



# The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War  
By Randall Parrish  
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Illustrated by Lewin Myer

Following some impulse I shook hands with him, and then plunged into the darkness, my only guidance at first that single ray of light streaming through the unshaded window. As I advanced cautiously along the fence, a low structure built of rough rails, and thus approached more closely to the front of the main building, other lights began to reveal themselves, enabling me to perceive that the inner hallway was likewise illuminated, although not brilliantly. All about me was silence, not even the sound of a voice or the flap of a wing breaking the intense stillness of the night. I came below the veranda, still in the deep shadow, utterly unconscious of any other presence, when suddenly, from just above me, and certainly not six feet distant, a man spoke gruffly, the unexpected sound of his strange voice interrupted by the sharp grate of a chair's leg on the porch floor, and a half-smothered yawn.

"Say, sheriff, how long are we all goin' ter set yere, do yer know? This don't look much like Saint Louce afore daylight ter me."

I stopped still, crouching low, my



I Stopped Still, Crouching Low, My Heart Leaping into My Throat and Every Nerve Tingling.

heart leaping into my throat, and every nerve tingling.

"No, I sure don't, Tim," replied another, and the fellow apparently got down from off his perch on the porch rail. "Yer see Kirby is bound he'll get hold o' them two missin' females first, afore he'll let me round up the niggers. The papers is all straight 'nough, but they've got ter be served afore we kin lay hands on a durned thing. The judge tol' me fer ter do everything just as Kirby seed, an' I aim ter do it, but just the same I got ter keep inside the law. I dunno as it makes much difference when we strike the o' town."

"Tain't so much that, sheriff. I kin stan' it fer ter be up all night, but Bill was tellin' me we might hav' some trouble down ter the Landin' unless we finished up our job yere afore mornin'."

"Oh, I reckon not; what was it Bill said?"

"Quite a rignarole from first ter last. Giv' me a light fer the pipe, will yer?"

There was a flare above me, and then darkness once more, and then the slow drawl of the man's voice as he resumed, "Some feller by the name of McAdoo, down ter Saint Louce, who's just cum' down from the lead mines, tol' him that Joe Kirby got all this yer property in a game o' kyards on the boat, an' that it wasn't no square game either. I didn't git it all straight, I reckon, but accordin' ter the deal handed me that was two dead men mixed up in the affair—Beaucaire, an' a young army officer. Seems ter me his name was Knox."

"I didn't hear that."

"Well, anyhow, that's the way Bill tol' it. Beaucaire he naturally fell

dead—heart, er somethin'—an' the other feller, this yer army man, he went out on deck fer ter see Kirby, an' he never cum' back. McAdoo sorter reckoned as how likely he was slugged, an' throwed overboard. An' then, on top' all that, we're sent up yere in the night like a pussel o' thieves ter take these niggers down ter Saint Louce. What do yer make ov it, Jake?"

"Wal," said the other slowly, his mouth evidently loaded with tobacco.

"I ain't never asked no questions since I was made sheriff. I'm doin' what the court says. Kirby's got the law on his side—no doubt 'bout that—but I reckon as how he knows it was a durn mean' trick, and so he's sorter skeered as ter how them fellers livin' down ter the Landin' might act. That's why we tied up ter the shore below town, in the mouth o' that creek, an' then hed ter hoof it up yere in the dark. Of course we got the law with us, but we wanter pull this job off an' not stir up no fight—see?"

"Sure," disgustedly. "I reckon I know all that; I heard the judge tell yer how we must do the job. But why's Kirby in such a sweat ter git all these niggers down ter Saint Louce?"

"Ter sell 'em, an' git the cash. Once they're outer the way there won't be

no row. We'll let the land yere lie idle fer a year or two, an' by that time nobody'll care a whoop how he got it. But he's got ter git rid o' them niggers right away."

"Well, who the h—s goin' ter prevent? They're his'n, ain't they? That ain't no Black Abolitionists 'round yere, I reckon."

"Seems sorter queer ter me," admitted the sheriff, "but I did get a little outer that feller Carver comin' up. Carver is som' sorter partner with Kirby—a capper, I reckon. Tain't the niggers that are makin' the trouble—leastways not the black 'uns. Nobody's likely ter row over them. It seems that Beaucaire kept a quondrom housekeeper, a slave, o' course, an' a while back she giv' birth ter a child, the father o' the infant bein' Judge Beaucaire's son. Then the son skipped out, an' ain't never bin heard from since—dead most likely, for all this was twenty years ago. 'Course the child, which was a girl, is as white as I am—maybe more so. I ain't never set eyes on her, but Carver he says she's good lookin'. Enyhow, the judge he brought her up like his own daughter, sent her ter school in Saint Louce, an' nobody 'round yere even suspected she was a nigger. I reckon she didn't know it herself."

"Yer mean the girl's a slave?"

"Yer bet! That's the law, ain't it?"

"And Kirby knew about this?"

"I reckon he did. I sorter judge, Tim, from what Carver sed, that he was more anxious fer ter git that girl than all the rest o' the stuff; an' it's her he wanter ter git away from yere on the dead quiet, afore Haines er any o' them others down at the Landin' kin catch on."

"They couldn't do nuthin'; if that ain't no papers, then she's his, accordin' ter law. I've seen that tried afore now."

"Of course; but what's the use o' runnin' any risk? A smart lawyer like Haines could make a devil ov a lot o' trouble just the same, if he took a notion. That's Kirby's idee—ter cum' up yere in a boat, unbeknownst to anybody, tie up down that at Saunders', an' run the whole bunch o' niggers off in the night. Then it's done an' over with afore the Landin' even wakes up. I reckon the judge told him that was the best way."

There was a moment of silence, the first man evidently turning the situation over in his mind. The sheriff beat across the rail, and spat into the darkness below.

"The joke of it all is," he continued with a short laugh, as he straightened up, "his didn't exactly work out 'ordin' ter schedule. When we dropped in yere we rounded up the niggers all right, an' we got the girl whar there's no chance fer her ter git away—"

"Is that the one back in the house?"

"I reckon so; leastways she tol' Kirby her name was Rene Beaucaire, an' that's how it reads in the papers. But that ain't no trace ov her mother, ner ov the judge's daughter. They ain't in the house, ner the nigger cabins. Leaves me in a dounce ov a fix, fer I can't serve no papers less we find the daughter. Her name's Eloise; she's the heir at law, an' I ain't got no legal right fer ter take them niggers away till I do. Looks ter me like they'd skipped out. That's Kirby an' Carver, a couin' now, an' they're alone; ain't got no trace ov the girl or her mother, I reckon."

Where I crouched in the shadows I could gain no glimpse of the approaching figures, but I heard the crunch of their boots on the gravel of the driveway, and a moment later the sound of their feet as they mounted the wooden steps. Kirby must have perceived the forms of the other men as soon as he attained the porch level, and his naturally disagreeable voice had a snarly ring.

"That you, Donaldson? Have either of those women come back?"

"No," and I thought the sheriff's answer was barely cordial. "We ain't seen nobody. What did you learn down at the Landin'?"

"Nothing," savagely. "Haven't found a d— trace except that Haines hasn't been home since before dark; some nigger came fer him then. Is that girl safe inside?"

"Sure; just as you left her, but she won't talk. Tim tried her again, but it's no use; she wudn't even answer him."

"Well, by Heaven! I'll find a way to make her open her mouth. She knows whar those two are hidin'. They haven't had no time to get far away, and I'll bring her to her senses afore I am through. Come on, Carver; I'll show the wench who's master here, if I have to lick her like a common nigger."

The front door opened, and closed, leaving the two without standing in silence, the stillness between them finally broken by a muttered curse.

I drew back hastily, but in silence, eager to get away before the sheriff and his deputy should return to their seats by the porch rail. My original plan of warning the women of the house of their peril was blocked, completely overturned by the presence of these men. Beyond all question those

## LOGGERS OF COAST MAKE BRIEF VISIT

### LUMBERMEN ARRIVE ON SPECIAL.

## AUTO TOUR IS MADE

Members of Pacific Logging Congress  
Take Long Trip Through Woods  
Studying Methods Used by Bend Mill Companies.

To see just how logging operations are handled by two of the leading pine milling companies of the United States, nearly 150 lumbermen from all parts of the Pacific coast, invaded Bend Saturday for the final session of the tenth Pacific Logging Congress. The first three days of the congress were held in Portland, to which the city representatives of the various coast timber districts returned after completing their trip into the woods.

Logging experts who visited Bend were not limited to citizens of the United States, for among them were C. Brants Buys, of the Indian National forest service, from Buitenzorg, Java, D. Roy Cameron, of the Dominion Forest Service, British Columbia, M. A. F. Dijkens, representing the government of Holland, and J. H. Laman Trys, also of Holland. Most of the members of the Congress arrived in Bend by special train Saturday, but others were on the regular Oregon Trunk morning train, which, delayed by engine trouble,

I had hoped to serve were already aware of their position—someone had reached them before me—and two at least were already in hiding. Why the third, the one most deeply involved, had failed to accompany the others, could not be comprehended. The mystery only made my present task more difficult. Why should Della, the slave, disappear in company with Eloise, the free, and leave her own daughter Rene behind to face a situation more terrible than death? I could not answer these questions; but whatever the cause the result had been the complete overthrow of the gambler's carefully prepared plans. Not that I believed he would hesitate for long, law or no law; but Donaldson, the sheriff, refused to be a party to any openly illegal act, and this would for the present tie the fellow's hands. Not until Miss Eloise was found and duly served with the eviction papers would Donaldson consent to take possession of a single slave. This might still give me time for action.

I slipped along in the shadow of the house, without definite plan of action but with a firm purpose to act. The side door I knew to be securely locked, yet first of all it was essential that I attain to the interior. But one means to this end occurred to me—the unshaded window through which the glow of light continued to stream. I found I could reach the edge of the balcony with extended fingers, and drew myself slowly up until I clung to the railing, with feet finding precarious support on the outer rim. This was accomplished noiselessly and from the vantage point thus obtained I was enabled to survey a large portion of the room.

I clambered over the rail, assured by the first glance that the room was empty, and succeeded in lifting the heavy sash a few inches without any disturbing noise. Then it stuck, and even as I ventured to exert my strength to greater extent to force it upward, the single door directly opposite, evidently leading into the hall, was flung violently open and I sank back out of view, yet instantly aware that the first party to enter was Joe Kirby. He strode forward to the table, striking the wooden top angrily with his fist and knocking something crashing to the floor.

"You know where she is, don't you?" he asked, in the same threatening tone he had used without.

"Of course I do; didn't I help put her there?" It was Carver who replied, standing in the open doorway.

"Then bring the hussy in here. I will make the wench talk if I have to choke it out of her; she'll tell me what it means to be a nigger."

(To Be Continued.)

**Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.**  
Don't miss this. Cut out this slip enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2355 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.

did not reach here until 10 o'clock.  
**Methods Are Noted.**  
In automobiles furnished by the Bend Commercial club, the lumbermen started out shortly afterward, making a brief stop at the mills, and continuing into the woods, visiting the logging camps of The Shevlin-Hixon Company and the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co., noting the methods of logging which have been found most efficient in harvesting the timber crop of Central Oregon.  
At noon, luncheon was served at The Tules, the trip to continue immediately afterward, the schedule being planned to allow the members of the congress to reach Bend in time to catch the evening train.

## PASTURE LAND ON DECREASE

The Department of Agriculture has just completed and issued a bulletin entitled, "Suggestions Regarding Fall Sown Crops," in which many might prove valuable to the farmers of Central Oregon.

In regard to meadows and pastures the bulletin says:

"While accurate statistics of the acreage of perennial grasses and legumes relied upon for hay and pasturage are lacking, it is certain that the acreage was not increased during the war, but, on the contrary, was reduced and the land utilized for cereals and other food crops. It is highly desirable to increase the acreage of grass, both on account of the very high prices of concentrated feeding stuffs and to restore desirable crop rotation practices that will maintain productivity in regions of general farming. Many farmers in the Northern and Western States who endeavored to correct this last year by seeding down small-grain acreages were prevented by the disastrously dry weather of the early summer of 1919, which killed the new seeding of clover in the grain crops. The importance of renewed effort to restore normal acreage of grass and clover during the present fall and next spring can hardly be overestimated."

"It would seem wise policy at present to seed all fall-sown grain to grass in all states where a regular rotation including grass is practiced. In the preparation of the seed bed for fall grain and grass, particularly clover is to be sown in the same field next spring. It is highly desirable that lime or sulphur be applied wherever the soil is low in this substance. Clover seed is scarce and high priced, and this condition probably will continue for at least a year and perhaps a veral years. The scarcity of clover seed emphasizes the importance of good preparation of the soil in the fall, as this will make it possible to secure a stand of clover with a minimum amount of seed. The conservation of the limited supply of clover seed is important."

"Land which normally has been in permanent pasture but which during the stress of war was used for other crops may well be restored to grass, seeding the grass in a crop of fall grain."

"It is always easy to plow up grassland for wheat or other crops when there is a clear demand for increased supplies of grain. In the absence of such need, at least a normal acreage of grass is highly advisable, particularly in view of the high cost of labor and of concentrated feeds."

"Where pastures have been reduced to too great an extent it will in many cases be advisable to sow rye for winter and early spring grazing."

**Potato Crop Less.**  
"The potato crop now being harvested and stored in 13 states producing the commercial potato crop of the Northern United States showed a condition September 1 of 69.5 per cent, as compared with 75.1 per cent for a 10-year average."

"The total estimate crop in these states at present is 218,420,000 bushels, as compared with 250,686,000 bushels in 1918, and 280,395,000 bushels in 1917."

"With a crop that bids fair to be 32,226,000 bushels short of that of 1918 the outlook for southern truck production in the spring of 1920 is even more promising than that of 1919."

**War Increases Poultry.**

In many of the European countries the poultry stock was greatly reduced during the war, but accurate information regarding the extent of such reduction is not obtainable. With favorable conditions, poultry production can be increased rapidly, and it is felt that pre war production of poultry in most of those countries will soon be resumed."

"Complete data regarding the production of poultry in the United States are not available. What information has been obtained, however, indicates a production of poultry in the country fully as great, if not

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greater, than the pre war production. "At present increased production is not being urged. Emphasis is being placed on more efficient methods of production, leaving the matter of increased production to each individual."

### LADIES' AID NAMES OFFICERS FOR YEAR

The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist church, meeting at the home of Mrs. C. H. Brook Friday elected Mrs. T. H. Foley, President; Mrs. R. D. Ketchum, vice-President; Mrs. H. C. Nordeen, Secretary; and Mrs. L. M. Lawrence, Treasurer.

Next Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Claud Metz and Mrs. McClure will give a silver tea at the Metz home. The proceeds will go for missions.

### A Message For The Middle-Aged.

Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from kidney or bladder troubles that have not reached a chronic or bad stage. They stop bladder irregularities, strengthen the kidneys and tone up the liver. Don't suffer when relief can be had. Get rid of backache, lameness, rheumatic pains, and stiff joints. Sold Everywhere.—Adv.

## BEND TO MEET KLAMATH FALLS

LOCAL GRIDIRONSTERS WILL TANGLE IN TWO GAMES THIS SEASON—PLAY HERE THANKSGIVING.

In a schedule recently arranged with the manager of the foot-ball team of Klamath Falls, Bend high is to play two games with them.

The first to be played at Klamath Falls on Nov. 1 and the second at Bend on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25.

Klamath Falls teams are known as a fast, hard-hitting bunch and the game on Thanksgiving Day will be a suitable ending for the largest foot ball season that Bend high has also made that the visiting team was to receive \$100.

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