
credulously.

stunned him.

David was silent.



An absorbing chronicle of stirring events that grew out of the battle of Tippecanoe in the Indiana wilderness a century ago

Suppose that a man who hated you went to the girl you loved and told her you were a thief. If she believed the unwarranted accusation enough to ask you for an explanation, would you give it? Or would you think that a girl whose faith in her lover was so weak as that didn't deserve an explanation? How David Larrence handled a problem of that sort is told in this installment of "Tippecanoe."

David, you'll remember, had come all the way from England to the frontier settlement of Corydon, Indiana territory, to kill an enemy. He makes friends with the Americans and falls in love with charming 'Toinette O'Bannon. Incidentally, he discovers that Job Cranmer is a British spy plotting with hostile Indians against the whites. The last installment closed with Larrence at the Cranmer home, calling on Lydia Cranmer. Her father teases them coarsely about love-making.

Goodby! Scull will be over soon-

he'll take care of you. I'm glad you

He strained the weeping girl to his

stumble through the dark brought him

more deeply in Cranmer's throat with

what do you expect me to do?" he

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

David flushed with resentment at are soon to be married." the man's coarseness, but he gave him a civil good night. He planned to breast and hurried away. A boat watch the house and confront Cran- across the foaming river and a mer when Lydia was not present. "You won't stay a bit longer? I've to Scull's door. A cautious tattoo

been kept overlong with the young summoned the man from his bed and men across the river-they're a set of the story was told, while terror jolly dogs. You won't stay? Good seemed to fix its icy hands more and night, my boy!"

The man was evidently laboring un- every hurrying moment. Scull looked der an excitement not wholly due to at his white face and exulted secretly wine; David had not taken a dozen at his collapse. A seeming contempt known, and his life is forfeited. I steps when he heard Cranmer burst for the man before whom he had so have come to give you the greatest out in an exultant whisper that was often cringed filled his heart. "And louder than he realized:

"Well, daughter, my work is done !" asked coldly. "Hush!" said Lydia sharply, and

drew him within doors. David stopped short in his tracks.

There was not a moment to lose. Without doubt, Granmer had finished his work as a spy and was ready to leave, laden with information that would be of value to the British, should war actually be declared. What a jolly, ingenuous guest the Kentuckians must have found him !-

He set his jaws firmly together and took a quick step toward the cabin. It might not be too late. A thread of light shone from the crack of the beavy door.

"Mr. Cranmer !" he called. There was the sound of a chair moved hastily back from a table, and the figure of Cranmer was outlined in the candlelight.

"Well?" he asked suspiciously. "I have forgotten a matter that I wished to speak to you about, sir,"

said David. His voice was without a trace of agitation. 'There was a moment's pause.

Cranmer peered into the darkness. "Well, if it's no great matter I'll ust step outside again."

He closed the door behind him and Same forward with hearty friendli-Dess in his voice:

"What can I do for you, my lad?" David breathed a sigh of relief. It was time to come to action.

"I'll trouble you for those plans, Cranmer," he said quietly.

The man recoiled a step and David heard him draw in his breath sharply. But the night hid his expression and

"It is very hard for me to tell you. It is about Larrence." "David!" The name was wrung

from her like a gasp. "I cannot believe the truth myself. You remember that I told you once her from head to foot. that I suspected Larrence of being in league with the Englishman, Cranmer?

Ask him. I have learned the certain truth since then-Cranmer has fled and Larrence is left to finish his work-the work of a spy !"

"Who says this?" me. It will be common talk in another of her accusation coming on the heels day. I do not know what to do. I have not slept all night. Only one

thing has been clear to me-my love for you.' "What part has that in this?" she asked proudly.

"Everything. It is because I love you that I have come to you now. Iyou-told me once that I could not hope ever to win you. I tried to turn to drag their love in the dust of quaryou against the man I feared. But I know now that my love for you is neath the mask of that white, tense stronger than mere desire. I want face and the inscrutable eyes, cried you to be happy, even though I suffer. And so I have come to tell you first of ance of her words. all. No one here knows that Larrence

God, it can't be true!" gift that is in my power. I give you alarm: the life of this man. Warn him, and there is yet time for him to escape.

A flash of his old truculence re-I shall be happy if you are happy. turned to Cranmer. "Do?" he whis- Only remember that I loved you, Toipered hoarsely. "There's but one thing nette !" for you to do, my pretty man. You The halting sentences seemed to

come from the depths of his soul. He sapphires. finished and stood before her humbly, his head bowed. "God bless you," she said very

softly. isfy you !" She spilled the precious ointment of ner innocent faith in his words upon the dross of his heart. He raised his denial. But David's voice answered head and thanked her mutely, while evenly, coldly: his pulses leaped with exultation. She

had believed him! But would she sume that these papers are the ones warn Larrence? He scarcely dared to which Miss O'Bannon wishes." hope as he whispered: And with steady fingers he unfas-"If you will warn him .

midnight my mare will be at his door,' while Blackford gazed in horror, slow- the Spaniard, Vigo. ready to ride.' ly drew out the packet of papers he But the girl answered in a voice that had wrested from Cranmer. He put seemed to come from beyond the them in Ike's hands and bowed to Toi-

grave, so full of a soul's agony it was: nette with a touch of ironic courtesy. "There will be no need "You will find them all there," he shall give him up. . . . Ob, David, said. David, David !" A single glance made Blackford real-

He turned to hide the mocking ize their meaning. smile that lighted up his face. "Oh, David, David!" he cried.

The girl's face had grown pale as A thousand voices, the confused the white rose she held in her hand. murmur of a mighty throng, seemed But she forced herself to go on-unhesitatingly, but in a voice from which all life had fled, so weighted with un-

utterable anguish it was: "You had better inform Judge Boone at once."

"You don't understand, Toinette, I men alone. shall not raise a finger against Lar-

rence. He shall never say I am recried Ike; his faith in his friend clung sponsible for his exposure. You alone to him in stubborn defiance of the docin Corydon know his secret. It is for uments' mute accusation. you to decide." "Do you think it necessary to ex-"Go," she said quietly, "I will do my plain?" said David harshly. The anger duty." which he had withheld from Toinette "Have I done mine, Toinette? Do had mounted slowly until now his iron you forgive me?" will had reached a white heat of furi-"Yes, you have done well," she anous resentment. "By God, I explain swered mechanically. to no man!" "I may see you again? Oh. Toi-Ike looked Lim straight in the eyes. nette, let me still hope!" "No man on earth can use that tone "I cannot answer now. But-" her to me," he said quietly, "-except throat seemed to choke her and she you, David, old man." was unable to finish. But through the He laid his hand gently on his young doctor's mind there flashed the friend's shoulder and the angry light belief that he would yet make her his. in David's eyes was suddenly quenched. She would forget Larrence-only let "It isn't true," he said, and was sitime heal the wound! He raised her lent once again. growl of satisfaction, stole out again hand to his lips, flung himself upon "That's the only explanation you the red mare and was gone. and I need, David." Ike answered with a grave smile; and David crushed his the Epicurean. * * * * To Toinette the next minutes were hand in a mighty grip. an unreal procession in which a girl "Ike, you understand! You believe named Antoinette O'Bannon moved in me!" he cried in a voice that away in the wilderness at the head of strangely upon her task, dry-eyed. showed how cruel the strain upon his steady-voiced. She saw this girl go nervous pride had been; and the two down the lane to the tavern, where young men smiled straight into each Ike Blackford sat deep in a book of other's eves. law; heard her ask him to go with her David had meant to keep his own to David's store; saw him bow with counsel, but now the burden of his unquestioning courtesy; saw them heart flooded over at Ike's trust in July 29, 1811. cross the courthouse square and enter him. He told of what he had learned the little storeroom, just then empty concerning Cranmer; told how he had of customers; saw David advance come into possession of the secret toward them gravely, with the proud agent's maps and documents. "I had dignity he had worn since the day she already sent word to Vincennes to had refused his love. She heard a

Blackford started, then laughed in-1 "I want you to do something for me, Ike," replied David, unheeding the ex-"Toinette, you're joking !" cuse. "I cannot stay in Corydon after But she buried her face in her hands this. I cannot be indebted to Mr. and spoke through sobs that shook O'Bannon any longer. I must go," "You know best. Davy. It's not my

"Oh, if it were not true! business. But where?" "Vincennes, I suppose, I may as

Blackford turned to David. His well stay on there, after I have defriend had taken a step backward at livered this evidence to General Gib-'Toinette's first rush of reproach and son. It doesn't make any difference, now leaned against the low counter, But I want you to see Mr. O'Bannon trempling, pale as one who has re- and turn my accounts over to him. "Captain Builitt at Louisville told ceived a mortal wound. The shock Will you do this for me, Ike?"

"Willingly, Davy. But, oh, I'll hate of the very moment when he had to give you up!" isked his life to confront Cranmer,

"You're the best friend I ever had. So I shall have to lose you, as I have Only his high, indignant pride rose lost everyone I ever loved." David against the sorry riddle-a stubborn smiled bitterly.

pride which bade him listen to her "Davy, don't go! Tou'll win yet! wild charge in silence, holding himself She can't hold to this silly mistake. in his angry conceit above the violence Why, I'll explain things to her! Go of contradicting her, above stooping back, you sore-headed old bear, and-" But David checked him. rel. Blackford striving to pierce be-

"I shall never enter that house. And I forbid your speaking to her on this subject. Do not speak of her again." out in alarm at David's silent accept-His tone was unyielding, final; and grieving in silent sympathy for his "It's not true, is it, David? My

friend's shattered hopes, Ike helped him close up the meager affairs of the

little store and bade him good by. . . . Blackford tried to laugh off his own To Ike remained no question of David's honor; but the poison of Elliott's "You two are playing some silly joke words had found an abiding hold in on me, of course. All right-I'll own the girl's heart. Toinette had reached you gulled me. Satisfied, Toinette?" her father's house she knew not how. Toinette threw back her head proud-She gained the harbor of her own ly. The blue eyes that had so often chamber, closed the door, and sank danced with merriment were blazing upon her bed in a paroxysm of grief. She had saved the frontier from the traitor, she thought; but she had

David's back was toward Corydon and all his hopes. His face was toward friend with a passion of pleading for the north. The trace through the forest stretched away toward Vincennes and he marched along resolutely. "There is no need to search. I pre-There he handed over to the territorial officers the plans that he had taken from Cranmer; had from them their blunt thanks, and found employtened his coat and waistcoat, and, ment in the ancient trading house of

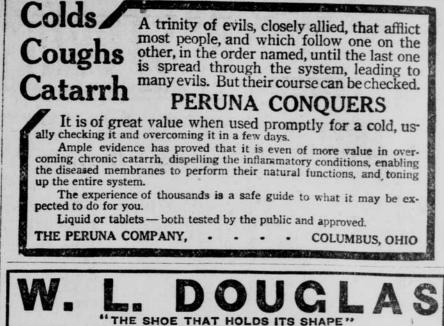
> ******************************* How soon do you think David will forget 'Toinette and become smitten with some pretty French lass in Vincennes?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIDE THEIR REAL FAVORITES

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Now and again men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye are requested to put them selves to the question and to write one sentence ran, "The little Japout a list of their favorite characters anese girl greeted them warml in fiction. Sometimes they are bidden to stand and deliver the names of the teacher, who by the way was stalwart heroes, and sometimes they showing off her pupils and the method are desired to lisp lovingly a list of of teaching them to an interested love's heroines.



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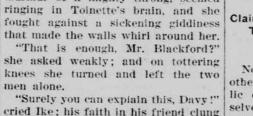
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EWARE OF





"Search him, Mr. Blackford," her voice rang out. "I do not doubt but broken her own heart. you will find evidence enough to sat-Ike's eyes looked into those of his

he summoned a blustering: "Plans? What plans? Young man,

you choose a strange hour to joke in." "You are well aware this is no joke,

Steuben. "Fort Steuben! Well, damme, if this isn't impudence! If you've some- Lydia. You may think you've done a what to say, say it, and be done with fine thing in giving up the work that this foolishness."

David took a step forward. "You know well enough what I You'll not escape if you fail us." mean. I know that you are here as one of England's spies. You have made notes concerning Fort Steuben. I want them."

An inarticulate roar of rage burst from Cranmer. His voice shook with suppressed fury.

"So that's what you've been doing, you dirty whelp! Spying on me while you pretended to court my daughter! I'll break you with my two hands, you dog! I'll-'

He choked with rage and hurled his bulk at David. But, with a litheness newborn in the wilderness, David stepped quickly to one side and drove his long right arm full at the Englishman's distorted face. The blow went straight to the jaw, with the momentum of a sinewy body behind it, and the spy went down with a grunt. In a flash David had leaped upon him, pinioning his arms with his knees, while he tore open the man's waistcoat and thrust his hand quickly into his pockets. A fat bundle of papers rewarded his search and he rose to his feet with an ejaculation of thankfulness. Cranmer groaned weakly and strove in vain to rise.

"Get up !" said David grimly. "Your game is done for. One word from me, and you hang at sunrise. But, for your daughter's sake, I'll give you a chance for your life. Get out of Clarksburg tonight and I'll hold these papers. You know where to go-your Indian friends will find a hole for you the winderness doubtless. Go! And may God forgive you!"

He was conscious of no feeling of dian. Return him in two days with anyelation, but only of an unbearable re- thing that you wish to say. gret that life should be so sordid; and of a sickening sorrow for the poor girl whose father had forced her with him along this shameful road. When he had gained the tavern, he examined the bundle of papers with a heavy heart-damning evidence, sketches of next day and drew rein at Patrice a dozen forts along the frontier, de- O'Bannon's door. tailed descriptions of the garrison of each. He folded them up carefully and replaced them in his coat with a sigh. At dawn he set off again for

Corydon. But Cranmer tottered back into his daughter's room with the face of a ready vanity, if he had not been miscead man. "It's all up!" he cried taken in the rebuff she had once adin a ghastly whisper. "I must get ministered. If he had pressed her away from here tonight. There's only more hardily-did she really love Larone chance to win yet-you'll have rence? Ah, if he could only drive the to stay here, my girl; I'll see Scull man out of Corydon! The black beast tonight and set him upon this Lar- of his jealous hatred rode on his back rence; and if he succeeds in getting and he went straight to his purpose: the plans back, you are to bring them on to me at Detroit. God, how came he to suspect! You-did you-no, you're she looked at him with a slow alarm true! Goodby! Do as I bid you. growing in her eyes.

"I'll Trouble You for Those Plans, Cranmer."

DEALTON

VALENAN

Cranmer. I want those plans of Fort | will have to get those plans back from that skulking rackabones. It's your own business how. Then give them to you came here to do, but I promise you that England has a long arm.

> Scull shrank again from his menac ing gesture. His abject protestations

of faithfulness fell hastily from his trembling lips, and the spy, with a into the dark and silent night.

At Vincennes, two days later, old "Horsehead" Gibson, the lieutenant governor, sat writing a letter to Capt. Billy Hargrove, who was riding miles a dozen forest rangers. The old man wrote slowly, with a hand more used to a rifle than a pen. The letter, when he had finished it, ran:

Vincennes, Indiana Territory,

For about ten days a man has been around Fort Steuben who had such good papers of recommendation that he was permitted to go where he pleased and was all through the fort and barracks. He has disappeared and took with him a very fine saddle horse which belonged to Col. Luke Decker, together with a fine voice speaking-was it her own? saddle and a pair of heavy pistols in the holsters. It was thought he went toward the Maumee river and may come near some of your stations. There is no doubt be a witness between us." he is a British spy and it is very desir-able to capture him. A description of him given by those with whom he was is A heavy man, five feet ten inches in neight: would weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds; dark hair, black eyes, with uplifted hand: and he wore a fine velvet vest and a dark blue long-tailed coat, both ornamented with silver buttons. A pair of fine white dressed buckskin knee breeches with sil-ver buckles at his knee; a pair of fine

leather shoes with silver buckles; a swiv-Acting Governor. By the hand of a friendly Delaware In

CHAPTER IX.

Sacrifice.

The tall young physician from Louisville rode his sorrel mare into Corydon

Toinette, in the early morning sunshine, was rapturous bird-song made into woman, a flower dew-bright, a of the Indians!" carol, an embodiment of earth's re-

joicing. She welcomed Elliott with a Blackford's face had taken on an exsmile that made him wonder, with a the matter?" "I have sad news for you, Toinette." The smile faded from her face and

"I have brought Mr. Blackford to The two young men looked at the girl in silent wonder. She swept on in the cold torrent of her resolution, checking their unspoken question "We have known you but a little while, Mr. Larrence. You have made your home among us; we have taken you into our friendship. You have pretended to become an American; we have trusted you, befriended you, believed in you. And you have repaid us! The coiled snake from which you saved me was less vile ! Oh, I do not forget what you did! It is that which makes what you have done all the more terrible. I owe you my life. You might have had it, if you had chosen. But you have chosen instead the lives of all these people in the wilderness-

> Slowly He Drew Out the Packet of Papers He Had Wrested From Cranmer.

search for Cranmer," he said, "and I meant to take these papers there at the first opportunity. How Toinette

guessed that I had them, I cannot understand. But, by heaven, Blackford, I can't explain to her! Don't you understand? I wanted her love. I

thought she had given it to me. But His voice faltered again.

"She has worried herself over some rumor-poor Toinette, she's strung to the breaking-point," said Ike gently. obliged to fight in two places at once!

And as these men of letters and oth er persons more or less in the public eye are human, after all, and therefore hypocrites, they are likely to go on the stand with no intention of telling the whole truth, says Scribner's Magazine Their secret delight may be in the mysterious vengeances of Nick of the Woods; yet this is what they would never dare confess, so they get out a search warrant and they take up & collection of their thoughts in order his shouts of laughter could be heard to produce as their first choice Achila block, while the teacher, with cheeks les or Ulysses, Gargantua or Marius

They are equally lacking in frank ness where they volunteer to name a bevy of heroines. They may make a bluff of indifference to beauty by put ting in Jane Evre: but no one of them would be bold enough to acknowledge his sneaking fondness for Becky Sharp that most fascinating villainess.

Thackeray tried to make us dislike Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, thereby incur ing the reproach of Taine-to the ef fect that her creator did not love Becky as Balzac loved Mme. Marneffe Yet, try as hard as he could, Thackeray failed to arouse in the average sensual man any detestation for the impersonator of Clytemnestra at the Gaunt House theatricals. In fact, it the average sensual man had his choice, he would rather take in to din ner Becky than the blameless Amelia beloved by the long-suffering Major Dobbin.

Rich Indian Chief Street Cleaner. Officials of the Trenton street dpartment today discovered that they had among their employees a full blooded Indian chief, Justin Whee Head, who is the owner of a large res ervation and a copper mine in Arizona His case is made especially extraor dinary by reason of the fact that Head although wealthy, is satisfied with his position as a street cleaner,

Head was born in Near, Cal. He came east when a child to attend the Indian Industrial school at Carlisle Pa., and upon completing his education returned to the West. He bought a claim near Gerome, Ariz., and worked at copper smelting for a time About five years ago he came east and has since been employed in indus trial plants and on farms .- Trenton (N. J.) correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Yes, Indeed. "Is your son fond of academic pur-

suits?" "I guess so. He's a pretty regular attendant at the billiard and bowling academy."

Certainly Not. Bill-According to a court ruling the National Guardsmen in the field need not pay alimony. Jill-Of course. Why should he be

street. Coming home she found her own family seated at their table enjoying a substantial but plain dinner. A slight wave of contempt crossed her face. "Why, what did you have for din ner?" her mother asked. "Baked chicken, rice, hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, candied sweet pota-

toes, cranberries, plum jelly and other delinquencies," loftily asserted the little maid .- The Christian Herald.

zled looks and then (from a tall boy

The visitor, with his handkerchief

to his mouth, sped from the room, and

covered with blushes, carefully ex-

plained "greet" as it was meant in the

Not the Simple Life.

Little Dorothy had acquired a fixed

habit of eating Sunday dinner with her

two old and beloved friends, the

Browns, who lived just across the

school reader.-Columbus Dispatch.

of sixteen) : "I'd hug you."



its daily ration of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"





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Y. M. C. A. EXTENDS ITS WORK

War Has Enabled Organization to Gain a Foothold in Both Austria and Russia.

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these settlers, these men who have never harmed you, these women, these DEALTON little children. To betray them, who have only loved you, who have been your friends! To give them into the hands of England and to the knives Her voice broke. At her first words

pression of amazement, which grew deeper and deeper as he listened and glanced from one to the other of his two friends. Now, as her voice faltered, his astonishment broke out: "Toinette, in heaven's name, what is

She answered wearily, listlessly, her voice sinking to a whisper, so that if she doubts me, then-" she seemed like an exhausted bird

that is scarcely able to skim above the waves of the sea: "He has been here as a British spy !"

vain."