MR. DOOLEY REVIEWS THE NEWS OF A WEEK.

By F. P. Dunne.

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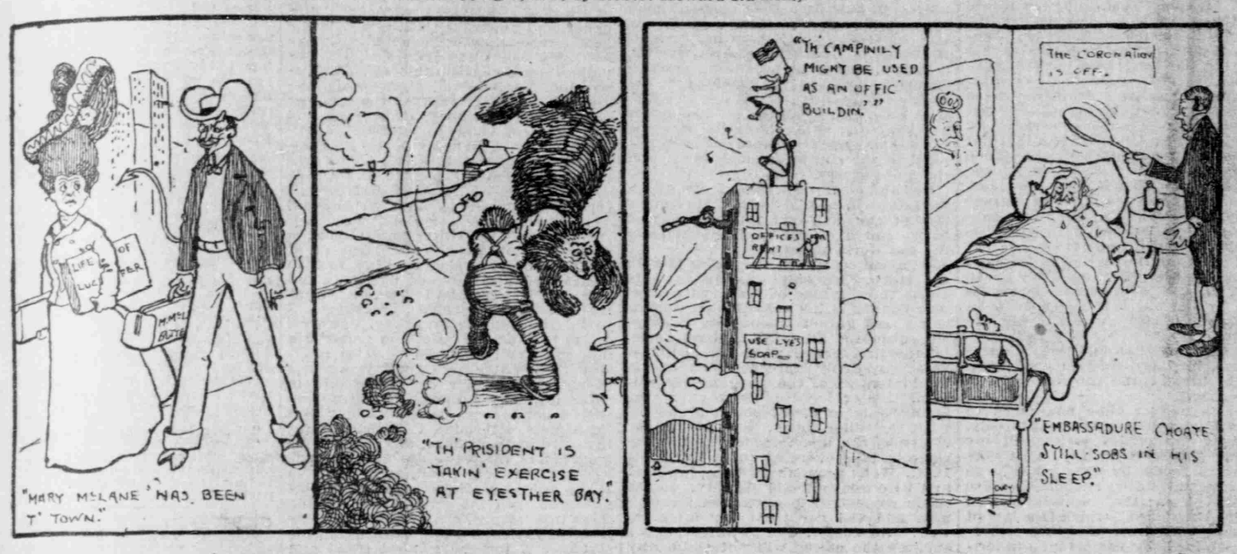

"WHAT'S GOIN' on this week in th' pa-apers?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ivrything," said Mr. Dooley. "It's been a turbylint week. I can hardly sleep iv nights thinkin' iv th' doin's iv people. Th' campinily at Venice has fallen down. 'Twas built in 1604 be th' Beezantiums an' raystored in 1402 by th' Dogs. It fell down because th' foundations was weak, because th' wind blew, because th' beautiful figure iv th' goolden angel on top iv it was fifteen feet high. It will be rebuilt or maybe not. Th' king iv Italy has given thirty-three billion liars to put it up again an' siv'ral ladin' American archytects have offered to do th' job, makin' an office buildin' iv it. Th' campinily was wan iv the proudest monymints iv Italy an' was used as a bell-tower at times an' at other times as a gazabo where anny American cud take a peek at th' gran' canal an' compare it with th' Erie, th' Pannyma an' th' dhrainage iv th' same name.

"Th' king iv England is betther. He's off in his yacht. So ar-re Laking, Treves, Smith, Barlow, Jones, Casey, Lister, thank Hiven. A hard life is science. He will go on with th' cawrnation as soon as th' basting threads is taken out. Th' Hon'rable Joseph Choate is raycoverin' more slowly. He still sobs occas'nally in his sleep an' has ordhered all th' undher sicreties to have their vermyform appindixes raymoved as a token iv rayspict f'r th' sthricken nation. Th' Hon'rable Whitelaw Reid is havin' a cast iv his knee breeches made which will be exhibited in New York durin' th' comin' winter.

"Me frind, J. Pierpont Morgan, has been takin' dinner with th' Impror William. It is undherstud he will presint him to th' Methropolytan Museum iv Art. There are said to be worse there.

"Lord Salisberry has thrun up his job. Lord Salisberry was wan iv th' grandest an' mos' succissful statesmen iv modhren times. He niver did annything. He is succeeded be his nevvew, Misther Balfour, if I got th' name right, who has done less. It is expicted that Misther Balfour will have a good time. On rayceivin' th' congrathylations iv his collague, Misther Chamberlain, he bought himsilf a rayvolver an' took out a policy on his life.

"A lady down east woke her husband up to tell him there was a burglar in th' house. Th' foolish woman. They'se always burglars in th' house. That's what burglars are for, an' houses. Instead iv argyin' th' pint in a loud voice, coughin' an' givin' th' burglar a chance to lave with dignity, this man got up an' was kilt. Now th' pa-apers with th' assistance iv th' officers iv th' law has discovered that th' lady took a boat ride with a gintleman frind in th' summer iv sixty-two, that she wanst quarreled with her husband about th' price iv a hat, that van iv her lower teeth is plugged, that she wears a switch an' that she weeps whin she sees her childher. They'se a moral in this. It's ayether don't wake a man up out iv a sound sleep, or don't get out iv bed till ye have to, or don't bother a burglar whin ye see he's busy, or kill th' editor. I don't know which it is.

"Willum Jennings Bryan is readin' me frind Grover Cleveland out iv th' party. He's usin' the Commoner to read him out. That's a sure way.

"Mary McLane has been in town. I didn't see her, me place not bein' a raysort f'r th' young an' yearnin' an' especially me duckin' all lithry ladies iv whativer sex. Mary McLane is th' author iv a book called: 'Whin I am older I'll know betther.' Ye ought to read it, Hinnissy.

"Th' Newport season is opened with gr-reat gayety an' th' aim iv rayturnin' husbands is much more sure.

"Gin-ral Bragg fr'm up in Wisconsin has been gettin' into throuble with our haughty allies, th' Cubians, he writin' home to his wife that ye might as well thry to make a whistle out iv a pig's tail as a dacint man out iv a Cubian. Gin'ral Bragg will be bounced an' he ought to be. He don't belong in pollytics. His place is iditor iv a losin' newspaper.

"Gov'nor Taft has been in Rome showin' th' wurruld how succissful, sthraightforward, downright, outspoken, manly, frank, fourteen ounces to th' pound American business dalings can be again' th' worn-out diplomacy iv th' papal coort. Whin last heerd fr'm, this astoot an' able man, backed up be th' advice iv Elihoo Root iv York state, was makin' his way tow'rd Manila on foot an' siv'ral mimbers iv th' colledge iv cardinals was heerd to regret that American statesmen were so thin they cudden't find annything to fit thim in his thrunk.

"Cholera is ragin' in th' Philippeens vice Gin'ral Jake Smith, raymoved.

"Th' stock market is boomin' an' business has become so dull elsewhere that some iv th' best known outside operators ar-re obliged to increase th' depth iv th' goold coatin' on th' brick to nearly an inch.

"Th' capital iv th' nation has raymoved to Eyesther Bay, a city on th' north shore iv Long island, with a popylation iv three millyion clams, an' a number iv mosquitos with pianola attachments an' steel rams. There day be day th' head iv th' nation transacts th' nation's business as follows: Four a. m., a plunge into th' salt, salt sea an' a swim iv twinty miles; 5 a. m., horseback ride, th' prisidint insthructin' his two sons, aged 2 an' 4 rayspictively, to jump th' first Methodist church without knockin' off th' shingles; 6 a. m., wrestles with a thrained grizzly bear; 7 a. m., breakfast; 8 a. m., Indyan clubs; 9 a. m., boxes with Sharkey; 10 a. m., bates th' tinnis champeen; 11 a. m., rayceives a band iv rough riders an' person'lly supervises th' sindin' iv th' ambylance to look afther th' injured in th' village; noon, dinner with Sharkey, Oscar Featherstone, th' champeen rollerskater iv Harvard '98, Pro-fissor McGlue, th' archyologist, Lord Dum de Dum, Mike Kehoe, Immanuel Kant Gumbo, th' naygro pote, Horrible Hank, th' bad lands' scout, Sinitor Lodge, Lucy Emerson Tick, th' writer on female sufferage, Mud-in-th'-Eye, th' chief iv th' Ogallas, Gin'ral Powell Clayton, th' Mexican mine expert, four rough riders with their spurs on, th' ambassadure iv France an' th' Cinquovasti fam'ly, jugglers. Th' conversation, we larn fr'm wan iv th' guests who's our spoortin' iditor, was jined in be th' prisident an' dealt with art, boxin', lithrachoor, horse-breakin', science, shootin', pollytics, how to kill a mountain line, di-plomacy, jobbing, pothry, th' pivot blow, rayform, an' th' campaign in Cubia. Whin our rayporther was dhriven off th' premises be wan iv th' rough riders, th' head iv th' nation was tachin' Lord Dum de Dum an' Sicrety Hay how to do a handspring an' th' other guests was scattered about th' lawn, boxin', rasslin', swingin' on th' thrapeze, ridin' th' buckin' broncho an' shooting at th' naygro pote f'r th' dhrinks—in short, enjyin' an ideel day in th' counthry.

"An' that's all th' news," said Mr. Dooley. "There ye ar-re jus' as if ye cud read. That's all that's happened. Ain't I a good newspaper? Not a dull line in me. Sind in ye'er small ads."

"Sure, all that's no news," said Mr. Hennessy, discontentedly. "Hasn't there annything happened? Hasn't anny wan been—been kilt?"

"There ye ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "Be news ye mane misfortune. I suppose near ivry wan does. What's wan man's news is another man's throubles. In these hot days, I'd like to see a pa-aper with nawthin' in it but affectionate wives an' loyal husbands an' prosp'rous, smilin' people an' money in th' banc an' three a day. That's what I'm lookin' f'r this th' hot weather."

"Th' newspapers have got to print what happens," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "they've got to print what's diff'rent. Whiniver they begin to put headlines on happiness, contint, varchue, an' charity, I'll knows things is goin'as wrong with this counthry as I think they ar-re ivry naytional campaign."

MODERN FABLES.

Sorrowful Bill and the Sour Grapes and Sympathetic Sep.

BY GEORGE ADE.

ONCE there was a long-headed Schemer who picked up his Assets and moved East. By breaking into every Good Thing that came along and nailing each Opportunity to get a standin with the Gentlemen who own the Universe, he was enabled to stack up something like a Million.

It looked big to his Relations who lived out West, but in New York he was a cheap Piker. His Steam Yacht had only one Funnel and there were only seven Bath Rooms in his House. In fact, he was a good deal of a Skate any way you looked at him.

The Second-Rater had a Cousin named Sep who lived in one of our Middle States. In his own Ballivick this Sep was a very gulus Proposition. He owned a General Store and a Stock Farm and had Rubber Tires on his Buggy and wore Gloves when driving.

After the Corn had been laid by and the Oats thrashed, Sep had a little time for Romancing around over the Country. He bought a paper-muslin Duster, had a Lunch put up and bought an Excursion Ticket to Morgansville.

Cousin Bill.

The struggling Millionaire said he was glad to see Sep. He did not shout it through a Megaphone or hang out any Bulletins. He simply said that he was glad to see Sep and he should have been for Seppy had slept two nights in the Day Coach and had just bought a sack of Bananas.

"Bill, it seems to me that you look kind of peaked," said Sep, as he sank into a Leather Chair and tackled Banana No. 8.

"Ah, yes, I have been under a great Strain," replied the unhappy Soul. "You see, just when we got that South African Business all straightened out and were ready for the Coronation, then came the Operation and it upset us dreadfully."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sep.

"The Anglo-Saxon Alliance," replied Cousin Bill. "We are now One People. They don't know it, but we are."

"The Alliance cuts very few Lemons out around Peavey's Junction," replied Sep. "Our Idea of the Alliance is to stay Friendly with them as long as they buy our Beef Cattle and Grain."

"Not at all," said Bill. "Our present Policy is to skin them until they are overcome with Admiration and invite us to Dinner. You may not know it, Sep, but New York is the Home of the expensive Meal-Ticket. For instance, why have I whip-sawed the Market all these years and boned like a Turk and worn my nerves to a blithering Frazzle in this unending Wrassle for the Almighty? Is it because I wish to endow a Presbyterian college or establish Ping-Pong Parlors for plain Working Girls? Not on your Breakfast Food! Right across the Street from us there resides a large Lady who has original Knickerbocker Corpuscles moving up and down in her System. She has Blue Blood and lots of it. We are slathering our Currency and giving her the Office every day or two in the Hope that some Day she will ask us to come over and eat on her. When that gladsome Moment arrives, it's a 50 to 1 Shot that we'll all die of Joy."

Sep.

"What seems to be your Handicap?" asked Sep. "You were invited to all the Parties when you lived at Peavey's Junction."

"Anyone who comes in from the Cockle-Burr District with a Bundle is known as a Newvo Reash," replied Bill. "I don't know what it means, never having studied the Dead Languages, but it's about the same as a Slob. In other words, if you make your own Money you're an Awful Thing, but if Anyone slips it to you and you've never done anything with it except count it and sprinkle a little Florida Water on it, then you're a Nice Young Fellow. Now you see what I'm up against. I'm guilty of Work and everyone is onto me. The best I can hope for is that some of my Grandchildren will Doctor up my Record and finally draw the Meal Ticket."

"What do you care?" asked Sep. "I wouldn't wear out a whole kit of Tools trying to break into a Refrigerator."

"Ah, Septimus, you do not understand," said the disconsolate Cousin. "It is the Boy who starts in Life on a Hay-Rack and opens his first Cold Bottle at the age of 35 who wants to take his whole Tribe into the Camp of the Elite and swap Visiting Cards with the Vans. Social Recognition has a high Rating because there are only a few Shares on the Market and not because it pays Dividends."

"It seems to me that a Slick Man who can beat almost any kind of a Money Game ought to learn by time how to handle a Combine that's in the hands of a few Elderly Ladies," said Sep.

"I'm afraid that a Man with a tall-grass Training will make Breaks all his Life," replied Bill. "He's always doing what he wants to do, instead of playing Follow your Leader. I started to play Golf this year, not knowing that it was a Dead Card with the 400. As for riding a Wheel, they take a Shot at anyone who does that. The Panama Hat is scratched because it is worn by the Common Sort who have to engage in Thought during the Heated Season. Rule No. 1 of the Smart Set is to chop any Diversion that has caught on with the Working Classes. As soon as $3 will pay for a Motor Car and One Year's Subscription, all the real Blue Fish will give their Machines to the Servants and fall to the Air Ship. Anyone with an old fashioned Hankering for Baseball and Family Rigs and Drug Store Sody Water and all such Prairie Luxuries has about one Chance in a Million. Even if my Plebe Tastes didn't queer me I suppose I would be disqualified under the Pedigree Clause. I have been trying to classify our Ancestral Tree and I find that it is a Shell Bark Hickory that has been struck by Lightning several times. It appears that one morning about 200 years ago a Ship was ready to set Sail for the New World. A large number of Foreigners who figured that they couldn't be any worse off, even among the Indians, had booked Passage. One of our Ancestors had made arrangements to sail on that Boat. The Night before the Departure he dropped into the Tavern to say Good-Bye. He became all diked up and overslept himself. When he arrived at the Dock he saw the Ship, loaded down with First Families, pulling out of the Harbor. That one Jag is what put our whole Family to the Bad. I figure that if he had not missed that Boat, I would be sitting under an Awning at Newport at this very Minute, with some one fanning me. The grand Mistake our Folks made was to come in with the Bunch. Anyone living anywhere on the Other Side at present is strictly in it and those who came over in time to qualify for the Colonial Societies are now regarded as it by their distant Relations, but those who have come in during the last Century are simply unplaced."

A Large Lady Who Has Original Knickerbocker Corpuscles.

"I can't see it in that Light at all," said Sep. "I have been reading Ridpath's History of the United States and it says we are all Free and Equal."

"I don't believe it circulates in Our Set," said Bill. "It might, if someone in London would get out a De Luxe Edition."

"Bill," said Sep, "I think you've got the whole Works down pat. It's too bad that you can't guess the Combination."

MORAL: The Betwixt and Between Families know what genuine Grief is.

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ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

Farnsworth stood by gazing upon Alice in open admiration. Her presence had power in it, to which he was very susceptible.

"You look like a low, dishonorable, soulless tyrant," she said to Hamilton, "and if you get my flag, how shall I know that you will keep your promise and let Papa Roussillon go free?"

"I am sorry to say that you will have to trust me, unless you'll take Captain Farnsworth for security. The captain is a gentleman, I assure you. Will you stand good for my veracity and sincerity, Captain Farnsworth?"

The young man smiled and bowed.

Alice felt the irony; and her perfectly frank nature preferred to trust rather than distrust the sincerity of others. She looked at Farnsworth, who smiled encouragingly.

"The flag is under Father Beret's floor," she said.

"Under the church floor?"

"No, under the floor of his house."

"Where is his house?"

She gave full directions how to reach it.

"Untie the prisoner," Hamilton ordered, and it was quickly done. "Monsieur Roussillon, I congratulate you upon your narrow escape. Go to the priest's house, monsieur, and bring me that flag. It would be well, I assure you, not to be very long about it. Captain Farnsworth, you will send a guard with Monsieur Roussillon, a guard of honor, fitting his official dignity, a corporal and two men. The honorable mayor of this important city should not go alone upon so important an errand. He must have his attendants."

"Permit me to go myself and get it," said Alice. "I can do it quickly. May I, please, monsieur?"

Hamilton looked sharply at her.

"Why, certainly, mademoiselle, certainly. Captain Farnsworth, you will escort the young lady."

"It is not necessary, monsieur."

"Oh, yes, it is necessary, my dear young lady, very necessary; so let's not have further words. I'll try to entertain his honor, the mayor, while you go and get the flag. I feel sure, mademoiselle, that you'll return with it in a few minutes. But you must not go alone."

Alice set forth immediately, and Farnsworth, try as hard as he would, could never reach her side, so swift was her gait.

When they arrived at Father Beret's cabin, she turned and said with imperious severity:

"Don't you come in; you stay out here; I'll get it in a minute."

Farnsworth obeyed her command.

The door was wide open, but Father Beret was not inside; he had gone to see a sick child in the outskirts of the village. Alice looked about and hesitated. She knew the very puncheon that covered the flag; but she shrank from lifting it. There seemed nothing else to do, however; so, after some trouble with herself, she knelt upon the floor and turned the heavy slab over with a great thump. The flag did not appear. She peeped under the other puncheons. It was not there. The only thing visible was a little ball of paper fragments not larger than an egg.

Farnsworth heard her utter a low cry of surprise or dismay, and was on the point of going in when Father Beret, coming around the corner of the cabin, confronted him. The meeting was so sudden and unexpected that both men recoiled slightly, and then, with a mutual stare, saluted.

"I came with a young lady to get the flag," said Farnsworth. "She is inside. I hope there is no serious intrusion. She says the flag is hidden under your floor."

Father Beret said nothing, but frowning as if much annoyed, stepped through the doorway to Alice's side, and stooping where she knelt, laid a hand on her shoulder as she glanced up and recognized him.

"What are you doing, my child?"

"Oh, father, where is the flag?" It was all that she could say. "Where is the flag?"

"Why, isn't it there?"

"No, you see it isn't there! Where is it?"

The priest stood as if dumfounded, gazing into the vacant space uncovered by the puncheon.

"Is it gone? Has some one taken it away?"

They turned up all the floor to no avail. La banniere d'Alice Roussillon had disappeared, and Captain Farnsworth went forthwith to report the fact to his commander. When he reached the shed at the angle of the fort he found Governor Hamilton sitting stupid and dazed on the ground. One jaw was inflamed and swollen and an eye was half closed and bloodshot. He turned his head with a painful, irregular motion and his chin sagged.

Farnsworth sprang to him and lifted him to his feet; but he could scarcely stand. He licked his lips clumsily.

"What is the matter? What hurt you?"

The governor rubbed his forehead trying to recollect.

"He struck me," he presently said, with difficulty. "He hit me with his fist. Where—where is he?"

"Who?"

"That big French idiot—that Roussillon—go after him, take him, shoot him—quick! I have been stunned; I don't know how long he's been gone. Give the alarm—do something!"

Hamilton, as he gathered his wits together, began to foam with rage, and his passion gave his bruised and swollen face a terrible look.

The story was short, and may be quickly told. M. Roussillon had taken advantage of the first moment when he and Hamilton were left alone. One herculean buffet, a swinging smash of his enormous fist on the point of the governor's jaw, and then he walked out of the fort unchallenged, doubtless on account of his lordly and masterful air.

"Ziff!" he exclaimed, shaking himself and lifting his shoulders, when he had passed beyond hearing of the sentinel at the gate, "ziff! I can punch a good stiff stroke yet, Monsieur le Gouverneur. Ah, ziff!" and he blew like a porpoise.

Every effort was promptly made to recapture M. Roussillon; but his disappearance was absolute; even the reward offered for his scalp by Hamilton only gave the Indians great trouble—they could not find the man.

Such a beginning of his administration of affairs at Vincennes did not put Hamilton into a good humor. He was overbearing and irascible at best, and under the irritation of small but exceedingly unpleasant experiences he made life well-nigh unendurable to those upon whom his dislike chanced to fall. Beverley quickly felt that it was going to be difficult for him and Hamilton to get along agreeably. With Helm it was quite different: smoking, drinking, playing cards, telling good stories—in a word, rude and not unfrequently boisterous conviviality drew him and the commandant together.

Under Captain Farnsworth's immediate supervision the fort was soon in excellent repair and a large block house and comfortable quarters for the men were built. Every day allei to the strength of the works and to the importance of the post as a strategic position for the advance guard of the British army.

Hamilton was ambitious to prove himself conspicuously valuable to his country. He was dreaming vast dreams and laying large plans. The Indians were soon anxious to gain his favor; and to bind them securely to him he offered liberal pay in rum and firearms, blankets, trinkets and ammunition for the scalps of the rebels. He kept this as secret as possible from his prisoners; but Beverley soon suspected that a "traffic in hair," as the terrible business had been named, was going on. Savages came in from far away with scalps yet scarcely dry dangling at their belts. It made the young Virginian's blood chill in his heart, and he regretted that he had given Hamilton his parole of honor not to attempt to escape.

Among the Indians occasionally reporting to Hamilton with their ghastly trophies was Long-Hair, who slipped into the fort and out again rather warily, not having much confidence in those Frenchmen who had once upon a time given him a memorable run for his life.

Winter shut down, not cold, but damp, changeable, raw. The work on the fort was nearly completed, and Rene de Ronville would have soon been relieved of his servile and exasperating employment under the Irish corporal; but just at the point of time when only a few days' work remained for him he became furious on account of an insulting remark, and struck the corporal over the head with a handspike. This happened in a wood some miles from town, where he was loading logs upon a sled. There chanced to be no third person present when the deed was done, and some hours passed before they found the officer, quite cold and stiff, beside the sled. His head was crushed to a pulp.

Hamilton, now thoroughly exasperated, began to look upon the French inhabitants of Vincennes as all like M. Roussillon and Rene, but waiting for an opportunity to strike him unawares. He increased his military vigilance, ordered the town patrolled day and night, and forbade public gatherings of the citizens, while at the same time he forced them to furnish him a large amount of provisions.

When little Adrienne Bourcier heard of Rene's terrible act, followed by his successful escape to the woods, and of the tempting reward offered by Hamilton for his scalp, she ran to Roussillon place well-nigh crazed with excitement. She had always depended upon Alice for advice, encouragement and comfort in her troubles; but in the present case there was not much that her friend could do to cheer her. With M. Roussillon and Rene both fugitives, tracked by wily savages, a price on their heads, while every day added new dangers to the French inhabitants of Vincennes, no rosy view could possibly be taken of the situation. Alice did her best, however, to strengthen her little friend's faith in a happy outcome. She quoted what she considered unimpeachable authority to support her optimistic argument.

"Lieutenant Beverley says that the Americans will be sure to drive Hamilton out of Vincennes, or capture him. Probably they are not so very far away now, and Rene may join them and come back to help punish these brutal Englishmen. Don't you wish he would, Adrienne? Wouldn't it be romantic?"

"He's armed, I know that," said Adrienne, brightening a little, "and he's brave, Alice, brave as he can be. He came right back into town the other night and got his gun and pistols. He was at our house, too, and, oh!"——

She burst out crying again. "O Alice! It breaks my heart to think that the Indians will kill him. Do you think they will kill him, Alice?"

"He'll come nearer killing them," said Alice, confidently, with her strong, warm arms around the tiny lass; "he's a good woodsman, a fine shot—he's not so easy to kill, my dear. If he and Papa Roussillon should get together by chance they would be a match for all the Indians in the country. Anyway, I feel that it's much better for them to take their chances in the woods than to be in the hands of Governor Hamilton. If I were a man I'd do just as Papa Roussillon did: I'd break the bigoted head of every Englishman that mistreated me. I'll do it, girl as I am, if they annoy me, see if I don't."

She was thinking of Captain Farnsworth, who had been from the first untiring in his efforts to gain something more than a passing acquaintance. As yet he had not made himself unbearable; but Alice's fine intuition led her to the conclusion that she must guard against him from the outset.

Adrienne's simple heart could not grasp the romantic criterion with which Alice was wont to measure action. Her mind was single, impulsive, narrow and direct in all its movements. She loved, hated, desired, caressed, repulsed, not for any assignable reason, more solid or luminous than "because." She adored Rene, and wanted him near her. He was a hero in her imagination, no matter what he did. Little difference was it to her whether he hauled logs for the English or smoked his pipe in idleness by the winter fire—what could it matter which flag he served under if she could always have him coming to see her and calling her his little pet? He might crush an Irish corporal's head every day, if he would but stroke her hair and say: "My sweet little one."

"Why couldn't he be quiet and do as your man, Lieutenant Beverley, did?" she cried in a sudden change of mood, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "Lieutenant Beverley surrendered and took the consequences. He didn't kill somebody and run off to be hunted like a bear. No wonder you are happy, Alice; I'd be happy, too, if Rene were here and came to spend half of every day with me. I"——

"Why, what a silly girl you are!" Alice exclaimed, her face reddening prettily. "How foolishly you prattle! I'm sure I don't trouble myself about Lieutenant Beverley—what put such absurd nonsense into your head, Adrienne?"

"Because, that's what, and you know it's so, too. You love him just as much as I love Rene, and that's all the love in the world, and you needn't deny it, Alice Roussillon;"

Alice laughed and hugged the wee, brown-faced mite of a girl until she almost smothered her.

It was growing dusk when Adrienne left Roussillon place to go home. The wind cut icily across the commons and moaned as it whirled around the cabins and cattle sheds. She ran briskly, muffled in a wrap, partly through fear and partly to keep warm, and had gone two-thirds of her way when she was brought to an abrupt stop by the arms of a man. She screamed sharply, and Father Beret, who was coming out of a cabin not far away, heard and knew the voice.

"Ho-ho, my little lady!" cried Adrienne's captor in a breezy, jocund tone, "you wouldn't run over a fellow, would you?" The words were French, but the voice was that of Captain Farnsworth, who laughed while he spoke. "You jump like a rabbit, my darling! Why, what a lively little chick of a girl it is!"

Adrienne screamed and struggled recklessly.

"Now don't rouse up the town," coaxed the captain. He was just drunk enough to be quite a fool, yet sufficiently sober to imagine himself the most proper person in the world. "I don't mean you any harm, mademoiselle; I'll just see you safe home, you know; 'scort you to your residence; come on, now—that's a good girl."

Father Beret hurried to the spot, and when in the deepening gloom he saw Adrienne flinging herself violently this way and that, helplessly trying to escape from the clasp of a man, he did to perfection what a priest is supposed to be the least fitted to do. Indeed, considering his age and leaving his vocation out of the reckoning, his performance was amazing. It is not certain that the blow dealt upon Governor Hamilton's jaw by M. Roussillon was a stiffer one than that sent straight from the priest's shoulder right into the short ribs of Captain Farnsworth, who thereupon released a mighty grunt and doubled himself up.

Adrienne recognized her assailant at the first and used his name freely during the struggle. When Father Beret appeared she cried out to him:

"Oh, father—Father Beret! help me! help me!"

When Farnsworth recovered from breath-expelling shock of the jab in his side and got himself once more in a vertical position, both girl and priest were gone. He looked this way and that, rapidly becoming sober, and beginning to wonder how the thing could have happened so easily. His ribs felt as if they had been hit with a heavy hammer.

"By Jove!" he muttered all to himself, "the old prayer-singing heathen! By Jove!" And with this very brilliant and relevant observation he rubbed his sore side and went his way to the fort.

CHAPTER XI.

A Sword and a Horse Pistol.

We hear much about the "days that souls of women in those same days? Sitting in the liberal geniality of the nineteenth century's sunset glow, we insist upon having our grumble at the times and the manners of our generation; but if we had to exchange places, periods and experiences with the people who lived in America through the last quarter of the eighteenth century there would be good ground for despairing ululations. And if our men could not bear it, if it would try their souls too poignantly, let us imagine the effect upon our women. No, let us not imagine it; but rather let us give full credit to the heroic souls of the mothers and the maidens who did actually bear up in the center of that terrible struggle and unflinchingly help win for us, not only freedom, but the vast empire which at this moment is at once the master of the world and the model toward which all the nations of the earth are slowly but surely tending.

If Alice was an extraordinary girl, she was not aware of it; nor had she ever understood that her life was being shaped by extraordinary conditions. Of course, it could not but be plain to her that she knew more and felt more than the girls of her narrow acquaintance; that her accomplishments were greater; that she nursed splendid dreams of which they could have no proper comprehension, but until now she had never even dimly realized that she was probably capable of being something more than a mere creole lass, the foster daughter of Gaspard Roussillon, trader in pelts and furs. Even her most romantic visions had never taken the form of personal desire, or ambition in its most nebulous stage; they had simply pleased her fresh and natural fancy and served to gild the hardness and crudeness of her life—that was all.

Her experiences had been almost too terrible for belief, viewed at our distance from them; she had passed through scenes of incredible horror and suffering, but her nature had not been chilled, stunted or hardened. In body and in temper her development had been sound and beautiful. It was even thus that our great-grandmothers triumphed over adversity, hardship, indescribable danger. We cannot say that the strong, lithe, happy-hearted Alice of old Vincennes was the only one of her kind. Few of us who have inherited the faded portraits of our revolutionary forbears can doubt that beauty, wit and great lovableness flourished in the cabins of pioneers all the way from the Edisto to the Licking, from the Connecticut to the Wabash.

Beverley's advent could not fail to mean a great deal in the life of a girl like Alice; a new era, as it were, would naturally begin for her the moment that his personal influence touched her imagination; but it is well not to measure her too strictly by the standard of our present taste and the specialized forms of our social and moral code. She was a true child of the wilderness, a girl who grew, as the wild prairie rose grew, not on account of innumerable exigencies, accidents and hardships, but in spite of them. She had blushed unseen, and had wasted divine sweets upon a more than desert air. But when Beverley came near her, at first carelessly droning his masculine monotonies, as the wandering bee to the lonely and lovely rose, and presently striking her soul as with the wings of love, there fell a change into her heart of hearts, and lo! her haunting and elusive dreams began to condense and take on forms that startled her with their wonderful splendor and beauty. These she saw all the time, sleeping or waking; they made bright summer of the frozen stream and snapping gale, the snowdrifts and the sleet. In her brave young heart, swelled the ineffable song—the music never yet caught by syrinx or flute or violin, the words no tongue can speak.

Ah, here may be the secret of that vigorous, brave, sweet life of our pioneer maids, wives and mothers. It was love that gave those tender hearts the iron strength and heroic persistence at which the world must forever wonder. And do we appreciate those women? Let the old world boast its crowned kings, its mailed knights, its ladies of the court and castle; but we of the new world, we of the powerful west, let us brim our cups with the wine of undying devotion, and drink to the memory of the women of the revolution—to the humble but good and marvelously brave and faithful women like those of old Vincennes.

But if Alice was being radically influenced by Beverley, he, in turn, found a new light suffusing his nature, and he was not unaware that it came out of her eyes, her face, her smiles, her voice, her soul. It was the old, well known, inexplicable, mutual magnetism, which, from the first, has been the same on the mountain top and in the lowest valley. The queen and the milkmaid, the king and the hind may come together only to find the king walking off with the lowly beauty and her fragrant pail, while away stalks the lusty rustic, to be lord and master of the queen. Love is love, and it thrives in all climes, under all conditions.

There is an inevitable and curious protest that comes up unbidden between lovers; it takes many forms in accordance with particular circumstances. It is the demand for equality and perfection. Love itself is without degrees—it is perfect—but when shall it see the perfect object? It does see it, and it does not see it, in every beloved being. Beverley found his mind turning, as on a pivot, round and round upon the thought that Alice might be impossible to him. The mystery of her life seemed to force her below the line of his aristocratic vision, so that he could not fairly consider her, and yet with all his heart he loved her. Alice, on the other hand, had her bookish ideal to reckon with, despite the fact that she daily dashed it contemptuously down. She was different from Adrienne Bourcier, who bewailed the absence of her untamable lover; she wished that Beverley had not, as she somehow viewed it, weakly surrendered to Hamilton. His apparently complacent acceptance of idle captivity did not comport with her dream of knighthood and heroism. She had been all the time half expecting him to do something that would stamp him a hero.

Counter protests of this sort are never sufficiently vigorous to take a fall out of Love; they merely serve to worry his temper by lightly hindering his feet. And it is surprising how Love does delight himself with being entangled.

Both Beverley and Alice day by day felt the cord tightening which drew their hearts together—each acknowledged it secretly, but strove not to evince it openly. Meantime both were as happy and as restlessly dissatisfied as love and uncertainty could make them.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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