



The Devil's Own

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

The conqueror released his grip, and stood up, revealing his full height, and reaching out for the discarded blouse, quietly slipped it on. One of the Adventurer's passengers, an officer in uniform, going ashore, another tall, spare man, had halted on the gang-plank to watch the contest. Now he stepped forward to greet the victor, with smiling eyes and outstretched hand.

"Not so badly done, captain," he said cordially. "I am Lieut. Jefferson Davis of General Atchison's staff, and may have a good word to say regarding your efficiency some time."

The other wiped his clay-bespattered fingers on his dingy jean pants, and gripped the offered hand.

"Thank ye, sir," he answered good humoredly. "I'm Abe Lincoln of Salem, Illinois, an' I ain't got but just one



job right now—that's ter make them boys tote this stuff, an' I reckon they're goin' ter do it."

With the exchange of another word or two they parted, and not until thirty years later did I realize what that chance meeting meant, there in the clay mud of Yellow Banks, at the edge of the Indian wilderness, when Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Jefferson Davis of Mississippi stood in comradeship with clasped hands.

We had unloaded perhaps a quarter of our supplies, when an officer suddenly appeared over the crest of the bank, and hailed the captain. There was a tone of authority in his voice which caused us to knock off work and listen.

"Is Captain Corcoran there? I bring orders from headquarters. You are to discontinue unloading, captain, retain the remainder of the provisions on board and prepare at once to take on men."

"Take on men? We are not to return south, then?"

"No; you're going in the other direction—up the Rock. You better get busy."

He wheeled his horse and disappeared, leaving the angry captain venting his displeasure on the vacant air. Kirby, evidently from some position across the deck, broke in with a sharp question.

"What is that, Corcoran? Did the fellow say you were not going back to St. Louis?"

"That's just what he said. We've got to nose our way up Rock river, with a lot of those measly soldiers aboard. Here you, Mapes, stop that unloading, and get steam up—we've got to put in a night of it."

"But," insisted Kirby in disgust, "I'm not going up there; aren't there any boats going down?"

"How the h— should I know? Go ashore and find out—you haven't anything else to do."

The men below knocked off work willingly enough and, taking advantage of the confusion on board, I endeavored to creep up the stairs and gain a view of the upper deck. But both Mapes and the second mate made this attempt impossible, forcing me into the ranks of the others and compelling me to restow the cargo. So far as I could perceive, no attempt to depart was made by anyone, excepting a big fellow with a red mustache, who swore profanely as he struggled through the mud, dragging a huge valve.

The situation puzzled and confused me. What choice would Kirby and the deputy make? If once up Rock river the Adventurer might very likely not return for weeks, and it did not seem to me possible that the impatient gambler would consent to such a delay. Every advance northward brought with it a new danger of exposure. These were Illinois troops, but militia, gathered from a hundred hamlets—and many among them would be open enemies of slavery. Let such men as these, rough with the pioneer sense of justice, once suspect the situation of those two women, especially if the rumor got abroad among them that Eloise was white, and the slave-hunter would have a hard row to hoe. And I made up my mind such a rumor should be sown broadcast; yea, more.

that if the necessity arose, I would throw off my own disguise and front him openly with the charge. I could do no more.

It was only an accident which gave me a clue to the real program. Mapes sent me back into the vacant space just forward of the paddle-wheel, seeking a lost canthook, and, as I turned about to return, the missing tool in my hand, I paused a moment to glance curiously out through a slit in the boat's planking, attracted by the sound of a loud voice uttering a command. I was facing the shore and a body of men, uninformed, slouching along with small regard to order, but each bearing a rifle across his shoulder, were just tipping the ridge and plowing their way down through the slippery clay in the direction of the forward gangway. Although I saw, not for an instant did my gaze linger on their disordered ranks. The sight which held me motionless was rather that of a long, broad plank, protected on either side by a rope rail, stretching from the slope of the second deck across the narrow gulf of water, until it rested its other end firmly against the bank.

The meaning of this was sufficiently apparent. For some reason of his own, Kirby had evidently chosen this means of attaining the shore, and through personal friendship, Corcoran had consented to aid his purpose. The reason, plainly enough, was that by use of this stern gangway the landing party would be enabled to attain the bank without the necessity of pushing their way through the crowd of idle loungers forward. And the passage had just been accomplished, for, as my eyes focussed the scene, they recognized the spare figure of the deputy disappearing over the crest—a vague glimpse, but sufficient. At the same instant hands above began to draw in the plank.

There was but one thing for me to do, one action to take—follow them. Dropping the canthook, I turned aft and crept forth through a small opening into the wooden frame which supported the motionless paddle-wheel, choosing for the scene of operations the river side, where the boat effectively concealed my movements from any prying eyes ashore. I lowered myself the full length of my arms, dangling there an instant by clinging to the framework, then loosened my grip and dropped silently into the rushing waters beneath.

CHAPTER XII.

My Friend, the Deputy Sheriff.

Well below the surface, yet impelled swiftly downward by the sturdy rush of the current, sweeping about the steamer's stern, I struck out with all the strength of my arms, anxious to attain in that first effort the greatest possible distance. I came panting up to breathe, my face lifted barely above the surface, dashing the water from my eyes, and casting one swift glance backward toward the landing. Great volumes of black smoke swept forth from the funnels and my ears could distinguish the ceaseless hiss of steam. Again I permitted my body to sink into the depths, swimming onward with easier stroke, satisfied I had not been seen.

I swam slowly ashore, creeping up the low bank into the seclusion of a shallow, sandy gully, scooped out, by the late rains. Immediately about me all was silent, the steadily deepening gloom rendering my surroundings vaguely indistinct.

Thus far I possessed no plan—except to seek her. I would venture forward, rather blindly trusting that good fortune might direct my steps aright. I would have to discover first of all, where Kirby had taken Eloise—into whose hands he had deposited the girl for safekeeping. This task ought not to be difficult. The settlement was small, and the camp itself not a large one; no such party could hope to enter its confines without attracting attention, and causing comment. Once I had thus succeeded in locating her, the rest ought to prove comparatively easy—a mere matter of action. For I had determined to play the spy no longer; to cease being a mere shadow. I proposed finding Eloise, and telling her the whole truth; following that, and assured of her support, I would defy Kirby, denounce him if necessary to the military authorities, identifying myself by means of my army commission, and insist on the immediate release of the girl. The man had broken no law—unless the wanton killing of Shrank could be proven against him—and I might not be able to compel his arrest. Whatever he suspected now relative to his prisoner, he had originally supposed her to be his slave, his property, and hence possessed a right now under the law to restrain her liberty. But even if I was debarred from bringing the man to punishment, I could break his power, and overturn his plans. Beyond that it would be a personal matter between us; and the thought gave me joy.

I attained my feet, confident and at ease, and advanced up the gully, moving cautiously, so as not to run blindly upon some sentry post in the darkness. There would be nervous sol-

diers on duty. Hable to fire at any sound, or suspicious movement, and it was a part of my plan to penetrate the lines unseen, and without inviting arrest. I was standing uncertain, when the dim figure of a man, unquestionably drunk, came weaving his uncertain way along a footpath which ran with-



"Who Are Yer? Frien' o' Mine?"

in a yard of my position. The sudden blaring of a fire revealed the unmistakable features of the deputy.

"Hallo," I said, happily, stepping directly before him. "When did you come ashore?"

"Hello, yerself," he managed to ejaculate thickly. "Who are yer? frien' o' mine?"

"Why, don't yer remember me, ol' man? We was talkin' tergether comin' up. I was goin' fer ter enlist."

"H—! yes; glad ter see yer. Sum hot whiskey et this camp—tried eny?"

"No," I answered, grasping at the opportunity to arouse his generosity. "I ain't got no coin to buy. I'm flat broke; maybe yer cud stake me fer a bite ter eat?"

"Eat!" he flung one arm lovingly about my shoulders, and burst into laughter. "Yer bet yer life, we're a goin' to eat, an' drink too. I don't go back on none o' ther boys. Yer never heerd nuthin' like ther 'bout Tim Kennedy, I reckon. Eat, sure—yer know Jack Hale?"

"Never heerd the name."

"What, never heerd o' Jack Hale? Ol' river man, half hoss, half alligator; uster tend bar in Saint Louis. He's up yere now, a sellin' forty-rod ter sojers. Cum up 'long with him from Beardstown. Frien' o' mine. Yer just cum 'long with me—thas all."

(To Be Continued.)

Our Grocery Prices Are Right At All Times--- Try Us and be Convinced

THE A TO Z GROCERY

Your Creamery Builds Business for Yourselves

The Central Oregon Farmers' Creamery Will Pay One Cent Above the Market Price for Butterfat Paid by Portland Creameries

Yearly Market Fair, Honest Tests.

The Creamery Should be Your Asset.

Bring in Your Cream

Central Oregon Farmers' Creamery

Illinois Doctor Recommends It

Says He Has Never Known Medicine to Produce Results Like Tanlac.

H. H. Elder, M. D., with offices at 419 Schradzki building, Peoria, Ill., comes out with his unqualified endorsement of Tanlac.

Dr. Elder graduated from Butler University of Indianapolis, Ind., later took a post graduate course at Rush college, Chicago, and has also studied abroad.

He has been in active practice over forty years, twenty-five years in Peoria and is one of the best known physicians of that city.

"So far as my knowledge goes," said Dr. Elder, in an interview recently, "medical science has never produced a medicine that brings results like Tanlac. It is altogether too good to keep from suffering humanity and I have been prescribing it in my practice for some time with remarkable results."

"For years I had suffered from stomach trouble and rheumatism and had devoted my best thought trying to find relief, but all to no avail. Right after eating, gas would form in my stomach and effect my heart, causing poor circulation, cold hands and feet, dizzy spells, spots before my eyes, peculiar feelings, terrible headaches, and cramps in my stomach. The rheumatism was the kind that is caused by uric acid deposits in the blood, which find their way into the joints, and the pain was so great I could hardly stand to move my legs and arms."

"So, it's no surprise that I devoted lots of time and thought, using all my powers, trying to free myself of these troubles. But nothing I ever found until I got Tanlac afforded me more than a little temporary relief. And here is how I found out the powers of Tanlac: I had a patient who had suffered for years with the same kind of troubles and while I did all I could for him, the same as for myself, he failed to improve any. Well, this party came to my office one day, after having been away for about six months, and I never in all my life saw a man look in better health or seem to feel better. While sitting there in my office he told me Tanlac was what brought about the wonderful change. I could not doubt it, for I knew what an awful condition he had been in, and I made up my mind then and there to try Tanlac in my own case. So I did and the results are that a few bottles relieved me entirely of stomach trouble and rheumatism and all my other ailments as well. I am an extra hearty eater, especially of meats and such foods as often produce bad effects, but none of these things disagree with me any more. So now, as I have discovered the value of Tanlac I am ready to honor it as one of the most beneficial of all medicines. I have prescribed it, in cases of rheumatism, kidney and bladder disorders and a run down condition, with wonderful results. I feel that I ought, for the benefit of suffering humanity, to give my ex-

"I'll Tell the World" says the Good Judge

The man who doesn't chew this class of tobacco is not getting real satisfaction out of his chewing.

A small chew. It holds its rich taste. You don't have to take so many fresh chews. Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.



Put Up In Two Styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

Weygan-Bruton Company, 1107 Broadway, New York City

perience with Tanlac to the general public."

"Tanlac is sold in Bend by Owl Drug Co., in Sisters by Geo. F. Aitken, and in Bend by Horton Drug Co."

work will be resumed on Friday, it was announced today from the office of the superintendent.

Bulletin "WANT ADS" Bring Results—Try Them.

OUTLINE OF CIVIC LEAGUE AIMS MADE

To draw up a statement of the purpose and intentions of the proposed civic league now being formed in Bend, a committee composed of R. S. Hamilton, E. D. Gilson, G. H. Baker, L. W. Trickey, and Mrs. N. G. Jacobson, was appointed Saturday afternoon at a meeting of 25 delegates from various organizations in the city, held at the Pilot Butte Inn. A report from this committee will be turned in at another meeting to be held next Saturday, at which time an even larger attendance is hoped for.

Submission of the report to the organizations represented in the tentatively formed council, will follow approval at next Saturday's meeting.

Last Saturday, Carl A. Johnson, was in the chair, and a general discussion, in which every delegate present voiced his or her approval of the civic council idea, featured the business of the afternoon.

SCHOOLS WILL KEEP NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY

New Years Day will be observed as a holiday in the Bend schools, both for day and night classes, but

Don't Allow Your Farm Crops or Buildings to go Uninsured. We will insure your farm and allow you one year in which to pay the premium.

C. V. SILVIS BEND, OREGON

ALWAYS A CASH MARKET

At **Palace Market** Bend, Oregon

for **Eggs, Butter, Poultry, Beef, Veal, Pork**

Sell your products at home

Chas. Boyd

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford One Ton Truck is a profitable "beast of burden" and surely has the "right of way" in every line of business activity. For all trucking purposes in the city and for all heavy work on the farm, the Ford One Ton Truck with its manganese bronze worm-drive and every other Ford merit of simplicity in design, strength in construction, economy in operation, low purchase price, stands head and shoulders above any other truck on the market. Drop in and let's talk it over and leave your order for one.

CENT-ORE MOTOR CO. BEND, OREGON

BRICK vs. OTHER BUILDINGS

BRICK BUILDINGS IN BEND---	OTHER BUILDINGS---
VALUE ABOUT \$500,000	VALUE ABOUT \$2,000,000
FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS NONE	FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS OVER \$100,000

Build With BRICK! **BEND BRICK & LUMBER CO.**