



**The Devil's Own**  
A Romance of the Black Hawk War  
By **Randall Parrish**  
Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade,"  
"When Wilderness was King," etc.  
Illustrated by **Levin Myers**

**CHAPTER I.**

**At Old Fort Armstrong.**

It was the early springtime, and my history tells me the year was 1832, although now that seems so far away I almost hesitate to write the date. It appears surprising that, through the haze of all those intervening years—intensely active years with me—I should now be able to recall so clearly the scene of that far-off morning of my youth, and depict in memory each minor detail. Yet, as you read on, and realize yourself the stirring events resulting from that idle moment, you may be able to comprehend the deep impression left upon my mind, which no cycle of time could ever erase.

I was barely twenty then, a strong, almost headstrong boy, and the far wilderness was still very new to me, although for two years past I had held army commission and been assigned to duty in frontier forts. Yet never previously had I been stationed at quite so isolated an outpost of civilization as was this combination of rock and log defense erected at the southern extremity of Rock Island, fairly marooned amid the sweep of the great river, with Indian-haunted land stretching for leagues on every side. A mere handful of troops was quartered there, technically two companies of infantry, yet numbering barely enough for one; and this in spite of rumors daily drifting to us that the Sacs and Foxes, with their main village just below, were already becoming restless and warlike, inflamed by the slow approach of white settlers into the valley of the Rock. Indeed, so short was the garrison of officers, that the harassed commander had ventured to retain me for field service, in spite of the fact that I was detailed to staff duty, had borne dispatches up the Mississippi from General Gaines and expected to return again by the first boat.

The morning was one of deep-blue sky and bright sunshine. As soon as early drill ended I had left the fort enclosure and sought a lonely perch on the great rock above the mouth of the cave. Below, extended a magnificent river, fully a mile wide from shore to shore, unbroken in its vast sweep toward the sea except for a few small willow-studded islands a mile or two away. Over there, in the near shadow of the Rock Valley, was where Black Hawk, dissatisfied, revengeful, dwelt with his British band, gathering swiftly about him the younger, fighting warriors of every tribe his influ-



He Had Been at the Fort but Two Days Before, a Tall, Straight, Taciturn Indian.

ence could reach. He had been at the fort but two days before, a tall, straight, taciturn Indian; no chief by birth, yet a born leader of men, defiant in speech and insolent of demeanor in spite of the presence also at the council of his people's true representative, the silent, cautious Keokuk. Even with my small knowledge of such things it was plain enough to be seen there existed deadly hatred between these two, and that Keokuk's desire for peace with the whites alone postponed an outbreak. Already tales reached us of encroaching settlers advancing along the valley, and of savage, retaliating raids which could only terminate in armed encounters. That Keokuk could continue to control his people no longer seemed probable to me, for the Hawk was evidently the stronger character of the two, possessed the larger following and made no attempt to conceal the depth of his hatred for all things American.

Down below where I sat a little river steambout was tied to the wharf, a dingy stern-wheeler, with the word "Warrior" painted across the pilot house. My eyes and thoughts turned that way. Standing alone together near the stern were a heavily-built man with white hair and beard, and a younger, rather slender fellow, with clipped, black mustache. Both were unusually natty and fashionable in attire, rather overly so, I thought, white

the former wore a long coat and high white stock. Involuntarily I had placed them in my mind as river gamblers, but was still observing their movements with some curiosity when Captain Throckmorton crossed the gangplank and began ascending the steep bluff. The path to be followed led directly past where I was sitting and, recognizing me, he stopped to exchange greetings.

"What! have you finished your day's work already, lieutenant?" he exclaimed pleasantly. "Mine has only just begun."

"So I observe. It was garrison talk last night that the Warrior was to depart at daylight."

"That was the plan. However, the Wanderer went north during the night," he explained, "and brought mail from below, so we are being held for the return letters. I am going up to the office now."

My eyes returned to the scene below.

"You have some passengers aboard?"

"A few; picked up several at the lead mines, besides those aboard from Prairie du Chien."

"Evidently all of your passengers are not miners, captain," I ventured.

"Those two standing there at the stern, for instance."

He turned and looked. "No," he said; "that big man is Judge Beaucalre, from Missouri. He has a plantation just above St. Louis, an old French grant. Of course you know the younger one."

"Never saw him before."

"Then you have never traveled much on the lower river. That's Joe Kirby."

"Certainly; you must have heard of him. First time I ever knew of his drifting so far north, as there are not many pickings up here. Have rather suspected he might be laying for Beaucalre, but the two haven't touched a card coming down."

"He is a gambler, then?"

"A thoroughbred; works between St. Louis and New Orleans. I can't just figure out yet what he is doing up here. I asked him flat out, but he only laughed, and he isn't the sort of man you get very friendly with, some say he has Indian blood in him, so I dropped it. He and the judge seem pretty thick, and they may be playing in their rooms. See you again before we leave; am going up now to have a talk with the major."

My eyes followed as he disappeared within the open gates, a squat, strongly built figure, the blue smoke from his pipe circling in a cloud above his head. Then I turned idly to gaze once again down the river and observe the groups loitering below.

Assuredly it was none of my affair, and yet a certain curiosity caused me to observe the movements of the two so long as they remained on deck. However, it was but a short while before both retired to the cabin, and then my gaze returned once more to the sullen sweep of water, while my thoughts drifted far away.

A soldier was within a few feet of me and had spoken before I was even aware of his approach.

"Lieutenant Knox."

I looked about quickly, recognizing the major's orderly.

"Yes, Sanders, what is it?"

"Major Bliss requests, sir, that you report at his office at once."

Wondering what might be desired of me, yet with no conception of the reality, I followed after the orderly through the stockade gate, and across the small parade ground toward the more pretentious structure occupied by the officers of the garrison.

A number of soldiers off duty were loitering in front of the barracks, while a small group of officers occupied chairs on the log porch of their quarters, enjoying the warmth of the sun. I greeted these as I passed, conscious that their eyes followed me curiously as I approached the commandant's office. Major Bliss glanced up at my entrance, with deep-set eyes hidden beneath bushy gray eyebrows, his smooth-shaven face appearing almost youthful in contrast with a wealth of gray hair.

"How long have you been here at Armstrong, lieutenant?" he questioned, toying with an official-looking paper in his hands.

"Only about three weeks, sir. I came north on the Enterprise, with dispatches from General Gaines."

"I remember; you belong to the Fifth, and without orders, I promptly dragooned you into garrison service." His eyes laughed. "Only sorry I cannot hold you any longer. It seems you have an application pending for a furlough."

"Yes, sir."

"It is my pleasure to inform you that it has been granted—sixty days, with permission to proceed east. There has been considerable delay evidently in locating you."

A sudden vision arose before me of my mother's face and of the old home among the hills as I took the paper from his extended hands and glanced at the printed and written lines.

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"That need not trouble you, Knox. The furlough begins with this delivery. However, as I shall require your services as far as St. Louis, I shall date this acceptance from the time of your arrival there."

"Which is very kind, sir."

"Not at all. You have proven of considerable assistance here, and I shall part from you with regret. I have letters for Governor Clark of Missouri and Governor Reynolds of Illinois; also one to General Atkinson at Jefferson barracks, detailing my views on the present Indian situation. These are confidential, and I hesitate to intrust them to the regular mail service. I had intended sending them down river in charge of a noncommissioned officer, but shall now utilize your services instead—that is if you are willing to assume their care?"

"Very gladly, of course."

"I thought as much. Each of these is to be delivered in person. Captain Throckmorton informs me that he will be prepared to depart within an hour. You can be ready in that time?"

"I smiled."

"In much less. I have little with me but a field kit, sir. It will not require long to pack that."

"Then return here at the first whistle and the letters will be ready for you. That will be all now. Travel as a civilian if you please, lieutenant, but I suggest it will be well to wear the uniform of your rank when you deliver the letters."

Fifteen minutes sufficed to gather together all my belongings and change from blue into gray, and, as I emerged from quarters, the officers of the garrison looked about me with words of congratulation and innumerable questions. Universal envy of my good fortune was evident, but this assumed no unpleasant form, although much was said to express their belief in my early return.

I shook hands all around, and left them, hastening across the parade to the office. Ten minutes later I crossed the gangplank and put foot for the first time on the deck of the Warrior. Evidently the crew had been awaiting my arrival to push off, for instantly the whistle shrieked again, and immediately after the boat began to churn its way out into the river current, with bow pointing down stream. Throckmorton leaned out from the open window of the pilot house and hailed me.

"Put your dunnage in the third cabin, Knox—here, you, Sam, lay hold and help."

(To Be Continued.)

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The home service section of the American Red Cross, located in the First National Bank building, circuit court chambers, is now prepared to take care of the soldiers and sailors who desire to pursue courses of study in Oregon institutions of learning. All honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines enlisted or inducted into the service of the United States from the state of Oregon are eligible for this aid. This includes those citizens of Oregon who were temporarily absent from the state and were enlisted from some other state as a matter of convenience. Individuals who have been in the

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The financial aid given by the state of Oregon for educational purposes is \$25 per month, with a maximum of \$200 a year for four years. Application forms can be secured from the home service section of the American Red Cross. These application blanks are in the form of affidavits and are filed with the executive of the institutions in which the soldier or sailor desires to pursue his course of study. The home service section urges prompt attention to this matter as the beginning of the school term will soon be here. Office hours are from 1:30 to 5:30 o'clock and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Put it in The Bulletin.

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**DAD HOLDS REINS, SO BOY LEFT FARM**

County Agent Calkins Says J. C. Brown Must Change Letterheads to Read Brown & Sons.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Aug. 21—"One young fellow who applied for work when men were not to be had was asked if he had ever lived on a farm," writes C. C. Calkins, county agent of Sherman county in the June Oregon Countryman.

"O yes, all my life," he said.

"A farmer out here wants some one to drive six horses; can you do it?" he was told.

"Don't know; I could harness them, but never drove a horse in my life."

"What! Didn't your father have any horses on the farm?"

"We had horses all right but dad would never let me drive; he always held the lines."

Further questioning revealed the fact that dad still owns the farm but hires some other father's son to run it while George is away in a state that is not his own, looking for work because dad just has to hold the lines.

Other boys tell the same story in different words. "It's all dad's farm," sighed one young lad. "It was my calf, but dad's cow," said another.

It isn't enough to give the boy nine months of schooling; give him a chance at the farm business; even if he doesn't want it, it's up to dad to create and fill the want.

Experience shows us that if you want the child at home this has got to come. The letter head that used to read "J. C. Brown, Shorthorn Breeder," must be changed to read "Brown & Sons."

And then dad has got to play the game.