

# The Devil's Own

## A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of "Contraband," "Shoe of the Irish Brigades," "When Wilderness was King," etc.

Illustrated by Edwin Eggers

I had but a moment in which to observe the man, for almost immediately Carver flung the door of the room open and Kirby swung impatiently about to face the entrance. Except for a possibility of thus attracting the attention of the newcomer I was in no special danger of being detected by those within. Carver thrust



Carver Thrust Her Forward, but Remained Himself Blocking the Doorway.

her forward but remained himself blocking the doorway. I use the word thrust, for I noted the grip of his hand on her arm, yet in truth she instantly stepped forward herself, her bearing in no way devoid of pride and dignity, her head held erect, her eyes fearlessly seeking the face of Kirby. Their glances met, and she advanced to the table, the light of the swinging lamp full upon her. The impression she made is with me yet. Hers was a refined, patrician face, crowned by a wealth of dark hair. Indignant eyes of hazel brown, shadowed by long lashes, brightened a face whitened by intense emotion, and brought into agreeable contrast flushed cheeks and red, scornful lips. A dimpled chin, a round, full throat, and the figure of young womanhood, slender and yet softly curved, altogether formed a picture so entrancing as to never again desert my imagination. With one bound my heart went out to her in sympathy, in admiration, in full and complete surrender. Before I could draw fresh breath, her voice, trembling slightly with an emotion she was unable wholly to suppress, yet sounding clear as a bell, addressed the man confronting her.

"May I ask, sir, what this outrage means? I presume you are responsible for the insolence of this fellow who brought me here?" Kirby laughed but not altogether at ease.

"Well, not altogether," he answered, "as his methods are entirely his own. I merely told him to go after you."

"For what purpose?"

"So pretty a girl should not ask that. Carver, close the door and wait outside."

I could mark the quick rise and fall of her bosom and the look of fear she was unable to disguise. Yet not a limb moved as the door closed, nor did the glance of those brown eyes waver.

"You are not the same man I met before," she began doubtfully. "He said he was connected with the sheriff's office. Who are you?"

"My name is Kirby; the sheriff is here under my orders."

"Kirby!—the gambler?"

"Well, I play cards occasionally, and you have probably heard of me before. Even if you never had until tonight it is pretty safe to bet that you do now."

"I know," she admitted, "that you won this property at cards and have now come to take possession. Is that what you mean?"

"That, at least, is part of it," and he took a step toward her, his thin lips twisted into a smile. "But not all. Perhaps Donaldson failed to tell you the rest, and left me to break the news. Well, it won't hurt me any. Not only this plantation is mine, but every nigger on it as well. You are Rene Beaucaire?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly, almost under her breath, and hesitating ever so slightly. "I am Rene Beaucaire."

"And you don't know what that means, I suppose?" he insisted savagely, angered by her coolness. "Perhaps the sheriff did not explain this. Do you know who and what you are?"

She rested one hand on the table in support, and I could note the nervous trembling of the fingers, yet her low voice remained strangely firm.

"I know," she said distinctly, "I am no longer a free white woman; I am a negro and a slave."

"Oh, you know that, do you? Then you must also be aware that you are my property. Perhaps it will be well for you to remember this in answering my questions. Now tell me who informed you of all this?"

"I cannot answer."

"Cannot! You mean you will not. Well, young woman, I'll find means to get you for me. I have handled your

kind before. Where is Eloise Beaucaire?"

"Why do you seek to find her? There is no slave blood in her veins."

"To serve the necessary papers, of course."

He spoke incautiously, urged on by his temper, and I marked how quickly her face brightened at this intelligence.

"To serve papers! They must be served, then, before—before you can take possession? That is what I understood the sheriff to say. Then I am not really your slave—yet?" her voice deepening with earnestness and understanding. "Oh, so that is how it is—even if I am a negro I do not belong to you until those papers have been served. If you touch me now you break the law. I may not be free but I am free from you. I am glad to know that!"

"And d—n little good it is going to do you," he growled. "Sheriff or no sheriff, my beauty, you are going to St. Louis with me tonight; so I advise you to keep a grip on that tongue of yours. Do you think I am going to be foiled altogether by a technical point of law? Possession is the main thing, and I have you where you can't get away. You hear me?"

She had not moved, although her form had straightened and her hand no longer rested on the table. Kirby had stepped close in front of her, his eyes glowing with anger, his evident intention being to thus frighten the girl into compliance with his wishes, but her eyes, defiant and unafraid, looked him squarely in the face.

"I certainly hear," she replied calmly. "Your voice is sufficiently distinct. I am a slave, I suppose, and in your power; but I despise you, hate you—and you are not going to take me to St. Louis tonight."

"What can stop me? The sheriff?"

"Puh! a few dollars will take care of him. The judge is a friend of mine."

"It is not the sheriff—nor the judge; I place reliance on no friend of yours."

He grasped at her arm, but she stepped back quickly enough to avoid contact, and the red lips were pressed together in a thin line of determination. Her hand had suddenly disappeared—within the folds of her skirt; but the angry man, apparently blinded by the violence of his passion, his eagerness to crush her spirit, thought only that she counted on outside aid for deliverance.

"You silly little fool," he snapped, his mustache bristling. "Why, what could you do to stop me? I could break your neck with one hand. So you imagine someone is going to save you. Well, who will it be? Those yokels down at the Landing? Haines your lawyer? You have a surprise up your sleeve for me, I suppose! H—!! it makes me laugh; but you might as well have your lesson now as any other time. Come here, you wench!"

He caught her arm this time, brutally jerking her toward him, but as he staggered backward, grasping at the table, the flash of anger in his eyes changing to a look of startled surprise. A pistol was leveled full in his face, the polished black barrel shining ominously in the light of the overhead lamp.

"Now perhaps you know what I mean," she said. "If you dare to touch me I will kill you like a dog. That is no threat; it is true as God's gospel, and the very tone of her voice carried conviction. "You may say I am a slave—your slave! That may be so, but you will never possess me—never! Life means nothing to me any more, and I never expect to go out of this house alive; I do not even care to. So I am not afraid of you. Do not drop your arms, you low-lived cur, for you have never been nearer death in all your miserable life than you are now. God knows I want to kill you; it is the one desire of my heart at this moment to rid the earth of such a beast. But I'll give you one chance—just one. Don't you dare call out or answer me. Do what I say. Now step back—back along the table; that's it, a step at a time. Oh, I knew you were a cowardly bully. Go on—yes, clear to that window; don't lower those hands an inch until I say you may. I am a slave—yes, but I am also a Beaucaire. Now reach behind you and pull up the sash—pull it up higher than that."

Her eyes dilated with sudden astonishment and terror. She had caught sight of me, emerging from the black shadow just behind her victim. Kirby also perceived the quick change in the face fronting him, read its expression of fright, and sought to twist his head so as to learn the truth. Yet before he could accomplish this or his lips could give utterance to a sound, my My Hands Closed on His Throat, Crushing Him Down to the Sill.

hands closed on his throat, crushing him down to the sill, and throttling him into silence between the vise of my fingers.

CHAPTER VII.

To Save a "Nigger."

It proved to be a short, sharp struggle, from the first the advantage

altogether with me, with all the time dislike in my heart, all the hatred aroused by what I had overheard, I closed down on his throat, rejoicing to see the purple of his flesh turn into a sickening black, as he fought desperately for breath and as he lost consciousness and ceased from struggle. I was conscious of a pang in my wounded shoulder, yet it seemed to rob me of no strength but only added to my ferocity. The fellow rested limp in my hands. I believed I had killed him, and the belief was a joy as I tossed his helpless body aside on the floor and stepped through the open window into the room.

In my heart I hoped he was dead, and in a sudden feeling of utter contentment I struck the inert body with my foot. Then, as my eyes lifted, they encountered those of the girl. She had drawn back to the table, startled out of all reserve by this sudden apparition, unable to comprehend. The pistol yet remained clamped in her hand, while she stared at me as though a ghost confronted her.

"Who—who are you?" she managed to gasp in a voice which barely reached my ears. "My God! who—who sent you here?"

"It must have been God," I answered, realizing instantly that I needed to make all clear in a word. "I came only to help you and was just in time—no doubt God sent me."

"To help me? You came here to help me? But how could that be? I—I never saw you before—who are you?"

I stood straight before her, my eyes meeting her own frankly. I had forgotten the dead body at my feet, the incidents of struggle, the pain of my own wound, comprehending only the supreme importance of compelling her to grasp the truth.

"There is no time now to explain all this, Miss Rene. You must accept the bare facts—will you?"

"Yes—I—I suppose I must."

"Then listen, for you must know that every moment we waste here in talk only makes escape more difficult. Tell you the simple truth. I am Steve Knox, an officer in the army. It chanced I was a passenger on the boat when Judge Beaucaire lost his life. I witnessed the game of cards this man won, and afterward, when I protested, was attacked and flung overboard into the river by Kirby here and that fellow who is outside guarding the door. They believe me to be dead; but I managed to reach shore and was taken care of by a negro—'Free Pete' he calls himself; do you know him?"

"Yes—oh, yes; he was one of the Carlton slaves." Her face brightened slightly in its bewilderment.



(To Be Continued.)

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# LIVE STOCK



## ECONOMICAL FEED FOR SHEEP

Alternating Pasturage Advised to Keep Plants Growing and Prevent Stomach Worms.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because of the importance of economical feeding in profitable sheep raising, the United States department of agriculture directs special attention to opportunities for growing forage crops as a feed for lambs and ewes.

Early spring pasturages of wheat or rye may be used at the start. These provide succulent green feed appetizing to the ewes and lambs. Overpasturing, however, must be avoided when these crops are later to be used for grain. Where it is possible to keep the rye or wheat pasture about 1 1/2 to two inches high, the lambs and ewes seem to relish it more and will consume larger amounts. Oats and Canadian field peas may be sown together early in the spring at the rate of 1 1/2 bushels of field peas and 1 1/2 bushels of oats to the acre. This crop should then be ready when it is time to take the flock off the rye or wheat.

Rape, another good forage crop, may be sown at the rate of six to eight pounds an acre, and will provide later pasturage, following the oats and Canadian field peas. In sections where soy beans and cowpeas grow satisfactorily they furnish an excellent mid-summer pasture. If sowed later they make a good forage crop in late summer and early fall. When sown in corn they serve as an excellent supplement to the corn for fattening lambs.

If pastured by alternating the grazing in different parts and not allowing any particular section to be too closely eaten, a field of soy beans may be used for a considerable time. When most of the leaves have been eaten it is time to move to a fresh portion of the field so that the plants on the grazed part will have a chance to leaf again. In some sections it may be desirable to cut this growth and use it for hay, especially when other leguminous hays are not available.

It is good practice to sow rape at the last cultivation of corn. The lambs can then be turned in the corn field in the fall and will feed upon the lower leaves of the corn and rape and make excellent gains.

Lambs not only make a rapid and cheap gain on forages of this kind, but a forage-crop system prevents, to a large extent, injury from stomach worms. It has been demonstrated that by changing lambs every two weeks to ground not previously grazed that season, stomach worms can be effectively



Sheep on Pasture.

controlled. Since this condition exists, it is better to have the pastures of a convenient size, so that the lambs and ewes will consume all the forage in a period of about two weeks and again be turned on a new pasture. This does not allow the use of a second growth. The ground can then be plowed and a second crop seeded to afford later forage crops.

Where lambs are to go to market an effort should be made to get them off early. Lambs make the best and cheapest gains during the first four months of their lives. A grain feed fed in a lamb creep arranged in the field will prove helpful in pushing the lambs along and keeping them in good condition. This feed should consist of corn, oats and bran. Lambs should be fed all but no more than they will clean up each day. Never put clean feed into the trough where old feed remains.

Lambs weighing 60 to 75 pounds make the most desirable market offering. The reason is that lambs of this size dress out a desirable market carcass, which can be more readily handled by the butcher. In meeting the demands of his trade, heavier lambs do not sell so readily, and when supplies are large there may be a small price discrimination in favor of lambs under 80 pounds.

Growers will find that by following a system of forage crops for rotation of pasturage to prevent stomach worms, and supplying grain feed in a lamb creep to keep the lambs gaining steadily, larger profits can be realized.

**Good Shelter for Pigs.**

Pigs need a place of shelter to appropriate when the weather is bad, and shade when the sun is too hot for their endurance.

**TANLAC** FOR SALE BY **The Owl Pharmacy** SOLE AGENTS

## SCHOOLS HAVE PROGRAM FOR REVELLE WEEK, ON SATURDAY

### BOTH HIGH AND GRADE TO PARTICIPATE.

Saturday Morning Set Aside for Pupils to Entertain at B. A. A. C. Gymnasium—No Admission to Be Charged.

One of the interesting events during Revelle Week will be School Day. The grade schools and high school Glee Club will give a program in the Athletic Club on Saturday, October 25, at 10 a. m. Preparations are being made under the instructions of Miss Scribner, who has charge of the music in the schools, for a very pleasing entertainment in which Brownies and Goblines will remind us that it is

again Fall and Hallow'een is near. The pupils are working very hard and are anxious to make this first program a success. Each school will furnish several numbers.

**Kenwood.**  
Joke On The Brownies—Second grade.  
Song and drill by Boy Scouts and Red Cross Nurses.

**Central.**  
Goblin Song and Dance.  
Soldier Song.  
Solo—Rosina Forrest.  
Duet—Eugene Ketchum and Merle Stutsman.

**Reid.**  
Hallow'een Song, Drill and Dance.  
Japanese Song and Drill.  
Autumn Song and Dance.  
High School Glee Club.  
Autumn Lullaby.

Voices Of The Woods.  
Declamation—Hilah Brick.  
Oration—Paul Reynolds.



## FARM POULTRY

### LICE INJURIOUS TO TURKEYS

Common Body Louse of Chickens is Often Found in Sufficient Numbers to Be Harmful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Four species of lice are commonly found on turkeys in this country. One of these, which occurs particularly on turkeys associated with chickens, is the common body louse of chickens. This species is not found in great numbers on turkeys, but it sometimes becomes sufficiently abundant to cause considerable irritation and doubtless is injurious both to the grown fowls and to the young. The shaft louse of chickens also has been found on turkeys, but probably does not breed on that host. The other two species seem to be native to the turkey, probably existing on this fowl in the wild state. The large turkey louse probably is most abundant. It occurs on the feathers on various parts of the body, especially on the neck and breast. The slender turkey louse is a species of good size, though rather elongate, resembling in shape the head louse of chickens. Normally neither of these species is excessively abundant, but on crippled or unthrifty turkeys they may cause serious annoyance and undoubtedly they are injurious to poult.

**What Mother Wanted.**

I heard a knock at my door the other morning and on answering it found my neighbor's small son.

"Mother wants to borrow your lemon—lemon—" I at once knew he wanted my lemon squeezer, but as he always finds some way to express himself I did not offer to help him out.

Again he started and, with suggestive motions of his hands, said: "She wants your lemon—O, I know now—your lemon higger."—Exchange.

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