



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War
By Randall Parrish
Author of "Contraband," "Shen of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc.
Illustrated by Lewis Myers

We had scarcely exchanged words during the entire night, but now she accepted my proffered hand gladly, and with a smile, springing lightly from the deck to the insecure footing of the log.

"I do not intend that you shall leave me behind," she said, glancing about with a shudder. "This is such a horrid place."

"The way before us looks scarcely better," I answered, vainly endeavoring to locate Sam. "Friend Shrunken evidently is not eager for callers. Where is that fellow?"

"Somewhere over in that thicket, I think. At least his voice sounded from there. You discovered nothing in the boat?"

"Only a rag and some fishing tackle. Come; we'll have to plunge in somewhere."

She followed closely as I pushed a passage through the obstructing underbrush, finally locating Sam at the edge of a small opening, where the light was sufficiently strong to enable us to distinguish marks of a little-used trail leading along the bottom of a shallow gully bisecting the sidehill. At the crossing of a small stream we noticed the imprint of several feet in the soft mud of the shore. One plainly enough was small and narrow, beyond all question that of a woman, but the others were all men's, one being clad in moccasins. Sam, still ahead, started to clamber across the trunk of a fallen tree, but came to a sudden halt,



"Good Lord o' Mercy!" He Exclaimed Excitedly, "What's Dat?"

staring downward at something concealed from our view on the other side.

"Good Lord o' mercy!" he exclaimed excitedly, "what's dat?"

I was close beside him by this time and saw the thing also—the body of a man lying on the ground.

"Wait where you are, Rene!" I exclaimed, waving her back. "There is a man lying here beyond the log. Come, Sam; we will see what he looks like."

He was slow in following, hanging back as I approached closer to the motionless form, and I could hear the muttering of his lips. Unquestionably the man was dead; of this I was assured before I even knelt beside him. He lay on his face in a litter of dead leaves, and almost the first thing I noticed was the death wood lank of his ear, where a large-caliber bullet had pierced the brain. His exposed hands proved him a negro, and it was with a feeling of unusual repugnance that I touched his body, turning it over sufficiently to see the face. All at once I knew him, unable wholly to repress a cry of startled surprise as I stared down into the upturned face—the dead man evidently murdered, shot treacherously from behind, was Free Pete. I sprang to my feet, gazing about blindly into the dim woods, my mind for the instant dazed by the importance of this discovery. What could it mean? How could it have happened? By what means had he reached this spot in advance of us, and at whose hand had he fallen? He could have been there only for one purpose, surely—in an attempt to guide Eloise Beaucaire and the quadroom Della. Then what had become of the women? Where were they now?

I stumbled backward to the support of the log, unable to answer any one of these questions, remembering only in that moment that I must tell Rene the truth.

"Tell me—please," she begged, "is the man dead? Who is he, do you know?"

"Yes," I replied desperately. "He is dead, and I recognized his face. He is the negro Pete and has been killed, shot from behind."

"Pete," she echoed, grasping at the log to keep erect, her eyes on that dimly revealed figure in the leaves. "Free Pete, Carlton's Pete? How could he have got here? Then—then the others must have been with him. What has become of them?"

"It is all mystery; the only way to solve it is for us to go on. It can do no one any good to stand here, staring

at this dead body. When we reach the cabin we may learn what has occurred. Go on ahead, Sam, and we will follow—don't be afraid, boy; it is not the dead who hurt us."

She clung tightly to me, shrinking past the motionless figure. She was



She Clung Tightly to Me, Shrinking Past the Motionless Figure.

not sobbing; her eyes were dry, yet every movement, each glance exhibited her depth of horror. I drew her closer, thoughtless of what she was, my heart yearning to speak words of comfort, yet realizing there was nothing left me to say.

"Do not mind me," she said, pausing before the utterance of each word to steady her voice. "I—I am not going to break down. It—it is the suddenness—the shock. I—I shall be strong again in a minute."

"You must be," I whispered, "for their lives may depend on us."

It was a short path before us and became more clearly defined as we advanced. A sharp turn brought us into full view of the cabin, which stood in a small opening, built against the sidehill, and so overhung with trees as to be invisible, except from the direction of our approach. We could see only the side wall, which contained one open window, and was a one-room affair, low and flat-roofed, built of logs. Its outward appearance was peaceful enough, and the swift beat of my pulse quieted as I took rapid survey of the surroundings.

"Sam," I commanded, "you are to remain here with Rene, while I learn the truth yonder. Yes," to her quick protest, "that will be the better way—there is no danger and I shall not be gone but for a moment."

I seated her on a low stump and left them there together, Sam's eyes rolling about in a frightened effort to perceive every covert in the woods, but the girl satisfied to watch me intently as I moved cautiously forward. A dozen steps brought me within view of the front of the cabin. The door had been smashed in and hung dangling from one hinge. Another step, now with a pistol gripped in my hand, enabled me to obtain a glimpse within. Across the pumphouse threshold, his feet even protruding without, lay a man's body; beyond him, half concealed by the shadows of the interior, appeared the outlines of another, with face upturned to the roof, plainly distinguishable because of a snow-white beard.

CHAPTER IX.

The Trail of the Raiders.

Shocked and unmanned as I was at this discovery, to pause there staring at those gruesome figures would have only brought fresh alarm to the two watching my every movement from the edge of the clearing. Gripping my nerves, I advanced over the first body, watching for any sign of the presence of life within the cabin. There was none—the work of the murder had been completed, and the perpetrators had fled. The dead man, with ghastly countenance upturned to the roof rafters, and the snowy beard, was undoubtedly the negro helper, Amos Shrunken. Pete's description of the appearance of the man left this identification beyond all dispute. He had been stricken down by a savage blow, which had literally crushed in one side of his head, but his dead hands yet gripped a rifle, as though he had fallen fighting to the last.

The other man, the one lying across the threshold, had been shot, although I did not ascertain this fact until after I turned the body over sufficiently to reveal the face. This was disfigured by the wound and covered with blood, so that the features could scarcely be seen, yet I instantly recognized the fellow—Carver. Surprised out of all control by this unexpected discovery, I stended myself against the log wall, fully aroused to the sinister meaning of his presence. To a degree the complete significance of this tragedy instantly gripped my mind. If this fellow Carver had been one of the assailants then it was absolutely certain that Kirby must also have been present—the leader of the attack. This inevitably meant that both men had been aboard the steamer, and later were put ashore at the mouth of the

Illinois. And, now that I thought about it, why not? It was no accident, and I wondered that the possibility had never occurred to me before. The gambler naturally knew all the gossip of the river, and beyond question he would be aware of the reported existence of this underground station for runaway slaves. It was common talk as far down as St. Louis, and his mind would instantly revert to the possibility that the fleeing Rene might seek escape through the assistance of Shrunken. The mysterious vanishing of the boat would serve to increase that suspicion. Even if this had not occurred to him at first, the steamer would have brought news that no keelboat had been seen on the lower river, while the captain of the John R. Glover, or someone else on board, would have been sure to have mentioned the negro helper and suggest that he might have had a hand in the affair. To follow that trail was, indeed, the most natural thing for Kirby to do. He had not overtaken Rene because she was not yet there, but he had unexpectedly come upon the other fugitives, and, even though the encounter had cost the life of his henchman, Carver, it also resulted in the death of two men who had come between him and his prey—the negro and the abolitionist. The scene cleared in my brain and became vivid and real. I could almost picture in detail each act of the grim tragedy. The two revengeful trackers—if there were only two engaged, for others might have been recruited on the steamer—must have crept up to the hut in the night or early morning. Possibly Kirby had learned of some other means of approach from the big river. Anyway the fact that Shrunken had been trapped within the cabin would indicate the final attack was a surprise. The negro might have been asleep outside and met his death in an attempt at escape, but the old white man, finding flight impossible, had fought desperately to the last and had killed one antagonist before receiving his death blow. This was all plain enough, but what had become of Kirby, of the two women—Eloise and the quadroom mother?

Uncertain what to do or how to act, I could only turn to the waiting girl and the negro to tell them what I had found.

They listened as though scarcely comprehending, Sam uttering little moans of horror, and appearing helpless from fright, but Rene quiet, merely exhibiting her emotion in the whiteness of her face and quickened breathing. Her eyes, wide open, questioning, seemed to sense my uncertainty. As I ended the tale and concluded with my theory as to what had occurred following the deed of blood, her quick mind asserted itself.

"But this must have happened very lately; the fire still smoldered, you said. When do you think that steamer could have landed here?"

"Why, perhaps early last evening."

"And it has not occurred to you that the boat might have waited here while the man Kirby went ashore?"

"No; that could scarcely be true, if the steamer was transporting troops; what was it you were thinking about?"

"It is all dark, of course," she said slowly, "we can only guess at what happened. But to me it seems impossible that the man Kirby could have accomplished this alone—without assistance. The boat we saw at the landing was not his; it must have been Pete's, and there is no evidence of any other trail leading here from the river. If, as you imagine, he knew the captain of that steamer, and some of the other men aboard were Missourians and defenders of slavery, he would have no trouble in enlisting their help to recover his runaway slaves. They would be only too glad to break up an abolitionist's nest. That is what I believe has happened; they came ashore in a party, and the steamer waited for them."

"And you think the prisoners were taken along? Yet Kirby would not want to transport them up the river."

"As to that," she insisted, "he could not help himself. He needed to get away quickly, and there were no other means available. He could only hope to connect later with some craft south-bound on which to return."

"You may be right," I admitted, impressed, yet not wholly convinced. "But what can we do?"

She looked at me reproachfully. "You should not ask that of a girl." The words stung me.

"No; this is my task. I was thoughtlessly cruel. Neither can we remain here, only long enough to bury those bodies. It would be inhuman not to do that. Sam, there is an old spade leaning against the cabin wall—go over and get it."

He started on his mission reluctantly enough, glancing constantly backward over his shoulder to insure himself of our presence and carefully avoiding any approach to the open door.

Unpleasant as our task was it proved to be less difficult of accomplishment than I had anticipated. There were blankets in the cabin bunk, and in these I wrapped the bodies. They were too heavy, however, for me to transport alone, and it required some threatening to induce Sam to give me the assistance necessary to deposit them in the shallow grave. Only the fear that I would not have him with us longer compelled his joining me. He was more frightened at the thought of being left alone than of contact with the dead. Sam

Sled in the loose earth, rounding it into form, and the two of us stood above the fresh mound, our heads bowed to the sunlight, while endeavored to repeat breathlessly a few words of prayer. Now our first

task was done. Of this I found a fair supply, and compelling Sam to assist me, we hastily prepared a warm meal over the open fire. It was eaten without, no one of us desiring to remain in the midst of that scene of death; and the very knowledge that the dread burial was completed and that we were now free to depart brought to all of us a renewed courage.

It scarcely seemed probable that one man alone, or even two men, had committed this crime, and the sole survivor disappear so completely with the prisoners. I had turned each detail over and over in my thought, while I worked, yet to but little purpose. The only present solution of the problem seemed to be our return to that hidden basin where our boat lay, and then remaining there in concealment until the darkness of another night rendered it safe to once more venture the river.

I spoke of this to her, as I finally approached where she rested on the stump, eager and glad to escape from all memories of that somber cabin I had just left.

"You—you are no longer so confident," she said; "your plan has failed?"

"I am afraid it has," I admitted, "for it was based altogether on the assistance of Amos Shrunken. He is no longer alive, and I do not know where to turn for guidance. There would seem to be danger in every direction; the only question is—in which way lies the least?"

"You begin to regret your attempt to aid me?"

"No," impulsively, "so far as that goes I would do it all over again. Your safety means more to me now than ever before—you must believe that."

(To Be Continued.)

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. LAND OFFICE at The Dalles
Oregon, November 8, 1919.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ferdinand Tauscher, of Millican, Oregon, who on April 26, 1916, made Homestead Entry, No. 015987, for Lots 1-2 8 1/2 NE 1/4, SE 1/4, Section 6, Township 20 South, Range 16 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 27th day of December, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: Clifford J. Cook, George W. Cook, William Rahn, Charles Grafenberger, all of Millican, Oregon.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK,
Register.
38-42p

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, For Deschutes County.

ANNETTE FRINK, Plaintiff,)
vs.)
WM. A. FRINK, Defendant.)

TO Wm. A. Frink, the above named defendant:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled case and cause on or before the 25th day of December, 1919, which is more than six weeks after the 13th day of November, 1919, the date of the first publication of this summons and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: For a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for a further decree awarding to plaintiff the future care, custody and control of plaintiff and defendant's minor child, Gladys Frink, and for such other and further relief as to the court may appear just and equitable. Service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof in the Bend Bulletin for six consecutive and successive weeks under and by virtue of an order made and entered on the 13th day of November, 1919, by the Honorable T. E. J. Duffy, Judge of the above entitled court.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 13th day of November, 1919, and the date of the last publication thereof is the 18th day of December, 1919.
E. O. STADTER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Bend, Oregon.
37-42e

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and For the County of Deschutes.

GEO. B. SIMPSON, Plaintiff,)
vs.)
GEO. S. CLAYTON, Defendant.)

THE STATE OF OREGON TO THE SAID GEORGE S. CLAYTON:

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: within sixty days after the 13th day of November, 1919, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court upon the attorneys for the plaintiff at their office below stated and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the prayer of the complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of the said court, the object of this suit is to foreclose a mortgage in the sum of One Thousand dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the first day of September, 1918, and for the further sum of Two Hundred dollars attor-

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ney's fee and the costs and disbursements of this action to be taxed. Said foreclosure being sought upon the following described property in the county of Deschutes, State of Oregon, to-wit: the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 32, township 13 and lots three and four and the north one-half of the southwest quarter of section five in township sixteen south, all in range 11 E. W. M. containing 138.54 acres.

This summons is published in compliance with an order of the Honorable Circuit court for the county of Deschutes made and entered on the 22nd day of October, 1919, and ordering that the said summons be published in seven consecutive issues of a newspaper of general circulation in Deschutes county, Oregon.
CHRIS A. BELL,
GEO. B. SIMPSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

STATE OF OREGON,)
COUNTY OF DESCHUTES) ss.

L. G. McReynolds, who being first duly sworn, states upon oath that he is the duly elected, qualified, and acting Cashier of The First National Bank of Bend, Oregon, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of Oregon.

Affiant further states that the following is a true and complete statement of all accounts, now on the books of said bank, in which there has been neither deposit or check drawn during seven (7) years last past:

H. J. Douglas, \$283.67
That the last known place of residence, or post office address of said depositor was Bend, Oregon, and that the last change made in said account was February, 1912.

L. G. McREYNOLDS,
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of November, A. D. 1919.

BIRDIE MORGAN,
Notary Public for Oregon.
My commission expires, October 18, 1922.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.
U. S. LAND OFFICE at The Dalles,
Oregon, October 18, 1919.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary Metcalf, assignee, of Florence A. Hunnell, of Portland, Oregon, who, on December 18, 1909, made desert land entry, No. 05725, for S 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4 & SW 1/4 SE 1/4, section 32, township 16 South, range 12 East,

Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. L. Clark, U. S. Commissioner, at Lapine, Oregon, on the 25th day of November, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. E. Beesley, George Mayfield, Carl Wise, Jessie Wise, all of Lapine, Oregon.

(Publish for five consecutive weeks in the Bend Bulletin, Bend, Oregon.)
JAS. F. BURGESS,
Register.
34-28e

Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final desert land proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at Bend Oregon, on the 29th day of November, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: James R. Benham, of Deschutes, Oregon; Ed M. Swalley, of Deschutes, Oregon; Oliver J. Hamlin, of Tumalo, Oregon; Roy C. Hamlin, of Tumalo, Oregon.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK,
Register.
34-35p.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Lakeview,
Oregon October 13 1919.

NOTICE is hereby given that Nettie Shultz, of Lapine, Oregon, who, on March 9, 1916, made homestead entry, No. 09108, for W 1/2 SE 1/4, W 1/2 E 1/2 SE 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4 NE 1/4, section 25, township 22 S., range 9 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. L. Clark, U. S. Commissioner, at Lapine, Oregon, on the 25th day of November, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. E. Beesley, George Mayfield, Carl Wise, Jessie Wise, all of Lapine, Oregon.

(Publish for five consecutive weeks in the Bend Bulletin, Bend, Oregon.)
JAS. F. BURGESS,
Register.
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