



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War
By Randall Parrish
Author of 'Contraband,' 'Shots of the Irish Brigade,'
'When Wilderness was King,' etc.
Illustrated by Edwin Myster

I permitted him to lead me, his voice never ceasing as we followed the dim trail. I made out little of what he said, nor did I question him. The trail ended before a two-room log cabin, so deeply hidden in the woods as to be revealed merely by a glimmer of light shining out from within through chinks in the walls. Tim fumbled for the latch and finally opened the door, lurching across the threshold, dragging me along after him. There were two men at a sloppy table, a disreputable looking white woman striding the contents of a pot hung over the open fire, and a fellow behind the bar, attired in a dingy white apron. It was all sordid enough, and dirty—a typical frontier grogshop; but the thing of most interest to me was the proprietor. The fellow was the same red-mustached individual whom I had watched disembark from the steamer that same afternoon, slipping in the yellow mud as he surmounted the bank, dragging his valise along after him. So it was this fellow passenger who had given these fugitives refuge; it was his presence in these parts which had decided Kirby to make the venture ashore. He glanced up at our entrance, the glare of light overhead revealing a deep, ugly scar across his chin and a pair of deep-set, scowling eyes.

"Back in time for supper, hey, Kennedy," he growled, none too cordially. "Who's yer frien'?"

"A feller whut's goin' ter enlist. He's all right, Jack," the deputy hiccupped thickly. "Le's liquor, an' then we'll eat. I'm payin' the bill—so whut's it ter yer?"

"Nuthin' tall; eny frien' o' yers gits ther best I have."

He set out a squat bottle on the bar, and thinking it best to humor the both of them I poured out a stiff drink, fully aware that Rale was observing my features closely.

"Seen yer afore sumwhar, ain't it?" I reckon. I replied indifferently, watching Tim fill his glass. "I worked my way up on the boat; saw yer on board."

"Sure; that's it; 'tain't in my line fer ter forgit a face. Yer ain't enlisted yet?"

was a pretty good time an' time over yer ter liquor, an' eat. Ther joke ov it is, he never know'd that Joe hed told me all 'bout the fix he was in, afore we cum ashore. H—, it was all fixed up whut was ter be done—only we didn't expect the steamer was goin' north. Ther's sum boys wantin' a drink; see yer agin."

I finished shaving, making no attempt to hurry, busily thinking over this new situation. In the first place why had Rale told me all this? I felt convinced the man had some purpose in his conversation, and that he had not finished all he intended to say, when the entrance of customers compelled his return to the bar. His parting words implied that. Perhaps the revolt of the deputy made it necessary for the conspirators to select another helper to properly carry out their nefarious scheme, and Rale had decided that I might answer. I hoped this might prove the explanation and determined to seek the earliest opportunity to impress upon that individual the fact that I was desperately in need of money, and decidedly indifferent as to how it was obtained.

The two soldiers, whose entrance had interrupted our talk, remained at the bar drinking until after I had completed my toilet, and were still there listening to a story Rale was telling when the slatternly white woman announced that supper was ready to serve. Tim slept soundly, while the other man remained engrossed in their game of cards. Rale glanced about at these as though to reassure himself that they were intent on their play then, removing his apron, he crossed the room and drew up a chair opposite me.

"All right, Sal," he grunted shortly. "Bring on whut yer got."

He remained silent, staring moodily at the fire, until after the woman had spread out the dishes on the table before him. Then his eyes fell upon the fare.

"Nice looking mess that," he growled, surveying the repast with undisguised disgust. "No wonder we don't do no business with ther kind o' a cook. No, yer needn't stay—go an' make up them beds in the other room. I'll watch things yere."

I judged the fellow had come over intending to resume our interrupted conversation, but hardly knew what he had best venture. I decided to give him a lead.

"I ain't got no money, myself," I began to explain, apologetically. "But Tim ther sed he'd pay my bill."

"Sure, that's all right; I ain't a worryin' none. Maybe I might put yer in an easy way o' gettin' hold o' a little coin—that is if ye ain't too blame particular."

"Me!" I laughed. "Well, I reckon I don't aim fer ter be thet. I've bin ten years knokin' 'bout between New Orleans an' Saint Louis, steamboatin' mostly. Ther sort o' thing don't make no saint out'er eny kin'd man, I reckon. Whut sort'r job is it?"

He eyed me cautiously, as though not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"Yer don't somehow look just the same sort o' chap, with them ther whiskers shaved off," he acknowledged soberly. "Yer a slight better lookin' then I thought yer was, an' a slight younger. Wha was it yer cum frum?"

"Frum Saint Louis, on the boat, if thet's whut yer drivin' at."

"'Tain't whut I'm drivin' at. Whar else did yer cum frum afore then? Yer ain't got no bum's face."

"Oh, I see; well, I can't help that, kin I? I was raised down in Mississipp', an' run away when I was fourteen. I've been a driftin' 'long ever since. I reckon my face ain't goin' ter hurt none so long as the pay is right."

"No, I reckon maybe it won't. I've seed sum baby faces in my time ther sure hed the devil behind 'em. Whut's yer name?"

"Moffett—Dan Moffett."



I Was Unpleasantly Aware of His Continued Scrutiny. What Would He Decide?

forward, and lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"Wal' now see yere, Moffett, I'm goin' fer ter be d— plain with yer. I reckon yer whut yer say ye are, fer thar ain't no reason, fer as I kin see, why we should lie 'bout it. Yer flat broke, an' need coin, an' I'm takin' ye at yer own word—that ye don't care overly much how yer git it. Thet true?"

"Just 'bout—so it ain't no hangin' job."

"H—, thar ain't really no manner o' risk at all. Yer don't even hav' ter break the law, fer as I know. It's just got fer ter be done on the dead quiet, an' no question asked. I'll tell yer all yer need ter know. 'Tain't such a long story. This yere Joe Kirby he's a frien' o' mine; I've know'd him a long time, an' he's in a h— of a fix. Here's how it all happened: Thar was an ol' planter livin' down in Missouri at a place called Beaucaire's Landin'.

His name was Beaucaire, an' he hed a son named Bert, a good-for-nothin' cuss, I reckon. Wal, this Bert runned away a long while ago, an' never cum back; but he left a baby behind him—a gurl baby—which a quadroon slave give birth to. The quadroon's name was Della, an' the kid was called Rene. Git them names in yer head. Ol' Beaucaire he knew the gurl was his son's baby, so he brought her up 'long with his own daughter, who was named Eloise. They was both 'bout ther same age, an' nobody seemed ter know thet Rene was a nigger. Fer sum reason ol' Beaucaire never set her free, nor the quadroon neither. Wal, Kirby he heard tell o' all this sumwhar down the river. Yer see he an' Bert Beaucaire run together fer a while, till Bert got killed in a row in New Orleans. I reckon he tol' him part o' the story, an' the rest he picked up in Saint Louis. Enyhow, it looked like a d— good thing ter Kirby, who ain't passin' up many bets. Ol' Beaucaire was rich, an' considerable o' a sport; people who hed seed the gurl sed they was both o' 'em beauties an' Eloise—the white one—hed an independent fortune left her through her mother. So Kirby, he an' a feller named Carver—a tin-horn—planned it out betwixt 'em ter copper ol' Beaucaire's coin, an' pick up them gurls along with it."

"But how cud they do thet?"

"Luck mostly, I reckon, an' Kirby's brains. The plan was ter git Beaucaire inter a poker game, ease him 'long a bit, an' then break him, land niggers, an' all. They didn't figure this wud be hard, fer he was a dead game gambler, an' played fer big stakes. It was luck, though, whut giv' 'em ther chance. Beaucaire hed sum minin' claims up on the Pevre, an' hed ter go up thar. It's a long, lonesom' trip, I reckon, an' so the other two they went 'long. They got the ol' chap gone, an' comin', an' finally coddled him 'long till he put up his big bet on a sure hand. When he found out whut hed happened the ol' gent got so excited he flung a fit, an' died."

"Leavin' Kirby ownin' all the property?"

"Every picayune, niggers an' all. It was sum sweep, an' he hed signed bills o' sale. Wa'n't nobody cud git it away frum him. Wal' Joe he didn't want fer ter make no fuss, ner scare the gurl none, so he went down ter Saint Louis an' made proof o' ownership afore a judge he know'd. Then, with the papers all straight, he, an' the sheriff, with Tim yere, the deputy, run up the river at night ter serve 'em quietly on the daughter—the white one, Eloise, Kirby he didn't aim ter be seen at all, but just went 'long so thar wudn't be no mistake. Yer see, then papers had ter be served afore they cud take away the niggers. Kirby was goin' ter sell them down river, an' not bother 'bout the land fer awhile, till after hed hed a chance ter shine up ter this yere gurl Eloise. Hed never seen her—but, enyhow, he got thet notion in his head."

"She was the daughter; the white one?"

"Sure; he hed the other by law. Wal, when they all got thar, nobody was home, 'cept one o' the gurls, who claimed fer ter be Rene—the one who was a nigger, thet Kirby owned. Nobody know'd which was which, an' so they hed ter take her word for it. They cudn't do nuthin' legal till they found the other one, an' they was sittin' round waitin' fer her ter turn up, when the nigger gurl they was watchin' got away."

"How'd she do thet?"

"Don't nobody seem ter know. Damm funny story. Way they tell it, somebody must'r knocked Kirby down an' run off with her. Whoever did it, stole the boat in which Kirby an' the sheriff cum up the river, an' just naturally skipped out—the sheriff's nigger an' all. It was a slick job."

"(To Be Continued.)"

COOS BAY MERCHANT BUYS HANSON STORE

Within the next few days, Leonard Rouse, recently of Coos Bay, will take over the management and ownership of the store on Broadway and Arizona, a business conducted up to now by Olaf Hanson. Mr. Rouse, who has had considerable experience in the mercantile business, plans to put in a larger stock than has been carried heretofore, and will make a number of improvements in the store. The deal was handled by Henkle and Haines.

Was Surprise of His Life, He Says

Had Suffered Twenty Years—Full of Life and Energy Since Taking Taulac.

"I was twenty years finding a medicine to reach my case but, thanks to Taulac, I have found it at last," said C. H. Loop, a retired farmer, who resides at 210 East Fifty-Sixth street, Los Angeles, California, while talking of the benefits he had received from taking Taulac, continuing he said:

"For all these years I have been suffering with my stomach, nothing I ate would digest and gas would form and I would suffer with intense pains, and I also had a pain in my side of late years nearly all the time. I was bothered a great deal with constipation and had to take some kind of laxative all the time, and felt tired and worn out and had no life or energy and was extremely nervous."

"I had taken a lot of different sorts of medicine but none of them did me any good and one day last long ago my son suggested I try Taulac. I took his advice and before I had taken a half bottle I knew I had struck the right medicine and was so surprised at my improved condition and it had come about so quickly I could hardly believe it. Every bit of gas and pain disappeared and I began to feel strong and good once more and while I have taken only a few bottles altogether I am full of energy, feel fine all the time and heartily, sleep like a log and never know what it is to be nervous. I am glad to say a good word for a medicine that helps anyone as Taulac has me."

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

\$6,435 LEFT ON CLUB PLEDGES

Payments on pledges made during the B. A. A. C. debt raising drive have reached a total of \$21,565.20, but there still remains \$6,435 to collect on pledges made in the city and by mill employes. The Brooks-Seanton and Shevlin-Hixon mill companies have paid in full the amount promised by them—\$17,891—while many other subscriptions were made in the form of cancelling bills for supplies, making a total of \$28,000.

Others are not paying up as fast as could be desired, the committee in charge of drive reports, and bills are not being paid off promptly on that account. The committee requests that those having given their pledges, make good on them as soon as possible.

BEST LYCEUM STARTS SOON

With the appearance of Tom Skeychill, Australian soldier-lecturer, Bend's best Lyceum course will be started on Thursday, January 22, under the auspices of the Industrial Y. M. C. A. Five numbers compose the course, and four of these were specially selected last summer, an especial effort being made to secure the highest class numbers carried by

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RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco
Weyman-Bruhn Company, 107 Broadway, New York City

the Ellison-White Company. The contracts, made by the Bend Amateur Athletic club, were taken up by the Y. M. C. A. when that organization was given the management of the club building and activities. The only number not furnished by the Ellison-White Company is scheduled for February 20, and will be by local talent players, under the direction of Jay B. Noble.

The Sam Lewis Company will show on January 28, in vocal and instrumental selections, the Welsh Glee quartette, which has sung before royalty, is billed for March 8, and the Serbian orchestra, in fighting songs and ballads, will appear on March 16.

Popular prices are offered for the individual numbers, but it is pointed out that a considerable saving can be effected by the purchase of season tickets.

NOT CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF, SAYS KULP

Denying a rumor which has been current for more than a week past.

P. L. Kulp, formerly night police officer, declare that he has absolutely no intention of running for sheriff of Deschutes county. "I don't know how such a thing ever got started," Mr. Kulp said, "but you can quote me as saying that I'm not out for the sheriff's job or any other public office."

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