

TIPPECANOE

By SAMUEL McCOY

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Recounting the adventures and love which came into the lives of David Lawrence and Antoinette O'Bannon, in the days when pioneers were fighting red savages in the Indiana wilderness

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Great God, how did that Injun get in here, Mr. Lawrence?" ejaculated Conrod, as the candles showed him the huddled form of the dying savage. "Don't ask me, Captain Conrod," returned the other cheerfully. "Your door was open when I got here and he jumped on me when I came in; and he'd have got me if it had not been for this man."

And he laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the hysterical figure crouched on the floor. "Holy rattlesnakes!" burst from the astonished Conrod. "It's Doc Elliott!" David Lawrence lifted his rescuer to his feet. "Here, let's see your face, my friend."

The man looked up slowly. "Neil Scull!" said Lawrence in a ghastly whisper, and staggered backward. The man bowed his head again. Lawrence spoke like a man in a dream: "Scull! I have found you at last!" "I am innocent, I swear it!" cried Scull. "I never betrayed you!"

The others looked from one to the other of the two men in amazement. Where had they known each other before? By what name did Lawrence call Elliott? What was his secret? The moment was tense with waiting. David turned to the little group. "Gentlemen," he said, "may I talk to this man alone for a moment?"

"Sure as shootin'," said Conrod after a pause, "but let's get this Injun out of here first." He bent above the filthy body and earned the limp shoulders. "Why, it's that wretched Plankshaw come in last week to sell his skins; been drunk ever since. He'll be sober a while, now."

With scant ceremony they dragged the heavy body with the dark red stain between the shoulder blades into the main. One Indian less on the wilderness border was better luck than bad. The half-shut eyes stared blankly upward in the beating rain. "Bury him in the mornin'," directed Conrod; and Scull—whom the village had known only as "Elliott"—and David Lawrence were left alone together.

"Now," said Lawrence with deadly calm, "tell me how you got here?" The man Scull clasped his hands in prayer. "I left Nottingham because I heard you had sworn to kill me. I swear to you before God I was not responsible for your father's—"

Lawrence checked the word on Scull's lips. "How came you here?" he repeated. "I heard you had gone to America and I came across the Atlantic to find you; I thought I might show you I was innocent. I swear I am innocent."

"You lie in every word. You informed falsely on my father, and he died on the gallows because of you. You became a British spy. You fled from England to escape me; you never thought to find me here. Nor did I think to find you here, under an assumed name, pretending to be a physician."

Scull looked at him in terror. "God!" he whispered, his lips dry with fear. A door that led to an inner room suddenly swung open and a woman stepped quickly out. A cry of fear escaped her as she saw David towering menacingly above Scull's bowed head. She was face to face with David and he looked at her in astonishment.

"You saved my life just now," he went on. "I would have thanked you for ending it, as you ended the love of the one I loved most in the world. For the sake of that dead love I promise you that no one shall know from what you have been, what you are. I break my oath of the Brotherhood."

The groveling creature at David's feet raised a face of incredulity. "You give up the Brothers' vengeance?" "Absolutely." "You will not hold to your oath?" "I have said no."

Scull looked up at him, a radiance transfiguring his face. "God bless you, Lawrence," he said chokingly. "You do not know what death means. You have only your own life; I have—God help me—two lives to live for!"

Lydia stooped quickly and lifted David's hand to her lips. She went hastily from the room. The two men stood facing each other and for a while there was silence. Then David spoke slowly: "Are you going to remain here?" Scull straightened himself up. "No! We shall go back to England. I have robbed you of everything, and you have given me everything. You do not wish to see my face again. But before I go I will tell Toineette the truth."

David nodded wearily and went out. A cold and dreary rain was still falling, but a ray of light shone from the tavern door on the upturned face of the dead Indian. David stopped and looked down upon the sightless visage for a moment and then laughed. The dreadful features were twisted into a smile as to ultimate victory, and a little rivulet of rain trickled unceasingly from the corner of the mouth. No more of wretched life; no more of firewater!

David's hand stole unconsciously to the pistol that hung heavily within the folds of his own blouse. His fingers tightened on it and his lips drew together in a harder line. . . . Why not? . . . The thing so easily, so quickly done. . . . Why not? There was nothing remaining to make him hold to life any longer? What though Blackford did believe in him? What though a hundred friends believed in him? What mattered all their friendships, their stupid greetings, their little kindnesses of daily intercourse? What did his dreams of great things to be done in this new land amount to? Petty dreams, petty tasks, buying and selling, squabbles over pennies, wranglings over little gains—a sordid prospect, the heritage of fools!

The rain fell steadily, chilling him to the very bones. Through its gray unceasing torrent he phrased, unchained in his loneliness, to his own rooms in the village. Sodden with the cold flood, sodden with quenched hopes, he sank heavily upon a chair and bowed his head upon his hands, there to sit for hours in a numb wrestling with bitterness that were beyond his power to shake off.

After a long while, he rose and drew the pistol from its place—wiped the dampness from its shining barrel and gazed at it with unseeing eyes. CHAPTER XVIII. The Uttermost Instant. It was the day following Scull's departure. David walked swiftly, and deep into the leafless forest, and strode along Little Indian Creek, gurgling under its ice, to the spot where Toineette O'Bannon had first smiled at him in the April noon. It was there his new life had begun. And there, kneeling by the rocky ledge, he prayed, as at a shrine.

An end of all things had come to David. His long quest was over and the surf of his passion had spent itself in foam. Had it been worth while to forgive? All that he had lived for was torn from him. Toineette would know that she had judged him unjustly; but would that knowledge bring back what he had lost of her? He had been a hot-tempered fool, he had insulted her beyond forgiving. The breach had widened beyond bridging. He looked across the gulf that lay between him and Toineette and felt the bitterness of ruined hopes. He thrust his hand into his hunting shirt and drew forth the dueling pistol he had taken from Blackford's room. For a long while he stood looking at it in silence.

A light step rustled the dead leaves underfoot and he turned quickly. Toineette stood beside him, a joyous smile on her face. "I was sent to find you," she greeted him astonishedly. He stared at her as though at a messenger from the skies. Her silver laughter rang out as it had in days gone by. "Do not deceive yourself," she

smiled. "I am no angel—I'm Toineette!" David did not believe her denial; never believed it. "Father sent me for you. He's going to give a great dinner at the tavern and you're to sit in the place of honor. Come, you mustn't keep your cook waiting."

And she held out her hand. But David did not stir. The look of haggard suffering had returned to his face. Her loveliness was an arrow that sent all the poison of his despair once more burning through his veins. For the first time he found a voice, a voice trembling with emotion. "I cannot . . . I cannot . . . please go!"

She opened her eyes wide and shot a blue radiance of hurt surprise at him. Then she went swift and straight to the point, a woman not to be put aside by evasions: "Indeed, I will not. You mustn't stay here alone." He had regained control of himself, but the struggle left him deadly pale. He could not bear to face her as he spoke.

"I am going away. I cannot live without you." The words were hardly more than a whisper. She took two quick steps forward. Her hand fell upon his shoulder, light as a floating strand of gossamer. But he felt it and thrilled through all his being. Slowly, slowly, he raised his head and she saw his face, that he had gone into the valley of the shadow of death. In the hush of the wilderness his scarcely audible words seemed to fall on their hearts with the measured beating of an inexorable judgment.

What did she see in the wilderness? A dry red, shaken in the wind of despair? But her voice rang like a song in the morning: "It is not brave to turn back from the plowing. I have heard my father say that courage should be lifted to such a height as to maintain its greatness even in the midst of miseries, holding all things under itself."

David smiled. "I call the immortal truth to witness that no fear, either of life or death, can appall me, having long learned to set bodily pain in the second form of my being. And I do now think it the act of a coward to die." The girl had grown paler as she read his determination in his face, white and rigid as a mask.

David was silent. In the morning sunlight that dappled the little glade, the frozen branches of the trees stood motionless. A white snowflake danced across the space before David's eyes and his vision followed it up, into the cloudless blue beyond. In the quiet, it seemed to Toineette as if she could hear her own heart beating. David spoke again, slowly: "And if we are lieutenants of God in this troubled world, do you not think then that we have right to choose a new station when he leaves us unprovided of good reason to stay in the old?"

"No, certainly I do not," she said, with a rebuke levelled because it lay in her sweetly troubled voice, "since it is not for us to appoint that mighty majesty what time he will help us; the uttermost instant is scope enough for him to revoke all things to one's own desire."

And she sealed her lips with the moistness of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearls. David suddenly realized how ineffably sweet life was; wonderful, tragic, joyous worthy of music, worthy of tears. The pistol fell to the ground unheeded. David took a step forward. But she checked him. "No," she said, "do not tell me. Doctor Elliott has told me all. He and Lydia have gone. Forgive me, forgive me, David! Let the dreadful past go with them! See, you have made me cry—arent you sorry? And by this time there's no dinner for either of us."

They laughed together. They were young. "I'll get dinner for you," promised David. "I knew a butcher's son once upon a time." "Once upon a time!" she repeated. "That sounds like a story. That's the way they always begin." And so it was the beginning of a story; but David did not tell it to her then.

They went home together. At Toineette's door, little Mr. O'Bannon hailed David with a shout. "I sent my dove into the wilderness," he said, his eyes twinkling, "but you're the most sizable olive branch I ever saw!" CHAPTER XIX. The Story Begins. In the little stone courthouse on that Sabbath morning a hundred voices were lifted in the stirring music of Giardini's triumphal hymn. The people of the countryside had gathered to give thanks to God for the victory over their savage foes. The vigor of the chant swelled in a stern strength which was made beautiful by the rough voices of the pioneers. In the little room of the hymn echoed with the majesty of a cathedral chant: Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father! glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days!

His with hands of humble ministry. He had never before addressed so large an audience as this, Sunday after Sunday, the ten or twelve who made up his little Calvinistic flock, lacking a church building, gathered in the homes of his elders, Henry Hise and James Armstrong; the foundations of Goshen chapel had been scarcely planned; but today he found a hundred men and women watching him, expectant of spiritual comfort. No one appreciated better than he the sufferings, the bereavements through which they had passed. In his meek and heroic spirit he thanked God for the high honor bestowed upon him, that to him should be given the words to address so great a company. In a voice that rang with prophecy, he read aloud that thrilling call which concludes the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke; and as he lifted his eyes from the book, he found resting on him the clear steady gaze of the threescore backwoodsman.

"I am going to speak to you about tenacity of purpose," he began, "the quality of soul which enables you to hang on to the thing you have begun until you have finished it. 'Not one of you men and women but despise a man who gives up in the midst of a fight. This feeling is a part of your very blood, for you have been brought up in the midst of dangers such as no other generation of men has known. It is upon resistance up to the last notch that your lives themselves depend. That man among you who surrenders imperils the lives of all of you. There is not one of you whose resolution has not been tried and tried sorely by the almost insufferable burdens of this new land. A hundred times you have said, 'Why did I not remain in the land which my fathers have made safe and pleasant for me?' And a hundred times you have fought off that feeling of discouragement."

"You are about to be put to a test more severe than any you have yet undergone. You have won the fight at Tippecanoe; but do not be mistaken: all the pitiless warriors of the forest will gather again and crush you out entirely if they can; and behind them is the power of that nation across the seas, whose tyranny our fathers have overthrown at such tremendous cost. 'And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.'"

"The words are those of the greatest fighter of all. They are the words of a man who, without a single follower, proclaimed his convictions before the most hostile and unfriendly of all generations. The whole crushing weight of its hate fell upon him, but he clung to his beliefs to the very last—gave up his life, rather than give them up. He, of all men, knew what it meant to cling to a purpose in the face of tremendous difficulties. Yet he says that whoever cannot equally endure the burdens of the march through life is not fit to be a man."

"Thirty-two years ago a little band of men—settlers like you, and not so many as are now before me—followed George Rogers Clark through unimagined hardships across the wintry prairies from Kaskaskia to Vincennes. Last week I passed by the crumbling timbers of the old fort and found their bullets sunken in the logs inside the embrasures. Some of you men in this audience were with him in that terrible march and daring assault. It is useless to say that we will never forget what you have done for us. General Clark is now a penniless and palsied cripple in his sister's home. Do not expect that a republic which has no rewards for the leader will be less forgetful of the man in the ranks."

"You have not entered on this deathless heroic struggle with the wilderness with the expectation of material reward alone; you have come here from the old quiet places in Virginia, in Massachusetts, in Connecticut, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey because you have the fighting spirit in you; and you stay here because the fighting spirit stays in you."

"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? 'Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'"

"The tower that you have begun to build is an invisible tower; a new and mighty nation. Today you sit down to count the cost of the building, to see whether you have sufficient with which to finish the vast edifice. What is the cost? The world watches you, and not only its generations of today but those unborn generations who will weigh your work to see whether it was good or bad. I know that you have counted the cost and are willing, ready to pay it; a treasure of sacrifice, a treasure of blood and wounds and dreadful agonies and bitter tears. But you will pay it. You will pay it to the uttermost, holding yourselves to the grim account with iron wills, forcing yourselves on with unconquerable resolve."

"Not of you shall it ever be said: 'After he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it began to mock him.' 'Saying, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'"

"For the tower which you build is not built with hands, but with souls. 'So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.' 'Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned? 'All of you know how hard it is to get salt in this new country—how we have to haul bushels of salty earth from the spots which the red deer of the forest have discovered, the 'deer licks.' You put this salty earth in an ash hopper, pour water over it and catch the water in a trough after it has leaked through the dirt. And then you boil the salty water down till there is left a little of the precious mineral with which we can preserve our meats. You all know how laborious and tiresome a process it is, and how much the salt means to the settler. How the cattle moo for a taste of it! What would our children do without milk? 'We can all understand this manner of speaking: 'Salt is good; but if the

salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned? 'That great soldier, Christ, means to say that he looks to his followers not only to begin great tasks, but to continue in them; for there are no greater soldiers than the soldiers who fight in a good cause. The man who stops midway in his fight is like salt that loses its essential quality. There is no longer any reason for its existence. Better not be at all, than to cease from being strong. For then who is left to give new strength to the salt? There is no one for you to fall back on—you have chosen a certain work in life and you must stick it out to the end."

"I want you to remember this through all the great struggles which are left before you. Today we are waiting, and waiting for the appearance of a terrible foe. They may come to raise the war-whoop or they may come in peace. But however they may come they will find us ready, like the wise king who hath consulted and found himself ready to meet the force that cometh against him. For you have learned to fight the greater struggles of the spirit. You have learned to be cool, temperate and steady, first of all; and having learned these virtues of manliness and pluck and mastery over self, you will add to them the supreme virtue of tenacity; to keep, to hold, to grip as in a vise the purpose to which you have consecrated yourselves."

"And then, some day, the tower of this new and beautiful nation will stand as a dream made visible. The foundations—Washington, laid, and Clark and Harrison have added to; the



"I Am Going Away—I Cannot Live Without You."

great timbers of the walls which you are raising will be strengthened by mighty girders which your sons will heave into place and fasten together like a welded yoke; and their sons will rear the roof above, and still another generation will make it a house shutting out the four winds of the earth; and your grandsons' sons will make it beautiful within. We shall not see that day nor reap any of its rewards; but of us shall the unseen cornerstones be made. Today is the glory of victory; tomorrow begins the clamor of toil. 'Where is the house that ye build unto me? Where is the place of my rest?'

HOW THE KING SIGNS LAWS

Gives Consent to Acts of Parliament by What is Called Royal Commission. Most people will tell you that the king must sign every act of parliament before it becomes law. It will astonish these people to know that acts of parliament are never signed by King George. When parliament passes an act, as, for example, the recent military service act, which conscripted all the single men, a copy on vellum is placed in safe custody in the house of lords and indorsed by the clerk of parliament. If the act is one concerning money, as, for instance, the budget, the vellum copy is also indorsed by the speaker. How does the king give his consent to an act of parliament? Well, he gives it by what is known as a royal commission. All the various acts that are passed at about the same time are named in this commission, and the king signs this commission, but should he be, for any reason, not able to do so, the royal signature may be specially stamped upon the paper. But according to the law this stamp can only be used "in his majesty's presence and by his majesty's command given by word of mouth." A stamp of the king's signature is always kept ready for this purpose.—Pearson's Weekly.

Courtesies. Somebody has called courtesies the small change of life. Be that as it may, we all get into the habit of expecting them, and when we do an obliging thing we hold out our hand for our "change." Most of us keep account books, into which we should not like to have others look—kept all the same, though written only upon the pages of an uncommonly sharp memory. What we prettily call love is too often only a loan—not indeed to be paid in kind, but in degree, with handsome interest. We are affectionate and obliging and friendly, we help somebody in a moment of dire emergency, and then we hold out our hand for our "change." We are a little uneasy lest it should not be generally known how good we have been, and, lest it should be hidden under a bushel, we take all the bystanders into our confidence.—Selected.

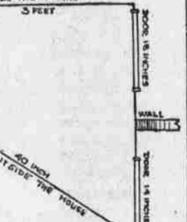
Typographical. Robert's father had given him a printing press in order to interest him in the mysteries of spelling. It was Robert's task to make up a news page for his father to see—and maybe to reward the printer. The world progressed until Rommanna entered the war. The typographical difficulties of the situation, with Rommanna winning in Transylvania, bothered Robert, as they have many a copyreader. But Robert told his story in the top line it read: Rummies Win First Round.

FOR THOSE FOND OF SALADS

Here Are Six Recipes, Affording Variety That Is Needed in These Preparations. Plain Cauliflower Salad.—Boil a nice cauliflower and break up into flowerets; serve very cold with French dressing. Beet Salad.—Boil some beets and cut into dice, add salt, pepper, a little oil and vinegar, and let them stand an hour; then arrange in piles on plates and add a tablespoonful of capers and as many cut-up olives and serve with mayonnaise. Fish Salad.—Pick up any cold cooked fish or use canned salmon, arrange it in a pile in a dish with quarters of hard-boiled eggs, alternating with lemon quarters around the edge and mask the fish with mayonnaise. Orange Salad.—Take large, seedless oranges and cut into slices; arrange in a circle, the edges overlapping, and put a walnut half in the middle of each piece. Watercress may be arranged in the center of the dish or not, and put French dressing over all. Banana Salad.—Cut bananas in halves crosswise and lay on lettuce or by themselves on a flat dish. Sprinkle well with chopped peanuts and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Peach Salad.—Drain canned peaches and wipe dry; put a spoonful of mayonnaise made with cream into the middle of each one. Apricots may be used instead of peaches. BUILT-IN BOX FOR KITCHEN Takes Up Little Room, and Is Most Handy, Receptacle for Necessary Wood or Coal.

I am sending a simple plan for a wood or coal box in the kitchen—one that will save many steps, as well as muddy tracks across a freshly scrubbed floor. Leave an opening in the kitchen wall 3 feet square. Then make a box inside



3 feet high, 3 feet long, 2 feet wide. Six inches from the back make a cover or door 18 inches wide. Put together with hinges. Now, for the outside: Top, 20 inches wide; length, 3 feet; diagonal height, 40 inches, and 6 inches from the back make a door 14 inches wide. Paint or varnish to match the woodwork. Paint the outside like the house.—Mrs. Ruth Crawford in Farm Progress.

Arithmetic of Mixing Bowl. There are a number of fixed proportions used in all recipes, and the following are standard: One-half as much liquid as flour for muffin and batter cakes; one-third as much liquid as flour for soft doughs as for biscuit. One-fourth as much liquid as flour for stiff doughs as for bread. One-third to one-half as much butter as sugar for all butter cakes. One to one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder to a cupful of flour for batter doughs. One-third as much shortening as flour for pastry. One teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk.

Bananas Filled With Cream. Remove one section of the peel from as many bananas as you wish to serve. Take out the pulp with a teaspoon and force through vegetable ricer. For six bananas allow one cupful powdered sugar, one cupful of thick cream, one cupful of sweet milk beaten together, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Fill the banana skins and put on the section that was removed. Set the stuffed fruit into a lard pail, put on cover and pack in equal parts salt and ice. After being packed one and one-half hours they will be ready to serve.

Ginger Puff Pudding. Cream one-half cupful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs well beaten, one cupful milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour mixed and sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth cupful of ginger cut in small pieces and one tablespoonful of ginger sirup. Turn into a buttered mold and steam one and three-quarters hours. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with ginger sirup and a speck of salt.

Coconut Pumpkin Pie. One pint pumpkin pulp, one pint good milk, three eggs, one-half cupful grated coconut, one tablespoonful butter, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful mace. Mix the ingredients together thoroughly. The white and yolks of the eggs should be beaten separately. Pour into pastry-lined tins and bake.—M. M. Wright, in Mother's Magazine.

Codfish Croquettes. Soak one-half pound codfish over night and in morning drain and cook until soft. This is for salt cod. Chop fine, add a little seasoning, an egg, a very little milk and a teaspoonful of flour; shape, brush with egg, roll with bread crumbs and fry brown in hot lard. The same rule may be used with any cold fresh fish. Separate from bone and chop fine. Proceed as above.

In Place of Celery. When celery is scarce, cabbage chopped fine, with plenty of celery seed, will be found a fine substitute in salads. "There's a Reason"

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The nuisance for the man who has acquired great financial resources usually is that he doesn't know what he wants. Possessing the resources and feeling the moral necessity to have recourse to them, he looks about for something to want, and he selects the most costly thing. The acquisition of this most costly thing always involves, in practice, the separation of the rich man from society. Thus, he will acquire a large estate, or several large estates, and cut himself off from the world by gates, doors, miles of drive, lodge keepers, denials and secretaries. Or he will acquire a 2,000-ton yacht and cross the Atlantic privately, though less quickly, less comfortably, and even less privately than on a great liner. Or he will keep a private orchestra, instead of being seen at concerts. All of which, though magnificent, is anti-social and silly, and is secretly felt to be so by the rich man when he happens to wake up in the middle of the night and can't go to sleep again.—Woman's Home Companion.

Doleful Associations. "Why is your husband so irritable about women's fancy work clubs?" "I guess it is because he had such a time last year having to stay in the house while his broken leg was knitting." Shutting Him Up. "What you eat you become," declared the talkative man. "For you," said the other. "I would recommend a steady diet of clam chowder."



Childish Craving —for something sweet finds pleasant realization in the pure, wholesome, wheat and barley food Grape-Nuts No danger of upsetting the stomach—and remember, Grape-Nuts is a true food, good for any meal or between meals. "There's a Reason"