

The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess
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 Lassalles 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 Governor Faulkner and to his private secretary, Buzz Glendenning.

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.

Roberta examines specifications of the proposed deal. Mrs. Whitworth tries to pump Roberta and makes love to her.

Roberta accompanies the governor to the state prison, where he wishes to see a murderer. The latter attacks the governor, and Roberta deflects the blow.

CHAPTER X

To Bear Men and to Save Them.

"I DIDN'T go to hurt the young gentleman nor you either, governor," said the man from the cot as he sobbed and buried his head in his arms. "I was always a good man, and now I—" "Don't say another word, Timms," interrupted my Gouverneur Faulkner in a voice that was as gentle as that father of state which he had said himself to be to Timms. "Nobody will know of this, for your sake. I was—was baiting you. I know what I want to know now, and you'll not hang on the 10th. The state will try you again. Call the superintendent, Robert."

"Don't try nothing to hurt Mary, governor. Jest let me hang and I won't never care what"—the poor human began to plead.

"I'll look after Mary—and you too, Timms. I'll see to it that"—my Gouverneur Faulkner was answering the trembling plea for his mercy when the superintendent came in and unlocked the cage.

"Don't let him know of the—accident, youngster," whispered the Gouverneur Faulkner to me, and in a very few minutes we were out of that prison into the cherry car and whirling with great rapidity down the country road with its tall trees upon both sides.

"Stop, Robert," commanded his excellency as we came under a large group of very old trees which made a thick shelter of their green leaves as they leaned together over the stone wall that bordered the side of the road. "Now let me see just what did happen to that arm which came between poor Timms' sharpened case knife and my life. We are out of sight of the prison now. It would have all been up with Timms if that attack upon me had been discovered. Your pluck will have saved Timms, if he's saved, as well as your governor. Here, turn toward me and let me see that arm." And as he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner put his arm across my shoulder and turned me toward him so that he could put his right hand on the sleeve of that cheviot bag in which was a long slash from the knife and which was now wet with my blood.

"I very much fear my beloved brown cheviot, which I have worn only a few times, is now dead, and how will I find another for my need!" I exclaimed with a great alarm when I saw that that knife had thus devastated my good clothing, of which I had not many and for the procuring of which I was many thousand miles from my good friend and tailor in New York. If I sought another suit in the city of Hayesville might there not be dangers of discoveries in the adjustment thereof? "Is it not a vexation?" I asked as the Gouverneur Faulkner attempted to push back that murdered sleeve from my forearm.

"In the language of my friend Buzz, you are one sport, Robert. Shell out of that coat immediately. I want to see just how much of a scratch that is, and I can't get the sleeve up high enough," commanded my Gouverneur Faulkner. The tone of his voice was the same he had used to me in commanding that I take his maid to his nice lady stenographer, but his face was very white, and his hand that he laid upon the collar of my coat for assisting me to lay it aside trembled with a great degree of violence.

"Indeed, my Gouverneur Faulkner, it is but a scratch, and"— "Get out of that coat!"

"Not!"

"Off with that coat, Robert!" he commanded me, and before I could make resistance my coat was almost completely off me by his aid, and I was obliged to let it slip into his hands. He laid it on the back of the seat behind him, and with bands that were as gentle as those of old Nannette when dealing with one of my injuries

of a great number in childhood he rolled up the sleeve of my nice white shirt with the brown strip of coloring in accord with that beloved and regretted cheviot and bared my forearm, which was very strong and white, but which also appeared to me to be dangerously rounded for his gaze. I was glad that arm was covered with a nice gore which had come from the long slit, but which had now well nigh ceased to run from me, so that he could not observe that it was of such a feminine mold.

"Yes, just a deep scratch that I can fix all right myself in my own bathroom when we get back to the mansion in time for dinner with the general by 7:30, I hope," said my beloved gouverneur as he helped me again to assume the ruined garment of cheviot. "I was born in the mountains of the state of Harpeth, boy, where when one sheds his blood for the life of another that other is said to be under bond to his rescuer, and that means a tie closer than the ordinary one of brother by birth. I acknowledge the bond to you for all time, little brother. Now drive on quickly to the mansion before we are in danger of being late for dinner with the general. It will take me some few minutes to get you out of that shirt and into your dinner coat. I'll send for it, and you can dress with me."

"Oh, no, my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner! I must go immediately to home and there make myself presentable for a dinner that my Buzz has arranged for me. That nice black lady, Kizzle, will with joy attend on this scratch upon my arm," I exclaimed, with great alarm for fear that that very strong mind of my gouverneur would command me to make my toilet in his company in the mansion. "Please do not command me that I shall not so do."

"Of course, youngster, go to your frolic with the rest of the babes and sucklings, only remember that I always like to have you with me, but never command you when it is not your pleasure," answered that Gouverneur Faulkner to me, with gentleness.

"It is always my pleasure to be with you, my gouverneur, and I do like that you command me," I said to him in answer to that gentleness that had something of a sad longing in it. "And may I not return immediately after that supper to that club of Old Hickory for conversation with you and my uncle, the General Robert?" I asked, with eagerness.

"Boy, by the time you have eaten that fatted calf and danced at least a portion of it off your system I'll be—be burning the midnight oil going over the papers in the case of Timms. I want to weigh all the testimony carefully in the case given in court about his own and his brother's relations with the woman Mary Brown. As long as I am the governor of the state of Harpeth no honest man is going to swing for protecting a good woman from the outrages of a brute. And yet Timms confessed the crime and denied the motive. Cross examination failed to get the statement from the woman that would justify my reprieving or pardoning him. I cannot even seem to dishonor the proceedings of the courts of the state, and, boy, I'm just plain—up—against—it. Here we are at my own side door. Good night and make a lightning toilet if you want to get to that dinner on time. Good night again!" And with those words, which explained his very deep trouble to me, my Gouverneur Faulkner descended from the seat beside me in the Cherry to the pavement beside his mansion and bade me hurry from him.

All of those very gay and nice "babes and sucklings" which the Gouverneur Faulkner had mentioned were with me at the table with very much laughter and merriment, also much conversation. And in that conversation were very many jokes upon my Buzz because he had been transported to the capitol by my uncle, the General Robert, and given hard labor until almost the time to arrive for that nice supper which he was eating with much hunger.

"Well, it's not my fault that Timms up and biffed his brother into eternity all for buzzing pretty Mary Brown, and I don't see why I had to be rung in to sort out of a million sheets of trial evidence the lies he told about it for poor old Governor Bill to mull over all night. I say when a man wants to be hanged as badly as that he ought to get what he's crying for and not butt in on a perfectly innocent man's afternoon fox trot," was that Mr. Buzz Glendenning's walling to all of the company. "Look the other way, Sue, so as not to turn this muffin cold until I get it buttered."

"I told my washwoman, who is Mary's sister, that Mary ought to be made to tell just what did happen, and then it could all be arranged so that the poor man could be saved to her. I think it is hard on Mary to lose both lovers," said that very intelligent Mildred Summers.

"They live just over beyond the back gate. Suppose we all go and put it up to the attractive Mary to speak up and keep Buzz from the danger of overworking a second time," said a nice young gentleman with what I considered a great intelligence, but which caused much laughter.

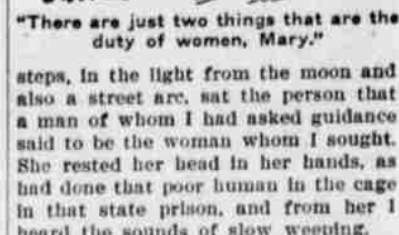
And at that suggestion which caused the much merriment that daredevil within Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, again arose and commanded me to attention.

"Go, Robert Carruthers, and obtain that paper of statement from that Mary, so that your chief, that good Gouverneur Faulkner, does not work in the night, which is for rest, and that your beloved Buzz may not again have to work in his afternoon, which is for dancing. Go and find that Mary as soon as this dinner is at an end."

And what was it possible for me to

do but to answer the command of the daredevil person within me? All of which I did. I made excuse of myself on account of a lie which involved my attendance on my uncle, the General Robert, and departed after I had had but one nice slide with the lovely Sue, but had obtained a promise of one from Mlle. Belle if I found it possible to return by the hour of 10 o'clock.

After many inquiries in small streets I was at last led to the home of the Mary Brown. All was dark within the very small house, but upon the



"There are just two things that are the duty of women, Mary."

steps, in the light from the moon and also a street arc, sat the person that a man of whom I had asked guidance said to be the woman whom I sought. She rested her head in her hands, as had done that poor human in the cage in that state prison, and from her I heard the sounds of slow weeping.

"What is it that I shall say to her?" I asked myself. And then suddenly something answered from within me from the same place that had arisen that knowledge to spring in between my Gouverneur Faulkner and the bright knife I had not even seen. That place is located in the heart of Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, and not in that daredevil.

"Mary Brown," I said to her, with all of the gentleness in my voice that was commanded by my sympathy for her, "if a person were going to kill with a rope the man I loved I would lay down my own life that he should live. If you write one little paper to say that he murdered in defense of you the good Gouverneur Faulkner will save him to you. Give to me that paper."

"Go away!" she moaned as she shook her head and cried into her arms.

"See, Mary: Here is the pencil and the paper to write the words of life for Timms to that Gouverneur Faulkner," I said as I seated myself beside her and extracted my notebook and pencil from the pocket of my overcoat where I had placed them on leaving my room as is always best, I deemed, for a secretary. "There are just two things that are the duty of women, Mary—to bear men and to save them. Save yours now, Mary. Much will happen, it may be, but that Timms is a good man and must live."

"I dissent. He told me not to, Timms did."

"If a knife was aimed at Timms' heart, would you not throw yourself between him and its cut, Mary, even though commanded by him not to so save him?"

"Yes."

"The knife is aimed and here's the paper by which you can throw your person on that knife. Is it of such moment that it cut into your own heart, that you stand and let it give death to him?"

"I give up! I give up, mister! I can't let nobody murder him. Nobody ever put it that way to me. Give me that paper and let me git to him for jest one minute tomorrow," she made answer to me as she seized the paper and pencil and began to write with the paper spread beside her upon the step.

"Will that do, mister?" she asked with anxiety. On that paper she had written:

Hen Timms had locked me in the room and was attacking me when Gabe broke in and got me away from him. He had to bust his head with a flatiron to make him let go of me. I am a good woman.

MARY BROWN.

"Yes, good Mary, this will shield Timms from that knife, I feel a certainty, and I will send for you and see that you go to an interview with him at 10 o'clock of the tomorrow morning. And now good night, with great respect to you for a brave woman," I said as I rose to my feet.

"Who are you, mister, that have spoke to my heart like they ain't nobody spoke to its suffering yet, though you ain't said many words, and them is curious-like?" she asked of me as I prepared to take a hurried departure.

"I am the secretary of the Gouverneur Faulkner, Mary, and—and I know—how women—love—men. I"—

"I bet a many of 'em have loved you. God bless your sweet eyes. Good night, sir!"

And with those kind words from the poor female, who was beginning again to sob, but with another motive in her weeping, I took my departure down the street—or up—I did not know in just which direction. I had the intention of returning to the house of the party to obtain the cherry, which I had left standing before the door, and in it convey the message to my Gouverneur Faulkner that should bring relief to his anxiety, but I soon found that I had lost myself upon streets that I had never seen before.

What was it that I should do? My heart suffered that my Gouverneur Faulkner should not know the relief of that paper I had in the pocket of my dinner coat, but I could not find

myself, and I did not know exactly what questions I should ask. Then I bethought me of that telephone, which in America is so much used, but not in France. I entered into a store for medicines upon the corner of one of the streets in my wandering, looked diligently in a book to find the number of the mansion of the gouverneur, and, after many tellings of my desire, at last my Gouverneur Faulkner made an answer in my ear that was as beautiful in voice as the words he spoke to me in his presence.

"Well?" he asked me.

"This is Robert Carruthers who speaks."

"Oh, all right youngster! How did the party go?"

"That was a very nice party, your excellency, and I have a paper from that Mary Brown concerning the murder of the brother of good Timms for cruelty to Mary. I wish to give it to you."

"What do you mean, boy?"

"I have said it."

"Then bring it here to me at once and tell me how you got it."

"I cannot come to you."

"Then I'll come to you. Where are you?"

"I do not know. I am lost."

"Heavens, boy, what do you mean?"

"I am in a store of medicine that is many streets from that house of good Mary Brown and also from the house of the dinner party."

"You helpless young idiot, call a taxi and come right here to me."

"I am promised to a dance with Mlle. Belle by the hour of 10, of which it lacks now only a quarter. Cannot I go in that taxicab, which it is of much intelligence of you to suggest to me, and send by that taxicab to you the paper from Mary Brown while I stay to dance that dance?"

"Well I'll be— No, I can't say it over the telephone."

"What is it, my Gouverneur Faulkner?"

"I'll say it in the morning to you in person. I'll just hold up the wheels of state until that dance is over. Go ahead, youngster. Call the taxi and get back to Belle. I'll send Jenkins to get the paper, and you can—can tell me all about it in the morning. Will 9 o'clock be too early to call you from your rosy dreams?"

"I do not have coffee until 9 o'clock, my Gouverneur Faulkner, and I do not make a very hurried toilet, but I will come to you at the capitol at 9 o'clock, if you so command, very gladly."

"Oh, no. We'll all of us just—just cool our heels until you get your coffee and toilet. Don't hurry, I beg of you. Good night, and beat it to Belle, as Buzz would say. Good night, you— But I'll say it all in the morning if it takes a half day. Good night again." And with that parting salutation my Gouverneur Faulkner's voice died from the telephone with what I thought had the sound of a very nice laugh.

(To Be Continued.)

PRINEVILLE WINS IN DEBATE
(From Saturday's Daily.)
By defeating Madras and Culver in debate, the Crook high school is again champion of the Central Oregon division of the Oregon State Debate League. Prineville won at home

COLLEGIANS ARE READY FOR CLUB RURAL CREDITS IS THEME TODAY

COMMITTEES FOR BY-LAWS AND MEMBERSHIP ARE NAMED AT GATHERING AT EMBLEM CLUB LAST NIGHT.

(From Saturday's Daily.) Preliminary steps for the organization of a University club in Bend were taken last night at a meeting of college and university men held at the Emblem club, the chief preparation being in the appointment of a committee to draft by-laws and constitution. Judge H. C. Ellis, Judge W. D. Barnes, Robt. B. Gould, Ward Coble and F. T. Parker were named as members of the committee. George S. Young presided at the meeting, with E. M. Lara acting as secretary.

Members of the old University club who were present, were appointed as a membership committee, went into session as committee of a whole, and elected the other college men in attendance to membership. Recommendations for a list of guests at a dinner to be given on the evening of February 12, will be considered up to Monday night of next week, by this committee.

Judge Ellis was named chairman of the dinner committee, with W. G. Hastings and Frank May as the other members. On Mr. Ellis' suggestion that a quartet be organized, he was named a committee of one to handle details on this point.

It was emphasized in general discussion, that at least one year's attendance at a standard college or university be made a chief entrance requirement into the club, but it is probable that general desirability will also figure.

The purpose of the club was not definitely outlined, although E. M. Lara and several others insisted that it be "of a purely gastronomic nature."

DESCHUTES COUNTY PEOPLE GATHER IN BEND FOR DISCUSSION OF PROBLEMS PRESENTED BY NEW LAW.

(From Saturday's Daily Bulletin.) Residents of Deschutes county gathered this afternoon in the Council chambers of the O'Kane building at a meeting prompted by the American Farm Finance league, to discuss the Rural Credits law. P. H. Denzer presided at the gathering, and called on County Agriculturalist Blanchard and Guy Dobson, of Redmond, for addresses. Articles on the Farm Loan law, published in The Bend Bulletin, were read as giving comprehensive surveys of different phases of the law.

Mr. Blanchard, in his address, advised that all preliminaries be attended to in the way of organizing irrigation districts, declaring that even if technical errors were made, the groundwork of the organization would have been made before federal appraisers could complete the work.

Mr. Dobson spoke on the subject from a banker's standpoint, giving practical information as to bonds and sureties, as included in the general subject of rural credits.

VALLEY TRAMBITIS TO MEET GEORGE FEB. 12

Pacific Coast Champ Will Go After Local Lad's Scalp—Will Be Best Contest Seen Here.

(From Saturday's Daily Bulletin.) Billy George will meet Valley Trambitis, of Portland, holder of the middleweight boxing championship of the Pacific coast, in a 10-round match in Bend February 12, according to word received this morning from Trambitis by W. L. Dondah, of the Bend Athletic club, who has been working for several weeks to sign up the speedy Portland lad with "Bear Cat" George, in Bend.

George has been down at Kline Falls for several weeks recuperating from his fight with Farmer Burns, and says that he will be in good shape by Lincoln's anniversary to meet the speedy Portland boxer.

MILITARY TRAINING IN U. S. ADVOCATED

(From Saturday's Daily.) (By United Press to The Daily Bulletin) WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27.—The National Security league voted unanimously today favoring universal military service for all male citizens over 19 years of age. The Plattsburg system was recommended.

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