

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 Lasselles 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 Glensening.

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 gump 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 defends the blow.

Roberta discovers that the murderer has killed his man in defending a woman. She secures a statement from the woman.

She takes the statement to the governor, who gives her a letter announcing the imminent arrival of Count de Bourden to sign the mule contract.

The count arrives. He is in the plot with the Whitworths to defraud the French government in the mule deal.

Roberta goes with the governor to a mountain district from whence news has come that a Frenchman is detained in captivity.

The captured man is Count de Lasselles, who recognizes Roberta through her disguise to her embarrassment and the governor's astonishment.

CHAPTER XV.

All is Lost.

AND to that word of challenge I made no answer, but I raised my head and looked into his eyes with a dignity that came to me as my right from suffering. So regarding each other, we stood for a very short minute, in which the Captain the Count de Lasselles raised his head from his kisses of salutation upon my hands.

"And, mon enfant, is this the good uncle to whose care you came into America?" asked that Capitaine the Count de Lasselles as he reached out his imprisoned hands for a greeting to my relative.

I did not make any answer to that question. My head raised itself yet higher, and I looked my Gouverneur Faulkner full in the face while I waited to hear what he would answer of my kinship to him.

"Sir, I am the friend of General Carruthers, and I am also the governor of the state of Harpeth. I have come across the mountains to talk with you about the business of this contract for mules for your army, and I have brought your young friend to assist me if I should need translating from our own, and the matter is of much gravity." And as the Governor Faulkner spoke those words to my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, with a great courtesy, but also a great sternness, in which he named me, not as his friend, but as the friend of that Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, I knew that I was placed by him among all women hars of the world and that to him his boy Robert of honor was of a truth dead forever.

"It is indeed of such a gravity that I have come from the English Canada to make all clear to myself," answered my beloved Capitaine the Count de Lasselles as he drew himself to his entire height, which was well nigh as great as that of the gouverneur of the state of Harpeth.

"And I have ridden a day and a night, sir, for the same purpose," answered my great Gouverneur Faulkner, with that beautiful courtesy of business I have always observed him to use in the transaction of his affairs in his office at the capitol of the state of Harpeth. "And as one of us must make a beginning will you not tell me, captain, why you are here and in this predicament?"

"In a few words I will make all clear to you, your excellency," made answer my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, with an air of courtesy equal to that of the Gouverneur Faulkner. "I sent down into your state of Harpeth one of my commisaires, to whom I gave the direction that with a lack of annoying publicity he should investigate the preparedness of the state of Harpeth to deliver those 5000 of mules to the republic of France as was being proposed. Behold, a report that all is well comes to me, but—ah, it is with sorrow and shame that such a thing could be done by a son of poor France who struggles for life—among the sheets of that report were left by mistake the fragments of a draft of a letter to an American woman,

an which made a partial disclosure of an intended falseness of that statement to me. Immediately I came alone to interview that false officer, and I find him gone from that small town not far from here into your capital. I was seeking rapidly to ride alone by directions into your capital city to prevent that he make a signature, which I had given to him the authority to write, to those papers of so great an importance. I was thus arrested by that man of great wildness, whose patois I could not understand, as he could not comprehend the English I make use of, and you see me thus. I beg of you to tell me if that wicked signature has been made."

"The papers have not been signed, thank God, captain, and your very impatient lieutenant is being shown some southern hospitality by the flower and chivalry of old Harpeth. And I beg your pardon for allowing you to be a prisoner a minute longer than necessary," was the answer made to him by my Gouverneur Faulkner. "Until the captain, Jim. He's all right. And you can bring us a little of your mountain dew while I clear this table here to use for the papers of our business." And still my Gouverneur Faulkner did not speak or look at me, and in my heart I then knew that he never would.

"I will make all ready," I said as I lifted a large gun, a horn of a beast full of powder and several pipes with tobacco from the table of rough boards that stood under the window for light.

"Ah, that is a good release! Thank you that you did not make tight enough for abrasions your cords, my good man," said my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles as he stretched out his arms and then bent to make a rubbing of his ankle upon which had been the chain.

"I said you warn't no revenue. Here, drink, stranger," answered the wild Jim as he handed a bottle of white liquid to my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles and also another to my Gouverneur Faulkner. "That boy can suck the drippings," he added as he looked at me with humor.

"Get cups and water, Jim," commanded my Gouverneur Faulkner, with a smile. "Don't drink it straight, captain. It will knock you down."

"I will procure the cups and the water," I said, with rapidity, for I longed to leave that room for a few moments in which to shake from my eyes some of the tears that were making a mist before them.

"Get a fresh bucket from the spring up the gulch, Bob, while I go beat the boys outen the bushes with the news that they ain't no revenue. They'll want to see Bill," was the direction that wild Jim gave to me as he placed in my hand a rude bucket and pointed up the side of the hill of great steepness. After so doing he descended around the rock by the path which we had ascended.

"What is it that you shall do now, Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye?" I wopt a question to myself as I dipped that bucket into a clear pool and made ready to return to the hut. "All is lost to you."

"I do not know," I answered to myself.

And when I had made a safe return to the hut with a small portion of the water only remaining in the bucket, for the cause of many slides in the steep descent from the pool, I found my Gouverneur Faulkner and my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles engaged deeply in a mass of papers on the table between them and with no thanks to Roberta, the marquise of Grez and Bye, when she served to them tincups of the water and a liquid that I had ascertained by tasting to be of fire. I believe it to be thus that in affairs of business in the minds of men all women are become drowned.

"Will you write this out for his excellency, my dear mademoiselle?" would request my good Capitaine the Count de Lasselles.

"Thank you," would be the reply I received from the Gouverneur Faulkner of the state of Harpeth, with never one small look into my eyes that so sought his.

And for all of the hours of that very long afternoon I sat on a low stool be-



The Heart in My Breast Was Going into Death by Torture.

side the feet of those two great gentlemen and served them in their communications while the heart in my breast was going into death by a slow, cruel torture.

The exact meaning of those papers and words of business I did not know, but once I observed my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles throw down his pencil and look into the face of the Gouverneur Faulkner with a great and stern astonishment.

"The work of grafters, Captain Lasselles, with a woman as a tool. But I yet don't see just how it was that she worked it. My secretary of state, General Carruthers, and I have been at work for weeks, and we could not catch the exact fraud," made answer my Gouverneur Faulkner with a cold sternness.

"I was warned in Paris that beautiful American women were very much interested in the placing of war contracts, M. le Gouverneur. I fled upon a tugboat from the ship that I escape some for whom I had letters of introduction which I could not ignore."

"It was your capitaine, the Count de Lasselles, whom that Madam Whitworth sought upon the ship, Roberta," I said to myself.

"I think women are alike the world over, captain, and the discussion of them and their mental and moral processes is fruitless," answered my Gouverneur Faulkner as he again took up his pencil.

"When it happened to me to find the fragment of the letter to the lady of America from my false lieutenant I had a deep distress that tenderness for the sufferings of poor France should fall to be in even one American woman's heart. And now I am in deep concern. Where am I to obtain the good strong mules by which to transport through fields heavy with mud the food to my poor boys in their trenches?"

"Right here, captain, I feel reasonably sure. I think I see a way to give you what you want at a better figure. And from it no man shall reap more than a just wage for honest work. As the governor of the state of Harpeth I can give you at least that assurance." And as he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner looked the Capitaine the Count de Lasselles in the eyes with a fine honesty that carried with it the utmost of conviction.

"I give thanks to le bon Dieu," I said, with words that were very soft in my throat, but at which I observed the mouth of that Gouverneur Faulkner to again become as one straight line of coldness.

"Indeed, thanks to le bon Dieu, mademoiselle," made courteous answer to me my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles. "But how will you accomplish that purpose, M. le Gouverneur?"

"As soon as I've done with these figures I'll have in Jim, your jailer, and then you'll hear some things about the American mountain mule that you never heard before, I believe." As he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner proceeded with making figures with his pencil, a fine glow of eagerness added to that of rage in his eyes very deep under their brows. "Now I'll go and call in Jim," he said after a few minutes of waiting and left the room in which I was then alone with my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, who came to me with outstretched hands.

"Ah, Mlle. Roberta," he exclaimed, "I am in a debt of gratitude to you for bringing this great gentleman, your friend, to my rescue and also to the solving of this very strange situation concerning these contracts. Indeed have you accomplished the mission for which you enlisted—your 'friends for France'?"

"But before procedure I must ask you, little lady, why it was that you made a vanishment from that hotel in New York. I sought you there in vain, and it is a great ease to my unhappy heart to find you in the care of a family and friends. I make compliments on your costume of the ride. I also observe the custom of attire masculine to be on those plains of the great west where I bought the wheat."

"It is a great joy to me, mon capitaine, that you give to me your approval. Much has happened to me in those short weeks since you left me in loneliness on that great ship that I must tell to you," I said as a sob rose into my words.

"Poor little girl! It will not be many hours now before I can say to you the things that have been growing in my heart for you since that night upon the ship," he said to me in a great tenderness as he raised my hand and bent to kiss it just as entered the great Gouverneur Faulkner and the wild Jim.

I had not the courage to gaze upon the face of my Gouverneur Faulkner, but I felt its coldness strike into my body and turn it to hardness. For a second I stood as a stone; then a sudden resolve rose in me, and again that daredevil seized upon my thought. I took a piece of that white paper with caution and also a pencil and with them slipped from the room, while that wild Jim seated himself upon my lowly stool beside the table at which again the two great men were writing.

And out in the soft light that was now slowly fading from the side of the mountain because of the retirement of the sun I sat me down upon the step of the hut and wrote to my Gouverneur Faulkner this small letter:

Honored Excellency the Gouverneur Faulkner of the State of Harpeth—I go from you into the trenches of France. If your humble boy Robert has done for you any small service, I beg of you in that name that my uncle, the General Robert, and my friends never know of my dishonor of lies about my woman's estate, but believe me to die as a soldier for France, as will be the case. Make all clear for me to my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles. It is that all women are not lies.

ROBERTA.
Marquise of Grez and Bye.
Then I left that letter upon the doorstep, held in place by the weight of a stone, and very softly slipped out into the shadows of the twilight and down the mountain by the path up which that morning I had come with my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, then my friend.

I felt a certainty that as many as two hours would those men continue in a consulting with that wild Jim and in that time by going stealthily I could gain the place where were tethered the horses before a complete darkness had come. From my honored father I had learned the ways of woods in hunting, and also I knew that the good Lightfoot would in darkness carry me in safety to his stall in the barn of Mr. Bud Bell, beside which stood my

cherry.
From there I could gain the city of Hayesville in the dead hours of the night and in those same dead hours depart to France after obtaining the money I had left in my desk and which I had earned by my labors and would not be in the act of stealing from the state of Harpeth. Only one night and day would I be alone in the forest, and I did not care if a death should overtake me. In my body my heart was dead, and why should I desire the life of that body?

(To be continued.)

DESCHUTES COUNTY VALUATIONS GIVEN

(From Thursday's Daily.)

In The Bulletin yesterday there was printed a statement of the assessed valuations of Crook county (including Deschutes) and the tax levies for the current year. Following is shown the valuations of the road and school districts in Deschutes county and an approximation of the valuations in the districts which are divided. This shows the assessed valuation of Deschutes county to be approximately \$4,860,000. The figures have been worked out by H. A. Foster, assessor of Crook county, to whom The Bulletin is indebted for them.

The valuations are as follows:

Road Districts.	
Dist. No.	Value of Dist.
3	\$ 543,440
5	435,380
8	62,815
9	68,895
11	181,560
12	1,300,435
26	101,315
27	238,295
28	269,615
29	267,580
30	464,905
32	287,445
33	239,250
34	217,570
Divided Districts—Deschutes Portion.	
6	1,070
19	11,700
23	76,435
	\$4,865,395

School Districts.	
No. of Dist.	Value of Dist.
9	\$ 202,025
12	1,746,350
13	3,965
14	26,425
15	8,550
16	19,180
19	31,940
26	59,040
30	119,885
32	58,210
34	86,685
37	15,360
43	621,475
44	20,650
45	101,825
50	52,550
52	34,135
53	254,040
59	399,710
60	199,135
61	132,175
64	131,030
65	102,175
68	77,250
69	27,720
Divided Districts—Deschutes Portion.	
8	\$ 121,000
11	16,280
31	6,205
33	7,000
36	14,610
38	22,600
47	14,990
49	52,140
51	4,000
56	11,400
58	54,695
63	750
	\$4,866,955

TO SHIP OUT CATTLE

Carload of Heavy Beeves Will go to Portland on Sunday.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Another shipment of fat cattle for the Portland market will leave Bend Sunday morning, in charge of Barney O'Donnell, the stock having been purchased within the last few days by O'Donnell Bros., of this city. The beeves are of high quality, and will run from 1200 to 1500 pounds per head, Mr. O'Donnell states. The last allotment of cattle sold in Portland by the O'Donnells, topped the market, setting a new record for prices in the Portland yards.

WILLIAM DARLING DIES IN PORTLAND

Tuberculosis Claims Man Who Resided in Bend For Last Three Months—Was a Mason.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Word was received here last night by telegram from Portland, of the death of William Darling, for several months a resident of Bend. Tuberculosis was the cause of death. Mr. Darling left Bend on the evening of February 14, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Henderson. Since his departure, his condition became gradually worse until death came at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was well known to many in Bend, his stay here this winter having been the second visit to this vicinity. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, holding membership in a California lodge.

LEGAL NOTICES

1915 DELINQUENT TAX LIST

Taxes became delinquent October 5, 1916, State of Oregon, County of Deschutes, ss.

Notice is hereby given that on and after April 1, 1917, I will sell to the first person to apply for the same or delinquent tax certificates on any or all of the following described property, which tax is the delinquent tax on the same for the year 1915, and with the amount of the tax, penalty, interest, and the costs of publishing this notice, and said purchaser to pay all other delinquent taxes, if any, at the time of purchasing said certificates, and I hereby certify that said certificates shall draw 15 per cent interest the same are redeemed, and if not redeemed in three years that the holder of said delinquent tax certificate may foreclose the same as by law provided.

H. M. Abbott, n 1/2 ne, sec 4, tp 17, r 11	\$ 10.12
C. L. Alverson, sw nw, w 1/2 sw, sec 15, tp 17, r 10; nw nw, sec 23, n 1/2 ne, sec 22, tp 17, r 10, e	62.30
J. F. Ames, w 1/2 e 1/2, sec 5, tp 22, r 16	37.60
V. Andrieff, nw ne, sec 24, tp 21, r 10	8.64
Arnold Irrigation Co., e 1/2 nw, sec 22, e 1/2 nw, sec 27, tp 18, r 12	20.59
Rose C. Audney, se 1/4, sec 29, tp 19, r 13	37.10
C. A. Adams, ne sec 24, tp 17, r 14	6.80
Otho Baker, nw sw, sec 20, tp 14, r 13	22.66
W. J. Baker, sw nw, sec 15, tp 18, r 12	6.57
John B. Bell, sw 1/4, w 1/2 se, n 1/2, sec 16, tp 17, r 13	39.76
Bend Brick & Tile Co., w 1/2 sw, sec 25, tp 17, r 11	11.68
Bend Flour Mill Co., tract 100x200 ft in w 1/2 ne, sec 32, tp 17, r 12	60.40
J. R. Benham, sw 1/4, sec 28, tp 17, r 12, e	24.40
H. A. Berkman, nw sw, sec 24, tp 16, r 12, e	5.94
Alfred T. Biles, se 1/4, sec 32, tp 14, r 13, e	52.80
J. J. Bixler, n 1/2 se, sec 10, n 1/2 sw, sec 11, tp 18, r 13, e	23.43
F. M. Booth, s 1/2 ne, sec 34, tp 14, r 10, e	11.74
Emma M. Barnkoff, ne 1/4, sec 2, tp 18, r 13, e	34.99
A. J. and Chas. Boyd, sw se, sec 21, tp 17, r 12, e	8.34
Chas. Boyd, nw ne, ne nw, sec 25, s 1/2 ne, sec 21, 6 acres in ne ne sec 29, tp 17, r 12, e	24.67
J. A. Boyd, nw nw, sec 13; n 1/2 nw, sec 14; ne ne, sec 15, tp 17, r 14, e	35.70
L. A. Brandenburg, n 1/2 sw, se sw, sec 22; nw ne, n 1/2 nw, sec 27; ne ne, ne nw, sec 28, tp 16, r 12, e	38.70
A. A. Burris, w 1/2 se, sec 9, tp 17, r 12, e	7.92
Harley E. Byers, lot 3, sec 31, tp 14, r 11, w 1/2 se, ne se, sec 36, tp 14, r 10	16.80
Aultie Cady, nw 1/4, sec 15, tp 16, r 11, e	6.82
John A. Carlston, lot 4, sec 2, tp 22, r 14, e; w 1/2 sw, se sw, sec 35, tp 21, r 14, e	37.60
Chas. Carson, nw 1/4, sec 6, tp 15, r 11, e	16.03
Jack Carter, se sw, sec 11, tp 17, r 14, e	6.80
M. A. Carter, w 12 acres of nw nw, sec 4, tp 15, r 10, e	1.74
Wm. E. Case, ne sw, n 1/2 se, sw se, sec 35, tp 15, r 11, e	12.88
Robert Casey, nw ne, sec 12, tp 15, r 12, e	15.01
Martha A. Chapman, s 1/2 nw, se ne, sec 9, tp 14, r 12, e	16.14
Herman Choppen, w 1/2 nw, sec 4, tp 15, r 12, e	9.36
Joseph E. Clifford, ne 1/4, sec 24, tp 19, r 13, e	37.10
C. A. Cline, sw ne, nw se, s 1/2 se, sec 14; nw ne, ne nw, sec 23, tp 15, r 12; 3 acres in ne cor of se sec, sec 7, tp 14, r 12	17.67
Cockerham and Eberale, se sw, sec 9, tp 15, r 13, e	5.90
Helen G. Coghlan, s 1/2 n 1/2, n 1/2 s 1/2, sec 23, tp 17, r 14, e	114.07
Clifford J. Coon, s 1/2, sec 7, tp 20, r 16, e	23.94
A. S. Cottingham, s 1/2 sw, sec 2, nw 1/4, s 1/2 ne, sec 11, tp 20, r 19, e	19.50
W. H. Courtney, se 1/4, sec 31, tp 15, r 12, e	11.16
J. M. Crenshaw, nw nw, sec 24, tp 14, r 13, e	11.22
F. L. Crowder, n 1/2 nw, sec 26, tp 17, r 14, e	47.30
Central Ore. Power Co., Parcel of land Des. in D. R. B. 29, page 254	9.63
J. H. Corbett, et al, Parcel of land Des. in D. R. B. 34, page 198	1.40
Harry Dale, se 1/4, sec 36, tp 21, r 16, e	7.75
Davenport & Stanley Ranch Co., se 1/4, sec 6; e 1/2, nw 1/4, sec 7, tp 18, r 14; se sw, sec 11; all of sec 12, tp 18, r 13, e	307.02
George W. Davis, e 16 acres of w 27 acres of sw sw, sec 9, tp 15, r 13, e	5.83
J. S. Davies, nw se, sec 14, tp 14, r 13, e	9.24
Sam'l H. Davis, sw 1/4, sec 8, tp 15, r 11, e	34.86
Harvey Davis, sw nw, w 1/2 sw, sec 26; n 1/2 ne, se nw, sec 35; se ne, sec 34, tp 21, r 22, e	20.40
Anna E. Dayton, lots 1 2 3 4, sec 30, tp 14, r 10	21.75
F. E. Dayton, sw ne, nw se, sec 27, tp 16, r 11; se nw, sec 18, tp 16, r 12, e	32.57
F. A. Depute, w 1/2 sw, sec 36, tp 19, r 14, e	3.36
Anna Dobbs, e 1/2 se, sec 24, tp 20, r 10; w 1/2 sw, sec 19, tp 20, r 11	11.20
Guy E. Dobson, sw se, se sw, sec 31, tp 15, r 11; lots 4 5 6, sec 6, tp 16, r 11	20.96
Wm. A. Doney, sw 1/4, sec 12, tp 15, r 11, e	9.80
Chas. Durand, sw sw, sec 5, tp 18, r 13	9.15
W. J. Eagles, ne sw, sec 26, tp 17, r 12	22.00
W. Eckler, ne se, sec 14, tp 14, r 13	10.12
E. E. Edgar, w 1/2 nw, n 1/2 sw, sec 22, tp 14, r 10	11.31
Rob't P. Effinger, ne 1/4, sec 10, tp 18, r 13	28.04
M. M. Ehlers, nw nw, sec 10, tp 15, r 13; w 1/2 sw, sec 15, tp 14, r 13	41.19
C. W. Ehbret, s 1/2 ne, sec 5; se ne, ne se, sec 6, tp 15, r 13	12.48
Jacob Ehret, ne nw, sec 21, tp 15, r 12	2.47
J. J. Ellinger, se se, part of sw se, sec 21; ne ne, part of nw ne, sec 28, tp 14, r 13	71.94
M. T. Ellinger, w 1/2 nw, n 1/2 sw, sec 28, tp 14, r 13	23.98
Mina Elliott, e 1/2 nw, sec 13, tp 18, r 12, e	13.14
C. A. Felmeley, s 1/2 se, ne ne, sec 8, tp 15, r 13	4.88
N. G. Fisher, nw ne, ne nw, sec 14, tp 17, r 12	9.23
S. R. Forbes, sw sw, sec 34, sec D R B, 32, p 202; 26 acres in ne se, sec 33, tp 17, r 12	5.74
Anna Markel Forbes, nw sw, sec 30, tp 17, r 12, e	1.77
Alex Fraser, n 1/2 nw, sw nw, sec 9, e 1/2 ne, sec 8; s 1/2 nw, sec 4, tp 21, r 19, e	20.72
Chas. H. Fry, nw ne, sec 3, tp 15, r 13	17.82
S. B. Fryrear, w 1/2 nw, w 1/2 sw, sec 20, tp 15, r 11	32.20
C. U. Gantenbein, nw 1/4, sec 10, tp 18, r	