



The Devil's Own
A Romance of the Black Hawk War
By **Randall Parrish**
Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc.
Illustrated by Lewis Nygard

"Why should I? All I have brought you is trouble. I can read in your face how discouraged you are. You must not think I do not understand. I do understand—perfectly. What you have done has been only a response to impulse; merely undertaken through a spirit of adventure. Then—then why not let it end here, and—Sam and I can go on to—whatever is before us? It is nothing to you."
"You actually believe I would consent to that?" I asked in startled surprise at the vehemence of her words.
"That I could prove such a cur?"
"But why not? It would not be a cowardly act at all. I could not blame you, for I have no claim on your service—never have had. You have done a thousand times too much already; you have risked honor, reputation, and neglected duty to aid my escape; and—and I am nothing to you—can be nothing."
"Nothing to me?"
"Certainly not. Why speak like that? Have you forgotten again that

"The—the boat! It is not here?"
"No; there is not a sign of it. Those fellows must be still in the neighborhood; must have seen us when we first came."
"But what are we to do?"
I had no ready answer, yet the echo of utter despair in her voice stirred me to my own duty as swiftly as though she had thrust a knife into my side. Do? We must do something! We could not sit down idly there in the swamp. And to decide what was to be attempted was my part. If Kirby and whoever was with him had stolen the missing boat, as undoubtedly they had, they could have possessed but one purpose—escape. They were inspired to the act by a desire to get away, to flee from the scene of their crime. They must believe that we were left helpless, unable to pursue them or create alarm. Yet if it was Kirby why had he fled so swiftly, making no effort to take Rene captive also? It was she he was seeking; for the purpose of gaining possession of her these murders had been committed. Why, then, should he run away when he must have known the girl was already in his grasp? The same thought apparently occurred to her.
"You—you believe that Kirby did this?"
"What other conclusion is possible? We know that he passed us on the steamer—Sam saw him plainly. It was his man, Carver, whom we found dead in the hut. It could have been no one else."
"But," she questioned, unsatisfied, "he would have only one reason for being here—hunting me, his slave. That was his one purpose, was it not? If he saw us then he must have known of my presence, that I was here with you. Why should he make no attempt to take me with him? Why should he steal our boat and run away?"
"One theory is as good as another," said, "and mine so far have all been wrong. What do you make of it, Sam?"
"Who, sah? Me, sah?"
"Yes, take a guess at this."
"Pears like," he said, deliberately, rubbing his ear with one hand, "as now it might have happened dis yere way, sah. Ah ain't a-sayin' it was—it might be. Maybe Massa Kirby nebber got no sight of us 'till, an' 'us afeerd fer ter stay. He just knowed a party was yere—likely nough sum Black Abolitionists, who'd be huntin' him if he didn't c'lar out, just so soon as dey foun' dat Amos Shrunks was dead. Here was his chance, an' he done took it."
He bent suddenly forward, his glance at the edge of the log. "Doy ain't took but just de one boat, sah, fer de odder am shoved under dar out'r sight."
As I stooped further over I saw that this was true, the small rowboat, with the oars undisurbed in its bottom, had been pressed in beneath the concealment of the log wharf, almost completely hidden from above, yet to all appearances uninjured. The very fact that it should have been thus left only added to the mystery of the affair. If it had been Kirby's deliberate purpose to leave us there stranded ashore why had he failed to crush in the boat's planking with a rock? Could the leaving of the craft in fit condition for our use be part of some carefully conceived plan; a bait to draw us into some set trap? Or did it occur merely as an incident of their hurried flight? These were unanswerable questions, yet the mere knowledge that the boat was actually there and in navigable condition promised us an opportunity to escape. While hope remained, however vague, it was not my nature to despair. Whether accident or design had been the cause made no odds—I was willing to match my wits against Kirby and endeavor to win. And I must deal with facts just as they were.
"It is my guess," I said, "that their only thought was to get away before the crime was discovered. Rene, would you be afraid to remain here alone for a little while?"
She glanced about into the gloom of the surrounding woods, her hesitancy answering me.
"It is not a pleasant prospect I admit, but there is no possible danger. Kirby has gone, beyond all question, but I wish to learn if I can the direction he has taken. All this must have happened only a short time ago—while we were at the cabin. The keelboat can scarcely be entirely out of sight yet on either river if we could only find a place to offer us a wide view."
"But could I not go with you?"
"Hardly with me, for I intend to swim the creek and try to reach the point at the mouth of the Illinois, from where I can see up and down the Mississippi. I am going to send Sam back through the woods there and have him climb that ridge. From the top he ought to have a good view up the valley of the Illinois. I suppose you might go with him."
"Ah, sure wish yer wud, missus," broke in the negro pleadingly. "Ah ain't persackly feered fer ter go 'lone, but Ah's an ol' man an' Ah reckon as how a young gal was betly fer ter see



"Certainly Not. Why Speak Like That? Have You Forgotten Again That I am a Slave—a Negress?"

I am a slave—a negress? Think, Lieutenant Knox, what it would mean to you to be caught in my company; to be overtaken while attempting to assist me in escaping from my master. Now no one dreams of such a thing, and no one ever need dream. You have had your adventure; let it end here. I shall be grateful to you always, but—but I cannot bear to drag you deeper into this mire."
"You order me to leave you?"
"I cannot order; I am a slave. My only privilege is to request, urge, implore. I can merely insist that it will be best—best for us both—for you to go. Surely you also must realize that this is true?"
"You have been brooding over all this," I said gently, "sitting here alone, and thinking while we worked. I am not going to answer you now. There is no need. Nothing can be done until night, whatever we decide upon. You will go back with us to the boat?"
"Yes; I simply cannot stay here"—her eyes wandering toward the cabin.
I took the lead on the return, finding the path easy enough to follow in the full light of day. The sincere honesty of her plea—the knowledge that she actually meant it—only served to draw me closer, to strengthen my determination not to desert. Her face was ever before me as I advanced—a bravely pathetic face, wonderfully womanly in its girlish contour—appealing to every impulse of my manhood. I admitted the truth of what she said—it had been largely love of adventure, the rash recklessness of youth, which had brought me here. But this was my inspiration no longer. I had begun to realize that something deeper, more worthy, now held me to the task. What this was I made no attempt to analyze—possibly I did not dare—but, nevertheless, the mere conception of deserting her in the midst of this wilderness was too utterly repugnant for expression. No, not that; whatever happened it would never be that.
The last few rods of our journey lay through thick underbrush, and beneath the spreading branches of interlacing trees. Suddenly I emerged upon the bank of the creek, with the rude log wharf directly before me. I stopped transfixed, staring at the water—nothing else greeted my eyes; both the boats were gone.
This unexpected discovery came to me like a blow; the very breath seemed to desert my lungs, as I stared down at the vacant stream. We had been outgeneraled, tricked, and all our theories as to what had occurred were wrong. The duty we had performed to the dead had cost us our own chance to escape. Instead of being alone, as we had supposed, we were in the midst of enemies; we had been seen, watched, and while we loitered ashore the murderers had stolen our boat and vanished, leaving us there helplessly marooned. All this was plain enough now, when it was already too late to remedy the evil. The struggling girl emerged through the tangle of shrubs and paused suddenly at my side, her lips giving utterance to a cry of surprise.

mor'n Ah wud. Pears like Ah's done los' my glasses."
A faint smile lighted up her face—a mere glimmer of a smile.
"Yes, Sam, I'll go," she said, glancing up into my eyes and holding out her hand. "You wish me to, do you not?"
"I think it will be fully as well. You still retain the pistol?"
She nodded her response, and without delaying my departure longer I lowered myself into the water and swam toward the opposite shore, creeping forth amid a tangle of roots and immediately disappearing in the underbrush. I found a rough passage for the first few rods, being obliged to almost tear a way through the close growth and unable to see a yard in advance. But this ended suddenly at the edge of the sand flat, with the converging waters of the two rivers visible just beyond. My view from here was narrowed, however, by high ridges on both sides, and with a desire not to expose myself to any chance eye, I followed the line of forest until able to climb the slope, and thus attain the crest of the bluff.
From this vantage point the view was extensive, both up and down the big river, as well as across to the opposite bank. Along that entire surface but three objects met my gaze—a small island, green with trees, seemingly anchored just beyond the mouth of the Illinois; a lumbering barge almost opposite me, clearly outlined against the distant shore, and barely moving with the current; and far away below a thin smudge of smoke, arising from behind a headland, as though curling upward from the stack of some steamer. I felt no doubt but what this was the stolen keelboat, speeding toward St. Louis.
This struck me as the most reasonable course to pursue—to work our way quietly up the Illinois by night, keeping close in shore to avoid any passing steamer, until we arrived close to Beardstown. Undoubtedly there were blacks in the town, both slaves and free negroes, with whom Sam could easily establish an acquaintance. By this means we would soon be able to identify that particular preacher into whose care I hoped to confide Rene. Of course the girl might refuse to enter into the game, might decline to assume the role assigned her, however innocent I intended it to be. Indeed, I felt convinced she would meet the suggestion with indignation. But why worry about that now? Let this be kept as a last resort. There was no necessity for me to even mention this part of my plan until after our approach to Beardstown; then the necessity of our going forward with it might be so apparent she could not refuse to carry on her part. With this point settled in my own mind I felt ready to rejoin the others.
I must have been absent in the neighborhood of two hours, and they had returned to the bank of the creek some time in advance of me. As I appeared at the edge of the wood Sam halted, offering to row the boat across.
"All right," I replied, confident we were alone. "It will save me another wetting. You saw nothing?"
"No, sah; leas'tways not much. We cnd see up de Illinois mor'n ten mile, Ah reckon, but dar wa'n't no boat no-whar, 'ceptin' an ol' scow tied up to de bank."
"I thought so. The keelboat has gone down the Mississippi."
"Yer done saw her, sah?"
"I saw her smoke; she was hidden by a big bend just below. Don't sit there staring at me—come across."
Rene greeted me with a smile as I scrambled up on the slippery log, and

Rene Greeted Me With a Smile.
asked a number of questions. I answered these as best I could and then explained, so far as I deemed it desirable, the general nature of the plans I had made. The Illinois route offered the only hope, and we decided to venture it, although Rene pleaded earnestly that she and the negro be permitted to go on alone. To this suggestion, however, I would not consent, and the girl finally yielded her reluctant permission for me to accompany them until she could be safely left in the care of white friends. I knew her real thought was elsewhere—with those two in Kirby's hands, already well on their way to St. Louis. Try as she would, she was unable to banish from her mind the conception that she was largely to blame for their misfortune, or submerge the idea that it was cowardly in her to seek escape, while leaving them in such peril. I lingered, talking with her for some time after Sam had fallen asleep, yet the only result was the bringing of tears to her eyes and a reluctantly given pledge that she would do whatever I believed to be best and right. She appeared so tired and worn that I left her at last

"Is Grandest in World" He Says
After Twenty Years Suffering Owens Ends Trouble by Taking Tanlac.
"I suffered for twenty years, and could find nothing that would stop my troubles until Tanlac came my way," said John Owens, a well known longshoreman, living at 1282 East Tenth St., Portland, Ore., a few days ago.
"About twenty years ago my troubles began," he continued, "when I started suffering from catarrh of the nose, head and throat and as time passed on my condition got worse. My suffering at times was something awful and I took cold easy and this made my nose head and throat that much worse, and when I had a headache my eyes would hurt me terribly. About four years ago my stomach, liver and kidneys were effected by catarrh and this only added to my misery, and my whole body seemed poisoned. If I ever got a little hot and sat down to rest and cool off, the joints in my arms, hips and legs would get so stiff and sore that I could hardly move and at times my muscles would draw up like I had rheumatism. I had pains in my right side and in the small of my back, and at night I would have to get up four or five times. I was badly constipated and nearly always had to be taking a laxative."
"I searched for twenty years for a medicine that would help me and I wouldn't read about Tanlac in the paper and commenced taking it. I hadn't finished the first bottle before I saw that at last I had found the right thing for me because I began to pick up right away. My appetite got better, my stomach quit troubling me and I was feeling stronger than I had in years. I haven't stopped taking Tanlac yet because I want to be sure that all my old twenty years of misery is entirely gone before I quit taking it, but already I am so greatly relieved that I feel almost like another man. My appetite is fine and what I eat digests and don't trouble me at all, and the pains in my back have almost entirely stopped and my kidneys don't bother me at night like they used to. The catarrh, that started all my troubles has just about gone, and I am not constipated a bit and feel built up in every way. I am already so much improved that I just want to tell everybody that I believe Tanlac is the finest medicine in the world."
Tanlac is sold in Bend by Owl Drug Co., in Sisters by Geo. F. Aitken, and in Bend by Horton Drug Co.

MAKE EQUIPMENT T OCLEAN UTENSILS
One of the greatest conveniences on the farm where cows are kept is some means for heating an abundance of water for washing the milk vessels. Where a considerable number of cows are kept, heating water by means of steam from a small, low pressure upright boiler is desirable, but on the small farm a stove with a basin fitted into the top (or it may be separate from the top) can be purchased cheaply and will serve the purpose, provided the water is properly heated. Water can be pumped from the well directly into the basin. In order to avoid heating the milk room and to do away with smoke and ashes, the water heater should be placed immediately outside the milk room, and elevated the water from it can be run into the washing vat. Some equipment is necessary in which to wash utensils used in hand-

ling milk. A vat is very convenient. One end of the vat can be used for washing and the other for rinsing and scalding.
Fiber brushes for washing milk utensils should replace the common dishrag, as they do better work and are more easily kept clean.
On every farm where as many as four or five cows are kept a cream separator is advisable, as it will reduce the labor required in handling the milk from cows more than any other one thing.
A refrigerator or ice box is desirable upon every farm where either a few or many cows are kept if it is practicable to secure ice for use in summer.
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in the little glade where we had found refuge, hoping she might fall asleep. I doubt if she did, although I dozed irregularly, my back against a tree, and it was already growing dusk when she came forth again from her retreat and joined us in a hastily prepared meal.
Sam and I stowed away in the boat whatever provender remained, and I assisted her to a seat at the stern, wrapping a blanket carefully about her body, for the night air in those dank shadows already began to chill. I took possession of the oars myself, believing the negro would serve best as a lookout in the bow, and thus settled we headed the boat out through the tangle of trees toward the invisible river.
Suddenly we shot out through the screen of concealing boughs into the broader stream beyond. The light here in the open was better, although dim enough still, and revealing little of our surroundings. Sam knelt, peering eagerly forward into the blackness, an occasional growl of his voice the only evidence of his presence. I doubt if I had taken a dozen strokes, my whole attention centered on my task, when the sudden rocking of the boat told me he had scrambled to his feet. Almost at the same instant my ears distinguished the sharp chugging of an engine straight ahead; then came his shout of alarm, "God A'mighty! Dar's de keelboat, sah. Dey's goin' ter ram us!"
I twisted about in my seat, caught a vague glimpse of the advancing shadow, and leaped to my feet, an oar gripped in my hands. Scarcely was I poised to strike when the speeding prow ripped into us, and I was catapulted into the black water.



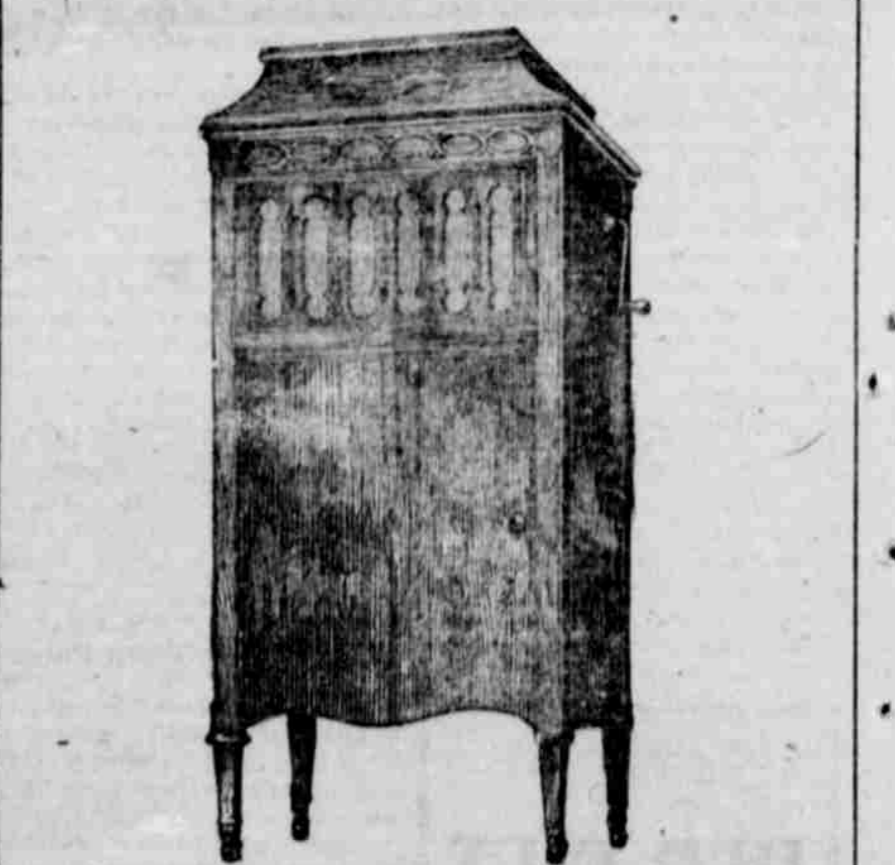
Rene Greeted Me With a Smile.

(To Be Continued.)

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