



The Devil's Own A Romance of the Black Hawk War By Randall Parrish

I drew a deep breath, comprehending now the full iniquity of his plot, and bracing myself to fight it. "And what about the other girl, Kirby? for there is another girl."

"Yes," rather indifferently, "there is another." "Of course you know who she is?" "Certainly—a nigger, a white nigger; the supposed illegitimate daughter of Adelbert Beaucaire, and a slave woman."

then as a rather well-defined path leading inland. Assured that this must point the way to some door, as it was evidently no wild animal trail, I felt my way forward cautiously, eager to attain shelter, and the comfort of a fire.

in the middle of the night, a-cussin', an' a-threatin' fer ter break in, I just nat'urally didn't wunter be licked, an'—an' so I blazed away. 'Tis powerful sorry 'bout it now, sah."

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CHAPTER V.

Picking Up the Threads. I turned my head slightly on the hard shuck pillow and gazed curiously about. When my eyes had first opened all I could perceive was the section of log wall against which I rested, but now, after painfully turning over, the entire interior of the single-room cabin was revealed.



"Is yer really awake agin, honey?" close beside me stood a low stool, supporting a tin basin partially filled with water. As I moved I became conscious of a dull pain in my left shoulder, which I also discovered to be tightly bandaged.