

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

Copyright, 1900, by the BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

(CONTINUED).

Hamilton and Farnsworth, the latter slightly wounded in the left arm, which was bandaged, stood together somewhat apart from their fellow officers while preliminary steps for celebrating their defeat and capture were in progress. They looked forlorn enough to have excited deep sympathy under fairer conditions.

Outside the fort the creoles were beginning a noise of jubilation. The rumor of what was going to be done had passed from mouth to mouth until every soul in the town knew and thrilled with expectancy. Men, women and children came swarming to see the slight and to hear at close range the crash of the cannon. They shouted, in a scattering way at first; then the tumult grew swiftly to a solid rolling tide that seemed beyond all comparison with the population of Vincennes. Hamilton heard it and trembled inwardly, afraid lest the mob should



"Such devils of marksmen!"

prove too strong for the guard.

One leonine voice roared distinctly, high above the noise. It was a sound familiar to all the creoles, that bellowing shout of Gaspard Roussillon's. He was roaming around the stockade, having been turned back by the guard when he tried to pass through the main gate.

"They shut me out!" he bellowed furiously. "I am Gaspard Roussillon, and they shut me out, me! Ziff! Me voici! Je vais entrer immédiatement, moi!" He attracted but little attention, however. The people and the soldiery were all too excited by the special interest of the occasion and too busy with making a racket of their own for any individual, even the great Roussillon, to gain their eyes or ears. He in turn scarcely heard the tumult they made, so self centered were his burning thoughts and feelings. A great occasion in Vincennes and he, Gaspard Roussillon, not recognized as one of the large factors in it! Ah, no, never! And he strode along the wall of the stockade, turning the corners and heavily shambling over the inequalities till he reached the postern. It was not fastened, some one having passed through just before him.

"Ziff!" he ejaculated, stepping into the area and shaking himself after the manner of a dusty mastiff. "C'est moi! Gaspard Roussillon!" His massive under jaw was set like that of a vise, yet it quivered with rage, a rage which was more fiery condensation of self approval than anger.

Outside the shouting, singing and huzzas gathered strength and volume until the sound became a hoarse roar. Clark was uneasy. He had overheard much of a threatening character during the siege. The creoles were, he knew, justly exasperated, and even his own men had been showing a spirit which might easily be fanned into a dangerous flame of vengeance. He was very anxious to have the formalities of taking possession of the fort over with, so that he could the better control his forces. Sending for Beverley, he assigned him to the duty of hauling down the British flag and running up that of Virginia. It was an honor of no doubtful sort, which under different circumstances would have made the lieutenant's heart glow. As it was he proceeded without any sense of pride or pleasure, moving as a mere machine in performing an act significant beyond any other done west of the mountains in the great struggle for American independence and the control of American territory.

Hamilton stood a little way from the foot of the tall flagpole, his arms folded on his breast, his chin slightly drawn in, his brows contracted, gaz-

ing steadily at Beverley while he was untying the halyard, which had been wound around the pole's base about three feet above the ground. The American troops in the fort were disposed so as to form three sides of a hollow square, facing inward. Uncle Jazon, serving as the ornamental extreme of one line, was conspicuous for his outlandish garb and unmilitary bearing. The silence inside the stockade offered a strong contrast to the tremendous roar of voices outside. Clark made a signal, and at the tap of a drum Beverley shook the ropes loose and began to lower the British colors. Slowly the bright emblem of earth's mightiest nation crept down in token of the fact that a handful of back-

woodsmen had won an empire by a splendid stroke of pure heroism. Beverley detached the flag and, saluting, handed it to Colonel Clark. Hamilton's breast heaved and his iron jaws tightened their pressure until the lines of his cheeks were deep furrows of pain.

Just then there was a birdlike movement, a winglike rustle, and a light figure flitted swiftly across the area. All eyes were turned upon it. Hamilton recoiled, as pale as death, half lifting his hands as if to ward off a deadly blow, and then a gay flag was flung out over his head. He saw before him the girl he had shot, but her beautiful face was not waxen now, nor was it cold or lifeless. The rich red blood was strong under the browned yet delicate skin, the eyes were bright and brave, the cherry lips, slightly apart, gave a glimpse of pearl white teeth, and the dimples—those roguish dimples—twinkled sweetly.

Colonel Clark looked on in amazement and in spite of himself in admiration. He did not understand. The sudden incident had bewildered him, but his virile nature was instantly and wholly charmed. Something like a breath of violets shook the tenderest chords of his heart.

Alice stood firmly, a statue of triumph, her right arm outstretched, holding the flag high above Hamilton's head, and close by her side the little hunchback Jean was posed in his most characteristic attitude, gazing at the banner which he himself had stolen and kept hidden for Alice's sake and because he loved it.

There was a dead silence for some moments, during which Hamilton's face showed that he was ready to collapse. Then the keen voice of Uncle Jazon broke forth:

"Vive Zhorzh Vasinon! Vive la bannière d'Alice Roussillon!"

He sprang to the middle of the area and flung his old cap high in air, with a shrill war whoop.

"H'ist it, h'ist it! Hissez la bannière de Mlle, Alice Roussillon! Voilà, que c'est glorieuse, cette bannière la! H'ist it, h'ist it!"

He was dancing with a rickety liveliness, his goatish legs and shriveled body giving him the look of an emaciated satyr.

Clark had been told by some of his creole officers the story of how Alice raised the flag when Helm took the fort and how she snatched it from Hamilton's hand, as it were, and would not give it up when he demanded it. The whole situation pretty soon began to explain itself, as he saw what Alice was doing. Then he heard her say to Hamilton while she slowly swayed the rippling flag back and forth:

"I said, as you will remember, M. le Gouverneur, that when you next should see this flag I should wave it over your head. Well, look. I am waving it. Vive la republique! Vive George Washington! What do you think of it, M. le Gouverneur?"

The poor little hunchback Jean took off his cap and tossed it in rhythmic emphasis, keeping time to her words.

And now from behind the hollow square came a mighty voice:

"C'est moi, Gaspard Roussillon; me voici, messieurs!"

There was a spirit in the air which caught from Alice a thrill of romantic energy. The men in the ranks and the officers in front of them felt a wave of irresistible sympathy sweep through their hearts. Her picturesque beauty, her fine temper, the fitness of the incident to the occasion, had an instantaneous power which moved all men alike.

"Raise her flag! Run up the young lady's flag!" some one shouted. And then every voice seemed to echo the words. Clark was a young man of noble type, in whose veins throbbed the warm, chivalrous blood of the cavaliers. A waft of the suddenly prevailing influence bore him also quite off his feet. He turned to Beverley and said:

"Do it! It will have a great effect. It is a good idea. Get the young lady's flag and her permission to raise it."



\$500 REWARD:
FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

The Vice-President Independent Order of Good Templars.

An experience which many women have related by Miss Agnes Stebbings, of 231 East 30th Street, New York City, as follows: "I had very poor health for a year until life looked dark and dreary to me. Had headaches, backache, also pain, my sleep was broken and fitful. I longed for health. Tried several medicines but none were of any lasting benefit until I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I soon realized that I had found the right remedy. It helped nature to throw off the poisons that saturated the system, removed all pains and strengthened the digestive organs, and brought the roses of health back to my cheeks. This medicine if taken occasionally keeps the system in perfect condition, helping it to throw off the disease and consequences of exposure to dampness. I am pleased to give it my endorsement."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Before he finished speaking—indeed at the first glance—he saw that Beverley, like Hamilton, was white as a dead man, and at the same time it came to his memory that his young friend had confided to him during the awful march through the prairie wilderness a love story about this very Alice Roussillon. In the worry and stress of the subsequent struggle he had forgotten the tender basis upon which Beverley had rested his excuse for leaving Vincennes. Now it all reappeared in justification of what was going on. It touched the romantic core of his southern nature.

"I say, Lieutenant Beverley," he repeated, "beg the young lady's permission to use her flag upon this glorious occasion, or shall I do it for you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Striking Simile.

Old Employee—You know as well as I do that I have been as faithful as clockwork in your employ.

Old Employer (bitterly)—Yes, just exactly as faithful as clockwork. You struck every time you could and never gave more than five minutes' warning.

How to Ward Off an Attack of Rheumatism.

"For years when spring time came on and I went into gardening, I was sure to have an attack of rheumatism and every attack was more severe than the preceding one," says Jos. McDonald, of Mao, Logan county, West Va. "I tried everything with no relief whatever, until I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application gave me ease, and before the first bottle was used I felt like a new person. Now I feel that I am cured, but I always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house and when I feel any symptoms of a return I soon drive it away with one or two applications of this liniment. For sale by all druggists."

There are two kinds of emulsions of cod liver oil—Scott's and all the others. Not one of the latter is as valuable as Scott's Emulsion and there's a reason for it. Only the purest ingredients enter our Emulsion and its quality never varies. That is why it helps when all others fail.

There's not much oil in the market now; it's scarce and high in price. But seal oil and other inferior oils are cheap and plentiful. That's why you can buy so many substitutes for Scott's Emulsion at a lower price.

We guarantee our Emulsion to be the best remedy for weak lungs, low vitality and wasting conditions. Who guarantees the others?

We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ontario.

NEILL'S HARDWARE.

Sherwin-Williams Paint.

Just received, one carload of the above Paint. For sale at the manufacturers' prices

EVERY DROP OF THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

gives satisfaction. No paint can give more. No man can expect more. S. W. P. is a satisfaction-giving paint. The materials that enter into it, the care with which it is made, the men who make it, everything connected with it, are of the satisfaction-giving kind. It never disappoints. Always does the work it is expected to do. Costs least. Does most. Color cards free.

SOLD BY

JAMES S. NEILL,

Fredericton's Wholesale and Retail Hardwareman.

New Wall Papers.

McMURRAY & CO.

Have just received their complete stock of Wall Papers, both

Canadian AND American

Which will be sold low, wholesale or retail. Call and see them.

McMurray & Co.

The New Spring Goods

Are here. The largest variety in the city to select from. You will find PRICES and FIT satisfactory.

100,000 lbs. Wool wanted in exchange for the best Tweeds in Canada.

W. E. SEERY, 226 Queen St.

Fine Tailoring.

Our Stock is now complete in all the leading makes in

Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings.

IMPERIAL HALL. | **GEO. S. STANGER,** Merchant Tailor.

WINTER OVERCOATS.



I have just opened a repeat order of WINTER OVERCOATS, consisting of Meltons, Vicunas, Cheviots, Friezes and Fancy Mixtures and Stripes, and would invite intending purchasers to call and get my prices before buying. Meltons start in price at \$13.00. Cheviots \$15.00. Fancys at \$18.50. I am also prepared to make you a nice Fur Lined Coat for \$65.00, a better one for \$75.00, \$85.00, \$100. These Coats to have Muskrat Linings and Otter or Persian Lamb Collars.

JAS. R. HOWIE, 150 Queen St.