

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER XV. VIRTUE IN A LOCKET.

LONG HAIR stood not upon ceremony in conveying to Beverley the information that he was to run the gantlet. The preparations were simple and quickly made. Each man armed himself with a stick three feet long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Rough weapons they were, cut from boughs of scrub oak, knotty and tough as horn. Long Hair unbowed his body down to the waist. Then the lines formed, the Indians in each row standing about as far apart as the width of the space in which the prisoner was to run. This arrangement gave them free use of their sticks and plenty of room for full swing of their little bodies.

In removing Beverley's clothes Long Hair found Alice's locket hanging over the young man's heart. He tore it rudely off and grunted, glaring viciously first at it, then at Beverley. He seemed to be mightily wrought upon.

"White man thief!" he growled deep in his throat. "Stole from little girl!" He put the locket in his pouch and resumed his stupidly indifferent expression.

When everything was ready for the delightful entertainment to begin Long Hair waved his tomahawk three times over Beverley's head and, pointing down between the waiting lines, said:

"Ugh, run!"

But Beverley did not budge. He was standing erect, with his arms, deeply creased where the things had sunk, folded across his breast. A rush of thoughts and feelings had taken tumultuous possession of him, and he could not move or decide what to do. A mad desire to escape arose in his heart the moment that he saw Long Hair take the locket. It was as if Alice had cried to him and bidden him make a dash for liberty.

"Ugh, run!"

The order was accompanied with a push of such violence from Long Hair's left elbow that Beverley plunged and fell, for his limbs, after their long and painful confinement in the rawhide bonds, were stiff and almost useless. Long Hair in no gentle voice bade him get up. The shock of falling seemed to awaken his dormant forces; a sudden resolve leaped into his brain. He saw that the Indians had put aside their bows and guns, most of which were leaning against the boles of trees here and yonder. What if he could knock Long Hair down and run away? This might possibly be easy, considering the Indian's broken arm. His heart jumped at the possibility. But the shrewd savage was alert and saw the thought come into his face.

"You try git 'way, kill dead!" he snarled, lifting his tomahawk ready for a stroke. "Brains out!"

Beverley glanced down, saw waiting and eager lines. Swifly he speculated, wondering what would be his chance for escape were he to break through. But he did not take his own condition into account.

"Ugh, run!"

Again the elbow of Long Hair's hurt arm pushed him toward the expectant rows of Indians, who flourished their clubs and uttered impatient grunts.

ina 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 unconsciously with the thought that Long Hair had Alice's picture in his pouch? One might find room for discussion of a cerebral problem like this, but our history cannot be delayed with analyses and speculations. It must run its direct course unhindered to the end. Suffice it to record that while tramping at Long Hair's side and growing more and more desirous 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.

When night came on again the band camped under some trees beside a swol-



len 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 see 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 greatest. Beverley thought of all this while the big Indian was wrapping 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.

At about the midnight of the night Long Hair gently awoke his prisoner by drawing a hand across his face, then whispered in his ear:

"Sill!"

Beverley tried to rise, uttering a sleepy ejaculation under his breath. "No talk!" hissed Long Hair. "Sill!" 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. "Sill!" 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. 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 with 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 realize it, nor was he ready to act.

"Swim water," Long Hair said in a guttural murmur barely audible. "Swim!"

ing 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. 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 heap!"

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 tomahawk to enforce it. Long Hair indicated the direction and drove Beverley onward as fast as he could.

"Try run 'way, kill!" he kept repeating, while with his left hand on the young man's shoulder he guided him from behind dexterously through the wood for some distance.

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 over-run 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!"

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. 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 thickest roundabout, 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."

Long Hair fumbled in his pouch and took out Alice's locket, which he handed to Beverley. "White man love little girl?" he inquired in a tone that bordered upon tenderness, again speaking in Indian.

Beverley clutched the disk as soon as he saw it gleam in the starlight. "White man going to have little girl for his squaw, eh?"

"Yes, yes," cried Beverley without hearing his own voice. He was trying to open the locket, but his hands were numb and trembling. When at last he did open it he could not see the child face within, for now even the starlight was shut off by a scudding black cloud. "Little girl saved Long Hair's life."

Long Hair save white warrior for little girl."

A dignity which was almost noble accompanied these simple sentences. Long Hair stood proudly erect like a colossal statue in the dimness. The great truth dawned upon Beverley that here was a characteristic act. He knew that an Indian rarely failed to repay a kindness or an injury, stroke for stroke, when opportunity offered.

"Wait here a little while," Long Hair said, and, without lingering for reply, turned away and disappeared in the wood. Beverley was free to run if he wished to, and the thought did surge across his mind, but a restraining something like a hand laid upon him would not let his limbs move. Down deep in his heart a calm voice seemed to be repeating Long Hair's Indian sentence, "Wait here a little while."

which would last them for a day or two, and then they went again. But we cannot follow them step by step. When Long Hair at last took leave of Beverley the occasion had no ceremony. It was an abrupt, unemotional parting. The stalwart Indian simply said in his own dialect, pointing westward:

"Go that way two days. You will find your friends."

Then without another look or word he turned about and stalked eastward at a marvelously rapid gait. In his mind he had a good tale to tell his warrior companions when he should find them again—how Beverley escaped that night and how he followed him a long, long chase only to lose him at last under the very guns of the fort at Kaskaskia. But before he reached his band an incident of some importance changed his story to a considerable degree. It chanced that he came upon Lieutenant Barlow, who in pursuit of game had lost his bearings and, far from his companions, was beating around quite bewildered in a watery solitude. Long Hair promptly murdered the poor fellow and scalped him with as little compunction as he would have skinned a rabbit, for he had a clever scheme in his head, a very audacious and outrageous scheme, by which he purposed to recoup to some extent the damages sustained by letting Beverley go.

Thereafter when he rejoined his somewhat disheartened and demoralized band he showed them the scalp and gave them an eloquent account of how he tore it from Beverley's head after a long chase and a bloody hand to hand fight. They listened, believed and were satisfied.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

Josephus Jones was out of fix. The world was out of tune. "My biz," said he, "is in a mix. My head is full of rheum."

His face was sallow, drawn and sad. His eye had lost its light. "If things don't mend I'll soon be mad," Declared the broken wright.

"Alas, alas, dear wife," quoth he, "I wish that I were dead. Ill health, starvation, poverty, Are all I see ahead."

"Oh, not so bad as that, my dear, I know just what you need; Your liver's wrong, I greatly fear; Let's try some JULY WEED."

Jones took his good wife's words as true. And they were true indeed. He's all made over, all made new. He's taking JULY WEED.

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Loved and Lost to Love Again.

Bayonne, N. J., May 24.—William D. Byron, of No. 20 East Twenty-fifth street, has announced he will shortly wed Mrs. Addie J. Whittemore, of Philadelphia. It will be a climax to a romantic story extending over 22 years.

The couple first met in 1882 at Red Bank, where Mrs. Whittemore then lived. She was a girl of 17 and Byron was 23. They became engaged and preparations were being made for the wedding when the engagement was broken off.

Byron married another girl, and his former love also married. Two years after Byron's marriage his wife died. Several years ago Mrs. Whittemore became a widow. She has since then made Philadelphia her home.

A short time ago Mrs. Whittemore went to Bayonne to visit friends. Byron, whose love for the girl of his youth returned, managed to meet her. The two had a long conversation. The widow found her girlhood wooer every bit as enthusiastic as he was a score of years ago, and when he again proposed she said "yes" for the second time.

Up to Date.

He—"What are you staring at? Don't you recognize me in my new vest?"

She—"Yes; but you look so much like a checker-board, I don't know whether to jump or to move."—June Woman's Home Companion.

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The Best Novels.

The Back Bay Literary Circle of Boston recently voted on what the members considered the best novels. These received the majority of votes:

- Best sensational novel, "Woman in White," Collins.
- Best historical novel, "Kenilworth," Scott.
- Best dramatic novel, "Jane Eyre," Bronte.
- Best marine novel, "Red Rover," Cooper.
- Best country life novel, "Lorna Doone," Blackmore.
- Best military novel, "Charles O'Malley," Lever.
- Best religious novel, "Hypatia," Kingsley.
- Best sporting novel, "Coningsby," Disraeli.
- Best novel written for a purpose, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Stowe.
- Best imaginative novel, "Marble Faun," Hawthorne.
- Best pathetic novel, "Silas Marner," Eliot.
- Best humorous novel, "Pickwick Papers," Dickens.
- Best English novel, "Adam Bede," Eliot.
- Best American novel, "Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne.
- Best novel in all, "Henry Esmond," Thackeray.

R. B. Whitley for Sheriff.

Mr. Editor: Please allow me just a little space in your paper. I want to say that I heartily endorse what Mr. John T. Talton said of Raiford B. Whitley for sheriff of Johnston county.

Mr. Whitley is a fine man. Let us nominate and elect him, for I am persuaded that we cannot find a better man in the county for that office. All together for Mr. Whitley.

J. O. A. ESTRIDGE,
Archer, N. C., May 17, 1904.

A Tar Heel Editor Honored.

At the meeting of the National Editorial Association held in St. Louis yesterday Mr. H. B. Varner, editor of the Lexington Dispatch and labor commissioner of North Carolina, was unanimously elected to the office of third vice-president, and Mr. J. J. Farris, of the High Point Enterprise, was elected national committeeman to succeed Mr. Varner. Members of the North Carolina Press Association are proud of the fact that the association has at last honored the Tar Heel State with a high office.

The association also appropriated \$100 to the erection of a monument at Asheville to the late Bill Nye. An effort will be made to have the Press Association hold its meeting in Asheville in 1906. The next meeting will be held in Guthrie, Oklahoma. —Raleigh Times.

Mr. Joseph Pomplville, of Stillwater, Minn., after having spent over \$2000 with the best doctors for stomach trouble, without relief, was advised by his druggist, Mr. Alex. Richard, to try a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He did so, and is a well man today. If troubled with indigestion, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite or constipation, give these Tablets a trial, and you are certain to be more than pleased with the result. For sale at 25 cents per box by Hood Bros., Benson Drug Co., and Selma Drug Co.

Essay on Man.

The Fort Cobb "Record" tells this story of a young girl's composition on "Men," which shows that the seed of the women's club is sown on the territorial prairies:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear and have ever so many pockets, but they won't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zo-ological. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprung further than the men."

Nervous Dyspepsia Cured by Rydale's Stomach Tablets.

Mr. R. E. Jones, buyer for Parker & Bridget, whose large department stores are located at 9th and Penn. Ave. Washington, D. C. writes, under date of April 14, '04, as follows: Last February, one year, while in New York on business for my house, I caught a severe cold, which laid me up for several weeks and left me weak and nervous. I had little or no appetite, and my digestion was very poor. My physicians could not get at the cause of my trouble, as my digestion seemed so much impaired. I decided to try Rydale's Stomach Tablets, being assured by a friend, they were a good dyspepsia medicine. After using them for a few days I began to realize that I was getting better. I gave up the doctor's prescription and have gained 20 pounds while using two boxes of these tablets. I never felt better in my life, and accredit Rydale's Stomach Tablets with having cured me. I can recommend them most heartily, to sufferers from nervous indigestion and general run-down conditions of the system. J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros.

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