

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 trall 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 batch and finally opened the door, lurching across the threshold, dragging me along after him. There were two then at a sloppy table, a disreputable looking white woman stirring 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 laterest 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 So it was this fellow passenger him. 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

"Back in time fer 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 hiccoughed thickly. "Le's liquor, an' then we'll eat. I'm payin' the bill-so whut's it fer 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 I?" "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 aln't enlisted ylt?"

"No: I reckon I'll walt till maunin'. an' clean up a bit furst. How 'bout sum soap an' water 'fore I eat?-an' yer cudn't loan me a razor, cud ye?"

"Wal' I got plenty o' water, an' maybe cud scare up sum soap. Tim yere he's got a razor, an' if he's a frien' o' yers, I reckon he mought lend it ter yer.

The deputy guiped down his drink, and smacked his lips, elinging with one hand to the bar, regarding me lovingly.

"Sure; he's a friend o' mine. Shave him myself soon's I git sober. Whut's thet? Yer cah't wait? Ob, all righ' then, take it yerself. Mighty fin' razor,

was a pruity gua then an cam over drink ; see yer agin."

convinced the man had some purpose when the entrance of customers compelled his return to the bar. His partrevolt 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 opporthe fact that I was desperately in need of money, and decidedly indifferent as to how it was obtained.

The two soldlers, whose entrance other men remained engrossed in their game of cards. Rale glanced about at these as though to reassure him- pendent fortune left her through her self that they were intent on their mother. So Kirby, he an' a feller play then, removing his apron, he crossed the room and drew up a chair out betwixt 'em ter copper ol' Beauopposite me.

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

He remained silent, staring moodily at the fire, until after the woman had sprend out the dishes on the table before him. Then his eyes fell upon the 'long a bit, an' then break him, land, fare

"Nice looking mess that," he growled, surveying the repast with un- game gambler, an' played fer big disguised disgust. "No wonder we stakes. It was luck, though, what giv" don't do no business with thet kind ov 'em their chance. Beaucaire hed sum a cook. No, yer needn't stay-go an' minia' claims up on the Fevre, an' hed make up them beds in the other room, ter go up thar. It's a long, lonesom I'll watch things yere."

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 thar sed he'd pay my bill."

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

I don't aim fer ter be thet. I've bin Saint Louee an' made proof o' ownerten years knækin' 'bout between New ship afore a jedge he know'd. Then, Orleans an' Saint Louce, steamboatin' mostly. Thet sort o' thing don't make the sheriff, with Tim yere, the deputy, no saint out'r eny kin'd man, I reckon. What sort'r job is it?" He eyed me cautionsly, as though not altogether devoid of suspiciou. "Yer don't somehow look just the same sort o' chap, with them ther' whiskers shaved off." he acknowledged soberly. "Yer a sight better lookin' then I thought yer wus, an' a sight younger. Wha was it yer cum frum?" "Frum Saint Louse, on the boat, if thet's what yer drivin' at." "'Tain't what I'm drivin' at. Whar

forward, man towering his voice to a hoarse whisper.

BEND BULLETIN, BEND, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1920

"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-thet ye don't care overly much how yet git it. Thet true?"

"Just 'bout-so it ain't no hangin' tob."

"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 yere ter liquor, an' eat. Ther joke ov just got fer ter be done on the dead of from it is, he never know'd thet Joe hed told quiet. an' no question asked. I'll tell he said: me all 'bout the fix he wuz in, afore yer all yer need ter know. "Tain't such we cum ashore. H-, it wus all fixed a long story. This yere Joe Kirby he's up what wus ter be done-only we a frien' o' mine; I've know'd him a didn't expect the steamer wus goin' on | long time, an' he's in a h--- of a fir. north. Thar's sum boys wantin' a Here's how it all happened: Thar wus an ol' planter livin' down in Missoury I finished shaving, making no at at a place called Beaucaire's Landin'. tempt to hurry, busily thinking over His name wus Beaucaire, an' he hed a this new situation. In the first place son named Bert, a good-fer-nuthing why had Rale told me all this? I felt cuss, I reckon. Wal, this Bert runned away a long while ago, an' never cum in his conversation, and that he had back; but he left a baby behind himnot finished all he intended to say, a gurl haby-which a quadroon slave give birth to. The quadroon's name wus Della, an' the kid wus called ing words implied that. Perhaps the Rene. Git them names in yer head. Of Beaucaire he knew the gurl wus his son's baby, so he brought her up 'long with his own daughter, who wus named Eloise. They wus both 'bout ther same age, an' nobody seemed ter know thet Rene wus a nigger. Fer sum reason of Beaucaire never set tunity to impress upon that individual her free, ner the guadroon neither. Wal, Kirby he heard tell o' all this sumwhar down the river. Yer see he an' Bert Beaucaire run tergether fer a while, till Bert got killed in a row had interrupted our talk, remained at in New Orleans. I reckon he tol' him the bar drinking until after I had part o' the story, an' the rest he picked completed my toilet, and were still up in Saint Louce. Enyhow, it looked there listening to a story Rale was like a d- good thing ter Kirby, who telling when the slatternly white wom- ain't passin' up many bets. Of Beauan announced that supper was ready cafre wus rich, an' considerable ov a to serve. Tim slept soundly, while the sport ; people who hed seed the guris sed they was both ov 'em beauties an' Eloise-the white onc-bed an inde-

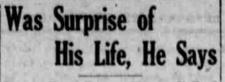
named Carver-a tin-born-planned it caire's coin, an' pick up them gurls along with it."

"But how cud they do thet?"

"Luck mostly, I reckon, an' Kirby's brains. The plan wus ter git Beaucaire inter a poker game, case him niggers, an' all. They didn't figure this wud he hard, fer he wus a dead trip, I reckon, an' so the other two I judged the fellow had come over they went 'long. They got the ol' intending to resume our interrupted chap goin' and comin', an' finally coddied 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." "Leaving' Kirby ownin' all the prop-

erty?" "Every pleayune, niggers an' all. It

wus 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 "Me!" I laughed. "Well, I reckon the gurl none, so he went down ter with the papers all straight, he, an' 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, them papers had ter be served afore they cud take away the niggers. Kirby wus goin' ter sell them down river, an' not bother 'bout the land fer awhile, till after he'd hed a chance ter shine up ter this yere guri Eloise. He'd especial effort being made to secure never seen her-but, enyhow, he got thet notion in his hed."



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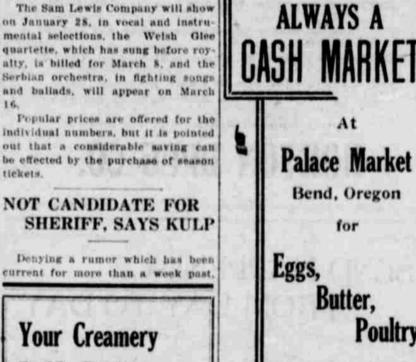
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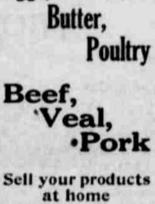
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contracts, made by the Bend Ama- officer, declare that he has abso surprised at my improved condi- teur Athletic club, were taken up by solutely no intention of running for tion and it had come about so quick- the Y. M. C. A. when that organiza- sheriff of Deschutes county. "I don't ly I could hardly believe it. Every tion was given the management of know how such a thing ever got bit of gas and pain disappeared and the club building and activities. The started," Mr. Kulp said, "but you only number not furnished by the El- | can quote me as saying that I'm not





Chas. Boyd

Rale found me a tin basin, water, a bit of rag for a towel, and a small, cracked mirror, in which my reflection was scarcely recognizable. He was a man of few words, contenting himself. with attering merely a dry comment on Kennedy, who had dropped back into a convenient chair and buried his face on the table.

"Tim's a good fellow, an' I never saw

him so blame drunk afore," he said, regretfully. "He an' Kirby hed a row, an' I reckon thet's whut started him drinkin'."

"A row; a quarrel, you mean?" forgetting myself in surprise. "Who's Kirby?

"Joe Kirby; yer sure must know him if yer a river man. Slim sorter feller, with a smooth face; slickest gambler ever wus, I reckon."

"Why, of course," getting control of myself once more. "We picked him up, 'long with Tim, down river. Hed two women with 'em, didn't they? run-away niggers?"

Rale winked facetiously, evidently rather proud of the exploit as it had been related to him

"Wal', ther way I understan', they wa'n't both of 'em niggers; however, that was the story told on board. This yere Joe Kirby is pretty slick, let me tell you. One of 'em's a white gurl, who just pretended she wus a nigger. I reckon thet even Kirby didn't catch on ter her game at furst; an' when he did he wus too blame smart ter ever let her know. She don't think he knows yet, but she's liable fer ter find out mighty soon."

"But he cannot hold a white wom an." I protested stantly.

"Can't, hey! Wal', I reckon there are ways o' even doin' thet, an' if thar be, Kirby'll find it. I reckon she won't find no chance ter raise a holler fore he's got her tied good an' strong." "Do you mean," I asked, horrified,

"that he will compel her to marry him ?"

"Sum smart little guesser, ain't yer? I reckon she's in a right smart way ter do it, et thet."

"And wus this the cause of the quarrel between Kirby and Kennedy?"

"Wal', I reckon it wus; leastwise Tim wudn't be mixed up in the affair none. They hed it prutty blame hot, an' I reckon that'd bin a dead deputy if hedn't bin fer me. Tim thought I

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 wus raised down in Mississip', an' run away when I wus fourteen. I've been a driftin' long ever since. 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 thet

sure hed the devil behind 'em. Whut's yer name?"

"Moffett-Dan Moffett."

He fell silent, and I was unpleasantly aware of his continued scrutiny, my heart beating fiercely, as I endeavored to force down more of the food as an excuse to remain at the table. What would he decide? Finally he spoke



I Was Unpleasantly Aware of His He Decide?

once more, but gruffly enough, leaning Henkle and Haines.

"She was the daughter; the white one?"

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

watchin' got away." "How'd she do thet?"

"Don't noboddy seem ter know. Damn funny story. Way they tell it, sumbody must'r knocked Kirby down an' run off with her. Whoever did it, stole the boat in which Kirby an' the shertff cum up the river, an' just natur-ally skipped out-the sheriff's nigger an' alt. It wus 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 Continued Scrutiny. What Would carried heretofore, and will make a number of improvements in the store. The deal was handled by



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