



The Devil's Own A Romance of the Black Hawk War By Randall Parrish

I was shivering with the cold, and lost no time shifting into the warm, dry clothing provided, spreading out my own soaked garments over the edge of the lower bunk...

This, then, was the situation—through an odd intervention of Providence here we were all together on this steamer, which was steadily churning its way northward...

would he? The daring hope that he might not come to me in a flash. Might it not be possible to so disguise myself as to become unnoticeable?

But the girl—Rene? And so this was how I had appeared to her. No wonder she questioned me; doubted my first explanation.

But I must also figure upon the other woman. Who could she be? Not Eloise Beaucare surely, for the mate had only mentioned one of the two as being sufficiently white to be noticeable.

With every additional glance at the mate, I felt my heart...

dence strengthened in the ability to encounter Kirby and pass unrecognized. Convinced as he undoubtedly was of my death in the black waters of the river he could not possibly imagine my presence aboard the Adventurer...

"I reckon yer better tote them wet duds down ter the boiler room," he said gruffly, "an' then git sum grub. Likely 'nough yer wouldn't mind eatin' a bit. Be yer a river man?"

"I suppose I might as well earn a bit," I admitted, hesitatingly. "Only I had about decided I'd enlist if the war was still going on when we got up there."

"That'll be all right. We'll keep yer busy till then, anyhow. Go on down below now an' eat, an' when yer git through climb up the ladder an' report ter me. What'll I call yer?"

"Steve."

"Steve—hey; sorter handy man, ain't yer?"

"Well, I've done a little of everything in my time. I'm not afraid to work."

During most of the remaining hours of the morning the mate kept me employed below, in company with a number of others of the crew. In sorting over the miscellaneous cargo, which had evidently been very hastily loaded...

"Hullo; is that you, Steve?" he asked gruffly. "Well, when yer git done eatin' I got another job fer yer on deck. Yer hear me?"

I signified that I did, and indeed was even then quite ready to go, my heart throbbing at this opportunity to survey other sections of the boat. I followed him eagerly up the ladder, and ten minutes later was busily employed with scrubbing brush and a bucket of water, in an endeavor to improve the outward appearance of the paint of the upper deck.

"Yer wait a minute thar, Jim," he called out, "till I unlock that thar door. I ain't ther kind that takes chances with no nigger."

I recognized the peculiar voice instantly, for I had listened to that lazy drawl before while hidden in the darkness beneath the Beaucare veranda—the fellow was Tim, the deputy sheriff from St. Louis. The negro rested his tray on the rail, while the white man fumbled through his pockets for a key, finally locating it and inserting the instrument into the lock of the second cabin from the stern.

the negro down the ladder. Eager as I certainly was to make the poor girl aware of my presence on board, the chance of being seen, and my purpose suspected by others, restrained me. Besides as yet I had no plan of rescue; nothing to suggest.

Even as I hesitated, industriously scrubbing away at the paint, Kirby and the captain appeared suddenly.



Kirby and the Captain Appeared Suddenly, Pausing a Moment at the Head of the Ladder in Friendly Conversation.

pausing a moment at the head of the ladder in friendly conversation. Parting at last, with a hearty laugh over some joke exchanged between them, the latter ascended the steps to the pilot house, while the gambler turned aft, still smiling, a cigar between his lips. I managed to observe that he paused in front of the second cabin, as though listening for some sound within, but made no attempt to enter, passing on to the door beyond, which was unlocked. He must have come to the upper deck on some special mission, for he was out of my sight scarcely a moment, returning immediately to the deck below. This occurrence merely served to make clearer in my mind the probable situation—the after cabin was undoubtedly occupied by Kirby, perhaps in company with the deputy; while next to them, securely locked away and helpless to escape, were confined the two slave women. In order to reach them I must operate under the cover of darkness, and my only hope of being free to work, even then, lay in the faith that the gambler might become so involved in a card game below as to forget his caution.

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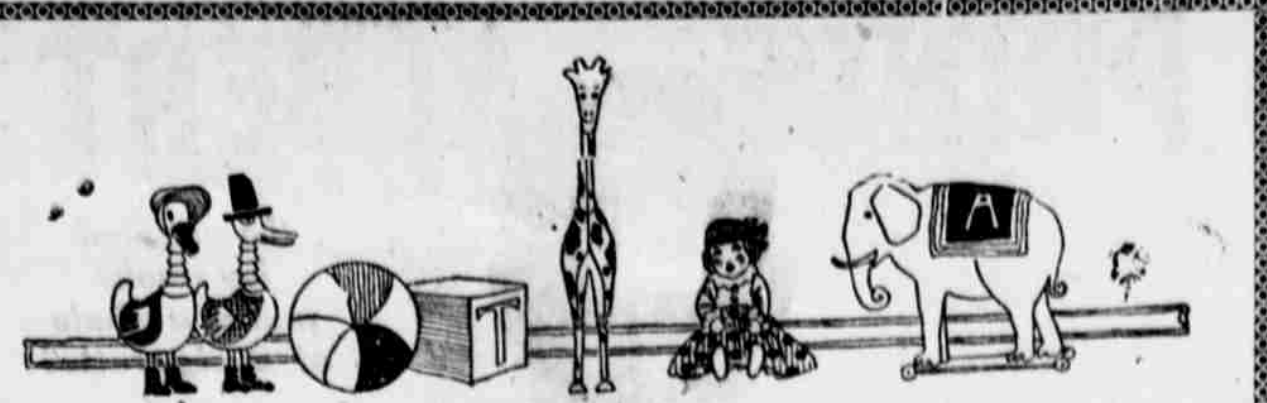
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STATE CHAMBER TO MEET DECEMBER 29

Because of the heavy snow and the severe cold, the dates of the annual meeting in Portland of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce are advanced from December 15 and 16 to December 29, 30 and 31, it was announced today in a letter received from headquarters.

Etiquette of Walking.

When in the street, especially in daytime, a lady is not supposed to take a gentleman's arm, unless she is infirm or elderly, though she may properly do so at night. When walking with two ladies a gentleman may walk on the outside, or the inside, or rather, the side from which he can best guard his companion or companions from obstacles or danger.

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