

TIPPECANOE

By SAMUEL McCOY

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

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

She shrank away from his filthy hand in unutterable loathing and drew herself face downward in a paroxysm of weeping.

Girty passed his hand soothingly over the trembling shoulders of the girl, and patted the tangled, silken cloud of her hair.

"I kaint blame ye, my dear, fur not takin' a likin' to seech a ugly ole critter as I be, but I've had a hard life, my dear, a hard life. I been ornerly, I'll grant ye, I been ornerly, but I been obliged to be."

"Toinette only sobbed. 'Ain't that fair, as I put it to ye? What kin be fairer nor that? I kin see it as pretty as a picture—me an' ye a-sittin' in front of the fire, me a-readin' in the Book about the blessed Lamb o' God. Oh, ye may know I was as good as any 'en when I was a little devil. I had a good ole mother."

Toinette wondered to hear him name his mother. She made no reply, and he suddenly burst in a string of the foulest oaths, cursing and blaspheming. But he offered her no violence. He still hoped to find some officer in Maiden who would pay a rich price for her. And such a purchaser would demand her physically sound.

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"The drums had begun again, loud, defiant; but instead of drawing nearer their music passed farther and farther away, fainter and fainter. Elkaskawa stole cautiously from the tent. Suddenly there swept over Toinette the realization that Girty had lied—the fires were playing an air that redcoats never marched to—the stirring swing of 'The President's March'!

She leaped to her feet, her eyes blazing. Fainter and fainter came the air to which she unconsciously fitted the triumphant words:

"who fought and bled in Freedom's cause. And when the storm of war was past— 'Listen!' she cried. 'Tis the men from home!' She faced Girty, and all her days of dread, all her hours of suffering were forgotten. 'I have prayed to God and he has answered me."

For a moment Girty was silent before the white radiance of her faith; but he threw off his hesitancy with a sneering laugh. 'A pretty lot of good that handful o' sheep kin do,' he snarled. 'By sundown tomorrow we'll bring ye ever' one of their wet skelps fur ye to play weth.' He stepped hastily outdoors, and assuring himself that the troops had defiled from view, he returned, and, seizing Toinette's arm, dragged her roughly from the tent. As she passed out into the raw November wind, Toinette shivered.

"Ye kin see fer yerself they haint any on yer precious sogers brave enough ter fight a popoose, let alone all these braves," he said tauntingly. The innumerable warriors of the Prophet, hideous in war-paint, stalking to and fro among the tents of the village, lent support to his boast. Toinette looked helplessly from side to side, seeking some avenue of escape, and hope died in her eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Soundlessly, in the dark hour after midnight, the great war-bow of the Indian was strung. But the camp of the Americans slept. A light rain fell. It was nearly dawn.

Suddenly through the black mist apart the red flame of a rifle; with the flame and the crack came the sound of a man running. It was the Kentuckian, Stephen Mars, of Geiger's company, an outpost. A dozen rifles in the hands of crawling Indians rang out; he fell in the wet and tangled brush, his face in the sodden ground.

The night, which had been soundless save for the soft rush of the rain and the dripping of the water from the trees, suddenly became filled with the stir and uproar of the awakening camp, with the whooping of the hidden foe, striking in the dark.

David awoke from sleep and bounded to his feet. A hand clutched his wrist and dragged him down again, while a voice commanded, "Keep low!" He saw that all the others in the company were quickly, silently looking to their rifles, but that all remained crouching on the ground. The yells of the Indians seemed loudest at the extreme left, where Geiger's horsemen stood, and at the extreme right, where Spencer's riflemen lay behind their kneeling horses. Before his own company, which, with the other militia companies of Wilson, Norris and Wilkins, was stationed in the center of the rear line, the woods lay quiet, seemingly empty of any Indians.

David turned about and glanced toward the center of the camp. Fifty yards away were the tents of the officers, lighted up by the campfires. He could distinguish the figures of them all. They were all fully dressed and were buckling on their sword-belts as they talked. Harrison was standing with the soldiers waiting while an orderly

Hargrove, divining that it was the general's intention to ride away toward the points where the savages were attacking in numbers, struck David on the shoulder in his hurry:

"Go ask Colonel Decker if we are to stand here! Quick, before General Harrison goes!"

David ran toward the officers. As he reached them, Harrison succeeded in getting his foot into the stirrup and threw himself into the saddle. Decker was about to mount. David saluted as he ran, crying, "Is Captain Hargrove to stand where he is?"

Harrison answered before the colonel could reply:

"All the captains are to hold their companies as they stand! You will do nothing but hold the ground until light enough to advance!"

He gathered up the reins and with a bound was gone through the falling mist. Boyd, Owen, Hurst, Taylor, Washington Johnston and Davess urged their horses at his heels.

David ran back toward his captain. The horrid tumult at the northwest and southeast angles grew louder. David listened with an excitement that filled his ears with the sound of his own heart throbbing. Two hundred yards away the rifles cracked in a ceaseless splutter.

The drums began. The orderly drummer at the officers' tents was beating the long roll; the steady unvarying tattoo spread its imperious summons through the night with a sound that forced its way through all the wilder babel of the camp. David wondered why it had not begun sooner; it did not seem possible that not sixty seconds had elapsed since the first alarm had been given.

A cold gust made the raindrops waver. He became conscious that his teeth were chattering. Two men, wringing on the ground, succeeded in scattering the fire so that its light died down to the embers. David saw the other company fires go out, one by one. But they had not all been extinguished soon enough.

As the light of the fires died out the flashing of the rifles became more plainly visible. The damp air was heavy with the acrid smell of powder smoke. In the swamp at the east David could see the flames of the Indians' rifles twinkling like fireflies.

The uproar at the northwest angle of the camp, two hundred yards away, grew louder. David strained his eyes through the darkness but distinguished nothing. Suddenly from the dark angle a trumpet blared out its immemorial summons to charge. On the last note arose a burst of cheering.

"Charging!" ejaculated Hargrove at David's side.

It was the plan of the Indians to wait until a girdle had been formed on three sides of the camp, where a simultaneous attack might be made, north, east and south; but before they had completed this detour of the wooded plateau the impatient savages stationed at the northwest corner had drawn in closer and closer to the American sentries in their eagerness to rush in. It was one of these whom Stephen Mars had heard gliding through the wet underbrush; and at the report of his rifle the Indians threw aside concealment and began the onset on the north flank of the little army, without waiting for more of their numbers to complete the circle on the east front.

And so the men of Geiger's Kentucky Rifles and those of Captain Barton's regular troops, forming the northwest angle, awoke to find a hundred shadowy forms rushing on them with the cries of wild beasts. Their answering fire burnt the very breasts of the Indians and lighted up the painted, hideous faces. There was no time to reload; the rifles became clubs that swung and crashed against rib and skull, or red warrior and white went down locked in the terrible embrace which the bloody knife alone, rising and falling, might end.

But the angle held firm. When Harrison and his staff reined in their horses at the spot, the hand-to-hand conflict was over, and the savages had retreated to the shelter of trees, where they might have time to reload their guns. Behind them they left a score of dead and dying of their own number; but some bore at their belts the dripping scalps of the newly slain.

It was then that the trumpeter, at Major Wells' command, had placed the trumpet to his lips and blown the charge. With a cheer, the men of Barton's company heard the order repeated by their own captain and went ahead at a run. Only a dozen or so of Geiger's men had been able to secure their frightened horses at the trumpet call, but these, riding from tree to tree, drove the baffled Indians before them into the willows by the creek, where the horses could go no farther. From the angle came an aide with Harrison's order to sound the recall.

They came back. It was wisdom that saved them from being cut off from the main body of the troops. For the light had just begun. Only a little breathing space they had; and in it they looked upon the faces of their dead.

The commander and his staff inspected the lines, letting their horses pick their way through the trees, through the darkness, loose-reined; each company, as they passed it, pleading to be allowed to go into the thick of the fight, and the commander counseling each to hold its ground, until at last they came to Norris and Warrick's companies at the corner of the right flank and here found Spier Spencer's riflemen from Corydon in

such as Geiger's and Barton's companies had just gone through.

At this moment David heard someone calling to his captain. He strained his eyes through the mist, and as the man ran up to Hargrove, David recognized him as George Croghan. Captain Hargrove spoke sharply:

"What's the matter?"

Croghan saluted. "The chief surgeon has requested Colonel Decker to let him have some assistance. We have only three surgeon's mates. We need more help with the stretchers. Can you detail someone, sir?"

Hargrove named Lawrence and Crocker; they hurried away as Croghan led. From company to company they ran, lifting the dead and wounded on rude litters and bearing them to the shelter of the wagons in the center of the camp; here they left their burdens and went back for a second and a third time, and each time found some new victims.

And then David was in the thick of the panting struggle which Spier Spencer's men were enduring. The horses lay on the ground, and from over their backs the riflemen fired into the darkness peopled with the vague shapes of the howling savages; but the horses, terrified by the uproar and mysterious stinging things that tore them, tried again and again to rise; their masters kept them down only by superhuman exertions.

There was a momentary lull; from across the little valley where the rushing creek gurgled among the willows there came a strange and wild chanting; high above the groans and the sounds of hurrying feet it rose, the sonorous cadence of the aborigine's prayer to the Great Manitou, the father of all.

"Tis the Shawnee Prophet, singing his own song," said Dubois, the interpreter at Harrison's side.

David looked at General Harrison. The silent horseman seemed to have gathered in his eyes all the tremendous tragedy of the despairing race of red men. And then a grim smile crossed his face, as he reflected that he and his little army, uncouth, profane, greedy for material things, so-called as all humanity, was the flaming sword of the progress of humanity—driving out the old order, substituting the new.

The song of Elkskataka, the Prophet, the Loud Voice, went on. The white men heard it and were troubled. The red men heard it and grew drunk with audacity.

The men of Parke's and Beggs' dragoons began to cheer as the four men laid their unconscious burden down in safety, and the exultant yells spread like fire from end to end of the little plateau; for Davess had been struck at the very moment when the attack of the savages had ceased, and from group to group of powder-grimed and bloodstained riflemen ran the shouts of victory.

The sky had scarcely lightened. The trees still dripped with rain. They had been fighting less than four hours; and the baffled Prophet, his incantations futile, his power shattered, was flying through the woods. A hundred of his braves lay upon the sodden field; the rest had faded away like the mist that drifted through the forest.

All day the men rested, caring for the wounded, burying the dead, repairing their rifles. All day Davess lay beneath the tree where they had placed him, his life slowly ebbing out; and when at last his eyes closed, they buried him by the side of Thomas Randolph, the Virginian, his friend. The battle was won; and, although they did not know it, this handful of men had saved to the nation an empire. Men threw themselves on the ground, the dreadful tension relaxed; young John Tipton scrawled in his daily journal; but David could not rest.

In the night that followed he wrestled in agony with his fear for Toinette. At dawn they were to attack the Prophet's village. Would she be found there, living or dead? He could not shut from his eyes the picture of what dreadful signs might be found in the tents—a torn robe, a tress of blood-stained hair, even her body—shuddered and the cold sweat stood upon his forehead. At last dawn came and the men were once more un-leashed.

CHAPTER XV.

On Wildcat Creek.

Toinette was dead. The news came to David and left him without hope or aim or wish for life. One of the Indian prisoners told the horrible story of her death to his captors, with a gleam of fiendish malevolence in his eyes.

David shuddered as he had not among all the carnage of battle, and his limbs tottered beneath him. Some one of the soldiers raised up his rifle and struck down the boaster as he was crushing a snake. No one held back his hand.

One, with awkward sympathy, put his hand on the shoulder of the shaken David and led him back to the American camp. Behind them the ruined village lay smoking in the November sun; but David himself walked as in a dream. Men who met him stepped aside in silence to let him pass, daring to ask no question. Behind him rose the wailing of the Indian women, mourning for their dead, wailing among the trampled maize; and the unutterable sorrow in his heart grew heavier beneath their unending lamentation as the stalks of corn were beaten to the sodden ground in the cold rain of the dying year.

Mechanically he took up his work of watching over the wounded in the heavy wagons. The camp was struck, the homeward journey begun. The suffering of the men in the wagons was torture indescribable. Over the uneven ground the oxen dragged the lumbering carts, the wooden disks that served as wheels slipping and jolting over rocks and into ditches with a cruelty which was no less heartrending because it was unavoidable. Hot with fever under the icy wind and racked with the terrific jolting, the wounded men raved, cursed, sang in delirium. Of the 151 wounded, 52 died on the merciless journey from the battlefield to the blockhouse on the Vermilion river, where the boats had been left. Day and night David heard their pitiful moaning; the wailing of the Indian women, mourning for their dead, wailing among the trampled maize; and the unutterable sorrow in his heart grew heavier beneath their unending lamentation as the stalks of corn were beaten to the sodden ground in the cold rain of the dying year.

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With the fife's shrill music in their ears, the Yellow Jackets held their ground, though MacMahon, who took Spencer's place, fell dead, and Berry, his second lieutenant, fell also; held it for two hours in the face of the frenzied attack of the Indians.

The men with the litters were very busy; not only here but back at the northwest angle, where the first attack had been made. At the opposite angle Jo Davess was still chafing with impatience. From behind a log, seventy yards away, a dozen Indian sharpshooters were pouring a wicked fire into the mass of tethered horses of the three squadrons of dragoons—Parke's, Funk's and Beggs' companies. Twice Davess had sent to Harrison for permission to charge and dislodge them. The stripling Croghan carried his third request. Presently Croghan came back on the run. He was wild with delight.

"Tell Major Davess," Harrison had said, "that he has heard my opinion twice; he may now use his own discretion."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Davess. Hastily he called for twenty volunteers. Quickly they threw themselves in the saddle. David saw them dash across the little space between the line and the log where the Indians were hidden and saw the spurts of red flame run along the top of the log. For every flash of fire a trooper reeled in his saddle; at the front rode Davess, the idol of the backwoodsmen. As the red warriors began to break and scatter from behind the log, the last of their rifles rang out together, and the Kentuckian rose in his stirrups, clutched at his breast, and pitched headlong.

As he saw Davess fall, David drew a deep breath and began to run across the wet and slippery grass that lay between the camp and the ambushingly wooded woods beyond. The bullets ripped viciously through the dripping weeds and tore into the frozen ground at his feet. He heard shouts of warning, like voices in a dream, behind him; but he paid no heed and reached the Kentuckian's side unhurt. He placed his hand under Davess's shoulders and the dead weight sickened him. Three men from Parke's company ran out and joined him as he strove to lift the body; with a desperate heave they raised up the dying man and staggered back toward the line of riflemen.

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itions and the incoherent wanderings of their tortured minds:

"A tubful of honey in the lean-to and the bear got it!"—"That ball went through the hoop!"—"Make the stockade higher!"—"From Kaskasky with George Clark, I tell ye!"—"The Angel Gabriel set his feet on those stones!"—"No, dearie, there ain't no more men!"—"Teacher, may I get a fresh quill?"—"I'm a old man an' I want some whisky!"—"All the Federalists' schemin'!"—"Water! ain't there even some rainwater?"—"Oh, Molly, Molly, Molly!"—"Watch the right flank! The right flank!"—"Water! Water!"

Three miles below Tippecanoe the fleeing Prophet made a night's camp on Wildcat creek, the Panse Pichou of the French. Dubois' scouts found the warm ashes of his campfire there and close by one of the guides picked up a bit of lace. The man put it in the pocket of his shirt and brought it back to the marching column. David was among the men who crowded about him to gaze at the tiny shred of cloth; and having seen it he put out his hand and took it, and no man said him no; for they saw that he had recognized it as a part of a garment of Antoinette O'Bannon, whom he had loved and who was slain. Willingly the man who had found the cloth led David, at his request, back to the ashes of the fire and there left him in silence; and for a long time David stood looking at the ground where Toinette's feet last had been.

The frozen wilderness was very still. The bare branches of the forest creaked and groaned in the November gusts, but there was no sound of human life. On a dead limb a mottled woodpecker with a scarlet cap searched industriously and vainly for its food. A sleek, brown-furred beaver crawled to the top of the stream's bank, looked inquiringly at the motionless figure brooding over the ashes of the fire, and slid back into the water with a splash. Deep in the woods a flock of wild turkeys clucked among the underbrush. And so standing, David tasted the dregs the bitterness of his failure, the numbing consciousness of irremediable loss; tasted the bitterness of helpless defeat and spent his hour of agony and vain self-reproach, while the grim forest shut him in its silence.

A rifle cracked. The ball knocked the cap from David's head. An inch to the right and he would have fallen, his skull shattered; but he had bent his head at the very moment when the hidden marksman's finger pressed the trigger. He was all alone; only his own speed and quickness of resource saved him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"STATE" ONLY A MEMORY

But for Four Years Franklin Took Rank With Its Sisters Under the Stars and Stripes.

Historically curious, but almost forgotten, is the fact that the state of Franklin existed in this country between 1784 and 1788. Many emigrants from North Carolina had crossed the mountains and settled in what is now known as East Tennessee. The territory belonged to North Carolina, but the state government had not been able to give it much attention. Owing to financial and other troubles North Carolina ceded the territory to the general government. The inhabitants did not relish the idea of thus being cast adrift so unceremoniously, so they organized a state and set up a government of their own. To their new commonwealth they gave the name "Franklin," after the Philadelphia philosopher. But congress declined to recognize the new state, and North Carolina raised strong objections. The latter withdrew the cession to the government, and undertook to resume control of the territory. A long quarrel ensued between the North Carolina state government and the citizens of "Franklin." The leader of the latter was "Governor" Sevier while a Colonel Tipton represented the former. There was an immense amount of bickering and much confusion, but very little bloodshed. It finally ended in North Carolina resuming control of the territory, and "the state of Franklin" was known no more.

Mummy Wasn't Educated in Law. "Mummy" Washington seemed very ill at ease in court. She admitted to the judge that it was her first time or "polecatman ground." Considerable difficulty was experienced in making her answer questions. She would go just so far and then stop, all afuster. The judge hit upon a scheme. "There is no need for you to be excited, Mrs. Washington," he said, with a smile. "I'm just a judge and you are just you."

At last the old negress found her tongue. "Dat's jes' hit, suh," she cried, explosively. "I is me, but yo' isn't yo', in dem speec's, and wid dat croaky mallet in yo' han'. Ef yo' could fix hit fer ter talk dis over in a kitchen, I'd be all right, judge!"—Case and Comment.

Steam-Driven Seaplanes. Navy department experiments indicate that steam-driven seaplanes may solve the motor problem of air navigation. Many officers believe that only the question of getting the weight of the steam plant down to the lowest possible figure remains to be answered before a steamer of the air is constructed and tried out.

Steam equipment would guarantee constancy of power upon which aeroplanes depend for stability. Most accidents to aviators, it is pointed out, may be due to failure of motors. Steam turbines also would provide power far in excess of anything now obtainable with gasoline engines, it is said, a factor vital to the navy, since seaplanes are much heavier than aeroplanes for service over land.

Some Nightmare! Flukes—I had a fearful dream last night.

Dukes—What was it? Flukes—I dreamed that I was a centipede and had a corn on every toe. Each man in the regular army is said to cost Great Britain \$1,500 a year.

Society Girls' Fad.

The latest fad among some of the New York society girls is to have the picture of the man they expect to wed photographed on their wrist. The recent experiments in photography have developed this means whereby photos may be printed on the human skin. Usually the likeness is taken on the wrist. It is no larger than a five-cent piece and can be covered by a bracelet or wrist watch. The prints made upon the skin serve somewhat the same purpose as tattoo marks, since they are practically indelible. A photographic film of special composition is fixed to the skin and exposed to the sun for printing. Some strong prints have been made this way.

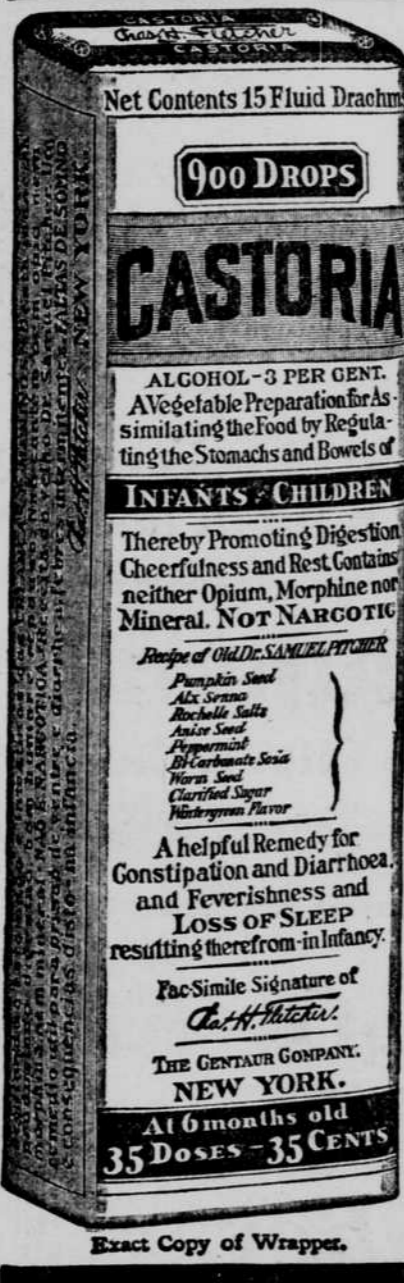
Wheel Farmer. She—My father, you know, is one of the most successful truck raisers in the South. He—You don't mean it; where is his farm located? She—Hans't any! He works in the car shops.—Selected.

Did you ever notice that the size of trouble is your cue to start the configuration yourself.

HAVE HEALTH TO YOUR CREDIT

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA



COLT DISTEMPERS

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Stuck Strictly to Facts. Some people are too literal for anything. A young man gave a graphic description of a narrow escape that he had recently had from an enraged bull:

Ben was ten years old and thought it altogether ridiculous to treat him as a baby any longer. His father had a lawyer friend who did not seem to have arrived at this knowledge of Ben's growth and so usually addressed him in the same way in which he had spoken to him five years ago.

"Well, how's my little man today?" he asked. Ben sat down and looked in the opposite direction, having spoken to the gentleman as he came in. The man repeated his question, and then Ben answered:

"Indeed, Mr. Smith, I have not seen your little man and would not know him if I saw him."

"Ben," his father thundered, "why don't you answer Mr. Smith politely when he asks about your health?" "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Ben, in a very dignified voice, "I am very well, thank you."

But Mr. Smith discovered at last that Ben was grown up.

Electrical Voits. A Columbus (Ind.) man called a newspaper office there to get some election news. He wished to know how many states had given their electoral votes to Hughes and how many had gone for Wilson. He did a little mental arithmetic and then asked another question. Here it is:

"Well, how many electrical voits are there, anyhow?" He probably was a brother to the Indianapolis man who called to learn whether his favorite "had enough collateral notes to win."—Indianapolis News.

The tree does not fall at the first stroke.

Bodily Housekeeping (BY V. M. PIERCE, M. D.) The subject of drinking water with meals has been misunderstood. In recent years investigation by means of X-rays, the observations of scientists such as Cannon, Grutzner, Taylor, Fowler, Hawk, prove that an abundance of water taken during digestion is necessary in good bodily housekeeping. If your kidneys are sick, or you suffer with lumbago or rheumatism at times, pain in the back or back of the neck, take a little Anuric before meals. This can be found at any good drug store. Therefore my advice to you young people, always drink plenty of pure water. And for long life, occasionally take tablets of Anuric three or four times a day. Anuric acts much more quickly than lithia. Many find it dissolves uric acid as water does sugar.

Green's August Flower Is the one remedy always to be relied upon for indigestion, constipation, and that dizzy feeling. 51 years test has proved it the best in many thousands of households. Try it and learn by that means how easy it is to keep well. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all drug stores and Dealers. Always keep a bottle handy.



SUFFERED SEVERE PAINS

Maywood, Neb.—"Last fall I was almost broken down in health. I almost hardly stand to do my household work. I would get so tired that I could hardly take another step, and my night's rest did not refresh me very much. A friend loaned me the 'Common Sense Medical Adviser' and after reading part of it I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. I took six bottles of the former and five of the latter and I felt like myself again. I have much faith in the 'Favorite Prescription' for woman's trouble, as it has done me a world of good."—MRS. L. VANDERHEIDEN. Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery can be obtained at any drug store in either liquid or tablet form. They have the guarantee of 40 years behind them, and do not contain alcohol nor narcotics. Ingredients are printed on wrapper.—Adv.