

T was shivering with the cold, and lost no time shifting into the warm. dry clothing provided, spreading out my own soaked garments over the of the lower bunk, but careful first to remove my packet of private papers, which, wrapped securely in oiled slik, were not even damp. Fate had played a strange trick, and I knew not how best to turn it to advantage. One thing only was clear: whatever was to be accomplished I would have "to do it alone nowhere could I turn for help. In the first place Kirby undoubtedly had the law with him, and besides was among friends—those who would naturally believe him and were loyal to the institution of slavery. The very fact that this was a Memphis boat we were on precluded any possibility that the crew would sympathize with a nigger-stealer. Nor could I anticipate any assistance from without. Steamboats were few and far between on these northern waters, and at this time, if the report of war was true, everything affoat would be head-ed upstream, laden with troops and provisions. That the report was true I had no doubt. The probability of an outbreak was known before I left Fort Armstrong; the crists had come ear-Her than expected, that was all. This, then, was the situation-

dence here we were all together on this steamer, which was steadily churning its way northward, every turn of the wheel bearing us deeper into the wilderness. The chances were that we should thus be aboard for several days; certainly until we encountered some other boat bound downstream which would accept us as passengers. Meanwhile what should How escape observation? How reach Rene, without encountering Kirby? The answer was not an easy The deputy would not know me, for I had never been seen by him Kirby believed me dead, yet might recognize me in spite of that conviction if we met face to face. Still, would he? The daring hope that he might not came to me in a flash, Might it not be possible to so disguise myself as to become unnoticeable? sprang up to stare at my features in the small mirror hanging over the washstand. The face which confront-ed me in surprise was almost a strange one even to my eyes. Instead of the smart young soldier, smoothly shaven, with closely trimmed half, and rather carefully attired, as I had appeared on board the Warrior, the glass reflected a bearded face, the skin visibly roughened and reddened by exposure, the hair ragged and uncombed. Even to my view there remained scarcely a familiar feature—the lack of razor and shears, the exposure to sun and water, the days of sickness and neglect, had all helped to transform me into a totally different-appearing person from what I had formerly been; the officer and gentleman had, by the mystery of environment, been changed into the outward semblance of a river roustabout. Nor was this all. The new character was emphasized by the clothes I wore-far too large to fit; also the texture and color, not to mention the dirt and grease, speaking loudly of a rough life and the vicissitudes of poverty. The metamorphosis was complete; so complete that I laughed aloud, assured by that one glance that the gambler, confident that I was dead, would never by any possibility recognize me in this

nondescript garments. But the girl-Rene? And so this was how I had appeared to her. No wonder she questioned me; doubted my first explanation. I had approached her confident that my appearance as a gentleman would awak-en her trust; I had felt myself to be a most presentable young man, in whom she must instantly repose faith, Yet this had not been true at allinstead I came to her with the out-ward bearing of a worthless vagabond, a stubble-bearded outcast. And yet she had trusted me; would trust me again. More: she could never be deceived, or fail to recognize my presence aboard if she had the freedom of the deck. Kirby might be deceived, but not Rene. If I could only plan to meet with her first alone, the peril of her recognition would not be extreme. But I must also figure upon the

guise, or while habilitated in such

other woman. Who could she be? Not Eloise Beaucaire surely, for the mate had only mentioned one of the two as being sufficiently white to be notice-That one would surely be Rene, and it was scarcely probable that Eloise, with no drop of negro blood in her veins, could appear colored. Per-haps this second woman was Delia, the quadroon mother. But if so how did she chance to fall alone into Kir-by's clutches? Was she aboard the keelboat, locked below in the cabin, when it rammed into us? If she had been captured at Shrunk's camp during their murderous raid, what had become of her companion? Where was Eloise Beaucaire? The harder I sought to straighten out this mystery the more involved it became.

With every additional glance at the face reflected by the mirror my confi- we were gliding he disappeared after

dence strengthened in the ability to encounter Kirby and pass unrecog-Convinced as he undoubtedly was of my death in the black waters of the river he could not possibly imagine my presence aboard the Adven-turer, while my personal appearance was so utterly changed as to suggest to his mind no thought of familiarity. The conditions were all in my favor I was smiling grimly at this conceit well pleased at the chance thus afforded me, when the stateroom does

face of the mate thrust within. "I reckon yer better tote them wet duds down ter the boller room," he said gruffly, "an' then git sum grub. Likely 'nough yer wouldn't mind eatin' a bit. Be yer a river man?"

was suddenly flung open and the hairy

"I've never worked on a steamboat, If that is what you mean.

"No; well, I reckoned not, but the captain be thought maybe ver had. I tol' him yer didn't talk like no steamer hand. Howsumever, we're almighty short o' help aboard, an' maybe ger'd like a job ter help pay yer way?

My fingers involuntarily closed on some loose goldpieces in my pocket, out a sudden thought halted me. Why not? In what better way could I escape discovery? As an employee of the boat I would go about the decks unsuspected and unnoticed. would never give me a second thought or glance, while the opportunity thus fforded of speaking to Rene and being of service to her would be imineas-I withdrew my urably increased. hand, swiftly deciding my course of action.

"I suppose I might as well earn a bit," I admitted, hesitatingly. "Only I had about decided I'd enlist if the war was still going on when we got up

"That'll be all right. We'll keep yer busy till then, enghow. Go on down below now an' eat, an' when yer git through climb up the ladder an' report What'll I call yer?'

"Steve." "Steve-hey; sorter handy man,

"Well, I've done a little of everyhing in my time. I'm not afraid to

During most of the remaining hours of the morning the mate kept me employed below, in company with a number of others of the crew, in sorting over the miscellaneous cargo, which had evidently been very hastily lond-The work was bard and dirty, and-after a few hours of it I must have looked my assumed part to perfection. The overseer gave me a hat which added little to my personal appearance, and by the time we were called to knock off for the noon meal I was thoroughly tired and disgusted, feeling as much a roustabout as I certainly looked.

The meal was served on an unplaned plank, the ends resting on kegs in front of the boilers. I was still busily munching away on the coarse, poorly cooked food when Mapes, prowling about, chanced to spy me among the shadows.

"Hullo; is that you, Steve?" he asked gruffly. "Well, when yer git done eatin' I got another job fer yer on deck. Yer hear me?"

I signified that I did, and indeed was even then quite ready to go, my heart throbbing at this opportunity to survey other sections of the boat. I followed him engerly up the ladder, and ten minutes later was busily employed with scrubbing brush and a bucket of water, in an endeavor to improve the outward appearance of the paint of the upper deck. I was engaged busily scraping at the dingy paint of the pilot house, when a negro, evidently a cook, from his dress, came up from the lower deck, bearing a tray well laden with food in one hand, and disap-peared aft. He did not even notice my presence or glance about, but 1 instantly shrank back out of sight, for I became immediately conscious that omeone was closely following him. This second man proved to be one of the fellows in civilian clothing I had previously noticed at the table below, a tall, sallow individual, attired in a suit of brown jeans, his lean, cracker face ornamented by a grizzled bunch of chin whiskers.

"Yer wait a minute thar, Jim," he called out, "till I unlock that thar door. I ain't ther kind thet takes

chances with no nigger.' I recognized the peculiar voice instability, for I had listened to that lazy drawl before while hidden in the darkness beneath the Beaucaire verandathe fellow was Tim, the deputy sher-iff from St. Louis. The negro rested his tray on the rail, while the white man fumbled through his pockets for a key, finally locating it and inserting the instrument into the lock of the second cabin from the stern. I heard no words exchanged with anyone within, but the negro pushed the tray forward without entering, sliding it along the deck, while Tim, evidently satis-fied that his charges were quite safe, promptly reclosed and locked the door, returning the key to the security of his pocket. After staring a moment over the rall at the shore past which

LARGE HOLIDAY **BUSINESS DONE**

VOLUME OF CHRISTMAS TRADE WELL IN EXCESS OF LAST YEAR IN SPITE OF EFFECTS OF BIG STORM.

While the amount of Christmas business transacted to date is not quite so large as had been expected. it is well in excess of the volume of trade at this time a year ago, according to Bend merchants who are being rushed to death by the demands of Christmas shoppers. The record snow storm is given as the chief cause for the slight falling off in the amount of trade expected at this season, for city streets and county roads alike, proved a hindrance to buyers for more than a week after the record snowfall. In fact the first country shoppers to come in to make up their Christmas lists, visited Bend Saturday.

In spite of the effect of the storm, however, the merchants are having just about all the work that they can take care of, these last few days. and especially busy afternoons have prompted the opening of stores durng the evenings. Many holiday stocks, it is admitted, will be well cleaned out when Christmas Eve brings buying to an end.

in handling the large quantities of nail matter leaving the city and ariving in Bend, Acting Postmaster W. H. Hudson expresses himself as being more than pleased with the esponse which the people have made to the "mail early" appeal. Extra clerks are being worked at the office, and one more package window s being used than last year, but up to now there has been no congestion. Matter sent out was received much arlier than usual this year, Hudson says, and the only possibility of congestion was overcome Sunday when a two hours' delivery disposed of waiting mail matter.

the negro down the ladder. Eager as I certainly was to make the poor girl ware of my presence on board, the chance of being seen, and my purpose suspected by others, restrained me. Besides as yet I had no plan of rescue; nothing to suggest.

Even as I hesitated, industriously scrubbing away at the paint, Kirby and the captain appeared suddenly



Kirby and the Captain Appeared Sud-Head of the Ladder in Friendly Con

pausing a moment at the head of the adder in friendly conversation. Parting at last, with a hearty laugh over some joke exchanged between them, the latter ascended the steps to the pilot house, while the gambler turned aft, still smiling, a cigar between his lips. I managed to observe that he paused in front of the second cabin as though listening for some sound within, but made no attempt to enter. passing on to the door beyond, which was unlocked. He must have come to the upper deck on some special mission, for he was out of my sight scarcely a moment, returning immediately to the deck below. This occurrence merely served to make clearer in my mind the probable situation—the after cabin was undoubtedly occupled by Kirby, perhaps in company with the deputy; while next to them, securely locked away and helpless to escape, were confined the two slave women. In order to reach them I must operate under the cover of darkgess, and my only hope of being free to work, even then, lay in the faith that the gambler might become so insvolved in a card game below as to forget his caution. So far as Tim was concerned I felt perfectly capable of outwitting him; but Kirby was day

(To Be Continued.)

Not What He Was After. ar, old man?" "You bet your life. Pen tons of cont." "Got anything warming in your cel-

A Human Liability. If human nature would only work as pard for pay as for more pay!-Boston

MILADY'S SHEKELS ARE GOING TO WAIST

And there's metal on the girl

The combination's quite enough To set man's brain awhirl.

By MARGARET ROHE (Written for the United Press)

mention copper threads intermingling midst the warp and woof of all the smartest fabrics for day wear one as a bit appailing the way all in the movement.

Positively we get more metallic every day and if we aren't careful we'll be buying our costumes by the carat instead of by the yard. Judging from some of the evening toilettes it won't take many carats at that.

The perfectly gorgeous metallic brocades of China and Japan are having a great wave of favor for evening gowns draped to the figure and for evening wraps that are the acme of Orientatism. Personally, I fear the materials are ab it scratchy when in too intimate a juxtaposition to one's epidermia but one remembers always the old adage that one must suffer to be beautiful and the large eather face of the moment prove excellent acreens to conceal any necessary local treatment.

The rich metallic embroideries and proceeds are really the most wonderfully expressive fabrics for the evening costumes of this most expensive and extravagant era but they simply won't stay in their proper sphere. They insist on weaving in on frocks and suits of sober daytime utility wear and embellishing neutral-toned duvetyne and practical serges with reckless abandon.

Gold motifs enhancing the charms of all shades of brown are effective, indeed, and silver on blues or grays are stunning. The glint of metal is as necessary to the success of the prent day garment as it is to its purchase though it does take something more than its glint to accomplish

Aside from the metallic threads in he fabrics and the applied metallic embroideries, metal in its natural state has us in its golden grip in the form of ornate belts of coins and medallions, girdles of woven gold and silver wires and links and interwoven scrolls. The more barbaric and bizarre the design and effect the more, these girdles are to be desired and they are striking the newest gold and silver notes and are quite the centres of at raction.

The belts that have had our coats and wraps in their encircling clasp for lo these divers seasons past have at last been cast adrift. The manteaux of the mode hang free and unrestrained from shoulder to hem ave for the graceful intake of a trape or two. No belts are allowed o mar their graceful symmetry and th e little string belt that has been dear to the heart of the Parisian and all her copying sisters as a necessary coat accessory is no more.

The belt in its more glorious and opulent form, however, is working



The Reople's Store

zling and metallic charm. or evening wear on any old wear this gold and silver is going to

> Bulletin "WANT ADS" Bring Results-Try Them.

CIVIC COUNCIL IDEA IS GAINING GROUND

Following the meeting held Saturday, good progress is being made toward the organization of a civic council, and another gathering is scheduled to be held on Saturday noon, December 27, when it is hoped NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—There are over-time circling the rich robes of that the last work in the forming not only silver threads among the velvet and brocade and the simpler of the council can be completed. At gold but both silver and gold not to serge and duvetyn with equal day the coming meeting, not merely representatives of all the organizations With the H. C. of L. ever on the in the city are invited, but all inclimb, though, it certainly does strike dividuals as well, who are interested

> A Vamp. "Where are you going?" "To get by shoes vamped." "Is there a lady

WE WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

obbler in town?"

We take this opportunity to express our gratitude to our many patrons for their generous patronage during the past year. Keep in mind that we are always at your service and that our earnest effort is to assemble for our patrons only merchandise of QUALITY, such as you will be willing to place your stamp of

WITH BEST WISHES FOR THE COMING YEAR

THE PARISIAN

LADIES' OUTFITTERS

The farmer and the business man of this community are partners in the progress or the failure of their community.

they pull together, the progress and prosperity is certain to come.

IF they listen to preachers of class hatred there can only be failure as a result.

THE SHEVLIN-HIXON COMPANY

Progressiveness and Growth

in this community, means dollars and cents in your pocket.

Build Now with Deschutes (White) Pine.

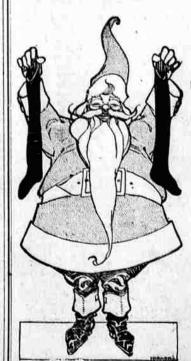
Build of home products and patronize home industry. The cheapest and best building material is Deschutes (White) Pine and is manufactured right here into all sizes and grades of lumber. Acquire a home of your own instead of a bunch of rent receipts.

PUT YOUR MONEY TO WORK, BUILD NOW

The Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co.

LOCAL SALES AGENTS:

MILLER LUMBER COMPANY



CANDY!

For The Christmas Stockings

Single Pound 45c

Two and a Half Pounds \$1.00

SMITH'S GROCERY