



Copyright, 1916, by the Reilly & Britton Co.

FOREWORD

"THE DAREDEVIL" isn't just an ordinary story of a girl who masquerades in man's clothing. There is a vital reason behind it all. It isn't all a lark, though comedy lurks on the footsteps of the stout hearted pretender; an American father, a French mother and quick sympathies that link fatherland and motherland in love that braves very real dangers for the safety of one and the honor of both. In the story there is a most irresistible young man whose name is Buzz and who lives up to it. There is an irascible old bachelor uncle, secretary of state to his excellency the governor of Harpeth, "the greatest gentleman in the world." But, best of all, there is Roberta, the "daredevil," the lovable heart of a mighty likable story. You may be sure she did those who knew her "in boots."

CHAPTER I

Sparkling Waves Over High Explosives

WAS there ever a woman who did not very greatly desire for herself at long moments the doublet and hose of a man, perhaps also his sword, as well as his attitude in the viewing of life? I think not. To a very small number of those ladies of great curiosity it has been granted that they climb to those ramparts of the life of a man, but it was needful that they be stout of limb and sturdy of heart to sustain themselves upon that eminence and not be dashed below upon the rocks of a strange land. I, Roberta, marquise de Grez and Bye, have obtained glimpses into a far country, and this is what I bring on returning, not as a spy, but, shall I say, laden with spices and forbidden fruit?

And for me it has been a very fine dash into the wilds of a land of strangeness, and I do not know that I have yet found myself completely returned unto my estate of a woman. I first began to realize that I was set out upon a great journey when I stood at the rail of the very large ship and watched it plow its way through the waves which they told us with their splendor hid cruel mines. I felt the future might be like unto those great waves, and it might be that it would break in sparkling crests over high explosives. I found them!

I had seen a fear of those explosives of life come in my dying father's eyes, and here I stood at his command out on the ocean in quest of a woman's fate in a strange country. "Get back to America, Bob, and go straight to your Uncle Robert at Hayesville, in the Harpeth valley. He cut me loose because he didn't understand when I married your mother out of the French opera in Paris. When I named you Roberta for him he returned the letter I sent, but with a notice of a thousand dollars in Monroe & Co. for you. I didn't tell him when your mother died. Yes, I've been bitter. But these German bullets have cut the life out of me, and I see more plainly. Get the money and take Nannette and the kiddie on the first boat. There's starvation and—maybe worse in Paris for you. Take the money—and—get—to—Brother Robert. God of America—take—them and—guide!"

And that was all. I held him in my arms for a long time, while old Nannette and small Pierre wept beside me, and then I laid him upon his pillow and straightened the little tricolor that the good sister of the old gray convent in which he lay had given me to place in his hand when he had begged for it. My mother's country had meant my mother to him, and he had given his life for her and France in the trenches of the Vosges. And thus at his bidding I was on the very high seas of adventure. From this thought of him I was very suddenly recalled by old Nannette, who came upon the deck from below.

"Le bon Dieu," she sighed as she settled herself in her steamer chair and took out the lace knitting. "Is it not of a goodness that I have tied in my stockings the necessary francs that we may land in that America where all is of such a good fortune? And also by my skill we have 150 francs

above that need, which must be almost a hundred of their huge and wasteful dollars. All is well with us." And as she spoke she pulled up the collar of Pierre's soft blue serge blouse around his pale thin face and eased the cushion behind his crooked small back.

"Is—is that all which remains of the \$1,500 we found to be in that bank, Nannette?" I asked of her with a great uncertainty. My mother's fortune, descended from her father, the Marquis de Grez and Bye, and the income of my father from his government post had made life easy to live in that old house by the quay, where so many from the Faubourg St. Germaine came to hear her sing after her fortune and children took her from the opera—and to go for the summers in the gray old Chateau de Grez—but of the investment of francs or dollars and cents I had no knowledge. In spite of my claims to be an American girl of much progress. My mother had laughed and very greatly adored my assumption of an extreme American manner, copied as nearly as possible after that of my father, and had failed to teach to me even that thrift which is a part of the dot of every French girl from the Faubourg St. Germaine to the Boulevard St. Michel. But even in my ignorance the information of Nannette as to the smallness of our fortune gave to me an alarm.

"What will you, mademoiselle? It was necessary that I purchase the raiment needful to the young Marquis de Grez according to his state and for the marquis, his sister, also. It was not to be contemplated that we should travel except in apartments of the very best in the ship. Is not gold enough in America even for sending in great sums for relief of suffering? Have I not seen it given in the streets of Paris? Is it not there for us? Do you make me reproaches?" And Nannette began to weep into the fine lawn of her nurse's handkerchief.

"No, no, Nannette! I know it was of a necessity to us to have the clothes, and of course we had to travel in the first class. Do not have distress. If we need more money in America I will obtain it." I made that answer with a gesture of soothing upon her old shoulders, which I could never remember as not bent in an attitude of hovering over Pierre or me.

"Eh bien!" she answered, with a perfect satisfaction at my assumption of all the responsibilities of our three existences.

And as I leaned against the deck rail and looked out into a future as limitless as that water ahead of us into which the great ship was plowing I made a remark to myself that had in it all the wisdom of those who are ignorant.

"The best of life is not to know what will happen next."

"Ah, that was so extraordinary coming from a woman that you must pardon me for listening and making exclamation," came an answer in a nice voice near at my elbow. The words were spoken in as perfect English as his eyes.



"I knew why it is that you go to America!"

I had learned from my father, but in them I observed to be an intonation that my French ear detected as Parisian. "Also, mademoiselle, are you young women of the new era to be without that very delightful but often danger creating quality of curiosity?" As I turned I looked with startled eyes into the grave face of a man less than forty years, whose sad eyes were for the moment lighting with a great tenderness which I did not understand.

"I believe the quality which will be most required of the women of the era which is mine is—courage and then more courage, monsieur." I made an answer to him as if I had been discussing some question with him in my father's smoking room at the Chateau de Grez, as I often came in to do with my father and his friends after the death of my mother when the evenings seemed too long alone. They had liked that I so came at times, and the old Count de Breaux once had remarked that feminine sympathy was the flux with which men made solid

their minds into a unanimous purpose. He had been speaking of that war a few weeks after Louvaine, and I had risen and had stood very tall and very haughty before him and my father.

"The women of France are to come after this carnage to mold a nation from what remains to them, monsieur," I had said to him as I looked straight into his face. "Is not the courage of women a war supply upon which to rely?"

"What are the young women—such women as she—going to do in the years that come after the deluge, Henri of America?" he had made a muttering question to my father as his old eyes smoldered over me in the firelight.

From the memory of the smoking room at the Chateau de Grez my mind suddenly returned to the rail of the ship and the Frenchman beside me, who was looking into my face with the same kindly question as to my future that had been in the eyes of my old godfather and which had stirred my father's heart to its American depths and made him send me back to his own country.

"Ah, yes, that courage is a good weapon with which to adventure in this America of the grizzled bear, mademoiselle." I found the strange man saying to me, with a nice amusement as well as interest.

"My father had shot seven grizzlies before his twenty-first birthday. We have the skins, four of them, in the great hall of the Chateau de Grez—or—or we did have them before—before"—My voice faltered, and I could not continue speaking for the tears that rose in my throat and eyes.

Quickly the man at my side turned his broad shoulders that he should shield me from the laughing and exclaiming groups of people upon the deck near us.

"Before Ypres, mademoiselle?" he asked, with tears also in the depths of his voice.

"Yes," I answered. "And I am now going into the great America with my crippled brother and his nurse—alone. It is the land of my father, and I have his courage. I must have also that of a Frenchwoman. I have it, monsieur." And as I spoke I drew myself to my full, round shouldered height, which was almost equal to that of the man beside me.

"Mademoiselle, I salute the courage born of an American who fought before the guns of the Marne and of a Frenchwoman who sent him there!" And as he spoke thus he removed from his head his silk deck cap and held it in his shoulder in a way that I knew was a salute from a French officer to the memory of a brother. "And also may I be permitted to present myself, as it is a sad necessity that you travel without one from whom I might request the introduction?" he asked of me with a beautiful reverence.

After a search in his pocket for a few seconds, he at last discovered a case of leather and presented to me a card. As he handed it to me his color rose up under his black eyes, and grave trouble looked from between their long black lashes. I glanced down at the card and read: "Capitaine le Comte Armond de Lasselles, Paris, France. Forty-fourth Chasseurs de la Republique Francaise."

"M. le Comte, I know—I know why it is that you go to America!" I made exclamation as I clasped to my breast my hands, and my eyes shone with excitement. "I have read it in Le Matin just the day before yesterday. You go to buy grain against the winter of starvation in the republic. No man is so great a financier as you and so brave a soldier, with your wound not healed from the trenches in the Vosges. Monsieur, I salute you!" And I bent my head and held out my hand to him.

"We're to expect nimble wits, as well as courage of you young—shall I say American women?" he laughed as he bent over my hand. "Now shall I not be led for introduction to the small brother and the old nurse?" he asked, with much friendly interest in his kind eyes.

It was a very wonderful thing to observe the wee Pierre listen to the narration of capitaine, the Count de Lasselles, concerning the actions of a small boy who had run out of a night of shot and shell into the heart of his regiment and who had now lived five months in the trenches with them. Pierre's small face is all of France, and in his heart under his bent chest burns a soul all of France. It is as if in her death, at his birth, my beautiful mother had stamped her race upon him with the greater emphasis.

"Is it that the small Gaston is a daredevil like is my Bob?" he questioned as we all made a laughter at the story of the Count de Lasselles concerning the sortie of the small idol from the trenches in the dead of one peaceful night to return with a very wide thick fannel shirt of one of the enemy, which he had caught hanging upon a temporary laundry line back of the German trenches.

"And your medal of honor, M. Capitaine? Is it permitted that I lay for a little moment just one finger upon it?" Pierre asked of him as the great soldier stood tall above the steamer chair.

Nannette sobbed into her lace, and I turned my head away as the tall man bent and laid the frail little hand against his decoration, which he wore almost entirely hidden under the pocket of his tweed Norfolk of English manufacture. Only French eyes like wee Pierre's could have seen it placed there hidden over his heart. I think he wore it to give him a large courage for his mission that meant bread or starvation to so many of his people.

"Ah, M. le Capitaine." I said to him, with a softness of tears in my throat, "I would that there was some little

thing that I might do to serve France. I do so long to go into those awful trenches with that red cross on my arm, as it is not permitted to me to carry a gun, which I can use much better than many men now handling guns with bullets against the enemy. But it is necessary that I obey the commands of my soldier father and take to a safety the small Pierre." And as we spoke he walked beside me to the prow of the large ship so that to us was a view of the heavens of blue beyond which lay our America.

"My child, there is a great service which you can render France," he answered me as we stopped to watch the great white waves flung aside from the ship. "France needs friends in America, great, powerful friends who will help her in contracting for food and all other munitions. A beautiful woman can do much in winning those friends. You go to your uncle, who is one of those in power in a state in



The Tall Man Laid the Frail Little Hand Against His Decoration.

that fruitful valley of the Mississippi from which I hope that my lieutenant, Count de Bourdon, whom I sent on that mission, will get many mules to carry food to the hungry boys in the trenches when mud is too deep for gasoline. Make of him and every one your friend and through you the friend of our struggling country. Tell them of France, laugh with them for the joy to come when France, all France, with Alsace and beautiful Lorraine, is free, and make them weep with you for her struggles. Who knows but that through you may come some wonderful strength added to your old country from the new, whose blood runs in your veins as well?"

"All of that I will do, mon capitaine I so enlist myself." And as I spoke I drew myself up unto the greatest height possible to me. "I will be of the army that feeds rather than of that which kills."

"Mon Dieu, child, what is possible to you to do has no limit. Also I say to you watch and be on your guard for aught that may harm France. In America are spies. I have been warned. Also there are those who practice deceptions in contracts. It is for the purpose to so guard that I come to America."

"I also will so guard," I made answer to my capitaine, the Count de Lasselles, as we came in our walk to the side of wee Pierre and old Nannette.

And after that first day there were many hours that the Capitaine the Count de Lasselles spent with little Pierre and the good Nannette as she sat knitting always with the sun on the water reddening her round cheeks, while I had much pleasure with many friends who came to me upon the ship.

Upon the arrival of the ship in port a rain was falling, and my friend of France was gone from me at the beginning of day in a boat that is called tug. Upon Nannette had fallen a rheumatism, and the small Pierre was in the midst of shivering chills when we at last were permitted by the very unpleasant officer of America to go from the ship.

"Helas, it was all of the gold that he took from me for an entry into this savage land, where one piece of money is as five of that of France. There remains but a few sous and a gold piece," sobbed Nannette as she came from her interview with the immigration officer, while I stood beside Pierre, deposited by a deck steward on a pile of our steamer blankets.

"I beg your pardon, marquise, but here is a letter the dock steward failed to find you to deliver," came in the pleasant voice of one of my fellow passengers as he handed me a large letter. I took it and came with my head out from under the wave which had dashed over me.

And this is the letter that my eyes read with astonishment, while both the good Nannette and small shivering Pierre sat with their eyes fixed upon my countenance:

My Dear Nephew Robert—Your arrival in America at this time suits me exactly. I need you immediately in my business. If you had been the girl, instead of the little one I would have had to dispose of you some way—even murder. I have no use for women. Leave the little crippled girl and her nurse, who I feel sure is an old fool, with my good friend, Dr. Mason Burns of 222 South Thirty-second street. He has cured more children of hip joint disease than any man in the world, and he will straighten her out for us, and we can give her away to somebody. I've written him instructions. Leave her immediately and come down here to me on the first train. The deal is held up without you. Inclosed is a check for \$1,000. If you are like Henry you'll need it, but keep away from Broadway and the women. Come on, I say, by next train. Your uncle, ROBERT CARRUTHERS, Hayesville, Harpeth.

(To Be Continued.)

A desirable bread knife free with every annual subscription to The Bend Bulletin.

See Edwards for paper hanging.—Adv.

Best & Harris WALL ST. VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY Bring us your old castings and tubes for repair. Work quickly done and guaranteed to be satisfactory. Out of town patronage solicited. Best & Harris

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM IS THE SHORT LINE to PORTLAND Daylight Train on Fast Schedule Leaves Bend 7:25 a. m. Daily — USE IT ASK S. L. WIGGINS, T. F. & P. A., Bend for information, travel advice, etc. PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION, PORTLAND, DECEMBER 4-9.

Shoes for Real Service OUR SPECIALTY IS TO MAKE SHOES THAT STAND THE TEST NAP-A-TAN SHOE Is especially made for this kind of country. None are better made. J. E. TILT SHOE A handsome serviceable dress shoe for men. Cannot be beaten for the money. Give these shoes a trial. A. HANSON LOGGER The A. Hanson Logger Shoes of Three Lakes, Wis., are hand-made and one of the very best of its kind. Special made-to-order work taken for this shoe. UP-TO-DATE SHOE REPAIRING R. H. LOVEN BOND STREET

THIS WILL TELL YOU HOW TO SAVE DOLLARS ON YOUR FUEL THIS WINTER Do you know that the soot on the inside of your furnace or stove and chimney increases day by day until it forms a crust which is almost heat and fire-proof and that eventually almost half of the heat value of your fuel is wasted and lost in getting through this crust? The draught is poor and you can't get results. A chimney sweep will clean out this sooty crust for you for two or three dollars and make a lot of work, dirt and muss, and yet it is worth it if you can't get it done any other way. However, one package of "ZIP," a chemical compound, will accomplish the same result in five minutes without work or dirt and for only twenty-five cents. Your grocer has a package for you now, waiting your order. Tell him to send it over at once and stop that fuel waste today. Skuse Hardware Company Bend, Oregon.

EVERY DOLLAR YOU PAY FOR BRICK THAT IS MADE IN BEND STAYS HERE Brick is the MOST ECONOMICAL Building Material there is. All who have used our product are satisfied. The Bend Brick & Lumber Co.