THE DAILY JOURNAL, SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

liam's Pink Pills for

Pale People.

Mr. Munday's address is No. 815

Pine street, Red Jacket, Calumet P.

O., Mich. His case is but one out of

thousands that have been cured by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-

from stomach trouble should send for

a copy of Dr. Williams' diet book, en-

titled "What to Eat and How to Eat."

It is free whether you try Dn Wil-

liams' Pink Pills or not and it has

helped many to find renewed health

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

People are not a new remedy but have

been used for years throughout the

civilized world. As a blood builder

and a nerve tonic the pills have no

equal and they have cured many cases

of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis,

St. Vitus' dance, sciatia, neuralgia,

rheumatism, nervous headache, the

after effects of the grip, palpitation of

the heart, pale and sallow complexions

and all forms of weakness either in

male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills for Pale People are sold by all

Any reader who is suffering

them to me."

ple.

and vigor.

Heverley listened as one who nears a clever reader intoning a strange and captivating peeth. To his mind it was clear that she belonged to the Tariston family of Virginia, Youth always concludes a matter at once. He knew living in almost every colony in Amerct. The crest he recognized at a with three stars. It was not for a woman to bear. But doubtless it had been enameled on the locket merely as America

"The black woman was your nurse, rour maining," he said. "I know by promises much more than a hopeless that and by your prayer in English as light against an overwheiming force." well as by your looket that you are of a good old family."

Like most southerners, he had strong faith in genenlogy, and he held at his tongue's tip the names of all the old families. The Carters, the Blairs, the Fitzhtighs, the Hansons, the Bandolphs, the Lees, the Ludwells, the Joneses, the Beverley's, the Tarletonsa whole estalogue of them stretched back in his memory. He knew the cont of arms displayed by each house. He could repeat their legends.

"I wish you could tell me more," he went on. "Can't you recollect anything further about your early childhood, your first impressions-the house. the woman who mught you to pray, the old black mammy? Any little thing might be of priceless value as evidence.

"There is absolutely nothing more to she said. "All my life I have tell." tried to remember more; but it's impossible; I can't get any further back or call up another thing. There's no use trying ... It's all like a dream; probably it is one. I do have such dreams, In my sleep I can lift myself into the air just as easy and fly back to the same big white house that I seem to remember. When you told me about your home it was like something that I had often seen before. I shall be dreaming about it next."

Beverley cross questioned her from every possible point of view. He was fascinated with the mystery, but she gave him nothing out of which the least further light could be drawn. A half breed woman, it seemed, had been her Indian foster mother, a slient. grave, watchful guardian from whom not a hint of disclosure ever fell. She was moreover a Christian woman who had received her conversion from an English speaking Protestant missionary. She prayed with Allee, thus keeping in the child's mind a perfect memory of the Lord's prayer.

"Well," sold Beverley at last, "you are more of a mystery to me the longer I know you."

"Then I must grow every day more distasteful to you."

"No; I love mystery."

He wont away feeling a new web of interest binding him to this inscrutable maiden whose life seemed to him at once so full of idyllic happiness and so enshrouded in tantalizing doubt. At the first opportunity he frankly questioned M. Roussillon, with no helpful result. The big Frenchman told the same meager story. The woman was dying in the time of a great epidemic which killed most of her tribe. She gave Alice to M. Roussillon, but told him not a word about her ancestry or previous life. That was all.

A wise old man when he finds him-

English. So they acted upon M. Bouysillon's advice and offered no resistance when the new army approached.

"My poor people are not disloyal in your flag and your cause," said good Father Beret next morning to Capinin some of the Tarletons. But it was a Helm, "but they are powerless. Wir-widely southered family, its members ter is upon us. What would you have us do? This rickety fort is not available for defense. The men are nearly all giance by the dragon on the belinet far away on the plains. Ian't it the part of prodence and common sense to make the best of a desperate situation? Should we restat, the British and their a family mark, as was often done to savage allies would destroy the town and commit outrages too horrible to think about. In this case diplomacy are with but five or six men".

> "T'll fight 'em." Helm ground out be-tween his teeth, "if I have to do it single handed and alone! I'll fight 'em!" Father Beret smiled grimly, as if he, teo, would enjoy a lively skirmish, and

bine. "I admire your courage, my son, Fighting is perfectly proper upon fait occasion. But think of the poor women and children. These old eyes of mind have seen some terrible things done by enraged savages. Men can die fighting. but their poor wives and daughtersab, I have seen. I have seen!"

Beverley felt a pang of terror shoot through his heart as Father Beret's simple words made him think of Alics in connection with the Indian massacro "Of course, of course it's horrible to think of," safd Helm, "but my duty is clear, and that flag" - he pointed to where in banniere d'Alice Roussillon



"That flag shall not come down save in Jull honor."

was almost blowing away in the cold wind-"that flag shall not come down save in full honor."

His speech sounded preposterously boastful and hollow, but he was manfully in earnest. Every word came from his brave heart.

Father Beret's grim smile returned, lighting up his strongly marked face with the strangest expression imaginable.

"We will get all the women inside the fort," Heim began to say. "Where the Indians will find them ready penned up and at their mercy.'

quickly interpolated the priest. "That will not do." "Well, then, what can be done?" Bey-

erley demanded, turning with a fierce stare upon Father Beret. "Don't stand there objecting to everything, with not a suggestion of your own to offer." "I know what is best for my people," the old man replied softly, still smiling. "I have advised them to stay inwide their houses and take no part in the military event. It is the only hope of averting an indiscriminate massacre and things worse. The curt phrase, "things worse, went like a builet stroke through Bevorley's heart. It flashed an awful picture upon his vision. Father Beret saw his face whiten and his lips set themselves to resist a great emotion. "Do not be angry with me, my son," he said, laying a hand on the young man's arm. "I may be wrong, but I act upon long and convincing experience. "Experience or no experience," Helm exclaimed, with an oath, "this fort must be manned and defended. I am commanding here!" "Yes, I recognize your authority." responded the priest in a firm yet deferential tone, "and I heartily wish you had a garrison. But where is your command, Captain Heim?" "Where is my garrison, you ask! Yes. and I can tell you. It's where you might expect a gang of dad blasted jabbering French good for nothings to be, off high gannicking around shooting buffaloes instead of staying here and defending their wives, children, homes and country! The few I have in the fort will sneak off. I sup-

AT RED With a mercuess reansm that chilled his blood. All the sweet romance fell away from Vincennes.

"Well, sir, right or wrong, your duty is to obey orders," said Heim with bratal severity.

"We had better not quarrel, cap-tain," Beverley replied. "I have not signified any unwillingness to obey your commands. Give them, and you will have no cause to grumble."

"Forgive me, old fellow!" cried the impulsive commander. "I know you are true as steel. I s'pose I'm wound up too tight to be polite. But the time is coming to do something. Here we He was interrupted by the arrival of

two more half breed scouts. Only three miles away was a large

flotilla of boats and canoes with car non, a force of Indians on land and the British fing flying-that was the

report. "They are moving rapidly," said the

spokesman, "and will be here very soon. They are at least 600 strong, all well armed."

"Push that gun to the gate and load it to the muzzle, Lieutenant Beverley," Helm ordered with admirable firmness, the purple flush in his face giving Pink Pills for Pale People and they way to a grayiah pallor. "We are going to die right here or have the boners of war."

Beverley obeyed without a word. He even loaded two guns instead of one, charging each so heavily that the last wad looked as if ready to leap from the grimy mouth.

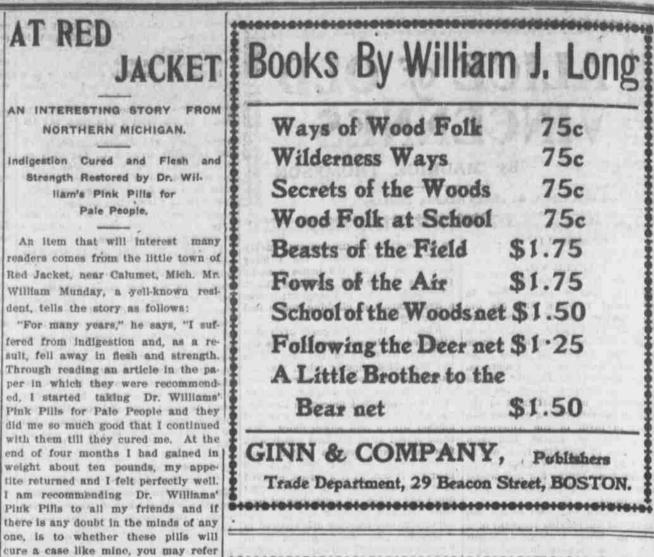
Heim had already begun, on receiving the first report, a hasty letter to Colonel Clark at Kaskaskia. He now added a few words and at the last moment sent it out by a trusted man, who was promptly captured by Hamilton's advance guard. The missive, evidently written in instaliments during, the slow approach of the British, is still in the Canadian archives, and runs thus: Dear Sir-At this time there is an army within three miles of this place; I heard of their coming several days beforehand, I sent spice to find the certainty-the spice being taken prisoner 1 never got intelli-gence till they got within three miles of town. As I had called the militia and had all assurances of their integrity I ordered at the firing of a cannon every man to appear, but I saw but few. Captain Buseron behaved much to his honor and credit, but I doubt the conduct of a cer-tain gent. Excuse hoste, as the army is in sight. My determination is to defend the garrison, (sic) though I have but twenty-one men but what has left me. I refer you to Mr. Wines (sic) for the rest. The army is within three hundred yards of the village. You must think how I feel; not four men that I really depend upon; but am determined to act bravethink of my condition. I know it is out of my power to defend the town, as not ons of the militia will take arms, though be-fore sight of the army no braver men. There is a flag at a small distance, I must conclude. Your humble servant, LEO'D HELM.

Must stop. To Colonel Clark.

Having completed this task, the letter shows under what a pervous strain, Helm turned to his lieutenant and said:

"Fire a swivel with a blank charge. We'll give these weak kneed parlyvoos one more call to duty. Of course not a frog eater of them all will come. But I said that a gun should be the signal. Possibly they didn't hear the first one, the deaf, cowardly hounds!"

Beverley wheeled forth the swivel and rammed a charge of powder home. But when he fired it the effect was far from what it should have been. Instead of calling in a fresh body of milltin it actually drove out the few who up to that moment had remained as a garrison, so that Captain Helm and his fleutenant found themselves quite. alone in the fort, while out before the gate, deployed in fine open order, a strong line of British soldiers approached with sturdy steps, led by a tall, erect, ruddy faced young officer. (To Be Continued.)



JUST ARRIVED

A new and complete line of HOWARD'S BRISTLE BRUSHES. Genuine bristle goods at reasonable prices.

LOONEN'S BEST TOOTH BRUSHES.

Clothes and bath brushes, in fact any kind of a brush you want.

The wonderful kidney cure FULTON'S COMPOUND for sale at

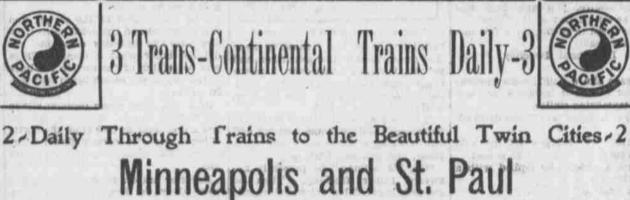


lage phaph

J. M. Haberly, Prop.

Next to Thompson's and Barr's, the Jewelers.

dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and fifty Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y.



self in a blind alley no sooner touches the terminal wall than he faces about and goes back the way he came. Under like circumstances a young man' must needs try to batter the wall down with his head. In Beverley's case the clash was profoundly disturbing. And now he clutched the thought that Allce' was not a mere child of the woods, but a daughter of an old family of cavallers!

With coat buttoned close against the driving wind he strode toward the fort in one of those melodramatic moods to which youth in all climes and times is subject. It was like a slop in the face when Captain Helm met him at the stockade gate and said:

"Well, sir, you are good at hiding." "Hiding! What do you mean, Captain Helm?" he demanded, not in the mildest tone

"I mean, sir, that I've been hunting for you for an hour and more over the whole of this town. The English and Indians are upon us, and there's no time for fooling. Where are all the menT

Beverley comprehended the situation in a second. Helm's face was congested with excitement. Some scouts had come in with the news that Governor Hamilton, at the head of 500 or 600 soldiers and Indians, was only three or four miles up the river.

"Where are all the men?" Helm repeated.

"Buffalo hunting, most of them," said Beverley.

"What in thunder are they off hunt ing bullaloos for ?" raged the excited captain.

"You might go to thunder and see," Beverley suid, and they both laughed in sheer masculine contempt of a predicament too grave for anything but grim mirth.

What could they do? Even Oncle Jason and Rene de Ronville were off with the hunters. Helm sent for M. Roussilion in the desperate hope that he could suggest something, but he lost his head and hustled off to hide his money and valuables. Indeed the French people all feit that, so far as they were concerned, the chief thing was to save what they had. They well knew that it mattered little which of the two masters hold over them-they must shift for themselves. In their hearts they were true to France and America; but France and America could not now protect them against Hamilton, therefore it would be like suicide to magnify patriotism or any other sentiment objectionable to the "The French gave you this post on easy terms, captain," blandiy retorted Father Beret.

"Yes, and they'll hand it over to Hamilton, you think, on the same basis," cried Helm, "but I'll show you! I'll show you, Mr. Priest?"

"Pardon me, captain. The French are loyal to you and to the flag yonder. They have sworn it. Time will prove It. But in the present desperate dilemma we must choose the safer horn."

Saying this Father Beret turned about and went his way. He was chuckling heartily as he passed out of the gate.

"He is right," said Beverley after a few moments of reflection, during which he was wholly occupied with Allce, whose terrified face in his anticipation appealed to him from the midst of howling savages, smoking eabins and mangled victims of lust and massacro. His imagination mainted the

Everybody

Goes to the White House lunch counter at noon. Open all hours of the day and night.



HAVE YOUR MEASURE TAKEN

for your new Fall garments. It is the only proper and sat-isfactory way of buying your clothes, being that "GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER." Make your selection from the tail. your selection from the tailoring line of

TRAUSS BROS Chicago, Est. 1877 Good tailors for over a quarter century

You'll find a world of pleasare in wearing the clothes made by Strausa Bros.,--faultiess in style, fit, finish and materials. They're so much better than the ordi-nary run of clothes, yet prices are astonishingly low, prices are astonishingly low, and your perfectly safe in or-dering, because if garments are not satisfactory, you ncedn't take them. WE WILL HE PLEASED TO SHOW YOU OUR GREAT LINE OF SAMPLES-CALL ON

W. Johnson



1 - Transcontinental Train Daily - 1

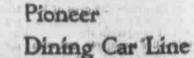
VIA THE ... Northern Pacific---Burlington Route ...

To

Denver; Lincoln, Neb.; Omaha, Neb.; St. Joseph, Mo ; Kansas City; St. Louis and all points East and Southeast.

Only Direct Line to the Famous

Yellowstone National Park The Old Reliable

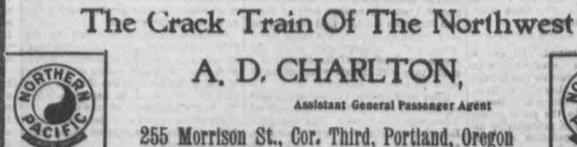


Excellent Through Car Service

Your Baggage Can Be Checked Through to Destination. Union Depot Connections. TRY THE

'North Coast Limited'

ELECTRIC LIGHTS ----- ELECTRIC FANS



A. D. CHARLTON. **Assistant General Passenger Agent**



255 Morrison St., Cor. Third, Portland, Oregon