



The Devil's Own
A Romance of the Black Hawk War
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When Wilderness was King, etc.
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The door closed behind him, and the negro and I were alone. The die was cast; I had pledged myself to action; was fully committed to the attempted rescue of Rene Beaucaire, and no thought of any retreat once occurred to me. The negro still remained seated on the edge of the bed, digging his toes into the hard earth of the floor.

"Pete," I began earnestly. "You trust me, don't you? You do not suspect me of being any slave-hunter?"

"No, sah, Massa Knox. I ain't feared o' yer—yers one o' dem down-easterners."

"Well, not exactly that. I came from a slave state, but my family is of New England blood and breeding. I am just as much your friend as though you were white. Now, you and I have got a hard job before us."

"Yes, sah, we sure has."

"And the first thing we have to do, is to trust each other. Now I am going to ask you a question—is that the best way for us to go, up the Illinois?"

He was slow to answer, evidently turning the whole matter over in his mind. I waited impatiently, feeling the delay to be a serious loss of time.

"Well then, let me put this differ-

ence that we must act quickly, before Kirby and his aides, armed with legal authority, could return—this very night.

"Pete," I said shortly, my tone unconsciously one of authority, "we must be out of here before daylight, and safely hidden somewhere up the river. The first thing to be done, and the hardest, is to explain to those women the situation, and persuade them to accompany us. They may not believe my story; that was why I was so anxious to have Haines go to the house. They would have confidence in him. Do they know you?"

"Lord love yer—ob course dey do. I've knowed all ob 'em for a long while, sah. Dey'll sure believe o' Pete."

"Well, we can only try our best. Have you any conveyance here?"

"Any whut, sah?"

"Any wheeled vehicle in which we can ride to Beaucaire, and by means of which we can bring the women back? The distance is too far to walk."

"I've got a sorter khart, an' an' o' mule, sah. Dey's out yonder in de bush."

"Hitch them up at once, while I put a few things we may need in the boat. Show me how to find it."

He pointed out the path, with the directions necessary, and disappeared, while I returned to the cabin, dragged a blanket from off the bed, and filled it with whatever miscellaneous articles of food I was able to discover about the place. My wound, now that I was busily engaged, troubled me very little, and I easily transported this stock of provisions to the river bank, and safely stowed them away in the boat found there. I returned to discover the mule and cart ready, and a few moments later we were creaking slowly along a gloomy wood road, jolting over the stumps, with Pete walking beside the animal's head, whispering encouragement into the flapping ear. The great adventure had begun.



CHAPTER VI.

"Have You Ever Assisted Any Slaves to Run Away From Missouri?"

ently. Have you ever assisted any slaves to run away from Missouri?"

"Well, Massa Knox, I reckon that maybe I know'd 'bout som' gittin' away—pears like I did, sah."

"And these escaped by way of the Illinois?"

His dumb, almost pathetic eyes met mine pleadingly, but some expression of my face served to yield him courage.

"I—I reckon I—I don't know much 'bout all dis, Massa Knox," he stammered doubtfully, his hands locking and unhooking nervously. "I—I sure don't; an' fer de matter o' dat, ther ain't no body whut does, sah. All I does know, fer sure, is dat if a nigger onet gets as fer as a certain white man up de river, 'bout whar de mouth ob de Illinois is, he's got a mighty good chance for ter reach Canada. De next place whar he's most likely ter stop is Beardstown, long wid som' sorter preacher whut lives thar. An' the's as fer as dey ever done tol' me, sah."

"About this first white man—the one near the mouth of the Illinois—do you know his name?"

Pete rose to his feet, and crossed the room to where I stood, bending down until his lips were close to my ear. His answer was spoken in a thick whisper.

"Massa Knox, I never did 'spect to say dis ter no white man, but it seems I just nat'arly got fer ter tell yer. He's got a cabin hid way back in de bluffs, whar nobody don't go, 'cept dem who know whar it is. I reckon he don't do nothin' but hunt an' fish now—leastways he don't raise no corn, nor truck fer ter sell. He's a tall, lanky man, sah, sorter thin, with a long beard, an' his name was Amos Shrunn. I reckon maybe he's a Black Abolitionist, sah."

"Quite likely, I should say. And you could take a boat from here to his place?"

"Sure, the darkest night yer ever see."

This knowledge greatly simplified matters. If there was already in operation an organized scheme by means of which fugitives from this side of the great river were taken through to Canada, protected and assisted along the way, then all we would be required to do in this case would be to safely convey the unfortunate Rene and her mother in Pete's boat up the river, and there turn them over to the care of this Amos Shrunn. Undoubtedly he could be trusted to see to it that they were promptly forwarded to others, fanatics like himself, who would swiftly pass them along at night across the Illinois prairies, until beyond all danger of pursuit. The distance to the mouth of the Illinois could not be far, surely not to exceed fifty miles as the river ran. It ought not to prove difficult to haffle Kirby for that short distance, and then we would be free to return, and no one could prove any charge against us. The only important fact fronting us

The Home of Judge Beaucaire.

The road we followed appeared to be endless, and so rough that I soon climbed down from my seat, an unplanned board, uncomfortable enough under any conditions, in the swaying, bumping cart, and stumbled blindly along behind, tripping over stumps in the darkness, and wrenching my ankles painfully in deep ruts.

It was considerably after ten o'clock when we emerged upon an open plateau, and a glimmer of stars overhead revealed to me afar off the silver thread of the great river. Pete stopped the straining mule, a feat not at all difficult of accomplishment, the animal's sides rising and falling as he wheezed for breath, and came back to where I stood, staring about at the dimly perceived objects in the foreground.

"Out dar am de Beaucaire place," he announced, as soon as he could distinguish my presence, waving his arm to indicate the direction. "An' I reckon we bettah not ride no further, fer if Alick shud snuff corn, he'd nat'arly raise dis whol' neighborhood—he's got a powerful voice, sah."

"Equal to his appetite, no doubt."

"Yes, sah; that's mostly whut Alick am."

"How far away is the house?"

"Likely 'bout a hundred yards. Yer see dat light out yonder; well dat's it, an' I reckon de ladies mus' be up yet, keepin' de lamp burnin'. Here's de slave cabins 'long de edge ob de woods, but dey's all dark. Wha's yer a goin' fer ter do now, Massa Knox?"

I was conscious that my heart was beating rapidly, and that my mind was anything but clear. The problem fronting me did not appear so easily solved, now that I was fairly up against it, and yet there seemed only one natural method of procedure. I must go at my unpleasant task boldly, and in this case only the truth would serve. I was an officer in the United States army, and had in my pocket papers to prove my identity. These would vouch for me as a gentleman, and yield me a measure of authority. And this fact, once established, ought to give me sufficient standing in the eyes of those girls to compel from them a respectful hearing. I would tell the story exactly as I knew it, concealing nothing, and adding no unnecessary word, outline my plan of action, and then leave them to decide what they thought best to do. Strange, unbelievable as the situation was, proof was not lacking. Della could be compelled to acknowledge that Rene was her child—she would scarcely dare deny this truth in face of my positive knowledge—and she, at least, must know that Judge Beaucaire had never during his lifetime given her her freedom. This fact could be established beyond question, and then they must surely all comprehend the necessity of immediate flight—that there remained no other possible means of escape from hopeless slavery. Desperate as the chance appeared, it was the only one.

It dawned upon me now with more

sition in which I stood, and I shrank from the ordeal. A perfect stranger, not even a chance acquaintance of those directly involved in this tragedy, I would have to drag out from the closet, where it had been hidden away for years, this old Beaucaire skeleton, and rattle the dried bones of dishonor before the horrified understanding of these two innocent, unsuspecting girls. The conviction came to me that I had best do this alone; that the presence of the negro would hinder, rather than help the solution of the problem.

"Pete," I said, measuring my words, my plan of action shaping itself even as I spoke. "What lies in there between us and the house?"

"A truck patch mostly, wid a fence 'round it. Den thar comes som' flower beds."

"No path?"

"Well, I done reckon as how thar might be a sorter path, sah, but you'd hardly find it in de dark. De bes' way'd he ter sorter feel 'long de fence, 'til yer git sight o' de front porch."

"All right, then. I am going to leave you here while I scout around. Keep your eyes open, and have the mule ready to leave at any minute."

"Bout how lon' yer be gone, sah?"

"I cannot tell you that. As short a time as possible. It may require considerable explanation and urging to get those three women to trust me. However, all you have to do is wait, and be sure that no one sees you. If you should be needed for anything at the house, I'll get word to you some way; and if I should send Della and Rene out here alone, without being able to come with them, myself, lead them into the cart at once, and drive to the boat. I'll manage to join you somewhere, and the important thing is to get them safely away. You understand all this?"

"Yes, sah; leas'tways I reckon I does. I've ter take keer ob dem all, an' let yer take keer o' yerself."

"Exactly, because, you see, I haven't the slightest idea what I am going to run up against. There may be others in the house, and I might not dare to leave Miss Eloise behind alone without some protection. I shan endeavor to induce her to go to Haines at once."

(To Be Continued.)



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MORE MEAT WILL COME FROM BETTER SIRES CAMPAIGN

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR GOOD BREEDING ANIMALS LAUNCHED BY U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 9.—The definition of the term "purebred sires" is written in one word "economy." There are many definitions, many of them learned and long, that might be written, but the breeding experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, when they met this morning to launch the State and National crusade for "Better Sires—Better Stock," agreed that the primary meaning of it is economy.

The scrub hog requires a certain number of bushels of corn to make 200 pounds of pork. The pure-bred or high-grade hog takes the same number of bushels of corn and makes 300 pounds of pork. The pure-bred or high-grade cow makes three gallons of milk out of the same quantity of silage that the scrub cow uses to make a gallon and a half of milk. These figures are not meant to be scientifically exact, of course, but merely to illustrate the principle. The result is that the farmer gets more pounds of salable product out of his feed when he uses purebred sires at the head of his herds and

locks. He gets more money and his family lives better. But something else happens. When he sells more pounds of a better class of meat or more gallons of rich milk, he feeds the city family better than he did when he kept scrub stock. The final result of pure-bred sires is that the farmer makes more money and the city family gets more and better food, at lower prices.

The crusade, the experts say, eventually will tend to result in reducing the cost of living to the consumer without taking the difference out of the pocket of the producer. For that reason, they point out, the city man has a definite, money interest in the better sires crusade. While he can hardly be expected to put the same amount of effort into it that the live stock breeder should, he is expected to give encouragement and aid to the program whenever the opportunity offers. And there will be no lack of opportunity, particularly in the smaller cities and towns where the farmers are in close contact with the city business men.

cents per pound, the cost of raising each heifer to one year of age was \$72.42.

Five of the calves from the first experiment were then fed for one more year. During this second year each calf consumed on the average 1,117.5 pounds of hay; 1,221.6 pounds of grain; 8, 031 pounds of silage. Using the same figures for computing the cost of the feeds consumed during this second year, the total cost of raising a heifer from birth until two years of age was \$157.96. These figures emphasize the necessity of providing cheap feed for heifers such as pasture and silage and bring out the importance of carefully culling the heifers to avoid raising those which will prove to be inferior cows.

Fine Old Hen.

Lord Fisher tells of this blunt but amusing compliment paid to his country by an American admiral. It was at a dinner. Fisher had made a speech in which he said some nice things about America, and at the conclusion of it the admiral arose and reciprocated by saying: "It was a fine old hen that hatched the American eagle."—Boston Transcript.

Largest and Smallest Engines.

A young jeweler of Hillsboro, N. D., has made a tiny engine, run by compressed air, which is only three-quarters of an inch long and weighs only 2 1/2 grains. The diameter of the cylinder bore is 28-1000 of an inch, the diameter of the flywheel is 9-64 of an inch and its stroke is .06-1000 of an inch. Contrasted with this is a valve used by the Ontario Power company of Niagara Falls, which is 31 feet high, weighs 65 tons, and has a water-opening 9 feet across, so that an automobile full of men can stand in it.

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SUGAR NOT NEEDED FOR ALL CANNING

Don't let surplus fruit go to waste because you cannot obtain sugar to use for preserving purposes. Fruit can be successfully canned without it and it can be sweetened when served next winter, or syrup can be used in place of sugar to sweeten it now.

To can without sugar, simply fill the jars containing the fruit with clean hot water, instead of the usual syrup, and process the jars in hot water bath. The fruit will not spoil, but it will not have quite as fine a flavor and color as that which is packed in syrup.

Directions for canning by the "cooked-in-the-can" method should carefully followed to can successfully without sugar, the United States Department of Agriculture suggests.

Fruits canned without sugar are especially good in salads, desserts, pie fillings, ices and in fruit punches. They can also be made into jams and marmalades when sugar is obtainable. Fruit juices take no sugar and their uses are just as varied during the winter season as are the fruits put up unweetened. These fruit juices are also available for jelly at a future time when sugar is more plentiful. Vegetables need no sugar, and plenty of canned vegetables are always acceptable during the winter months.

Fruit and vegetables may be high and sugar scarce, but the margin of difference in price between the home-canned and the commercially canned product is likely to be as great as when both fresh fruit and vegetables and canned goods were lower in price. The wise are still practicing home canning, sugar or no sugar.

HEIFER FEEDING COSTS ARE SHOWN

Necessity of Cheap Feeds and Thorough Culling Emphasized by Agricultural Department.

The importance of providing cheap feed for growing heifers and practicing thorough culling is brought out by the results of feeding experiments recently completed by the Dairy Division United States Department of Agriculture. In these experiments groups of calves were fed from birth to one year and two years of age and a record kept of all feed consumed.

In one experiment, 11 heifer calves were raised to the age of one year. The amount of feed consumed by each calf was as follows: Hay, 751.8 pounds; grain, 885.5 pounds; silage, 3,693.1 pounds; milk, 110 pounds; skim milk, 2,414 pounds. Estimating the hay at \$30 per ton, grain at \$60, and silage at \$8 per ton, milk at 4 cents and skim milk at 6

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