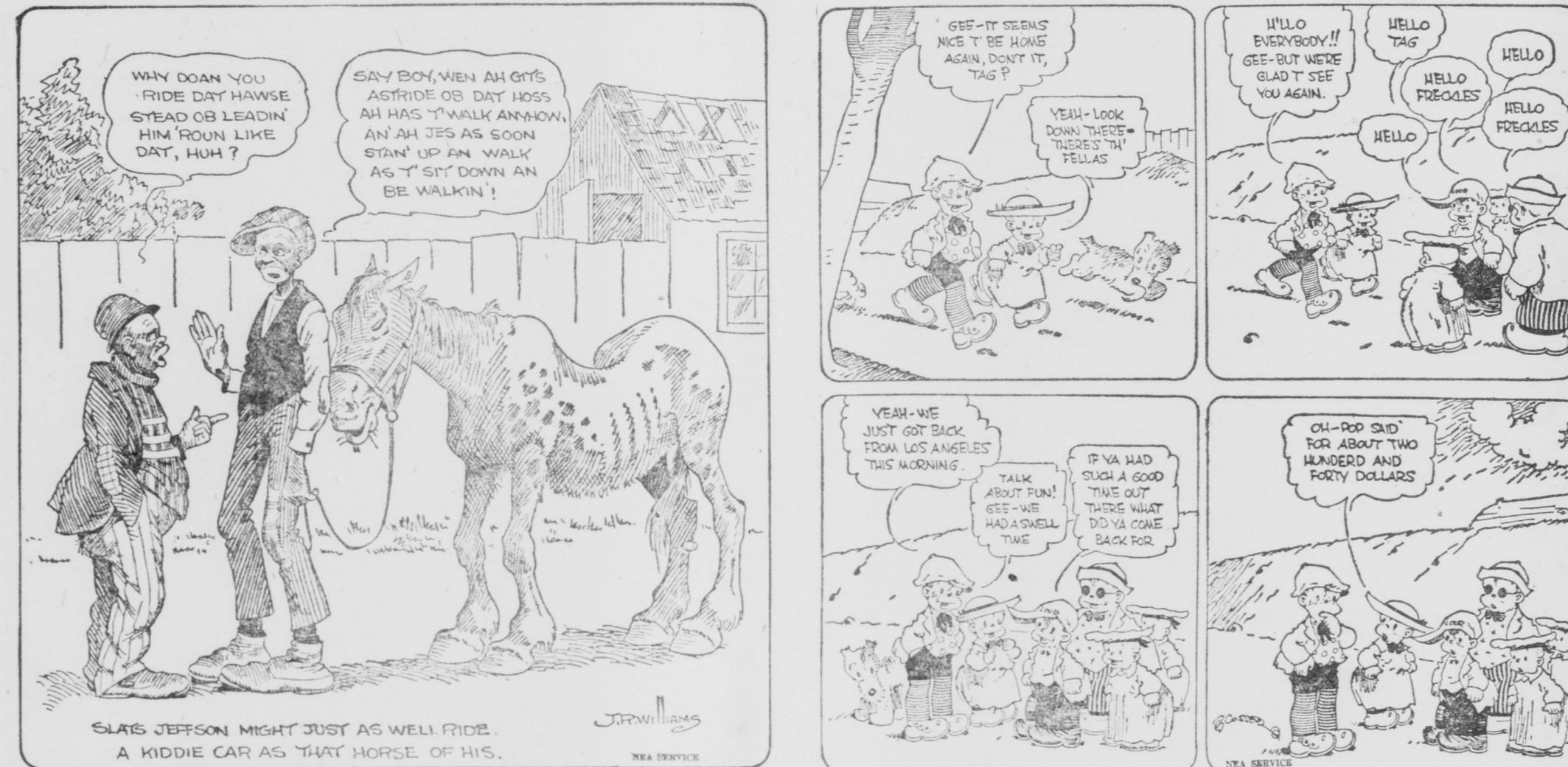
## Her First Message

TO YOU, DEAR READERS.—I WANT TO THANK YOU ONE AND ALL FOR YOUR TELEGRAMS, AND LETTERS OF CONGRATULATIONS, ALSO FOR THE BABY PINS AND BABY SHOES AND THINGS YOU SENT ME. AND THE BABY BUGGY YOU OFFERED AND THE BANKBOOK WITH THE DOLLAR IN IT. THE POETRY AND THE NAMES THAT YOU SENT ME WERE JUST FINE.

YOUR NEW LITTLE FRIEND,  
Betty Jane Duff.

NEA SERVICE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

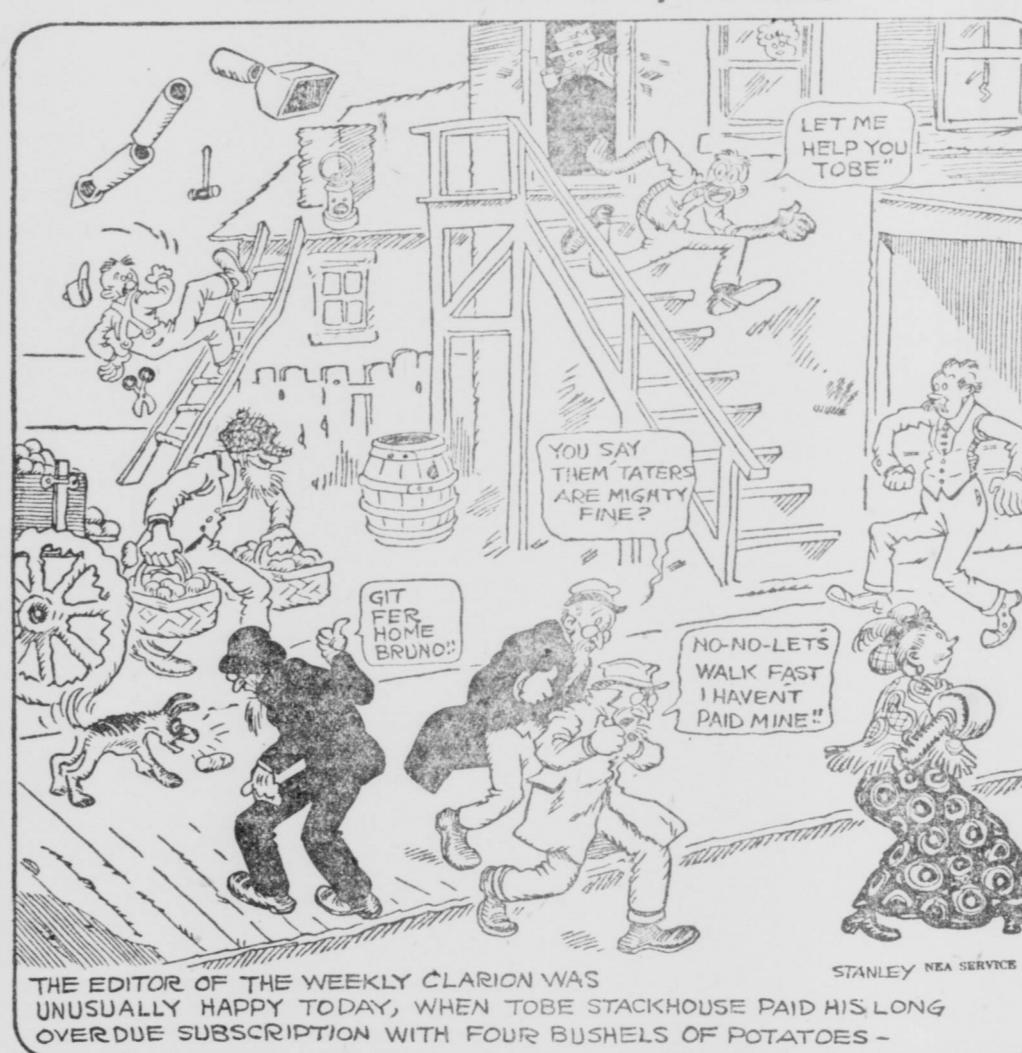


THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

"Just A Couple Thousand Bucks And You"



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CLARION WAS UNUSUALLY HAPPY TODAY, WHEN TOBE STACKHOUSE PAID HIS LONG OVERDUE SUBSCRIPTION WITH FOUR BUSHELS OF POTATOES—

Beasley, Va.—Mrs. Jeanette S. Carnal says that she has kept Thedford's Black-Draught liver medicine in her home, here, for more than thirty years, and has given it to members of her family when they needed it. Of her own use of Black-Draught, Mrs. Carnal says:

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MISS CHURCH SOLVES THE EASTER HAT PROBLEM

case, but presented it with a blunt sincerity, which made a powerfully realistic impression.

Father Beret, like most men of strong feeling who have been subjected to long years of trial, hardship, multitudinous dangers and all sorts of temptation, and who have learned the lessons of self-control, had an iron will, and also an abiding distrust of weak men. He saw Farnsworth's sincerity; but he had no faith in his constancy, although satisfied that while resent-

ment of Hamilton's imperiousness in his presence to aid Alice. Let that not be said off, all. In a short time, the old man studied his companion with eyes that slowly resumed their expression of smoldering and almost timid grandeur. His priestly experience with desperadoes men was demanding of him a proper regard for that subtlety of procedure which had so often compassed most

its listened in silence to Farnsworth's story. When it came to an end he began to offer some but half related suggestions, in the form of indirect cross-questions, by means of which he gradually drew out a minute description of Alice's present best way to reach it, the nature of its doings, fastenings, where the key was kept, and everything, indeed, likely to be helpful to one contemplating a jail delivery. Farnsworth was inwardly delighted. He felt Father Beret's

cunning approach to the central object, and his crafty method of gathering details.

The shades of evening thickened in the stuffy cabin room while the conversation went on. Father Beret presently lifted a punchbowl in one corner of the floor and got out a large bottle, which bore a milded and faded French label, and with it a small iron cup. There was just light enough left to show a brownish sparkle when, after popping out the cork, he poured a draught in the fresh cup and in his own, but for common social drinking, my son, but for times when a man needs extraordinary stimulation. It is said to be surpassingly good, because St. Martin's tincture is

(To Be Continued.)

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1923

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