



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

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Illustrated by Edwin Myers

CHAPTER IV.

Kirby Shows His Hand.

That scene, with all its surroundings, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory. It will never fade while I live. The long, narrow, dingy cabin of the little Warrior, its forward end unlighted and in a shadow, the single swinging lamp, suspended to a blackened beam above where the table had stood, barely revealing through its smoky chimney the after portion showing a row of statoroom doors on either side, some standing ajar, and that crowd of excited men surging about the fallen body of Judge Beaucaire, unable as yet to fully realize the exact nature of what had occurred, but conscious of impending tragedy. The overturned table and chairs, the motionless body of the judge, with Kirby standing erect just beyond, his face as clear-cut under the glare of light as a cameo, the revolver yet glistening in



The Revolver Yet Glistening in His Extended Hand.

his extended hand, all composed a picture not easily forgotten.

Still this impression was only that of a brief instant. With the next I was upon my knees, lifting the fallen head, and seeking eagerly to discern some lingering evidence of life in the inert body. There was none, not so much as the faint flutter of a pulse, or suggestion of a heart throb. The man was already dead before he fell, dead before he struck the overturned table.

"Judge Beaucaire is dead," I announced gravely. "Nothing more can be done for him now."

The pressing circle of men hemming us in fell back silently, reverently, the sound of their voices sinking into a subdued murmur. As I stood there, almost unconscious of their presence, still staring down at that upturned face, now appearing manly and patrician in the strange dignity of its death mask, a mad burst of anger swept me, a fierce yearning for revenge—a feeling that this was no less a murder because nature had struck the blow. With hot words of reproach upon my lips I gazed across toward where Kirby had been standing a moment before. The gambler was no longer there—his place was vacant.

"Where is Kirby?" I asked, incredulous of his sudden disappearance.

For a moment no one answered; then a voice in the crowd croaked hoarsely:

"He just slipped out through that after door to the deck—him and Bill Carver."

"And the stakes?"

Another answered in a thin, piping treble.

"I reckon them two cusses took along the most of it. Eynhow 'tain't yere, 'cept maybe a few coins that roiled under the table. It wasn't Joe Kirby who picked up the swag, fer I was a watchin' him, an' he never oncl let go ov his gun. Thet damn sneak Carver must a did it, an' then the two ov 'em just sorter nat'rally faded away through that door thar."

McAfee swore through his black beard, the full truth swiftly dawning upon him.

"Hell!" he exploded. "So that's the way of it. Then them two was in cahoots from the beginnin'. That's what I told the judge last night, but he said he didn't give a whoop; that he knew more poker than both ov 'em put terger, I tell yer them fellers stole that money, an' they killed Beaucaire—"

"Hold on a minute." I broke in, my mind cleared of its first passion, and realizing the necessity of control. "Let's keep cool, and go slow. While I believe McAfee is right, we are not going to bring the judge back to life by turning into a mob. There is no proof of cheating, and Kirby has the law behind him. When the judge died he didn't own enough to pay his funeral expenses. Now see here; I happen to know that he left two young daughters. Just stop, and think of them. We saw this game played, and there isn't a man here who believes it was played on the square—that two such hands were ever dealt, or drawn, in poker. We can't prove that Kirby manipulated things to that end; not one of us saw how he worked the trick. There is no chance to get him that

way. Then what is it we ought to do? Why, I say, make the thief disgorge—and hanging won't do the business.

"Leave this settlement with me. Then I'll go at it. Two or three of you pick up the body, and carry it to Beaucaire's statoroom—forward there. The rest of you better straighten up the cabin, while I go up and talk with Throckmorton a moment. After that I may want a few of you to go along when I hunt up Kirby. If he proves ugly we'll know how to handle him. McAfee?"

"I'm over here."

"I was just going to say that you better stay here, and keep the fellows all quiet in the cabin. We don't want our plan to leak out, and it will be best to let Kirby and Carver think that everything is all right; that nothing is going to be done."

I waited while several of them gently picked up the body, and bore it forward into the shadows. I slipped away, silently gained the door, and, unobserved, emerged onto the deserted deck without. The sudden change in environment sobered me, and caused me to pause and seriously consider the importance of my mission. Nothing less potent than either fear, or force, would ever make Kirby disgorge. Quite evidently the gambler had deliberately set out to ruin the planter, to rob him of every dollar. Even at the last moment he had coldly insisted on receiving a bill of sale so worded as to leave no possible loophole. He demanded all. The death of the judge, of course, had not been contemplated, but this in no way changed the result. That was an accident, yet I imagined, might not be altogether unwelcome, and I could not rid my memory of that shining weapon in Kirby's hand, or the thought that he would have used it had the need arose. Would he not then fight just as fiercely to keep, as he had to gain? Indeed, I had but one fact upon which I might hope to base action—every watcher believed those cards had been stacked, and that Beaucaire was robbed by means of a trick. Yet, could this be proven? Would any one of those men actually swear that he had seen a suspicious move? If not, then what was there left me except a mere bluff? Absolutely nothing.

Unarmed, never once dreaming of attack, I advanced alone along the dark, narrow strip of deck, leading toward the ladder which mounted to the wheelhouse. There were no lights, and I was practically compelled to feel my way by keeping one hand upon the rail. I had reached the foot of the ladder, my fingers blindly seeking the iron rungs in the gloom, when a figure, vague, suddenly emerged from some denser shadow and confronted me. Indeed the earliest realization I had of any other presence was a sharp pressure against my breast, and a low voice breathing a menacing threat in my ear.

"I advise you not to move, you young fool. This is a cocked pistol tickling your ribs. Where were you going?"

The black night veiled his face, but language and voice, in spite of its low grumble, told me the speaker was Kirby. The very coldness of his tone served to send a chill through me.

"To have a word with Throckmorton," I answered, angered at my own fear, and rendered reckless by that burst of passion. "What do you mean by your threat? Haven't you robbed enough men already with cards without resorting to a gun?"

"This is not robbery," and I knew by the sharpness of his reply my words had stung, "and it might be well for you to keep a civil tongue in your head. I overheard what you said to those men in the cabin. So you are going to take care of me, are you? There was a touch of steel in the low voice. "Now listen, you brainless meddler. Joe Kirby knows exactly what he is doing when he plays any game. I had nothing to do with Beaucaire's death, but those stakes are mine. I hold them, and I will kill any man who dares to interfere with me."

"You mean you refuse to return any of this property?"

"Every cent, every nigger, every acre—that's my business. Beaucaire was no child; he knew what he was betting, and he lost."

"That may be true, Kirby. I am not defending his action, but surely this is no reason, now that he is dead, why you should not show some degree of mercy to others totally innocent of

any wrong. The man left two daughters, both young girls, who will now be homeless and penniless."

He laughed, and the sound of that laugh was more cruel than the accompanying words.

"Two daughters!" he sneered. "According to my information that strains the relationship a trifle, friend Knox—at least the late judge never took the trouble to acknowledge the fact. Permit me to correct your statement. I happen to know more about Beaucaire's private affairs than you do. He leaves one daughter only. I have never met the young lady, but I understand from excellent authority that she possesses independent means



"I Advise You Not to Move, You Young Fool."

through the death some years ago of her mother. I shall therefore not worry about her loss—and, indeed, she need meet with none, for if she only prove equal to all I have heard I may yet be induced to make her a proposition."

"A proposition?"

"To remain on the plantation as its mistress—plainly, an offer of marriage. If you please. Not such a bad idea, is it?"

I stood speechless, held motionless only by the pressing muzzle of his pistol, the cold-blooded villainy of the man striking me dumb. This then had probably been his real purpose from the start. He had followed Beaucaire deliberately with this final end in view—of ruining him, and thus compelling his daughter to yield herself.

"And you actually mean that you propose now to force Judge Beaucaire's daughter to marry you?"

"Well, hardly that, although I shall use whatever means I possess. I intend to win her if I can, fair means, or foul."

(To Be Continued.)

Your Attention, Please.

A Foley Cathartic Tablet is a prompt and safe remedy for sick headache, biliousness, bloating sour stomach, gas, bad breath, indigestion caused by clogged or irregular bowels. They cause no griping or nausea nor will they encourage the "pill habit." Just fine for persons too stout. Sold Everywhere—adv.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

It may be a trifle early to suggest Christmas Presents, but here is an idea—step into Larson & Co. and make a deposit on a Diamond. You will have it paid for by Christmas. A Diamond is a most acceptable gift at all times.

Larson & Co.

At the Sign of the Big Clock

Wife's Trouble Cost Him \$300

Nothing Did Mrs. Sather Any Good Until She Took Tanlac.

"I spent more than three hundred dollars during the past year for treatment and medicine for my wife, but she didn't get any relief until she commenced taking Tanlac," said Ole H. Sather, who lives at Hubbard, Oregon, while in the Owl Drug Store in Portland a few days ago.

"Up to the time my wife began taking Tanlac," continued Mr. Sather, "she had not been able to do her housework for about two years. She had been suffering from indigestion and stomach trouble all the time, and although taken many different kinds of medicine, the trouble just seemed to get worse all the time. Finally, she came to Portland last spring and underwent a thorough examination and went under special treatment, but it didn't do her any good at all. Every time she ate anything she would suffer something awful with gas and cramping spells afterward. Sometimes she would be so nauseated that she could hardly retain what she ate. She was very nervous, too, and never slept well, and would get up in the mornings feeling tired and worn out. She seemed to lose all her energy and strength, and finally got so weak and run down that she was about ready to give up all hope of ever getting any better."

"We had been reading about Tanlac and the good it was doing other people, so she decided to give it a trial. Well, sir, Tanlac has simply put her on her feet in little or no time, and now she is just as well and hearty as she ever was in her life. She eats three hearty meals every day now, and enjoys them, too, and the best part of it is, she never suffers afterward. She has actually gained fifteen pounds in weight and does all her housework without the least trouble. We are glad to give this statement, and we never lose an opportunity to boost Tanlac, for it certainly has done great things for my wife."

Tanlac is sold in Bend by Owl Drug Co., in Sisters by Geo. F. Aitken, and in Bend by Horton Drug Co.—Adv.

Put it in The Bulletin.

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REALTY MAKES SUDDEN GAIN

As a good index to the advance in realty values in Bend, announcement was made on Friday by Charles Carroll of the sale of his 200 by 100 warehouse site on the north side of the flour mill spur, near Wall street, to Anton Aune, for a consideration of \$5500. The deal was made through the Central Oregon Realty Company. The property had been acquired by Mr. Carroll only two weeks before from Rene West and L. L. Fox, for \$2900.

Mr. Aune contemplates the erection of a brick warehouse building to afford storage facilities for hay and grain in connection with his stable and contracting business.

FARM CONFERENCE TO BE IN DECEMBER

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Sept. 18.—That the people of the farms may have the same opportunities for education, worship, recreation and social contact as those in the city as the big object in view, the college will cooperate with the newly organized farm economics committee of the department of agriculture by holding a community life conference farmers week at O. A. C., December 29-January 3.

ALWAYS A CASH MARKET

At Palace Market Bend, Oregon

for Eggs, Butter, Poultry Beef, Veal, Pork

Sell your products at home

Chas. Boyd

Prof. E. T. Reed, college editor, has been appointed chairman of a committee to arrange for this conference which is expected to attract many persons from the rural districts or Oregon.

NIGHT HUNTING IS UNDER STRICT BAN

Waterfowl Safe Between Sunset to Hour and Half Before Sunrise, Writes U. S. Warden.

Special emphasis is laid on the rule which prohibits hunting of waterfowl east of the Cascade mountains from sunset to an hour and a half before sunrise, according to a communication just received from the office of the United States game warden in Portland.

The open season on waterfowl in September 16 to December 31, both this section of the state is from dates inclusive.

Put it in The Bulletin.

Your Creamery Builds Business for Yourselves

The Central Oregon Farmers' Creamery Will Pay One Cent Above the Market Price for Butterfat Paid by Portland Creameries

Yearly Market Fair, Honest Tests.

The Creamery Should be Your Asset.

Bring in Your Cream

Central Oregon Farmers' Creamery

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IRON BEDS-- White, Vernice Martin and Ivory, large posts, heavy filler, \$17.75, special \$15.95

SPRINGS--Heavy Steel \$8.60 Springs, \$9.55, special \$8.60

MATTRESSES-- Felted Cotton Top, Bottom and Sides, rolled edges, \$9.75, special \$8.75

Watch for these specials weekly, and use your credit at

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