



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War
By Randall Parrish
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Illustrated by Irwin Myerson

CHAPTER III.

The End of the Game.

It must have been nearly midnight before I finally decided to seek a few hours' rest below, descending the short ladder and walking forward along the open deck for one last glance ahead. Some time the next day we were to be in St. Louis, and this expectation served to brighten my thoughts. I turned back along the deserted deck, only pausing a moment to glance carelessly in through the front windows of the main cabin. The forward portion was wrapped in darkness, and unoccupied, but beyond, toward the rear of the long saloon, a considerable group of men were gathered closely about a small table, above which a swinging lamp burned brightly, the rays of light illuminating the various faces. Gambling was no novelty on the great river in those days, gambling for high stakes, and surely no ordinary game, involving a small sum, would ever arouse the depth of interest displayed by these men. Some instinct told me that the chief players would be Kirby and Beaucatre, and with quickening pulse I opened the cabin door and entered.

would beat him. Yet in spite of this knowledge the cold, sneering confidence of Kirby brought with it a strange fear. The man was a professional gambler. What gave him such recklessness? Why should he be so eager to risk such a sum on an inferior hand? McAfee, sitting next him, leaned over, managed to gain swift glimpse at what he held, and eagerly whispered to him a word of encouragement. The judge straightened up in his chair, grasped a filled glass someone had placed at his elbow, and gulped down the contents. The whispered words, coupled with the fiery liquor, gave him fresh courage.

"By heaven, Kirby, I'll do it!" he blurted out. "You can't bluff me on the hand I've got. Give me a sheet of paper, somebody—yes, that will do."

He scrawled a half-dozen lines, fairly digging the pen into the sheet in his fierce eagerness, and then signed the document, flinging the paper across toward Kirby.

"There, you bloodsucker," he cried



"There, You Bloodsucker!" he Cried Insolently.

insolently. "Is that all right? Will that do?"

The imperturbable gambler read it over slowly, carefully deciphering each word, his thin lips tightly compressed.

"You might add the words, 'This includes every chattel slave legally belonging to me,'" he said grimly.

"That is practically what I did say."

"Then you can certainly have no objection to putting it in the exact words I choose," calmly. "I intend to have what is coming to me if I win, and I know the law."

Beaucatre angrily wrote in the required extra line.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Let McAfee there sign it as a witness, and then toss it over into the pile." He smiled, showing a line of white teeth beneath his mustache.

"Nice little pot, gentlemen—the judge must hold some cards to take a chance like that," the words uttered with a sneer. "Fours, at least, or maybe he has had the luck to pick a straight flush."

Beaucatre's face reddened, and his eyes brew hard.

"That's my business," he said tersely. "Sign it, McAfee, and I'll call this crowing cockerel. You young fool, I played poker before you were born. There now, Kirby, I've covered your bet."

"Perhaps you would prefer to raise it?"

"You hell-hound—no! That is my limit, and you know it. Don't crawl now, or do any more bluffing. Show your hand—I've called you."

Kirby sat absolutely motionless, his cards lying face down upon the table, the white fingers of one hand resting lightly upon them, the other arm concealed. He never once removed his gaze from Beaucatre's face, and his expression did not change, except for the almost insulting sneer on his lips.

The silence was profound, the deeply interested men leaning forward, even holding their breath in intense eagerness. Each realized that a fortune lay on the table; knew that the old judge had madly staked his all on the value of those five unseen cards gripped in his fingers. Again, as though to bolster up his shaken courage, he stared at the face of each, then lifted his bloodshot eyes to the impassive face opposite.

"Beaucatre drew two kayards," whispered an excited voice near me.

"Hell! So did Kirby," replied another. "They're both of 'em old hands."

The sharp exhaust of a distant steam pipe below punctuated the silence, and several glanced about apprehensively. As this noise ceased Beaucatre lost all control over his nerves.

"Come on, play your hand," he demanded. "or I'll throw my cards in your face."

The insinuating sneer on Kirby's lips changed into the semblance of a smile. Slowly, deliberately, never once glancing down at the face of his cards, he turned them up one by one with his white fingers, his challenging eyes on the judge; but the others saw what was revealed—a ten-spot, a knave, a queen, a king and an ace.

"A straight flush!" someone yelled excitedly. "D—d if I ever saw one

before!"

For an instant Beaucatre never moved, never uttered a sound. He seemed to doubt the evidence of his own eyes, and to have lost the power of speech. Then from nerveless hands his own cards fell face downward, still unrevealed, upon the table. The next moment he was on his feet, the chair in which he had been seated flung crashing behind him on the deck.

"You thief!" he roared. "You dirty, low-down thief; I held four aces—where did you get the fifth one?"

Kirby did not so much as move, nor betray even by a change of expression his sense of the situation. Perhaps he anticipated just such an explosion and was fully prepared to meet it. One hand still rested easily on the table, the other remaining hidden.

"So you claim to have held four aces," he said coldly. "Where are they?"

McAfee swept the discarded hand face upward and the crowd bent forward to look at four aces and a king.

"That was the judge's hand," he declared soberly. "I saw it myself before he called you, and told him to stay."

Kirby laughed—an ugly laugh showing his white teeth.

"The h—l you did? Thought you knew a good poker hand, I reckon. Well, you see I knew a better one, and it strikes me I am the one to ask questions," he sneered. "Look here, you men; I held one ace from the shuffle. Now what I want to know is where Beaucatre ever got his four? Pleasant little trick of you two—only this time it failed to work."

Beaucatre uttered one mad oath, and I endeavored to grasp him but missed my clutch. The force of his lurching body as he sprang forward upturned the table, the stakes jangling to the deck, but Kirby reached his feet in time to avoid the shock. His hand, which had been hidden, shot out suddenly, the fingers grasping a revolver, but he did not fire. Before the judge had gone half the distance he stopped, reeled suddenly, clutching at his throat, and plunged sideways. His body struck the upturned table, but McAfee and I grasped him, lowering the stricken man gently to the floor.

(To Be Continued.)

Not As Old As She Looks. Women do not like to look older than they really are. Neither do men. Both sexes are subject to kidney trouble, and kidney trouble makes the middle aged look old. Foley Kidney Pills act promptly to restore weak, overworked or disordered kidneys and bladder to a healthy condition and banish lameness, aches and pains. Sold Every-Willamette valley.

CAMP FIRES AGAIN ALLOWED IN FOREST

That the matter of camp fire permits on the national forest is now left to the discretion of the forest supervisors was the information received on Saturday by Supervisor N. G. Jacobson. Until the coming of rain, the securing of permits was mandatory, but from now on will not be enforced, Mr. Jacobson states.

The Country

you think has gone price mad, but it hasn't Buying conditions are not nearly so bad as might be thought. If the

Buyer

will inquire, ask questions and think. He can obtain very fair prices, and with it he will get what he

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\$50 FINE IS LEVIED ON LARCENY CHARGE

Pleading guilty to larceny of a carburetor, coils and other accessories from an auto owned by J. C. Brown, E. O. Logan of Bend was fined \$50 in justice court by Judge J. A. Eastes Friday afternoon, and was ordered to pay costs amounting to \$12.75. Logan assumed complete responsibility for the affair, exonerating Lane Casselberry, who was arrested on the same charge Thursday. As his defense, however, Logan stated that he had no reason for believing that either the car or its parts were of any commercial value.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup. Foley's Kidney Pills and Foley's Cathartic Tablets. Sold Everywhere—adv.

WATER HEARING TO BE SEPTEMBER 12

Hearings will be held at Tumalo September 12 and 13 by State Water Superintendent Cochrane for the adjudication of Snow creek. Approximately 3000 acres are included in the water filings on the creek, and the adjudication is being hurried on account of the organization of the Snow creek irrigation district.

Don't Neglect Yourself.

Lame back, shooting pains, torturing rheumatic aches, swollen joints, sore muscles, puffiness under eyes, floating specks, and an "always tired" feeling are indications that the kidneys and bladder are not working properly. Foley Kidney Pills soothe and strengthen weak and disordered kidneys and bladder. Sold Everywhere—adv.

ROUTE IS SELECTED FOR STATE HIGHWAY

Location of Road Between Bend and Redmond Decided On—County Court Has Highway Session.

That the route to be followed in the construction of that part of The Dalles-California highway lying between Bend and Redmond has been virtually decided on was the information received Saturday by County Judge Barnes.

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

MANY AT FUNERAL FOR SCHOOL GIRL

Funeral services were held on Friday from the Catholic church for Catherine Kelly, 14-year-old daughter of David Kelly, who died in Portland yesterday following a long illness. In a room filled with flowers and crowded with children, Rev. Father Sharkey delivered the funeral sermon. Burial was at Pilot Butte cemetery.

Getting Children Ready For School.

Common colds are infectious and it is wrong to send a suffering youngster, coughing, child to school to spread disease germs among other little ones. Foley's Honey and Tar relieves coughs and colds, loosens phlegm and mucus and clears raw, irritated membranes with a healing, soothing medicine. Contains no opiates. Sold Everywhere—adv.

COUNTY CAN'T AID OREGON CHAMBER

Operating under the budget system, Deschutes county has no money.

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Chas. Boyd

available this year to put into a State Chamber of Commerce publication, as advocated by L. C. Bramwell, vice-president of the state organization, County Judge Barnes explained today. One thousand dollars was asked from this county, and Judge Barnes states that the court will have no objection to placing this amount on the next budget for the approval of the people.

Put it in The Bulletin.

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