

# The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess  
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## CHAPTER II. Vive la France.

**T**HE uncle of America has come to a confusion of the sex between Pierre and me from a careless memory and the writing of my hand, which is of a great boldness, but not to be easily read. I explained as I read the letter aloud to Pierre and Nannette.

It took me just one hour by the clock, sitting there on the pile of steamer wraps with the small Pierre in the hollow of my arm, to explain and translate the sense of that letter to old Nannette, and I feel sure she would have been sitting rather than spot yet, immovable, upon that spot, had I departed from her if I had not put all of my time and force upon the picturing to her of a Pierre who could come down with her later to me in a condition to run through the gardens of Twin Oaks, which was the home of his American ancestors. With that vision constantly before her she let the porter and me insert her into a taxicab and extract her at the door of the small private hospital of the good Dr. Burns, who was to perform the miracle for the back and hip of small and radiant Pierre.

"But what is it that I do to permit the jeune fille of my beloved mistress to depart into this city of wicked savages not attended by me? I cannot. Do not demand it!" were the words with which I left her arguing with that very sympathetic and sensible doctor of America. He had not noticed a confusion of sex was between Pierre and me, and he had sent out the check of my wicked uncle and procured the American money for me. Also he had given me a few directions that he appeared to think of a great sufficiency and had ordered a taxi to be in readiness for me.

"Nonsense, nurse," he said to Nannette brusquely, but not with unkindness, when I had translated to him Nannette's weeping protests. "A great strapping girl like that can get down to the Harpeth valley all right by herself. Nobody's going to eat her up, and from the size of the biceps I detect under that chiffon I think she could give a good account of herself if anybody tried. How like you are to what Henry was at your age, child, God bless you! I'd go to the station with you, but I've a patient all prepared for an operation. Shall I send a nurse with you?"

"No, please, good doctor, and goodbye," I said, with a great haste, as I hurriedly embraced both Nannette and the small Pierre and departed down the broad steps into the taxi with the open door.

"Your train may not leave for hours, but you can get your baggage together. Goodbye," said that good doctor as he shut the door and returned to his pursuit of making human beings either whole or dead.

"And now, Roberta Carruthers, no longer Marquise of Grez and Bye, you are in your America, and let's see you do some hustling."

And while that very swift taxi conveyed me to the large station that is as beautiful as a cathedral I did some what I name "tail thinking." What would be the result of my womanly arrival in that state of Harpeth of my wicked uncle? Would he be forced to murder me as his letter had said? And if in his anger over the mistake he had made from my letter, written in that very bold and difficult handwriting, he should turn from me and the good Nannette and Pierre as well, what would I then do? All must be enacted that a cure for Pierre be obtained. With great energy I had been thinking, but I did not know what it was that I should do to prevent his anger when I arrived to him as a woman until suddenly the good Dr. Burns' kindness in marking the resemblance of me to my father in his extreme youth made an entry into my brain and was received with the greatest welcome by the daredevil who there resides.

"Very well, Robert Carruthers, who is no longer the beautiful Marquise of Grez and Bye, you will be that husky nephew to your wicked uncle in the state of Harpeth whom he needs in his business." What is that you lack of a man's estate save the clothes, which you have money in your pockets to obtain after you have purchased the ticket upon the railway train?"

A decision had been made, and action upon it had begun in less than a half hour after the purchase of the ticket for the state of Harpeth had been accomplished.

As my father had taught me observation in hunting, I had remarked a large shop for the clothing of men upon the Sixth avenue near to the station. I made my way into it, and by a very nice fiction of an invalid brother whom I was taking to the South of America I was able to buy for a few dollars less than was in my pocket two most interesting bags of apparel for a hand-

some young man of fashion. The man who assisted me to buy was very large, with a head only ornamented with a drapery of gray hair around the edges, and he spoke much of what his son deemed suitable to make appearance in the prevailing mode.

"He's at tea with a lady friend this afternoon, and I wish you could have saw him when he left the store to meet her," he said as he laid the last of the silk scarfs and hose into one of the large flat bags I had purchased and which he had packed as I selected. "He had on the match to these gray tweeds and was fitted out in lavender from the skin out. Now, what are you going to do about shoes, miss?"

"That I do not know, kind sir," I made answer, with great perplexity. "I think that the feet of my relative are about the size of those I possess."

"Most women would wear shoes near the size of their brothers' if they didn't prefer to waddle and limp along with their feet scrouged. Go over to the shoe department and the clerk will fit you out with what you need in about two sizes larger than you wear. If they are not right you can tell just about what will be and exchange 'em by special messenger. I'll pack all this shipshape before you come back. With which direction I left the kind man and made my way to another of equal kindness.

"I have had upon my feet the shoes of my brother when in accidents while at hunting and fishing, and I think I can ascertain a good fitting." I made a falsification to the very polite young man who stood with attention and sympathy to wait upon me.

"We'll make a selection and then try one pair on," he advised me.

And as I gave to him a fine description of the clothing I had purchased he brought forth in accord many wonderful boots and shoes for the riding and a walking and also for the dance. I had never observed that the shoes of men were of such an ugliness, but when one was upon my foot in place of the shoe of much beauty which I discarded both I and the young man had a fine laugh.

"Mais, they are of a great comfort," I further remarked. "And they feel about as did those of my brother, who is of a small frame."

"Well, if they are not right, send 'em back and I'll change 'em," he answered, with great interest.

After the exchange of much money between us the young man went with me to the other kind old man of the white hair, and together they made places in the two bags for the shoes.

"Just \$700 all told, and the like of that outfit couldn't be bought in any other place of style in New York for less than a thousand, miss," remarked to me the elderly clerk as he closed and made fast with keys the two bags. "Shall I send 'em special?"

"I'll thank you that you call a taxi for me, monsieur," I answered, and as he had mentioned a great hotel in conversation earlier that very wicked daredevil that resides within me awoke at attention with the large ears of great mischief. I felt in my pocket that there was still much gold, and the man from whom I had purchased the ticket to the state of Harpeth had assured me that the train did not depart until the hour of 6 in the evening.

It then transpired that one hour from the time that the young Mlle. Grez, who had registered at that large hotel with all of her luggage on the steamer while by her father was represented as still engaged with the customs, entered her room there emerged young Mr. Robert Carruthers, who, after paying his bill in his room, had a hall boy send his bags on ahead of him to the railroad station while he sauntered into the tea room. I have never again met with the wonderful dresses I left in that hotel room. I hope the poor and beautiful domestic



It Took Me One Hour to Explain the Letter to Nan.

who assisted me in cutting my hair into a football shortness, after the mode of a very beautiful woman dancer which she said girls of much foolishness in America have affected, was rewarded with them.

At the railroad station I remembered to send to my wicked uncle an announcement by telegram of my arrival to him, and then I got upon the train just in time for its departure.

These sleeping cars of America in which to travel great distances are very remarkable for their many strange adventures, and I was very much interested, but also perturbed, when the black gamecock placed my bag and overcoat upon the floor at the feet of a very prima lady and left me to stand uncomfortably in the aisle before her.

"Your seat, sir, upper five," he said and departed with my 50 centimes, which is called a dime in America.

"Took the liberty of transferring you here above another gentleman, sir."

The lady is nervous," said the conductor of the car a little later as he handed me another ticket.

"I beg your pardon, conductor, but upper nine is engaged for my son, who is to get on at Philadelphia. I must have him just opposite my daughter and me. We are nervous," said a large stout old lady who was accompanied by an even stouter daughter.

It was a very funny sight to behold that small conductor stand with my large bags and overcoat and look around at that car full of ladies for a place in which to deposit me and them which was not previously occupied by some female of great nervousness.

"Madam, I will have to use the upper of this section," he finally turned and said to the occupant of the number of seven with a very fine determination.

"Certainly, conductor! Let me remove my hat and coat," came back the answer in a voice of very great sweetness as the conductor deposited me and my bags down in front of the most beautiful lady in all America, I am sure.

"Thank you for much graciousness, madam," I said, keeping those gray tweed knees straight out in front of me and very still to prevent trembling.

"Not at all, sir. I bought only the lower half of this section. I am not at all nervous." And I could see her mouth, that was curled like the petals of an opening rose, tremble from a mischief as she regarded the stiff black silk back in the front of the car and the two huge females on our right, whose son and brother was to arrive in Philadelphia for their protection.

An equally gay mischief rose in my eyes and responded to that in hers as I responded also by word:

"For which also let us be in gratitude."

Many times in the months that followed have I thought of the lure of the laughing mischief in those eyes set in crystal and how they were to lead me on into the strange land of men in search of those forbidden fruits.

And from that moment on I did very much enjoy myself in conversation with that Madam Mischief, while we together did watch the retirement of all of the persons in the train. She had many funny remarks to make and made me merry with them, so that the hour of 11 o'clock had arrived before we had summoned the very black male chambermaid to turn our seats into beds. All others were in sleep that was a confusion of sound from everywhere, and we must stand in the aisle while the beds were being abstracted.

(To Be Continued.)

## PHILIP BROOKS VISITS BEND, INSPECTS HOTEL

Vancouver Capitalist Pleased With Progress on New Pilot Butte Inn—Elaborate Opening Planned.

Philip Brooks, of Vancouver, B. C., builder of the Pilot Butte Inn, arrived in Bend today to spend the day looking over the work on the new hotel, and is greatly pleased with the advancement that has been made since his last trip some weeks ago.

Mr. Brooks has been busily engaged for several weeks with the details of furnishing the new hotel when it is completed. Already in many outside towns, both in Oregon and Washington, and especially among the prominent hotel men of the state, considerable interest is being manifested in the opening of the new hotel. Mr. Brooks, as yet, is not prepared to announce the opening date, but says it will not occur until the hotel is completed throughout.

It is understood that many people of The Dalles have asked for reservations for rooms on the night of the opening, and it is also understood that parties are being planned from other Central Oregon towns.

Mr. Brooks will return tonight to Vancouver.

Christmas cards, 1 cent each, at Reed & Horton, drugs.—Adv.

**HASSELBERG SUES FOR LAND**  
J. A. Hasselberg, of Kelso, Washington, is seeking to recover 80 acres of farm land on the Tumalo Irrigation project, which he traded to W. H. A. Smith, of Hartline, Washington, in May, 1915, for 160 acres of land near Hartline. The complaint alleges that in the transaction representations were made as to the character of the Hartline property. Mr. Hasselberg is represented by H. H. DeArmond and W. H. A. Smith by V. A. Forbes. The case is being tried today before Judge Duffy, in Bend.

**CATTLE STEALING CHARGED**  
A warrant was issued yesterday from the office of Deputy District Attorney Chas. W. Erskine for the arrest of George Nison, charged with the theft of eight head of cattle belonging to J. L. Couch, who resides on the Tumalo Irrigation project. Mr. Couch missed the stock on November 25, and recovered them last Sunday, through seeing an advertisement in The Bulletin. Local officers believe they have trace of Nison, and Sheriff E. B. Knox has gone into Lake county in search of him.

## ELKS CIRCULATE MANY PETITIONS

### ACTION TAKEN TO OBTAIN LODGE.

Strong Facts Supporting Establishment of Bend Chapter Set Forth and Will Be Sent to Head Officer, When Census is In.

Active campaigning among members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, resident in Bend, to procure a lodge here was begun this morning through petitions which are being circulated among the members. When completely signed up they will be dispatched, immediately upon the completion of the school census now being taken, to the Grand Exalted Ruler of the order, at New Orleans.

**Reasons are Given.**  
The petition states that Bend's population exceeds 5,000 inhabitants and that there are approximately 150 Elks in this community and that there are 200 citizens who would join provided that the lodge is established; that Bend, situated on the east side of the Cascade mountains and practically in the center of the state, is remote from the nearest lodge, at Klamath Falls, by 160 miles, the two towns not being connected by a railroad, and that the next nearest lodge is at The Dalles, in the extreme northern part of the state, a distance of 175 miles from Bend; that Bend has had a most remarkable growth in the last two years by the coming of large industries, payrolls and other development, sufficient from an economic standpoint to support a lodge of this order, and that, as conditions are now, members are almost prohibited from the privileges of the order, owing to the distance necessary to travel.

**Will Rush Action.**  
The campaign is being conducted under the direction of V. A. Forbes, who says that he is confident that if the population requirements can be met, the charter will be granted, and that this action will come shortly after January 1, as the order acts expeditiously upon such petitions. Before anything of a definite character can be accomplished by local Elks, the census now being taken will have to be completed. Elks in Prineville and Redmond will be asked to be signers to the petition which will be sent to the head officer of the Elks' lodge.

You are just as welcome to look around and ask questions as if you came to buy. You'll probably buy later on, at Stockman's 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c Store.—Adv.

Early cold snaps, storms and sleet, snow and slush, cause coughs and colds. Foley's Honey and Tar acts quickly, cuts the phlegm, opens air passages, allays irritation, heals inflammation and enables the sufferer to breathe easily and naturally so that sleep is not disturbed by hacking cough.—Adv.

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See Edwards for paper hanging.—Adv.

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