



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 Edwin Meyer

"Of course they caused them?"

"Best they could, not knowin' which way they'd gone. They reckoned the whole bunch must've got away together, so the sheriff he started for Saint Louis, an' the others got onto a troop boat what happened ter cum' long, and started north. 'Long 'bout the mouth of the Illinois they caught up with a bigger steamer named Shunk. They had a fight in an' about his cabin, an' sum killin'." Two of the women got away, but Kirby an' Tim got hold o' this gurl what had claimed ter be Rene, an' a mulatto cook who was a-workin' fer Shunk. I reckon maybe yer know the rest."

"I know they was run down by the Adventurer, an' hauled aboard. But how did Kirby learn his prisoner was white? Did she tell him?"

"I should say not. It was the mulatto cook who told him, although, I reckon, he had his doubts afore that. I knew she wasn't no nigger the first minute I got eyes on her—they can't fool me none on niggers; I was raised 'mong 'em. But so fur's the gurl's concerned, she didn't know yet that Kirby's found out." He emitted a weak laugh. "It sorter skeered Joe ter be caught 'way up yere in this kinty, kidnappin' a white gurl. He didn't know what the h—l ter do till I give him a p'inter."

"You were the one who suggested marriage?"

"Wal, I sed she cuden't do nuthin' 'gainst him onct he was married to her. I thought o' that right away. Yer see this was how it happened: Kirby sed he'd like fer ter marry her, an' I sez, 'Why not, then? That's an o' bum ov a preacher yere at Yellow Banks, a sorter hanger-on ter one o' them militia companies, what'll do eny d—n thing I tell him to. I got the goods on him, an' he knows it."

"But she wouldn't marry me," he says; "yer don't know that gurl."

"Don't it? I asked sarcastic. 'Wal, that ain't no gurl ever I see yet that won't marry a man if the right means are used. How kin she help herself? Yer leave it ter me."

"And he consented?"

"He was d—n glad to, after I told him how it cud be done. But Tim he wudn't go in with us, an' that's why we got ter have another man. Come on over ter the bar an' have a drink, Moffett; them other fellers are goin' ter eat now."

The diversion gave me opportunity for a moment's thought. The plan was a diabolical one, cold-blooded and desperate, yet I saw no certain way of serving Eloise, except by accepting Rale's offer. I did not even know where she was concealed, or how I could lay hands on Kirby. The genial Rale pushed out a black bottle and we drank together.

"Wal," he said, picking up the conversation where it had ended, quite satisfied with his diplomacy, and wip-



"That's a Hundred Dollars in This Job."

ing his lips on his sleeve. "What ye say, Moffett? That's a hundred dollars in this job."

"What is the gurl?"

"Oh, I reckon she ain't fur away; we kin find her all right. I got ter know 'bout yer fust. Are yer game?"

"I'm game 'nough, Jack," assuming a familiarity I thought he would appreciate. "Only I don't want't jump inter this yer thing without knowin' nuthin' 'bout it. What is it yer got lined up fer me ter do?"

He helped himself to yet another liberal drink, and I was glad to note that the fiery liquor was already beginning to have its effect, increasing his recklessness of speech.

"All right, Dan; have another one on me—no? Wal' h—l; I s'pose I might as wal' tell ye fust as last. That ain't nuthin' fer eny o' us ter git skeered about. We got it all planned. We don't want this affair talked about none, do we? I reckon not. So we planned it out this way: That's a friend o' mine got a shack down on Bear creek, 'bout twenty mile below yere. He sells red-eye ter barge an' keel-boutmen, what tie up ther nights. Wal', he's all right—a h—l o' a good feller. What we aim ter do is run the gurl down ther ternaite, un-

bekn'ist fer enybody. I reckon yer kin ride a hoss?"

"Yes; so that's my job?"

"That's the whole o' it. Yer just got ter stay thar with her till Kirby kin git away, without nobody thinkin' enything 'bout it. It's d—n a easy money, fer my notion."

I thought swiftly. There were several questions I wanted to ask but dare not. It was better to trust to luck, for I must lull, not arouse suspicion. Thus far the affair had played wonderfully into my hands; if I could maintain my part to the end there ought to be no reason why the gurl should not be saved uninjured.

"Why, if that's all I got ter do fer a hundred dollars," I said gayly, "I'm yer man, Jack. An' how soon will Kirby be comin' down ter this yer place on Bear creek?"

"In a day or two, I reckon. Soon's thar's sum boat headin' down the river. Yer see, this yer's all camp; thar ain't no fit place whar we kin hide the gurl, an' make her keep her mouth shut. Them blamed soldiers are a-moosin' 'bout everywhar, an' if she onct got talkin' our goose wud be cooked. Furst thing we got ter do is git her outer this camp."

"Ternaite, yer sed?"

"'Bout midnight; yer'll go—hey?"

"I reckon; yer got the money?"

With his eyes fastened on the two men eating he counted out some gold pieces on the bar and shoved them over to me, keeping them under cover of his hand.

"Thar's half o' it, an' the rest is yers when ye bring back the hosses."

"How many hosses? Who's a-goin'?"

"Three o' yer. Kirby's fer sendin' the mulatto gurl 'long. She's a free nigger an' might let her tongue wag. Now listen, Moffett: I'm a-goin' out putty soon ter git things ready, an' I'll leave Sal yere ter tend bar. Now git this: thar's a right smart trail back o' the cabin, leadin' straight down ter the creek, with a spring 'bout half way. Thar ain't no guard down thar, an' ye can't miss it, even on the dark. The hosses will be thar et midnight waitin' fer yer. All ye got ter do is just put them two gurls on an' ride away. Yer don't never need ter speak ter 'em. Yer understand? All right, then; have another drink."

I shook my head.

"But how'm I goin' ter git ter this place—whatever it's called?"

"Thar ain't no trouble 'bout that; all yer got ter do is ride straight south till yer cam ter the creek; an' yer thar. It's Jenkins' crossing yer after."

"I reckon thar ain't no Indians, er nuthin'?"

"H—, no; they're all t'other direction; nuthin' worse'n wolves. Say, though, yer might have trouble with them gurls—got a gun?"

"No."

He reached back into a small drawer under the shelf and brought out an ugly looking weapon, tried the hammer movement with his thumb, and handed it over to me with a grin.

"Some cannon, an' I want it back. Don't fail at midnight."

"An' thar ain't nuthin' fer me ter do till then?"

"Not a thing; take a nap, if yer want'r. Sal kin wake ye up. I reckon I won't be back till after yer off."

I sat down in a chair and leaned back against the wall, tilting my hat down over my eyes and pretending to fall asleep. Through half-closed lids I managed to see all that transpired in the room, and my mind was busy with the approaching crisis.

Rale busied himself for some minutes before putting on his hat, counting over some money, and filling his bottles from a reserve stock underneath the shelf. Tim slept peacefully on, but had slightly changed his posture, so that his face was now upturned to the light. The sight of his familiar features gave me an inspiration. He was, undoubtedly, an honest fellow, and had quarreled with Kirby over this very matter, refusing to have any hand in it. He had supposed up to that time that he was doing no more than his duty under the law. If I could arouse him from drunken stupor he might even be willing to work with me in the attempt to rescue Eloise. Rale disappeared through the rear door, after exchanging a few words with the woman, and did not return. I waited motionless for some time, fearful lest he might come back. Suddenly the front door opened noiselessly and Kirby entered, advancing straight toward the bar. Sal served him, answering his questions, which were spoken so low I could not catch the words. His eyes swept the room, but the hat concealed my face, and he only recognized Tim. He paused long enough to bend above the upturned features of the unconscious deputy, not unpleasantly, evidently, to discover him in that condition.

"The d— old fool," he muttered perhaps not aware that he spoke aloud. "Rale has got him fixed, all right."

CHAPTER XIII.

Kirby and I Meet.

Sal remained seated behind the bar, nodding, and so soon as I felt reason-

ably assured that she was without interest in my movements, I leaned forward and endeavored to arouse Kennedy. This was by no means easy of accomplishment, and I was compelled to pinch the fellow rather severely before he sat up angrily, blurring out the first words which came to his lips:

"What the devil—"

His half-opened eyes caught my gesture for silence, and he stopped instantly, his lips widely parted.

"Meet me outside," I whispered, warningly. "But be careful about it."

The slight noise had failed to disturb the woman, and I succeeded in slipping through the unlatched door without noting any change in her posture. Tim, now thoroughly awake, and aware of something serious in the air, was not long in joining me without, and I drew him aside into a spot of deeper darkness under the trees. He was still indignant over the pinching, and remained drunk enough to be quarrelsome. I cut his muffled profanity short.

"That's quite enough of that, Tim," I said sharply, and was aware that he stared back at me, plainly perplexed by the change in my tone and manner.

"You are an officer of the law; so am I, and it is about time we were working together."

He managed to release a gruff laugh. "You—yer d— bum; h—, that's a good joke—what'r yer givin' me now?"

"The exact truth; and it will be worth your while, my man, to brace up and listen. I am going to give you a chance to redeem yourself—a last chance. It will be a nice story to tell back in St. Louis that you helped to kidnap a wealthy young white woman, using your office as a cloak for the crime, and, besides that, killing two men to serve a river gambler. Suppose I was to tell that sort of tale to Governor Clark, and give him the proofs—where would you land?"

He breathed hard, scarcely able to articulate, but decidedly sober.

NEW RECORDS!

Coming in every day—Call and hear them. You are welcome at any time, whether you are ready to purchase or not.

POPULAR SONGS

A1735—Mother Machree, Sung by Taylor Trio.

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A2781—Dreamy Alabama, Sung by Campbell and Burr.

Hawaiian Lullaby, Sung by Campbell and Burr.

A2908—Silver Threads Among The Gold, Sung by Henry Burr.

The Rosary, (Nevin) Sung by Henry Burr.

A2358—Hush A Bye, Ma Baby, Sung by Campbell and Burr.

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A FEW SELECTIONS WITH LAUGHS WILL ADD SPICE TO YOUR LIBRARY OF RECORDS. YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THEM ENTERTAINING.

A2289—Breakfast In My Bed On Sunday Morning, (Scotch Song) Sung by Evan Davies.

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A1797—War Talk At Pumpkin Center, (Rube Monologue) by Cal Stewart.

Moving Pictures At Pumpkin Center, (Rube Monologue) by Cal Stewart.

A9159—I'll Lend You Another, (Comic Song) Sung by Bert Williams.

Constantly, Sung by Bert Williams.

A396—Uncle Josh's Courtship, (Comic) Sung by Cal Stewart.

When We Are Married, (Comic) Sung by Cal Stewart.

A1886—Casey As A Doctor, (Irish Monologue) Michael Casey.

Casey At The Dentists, (Irish Monologue) Michael Casey.

A1742—Uncle Josh At The Opera, (Rube Monologue) by Cal Stewart.

Uncle Josh And Aunt Nancy Smith To New York On A Visit, (Rube Comedy) by Cal Stewart.

A1516—Cohen On The Telephone, (Yiddish Monologue) by Joe Hayman.

Happy Tho' Married, by Fred Duprez.

A2746—I'll Say She Does, by Al Jolson.

Just As We Used To Do, by Al Jolson.

A2041—I'm Saving Up The Means To Get To New Orleans, by Al Jolson.

Nigger Blues, Sung by Geo. O'Connor.

A2221—From Here To Shanghai, Sung by Al Jolson.

Mississippi, Sung by Anna Wheaton.

A2821—Tell Me, Sung by Al Jolson.

Wonderful Pal, Sung by Al Jolson.

A2671—I Wonder Why She Kept On Saying Si-Si-Si-Senior.

Oh Susie Behave, Sung by Irving Kaufman.

A2787—Who Played Poker With Pocahontas (When John Smith Went Away)

When Alexander's Band Is Back In Dixie Land.

SAXAPHONE SELECTIONS

A2723—The Radiance In Your Eye, (Solo) Wheeler Wadsworth.

Sing Me Love's Lullaby, (Solo) by Wheeler Wadsworth.

A2559—Ting Long Toy, by Columbia Saxaphone Sextette.

Where The Lanterns Glow, Col. Sax. Sextette.

A2784—Beautiful Ohio Blues, by Col. Sax. Sextette.

I'm Ever Blowing Bubbles, by Col. Sax. Sextette.

A2730—Waiting, (Listen Lester) Medley, Col. Sax. Sextette.

Chong, (He Comes From Hong Kong) Col. Sax. Sextette.

A2205—Miss Springtime, Saxaphone Sextette.

Follow Me, Col. Saxaphone Sextette.

L. K. SHEPHERD

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"What—what's that? Ain't you the fellow that was on the boat? Who— who the devil are yer?"

"I am an officer in the army," I said gravely, determined to impress him first of all, "and I worked on that steamer merely to learn the facts in this case. I know the whole truth now, even to your late quarrel with Kirby. I do not believe you realized before what you were doing—but you do now. You are guilty of assisting that contemptible gambler to abduct Eloise Beauneire, and are shielding him now in his cowardly scheme to compel her to marry him by threats and force."

"The d—, low-lived pup—I told him what he was."

"Yes, but that doesn't prevent the crime. He's all you said, and more. But calling the man names isn't going to frighten him, nor get that girl out of his clutches. What I want to know is, are you ready to help me fight the fellow? Block his game?"

"How? What do ye want done?"

"Give me a pledge first, and I'll tell you."

(To Be Continued.)

BEND PUPILS WILL COMPETE IN THRIFT ESSAY CONTEST

Working under the slogan "Master Money Matters, or They Will Master You," the local committee on thrift week—January 17 to 24, inclusive, has set aside \$90 for prizes for high school students for the best essays on selected subjects connected with the general topic of thrift. Students at the high school have started gathering material on the themes given out, and the winning essays will be published in The Bulletin on the days indicated by the committee.

The subjects, and the classes to which they have been assigned, are as follows:

Seventh grade—"The Necessity of Starting a Savings Account as a Means to Thrift;" ninth grade, "Why Life Insurance to Protect Loved Ones Is Desirable in a Thrift Program;" eighth grade, "What Are the Advantages of Owning One's Home? How Does It Cultivate Thrift Habits?" eleventh grade, "Why is the making of a Will important for Everybody and a Good Thing for Thrifty Folk;" twelfth grade, "What Is Meant by the Budget Plan of Family Finance?"

Show How It Helps Thrift;" tenth grade, "Is There a Moral Obligation on the Part of Citizens to Pay Their Bills Promptly? How Does It Make for Thrift Habits in a Community?" Essays are to be from 200 to 300 words and must be in the hands of the school principal by 10 o'clock Thursday morning, January 15.

The first prize is \$10.00 and the second prize \$5.00 for each subject, the thrift committee to appoint judges and awards to be final.

WILL DRILL WELL IN FORT ROCK SECTION

To start on the drilling of an artesian well for the Deschutes National Forest, John M. Perry left Bend on Saturday for Fort Rock, where the work is to be done. The well is needed to increase the available range for stock, and will also give a practical demonstration of the depth at which water can be obtained in sufficient quantities for irrigation.

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