

# The Daredevil

By  
**Maria Thompson Davies**

Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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## SYNOPSIS

Roberta, an orphan, half French, half American, starting for America to stay with an uncle, meets Count de Lusselles crossing to secure mules for France.

By a mistake, Roberta's uncle believes she is a nephew. Knowing him to be a woman hater, Roberta adopts man's attire.

Her uncle, General Carruthers, informs his supposed nephew that he needs his knowledge of French to straighten out a deal for providing mules for France. The governor's honor is involved in the mule deal.

Roberta pledges her aid and is introduced to Gouverneur Faulkner and to his private secretary, Buzz Glendearing.

Mrs. Jeff Whitworth is deep in the mule scheme with her husband and endeavoring to get the governor's signature to the transaction.

The governor gives a dinner to Roberta, who has been made private secretary pro tem. She matches her wits against Mrs. Whitworth.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Brothers by Bloodshed.

**F**OR that earnest of that wicked woman I had not sufficient endurance, and I pushed her from me with roughness and sprang to my feet.

"It is not true, Madam Whitworth, that"—I was exclaiming when I caught myself in the midst of my own betrayal just as I was about to be shown into a plot which it was of much value to know. And as my words ceased I stood and trembled before her wickedness.

"Do you know, Mr. Robert Carruthers, I do not entirely understand you," she said, with a great and beautiful calmness as she lighted a cigarette and looked at me trembling before her. "You are a very bold young cavalier, but you have the shrinking nature of—shall I say—a French—girl!"

As she spoke those words, which began in sarcasm but ended in a queer, uncertain tone of suspicion, as if she had blundered on a reason to soothe her vanity for the recoil of my lips from hers, an ugly gleam shot from under her lowered lashes.

"I am the son of the house of Carruthers as well as of Grez and Bye, beautiful madam, and I cannot endure that you put upon my very good uncle, the General Carruthers, an unfriendliness to France!" I exclaimed with a quickness of my brain that I had not before discovered. "On points of honor or I have that sensitiveness that you say to be of a woman."

"Oh, my darling boy! I didn't mean to hurt you about that absurd old feud of"—And as she spoke the beautiful Madam Patricia rose and came upon me with outstretched arms for another abhorred embrace, which it was to my good fortune to have interrupted. But I had a fear of that suspicion I had seen flashed into her mind even though lulled by my fine assumption of the attitude of a man of honor.

"Lovely and beautiful madam," I made a beginning to say, when—

"Oh, yes, Mr. Carruthers is here, for I have an appointment to call for him," an interruption came in the voice of my Buzz in remonstrance with the black maid of Madam Whitworth in the hall of her house.

"Come in, Buzz, dear," called that beautiful Madam Whitworth as in one small instant she changed both her position with arms on my shoulder and her countenance of anger and anxiety. She was a very wise and beautiful and much experienced woman, was that Madam Whitworth, but she had given to me, unlessoned as I was in the art of politics, the fact that I most wanted; that the two papers containing the specifications concerning the mules had been mistranslated by her.

"Put a shawl around you, Madam Pat, and come out here to the street a minute to see what is going to happen to the Prince of Carruthers," said my rescuer as he inserted his hand into the room for one little minute and beckoned us to follow him.

And what did I find out there upon that street?

I then experienced a surprise that gave to me a very great pleasure and which made my heart to expand until it almost burst the restraint of that towel of the bath under the tag of my brown cheviot coat. Before the door of the house of the beautiful Madam Whitworth stood the gray racing car of my Buzz, and before it stood a slim car of a similar make, only it was of the darkest amethyst that seemed to be almost a black, while behind it stood one of equal if not superior elegance of shape which had the beautiful blackness of Jet. That was not all. Across the street stood also a car of a golden brown and to the front of it one of the red of a very dark cherry.

"There you are," said my Buzz, with a wave of his hand. "Pick one, with the compliments of the general. I think the amethyst is a jewel."

"Oh, it is not possible to me to accept a present of such delight from my good uncle, the General Robert. I must go to him and say that I am not worthy!" I exclaimed, with a large faltering in my voice.

"All right. Just jump into the one you like best and drive on down to the Old Hickory club and say it to him. Sorry that you can't come along, Mrs. Pat, but that glad rag you've got on is too great a beauty with which to appear in public. Better take it into the house before you catch a cold in this breeze."

"Yes, I must run in," answered Madam Whitworth, with a slight shivering in her gown of great thinness. "They are perfectly wonderful, boy, and I say choose the brown darling."

"Governor Bill picked the cherry from the catalogue for us day before yesterday, but I think the amethyst has got it beat," answered my Buzz as he started toward his own car. "Jump into your choice and lead me on down to hear you refuse it to old forty-two centimeter. And, mind, I have arranged a little dinner for you tonight."

Then without further remark I followed him down the steps and got into that car which was the color of the heart of the cherry, and I raced that Mr. Bumblebee through the city of Hayesville in a manner which put to flight a large population thereof.

I had not had my hands on the wheel of a racing car for the many months since my father in his had left the small Pierre and Naunette and me weeping on the terrace of the Chateau de Grez when he went to the battlefield of the Marne, and I drove with all of that accumulated fury within me.

And this is what my uncle, the General Robert, answered to me as I told him of my unworthiness of his gift of the most beautiful cherry car:

"That is a just return for your consideration for me in being born a boy,

and I hope you'll break the necks of about two dozen young females in this town before the week's out. Begin on that baggage, Susan, right away." And as he spoke my uncle, the General Robert, came down the steps of the great club of Old Hickory with the Gouverneur Faulkner and stood beside my Cherry with me.

"He's no better man than I, general, and I've been trying it all year," answered my Buzz, with one of those delectable grinnings upon his face.

"Indeed, my much loved Uncle Robert, it is impossible that I accept your gift in gratitude that I am not a woman, because for the good reason"—and my honor was about to rise up in arms and betray the daredevil and her schemes within me when that good and most beloved Gouverneur Faulkner interrupted me by stepping into the cherry beside me with a laugh.

"Thank you, general. This is just what I need in all of my business with Robert. We'll be back in time to dine with you at 7 here at the club. Go out to the West End, Robert." And with his hand on the spark he started the cherry, and I was forced to sweep away from my Buzz and my uncle, the General Robert, into the traffic and away from the club of Old Hickory, which is named for a very great general of America and is a club of much fashion and some bad behavior, my Buzz has said to me.

"I really didn't mean to kidnap you and the car, youngster, but I've had a pain under my left pocket all day and I have got to operate on it. A sudden impulse told me that it would be easier if I took you with me to—sort of stand by," said my beautiful Gouverneur Faulkner in a grave tone of voice as I whirled him out the broad avenue that led to the west end of the city.

"Oh, my Gouverneur Faulkner, is it that you are ill, perhaps to die by a knife?" I exclaimed, and for a second I let that wild cherry run in a very dangerous manner almost upon another large car in the act of turning into the street.

"No, not that, Robert," he answered me quickly, and he laid his hand on my arm beside him for an instant as if to give a steadiness to me. "I want you to take me out to the state prison. I want to talk face to face with a man who killed his own brother in cold blood, it is said. A pretty powerful influence is at me day and night for a reprieve, and I—I don't know what to do about it. It is a difficult case. If I went in my official capacity to see the man it might give his friends undue hopes, and suddenly I felt that I could run away from the whole bunch at this hour of the day and see the man himself without anybody's knowing it save the superintendent of the prison and myself. You don't count, because in this case you are myself."

"Always I would be yourself to you, my revered Gouverneur Faulkner," I made reply to him as I raised my eyes to his deep ones that smiled down into them.

"I wonder if that is as good as it sounds, boy?" asked my Gouverneur Faulkner gently as he looked down at me with both a laugh and a sadness influencing the smile of his mouth. "Sometimes I badly need two of myself. They are at me from waking to sleeping, and I often feel cut into little bits and I can't even say so. In fact, youngster, I'm squealing to you more than I've let myself do since I became the chief executive of this state of Harpeth. Now, turn off into this road and go straight ahead. The prison is about a mile back there at the foot of that hill."

"I—I like those squeals," I answered to his smile as I put my cherry against the spring wind and raced down that long road at a great speed that prevented any more conversation at that moment. My pride bade me show to that governor of Harpeth what good driving in a fine car I was able to accomplish.

Therefore it was not many minutes before we stood within the doors of that very grim and terrible home of the human beings who have sinned with a great crime. I know that I am never to forget that hour and am to carry

forever the wound that it inflicted upon my heart as I walked through the dimness and grayness and stillness of that dark house.

At last, with many unlockings of heavy doors by the director of that prison, we stood in a room that was as a cage in which to keep the human animal that crouched down upon a hard bed in one of its corners and leaned a head shaved bare of any hair upon a very thin and white hand.

"Leave me, superintendent, for a few minutes. The young man will stay by the door to let you know when I want you," said that Gouverneur Faulkner to the superintendent, who nodded and left the room as I took a position over beside the heavy iron bars that swung together after him.

"My man," said the Gouverneur Faulkner in a voice that was so gentle as that which a mother uses to a child in severe illness. "I want you to let me sit down on your cot beside you and talk to you about your trouble."

"Got nothing to say, parson. I done it, and I want to swing as quick as the law sends me," answered the poor human from behind his hands without even raising his bowed head.

"I am not a minister, and I've come to talk to you because some of your neighbors and friends think that there may be a reason why you should not be hanged for the death of your brother."

"It is my duty to help them keep you from the penalty of the law, which you may not deserve even if you desire it. Can you tell me your story as man to man, with the hope that it will help you to a reprieve?" And as he spoke I observed a tone of command come into the voice of my Gouverneur Faulkner that was as clear and beautiful as the call of the bugle to men for a battle.

"I done what I had to, and I'm ready to die for it. I've got nothing to say," answered the man, with still more of the determination of misery in his voice. "My neighbors don't know nothing about it, and I don't want 'em to. Just let them keep quiet and let it all die when the state swings me."

"So there is some secret about the matter that you are willing to die to keep, is there?" asked the Gouverneur Faulkner, with a quickness of command in his voice. "What had your brother done to Mary Brown that you killed him for doing?"

"Curse you! What's that to you?" snarled the man as he sprang up from beside the gouverneur and leaned, crouched and panting, against the bars



"I done it!"

of the cage in which the three of us were inclosed. "Who are you anyway? My state has said I was to swing for killing him, and there's no more to question about it."

"I am the governor of your state," answered that Gouverneur Faulkner as he rose and stood, tall and commanding, before the poor human being who was cowering as a dog that had felt the lash of a whip. "You are my son because you are a son of the state of Harpeth, and as a representative of that state I am going to exercise my guardianship and if possible prevent the state from the crime of taking your life if you do not deserve punishment."

"I'm condemned by the laws of the state. You can't go back on that, governor or no governor," made answer the man, with a panting of ulsery in his voice.

"As you know, there are certain unwritten laws which have more influence in some cases as to the guilt of a murderer than any on the statute books," said the Gouverneur Faulkner with a very great slowness, so that the poor human dog might comprehend him. "If you killed your brother to save—save Mary Brown from worse than death then you have not the right to demand execution from your state to shelter her from publicity when she is no longer in danger of anything worse. Did you get to her in time to save her or—"

"Yes, I did and I had. Curse you! I'll have to kill you for getting words out of me that all the lawyers have tried to make me say all this time." And with the oath and a snarl the man made a lunge at my Gouverneur Faulkner with something keen and shining that he had drawn from the top of his coarse boot. But that poor human being of the prison was not of enough quickness to do the killing of his desire in the face of Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, who had twice with her foot pricked the red cloth heart of the young Count de Couertoir, the best

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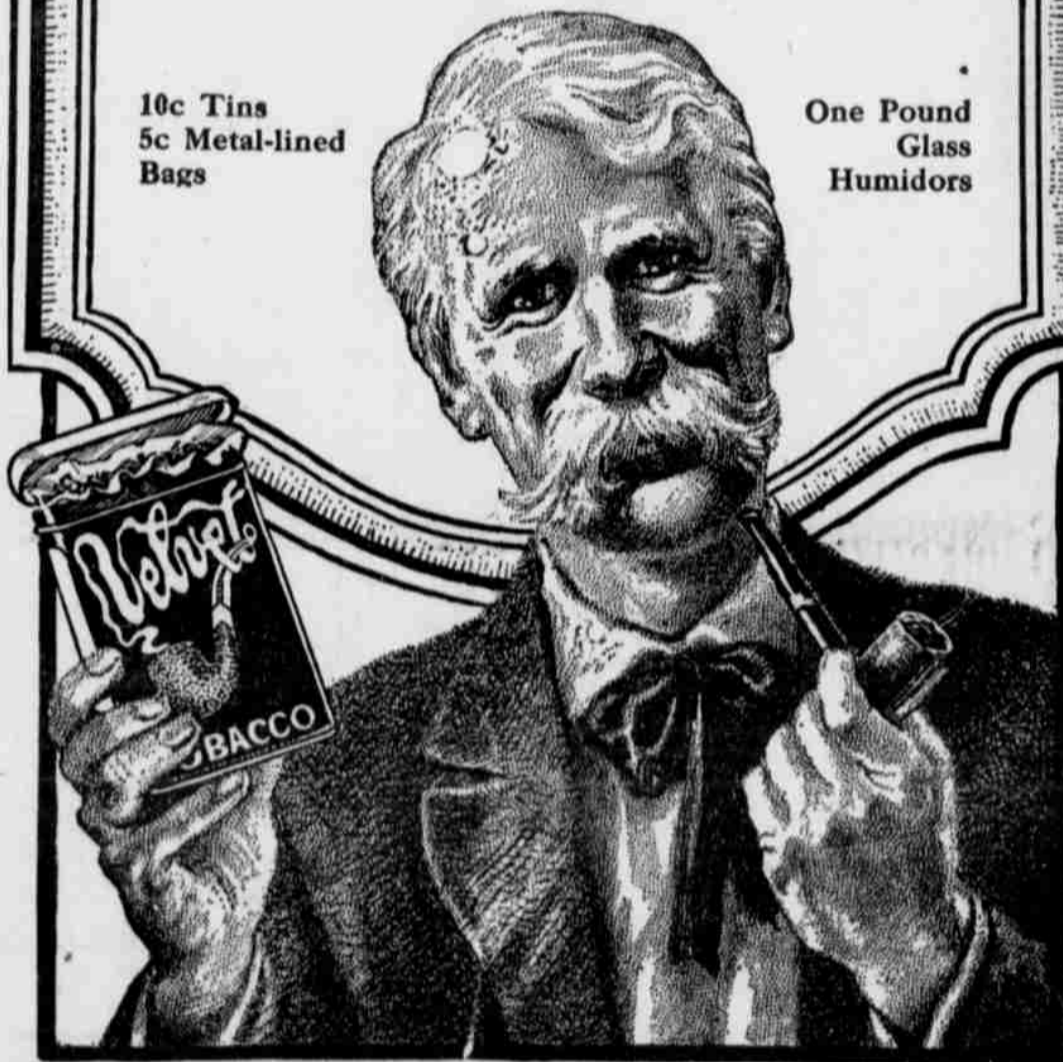
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I Parried the Blow of the Knife.

swordsman of France, in gay combat in the great hall of the old Chateau de Grez. With my walking cane of a young gentleman of American fashion, which I had taken with me to call upon the beautiful Madam Whitworth before my cherry had befallen me as a gift and which I had without thought brought into that prison with me, I parried the blow of the knife as my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, but not in such a manner as to prevent a glancing of that knife, which inflicted a scratch of considerable depth upon my forearm under its sleeve of brown cheviot.

"Great heavens, boy!" exclaimed that Gouverneur Faulkner as he caught the knife from the floor where it had fallen from the hand of the poor man, who had sunk down on the cot, trembling and panting. "Two inches to the left

and a little more force and the knife would have stuck in your heart."

"Is it not better my heart than yours, my great Gouverneur Faulkner? And, behold, it is the heart of neither and only a small scratch upon my humble arm, which will not even prevent the driving of that new Cherry car." I answered him as I put that arm behind me and pressed it close in its sleeve of brown cheviot so that there would be no drippings of blood.

(To Be Continued.)

## JAY UPTON WILL WORK FOR DISTRICT LAW

Prineville Man Leads Congress Irrigation Committee—Makes Important Statement.

(From Friday's Daily.)

SALEM, Or., Jan. 19.—(Special.)—Jay Upton, of Prineville, has arrived here in the interests of irrigation legislation in the present legislature. He expects to remain about 10 days. Mr. Upton is the chairman of the legislative committee of the Oregon Irrigation Congress and he hopes to assist in the passage of an adequate new irrigation district law. The most important statement made by Mr. Upton since his arrival here is, "I have subscribed to The Bend Bulletin and bought two Bend lots from Jim Easton."

Four chairs at your service at the Metropolitan. No waiting.—Adv.

ONE CENT A WORD is all a little Want Ad will cost you.

## MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR HOSPITAL FUND

More subscriptions are coming in to the fund for the purchase of a site for the Sisters' hospital in Bend, today's donations totaling \$75, and bringing the aggregate up to \$4555. They are as follows:

L. D. West	\$ 5
L. B. Baird	10
R. Bartlett	5
J. E. Engebretson	20
A. Kutzman	25
George F. Hover	5
Ed. H. Keane	5

## R. B. GOULD RETURNS

City Engineer to Make Report on Street Systems to Council.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

After spending the first three days of the week visiting in Portland, The Dalles, and Vancouver, studying the street improvement ordinances in those cities, and the operation of the Bancroft act, City Engineer Robert B. Gould returned to Bend last night, and will embody the results of his trip in a report to be presented to the city council at the next meeting of that body.

The report, it is expected, will be made the basis of a street and sidewalk improvement standard, to be fixed for use in Bend.