



Tim led the horses away and staked them out where they could crop the rich, dewy grass. After removing the saddles he followed the mulatto girl into the hut, and I could hear the murmur of their voices. I endeavored to address Eloise, seeking thus to awaken her to some sense of my presence, but she merely smiled meaninglessly, leaned her head wearily back against the poles and closed her eyes.

It was a poor meal enough, although it sufficed to dull hunger and yield us some strength. Eloise succeeded in choking down a few morsels, but drank thirstily. It was pitiful to watch her, and to mark the constant effort she was making to force the return of memory. I had Eloise bathe her face with water and while, no doubt, this refreshed her somewhat she only rested her head back on my coat, which I had folded for a pillow, and again closed her heavy eyes. The negress appeared so tired I bade her lie down and sleep, and soon after Tim also disappeared. I remained there alone, guarding the woman I loved.

How were we to escape, burdened by this helpless girl, from pursuit, which perhaps had already started from Yellow Banks? At all hazards I must now prevent this dazed, stupefied woman from ever again falling into the power of Joe Kirby. That was the one fact I knew. I would rather kill her with my own hand, for I was convinced the fellow actually possessed a legal right, which I could not hope to overthrow.



I Remained There Alone, Guarding the Woman I Loved.

However it had been accomplished, through what villainy, made no odds—she was his wife, and could only be released through process of law. He could claim her, hold her in spite of me, in spite of herself. No influence I might bring to bear would save her now from this contamination. It would all be useless, a thing for laughter. Her signature—of which Kirby had boasted—and the certificate signed by the dead Gaskins, would offset any possible efforts I might put forth. There remained no hope except through flight; outdistancing our pursuers; finding a route to safety through the wilderness which they would never suspect.

I must find an unknown path, an untraveled trail. Our only hope lay in baffling pursuit, in dragging far beyond Kirby's grip. I gazed the map out from its silk wrapping and spread it forth on the ground between my knees. It was the latest government survey, given me when I had departed for the North, and I already knew every line and stream by heart.

I became so interested in the problem as to entirely forget her presence, but when I finally lifted my head, our eyes met, and I instantly read in the depths of hers the dawning of recognition.

"Who are you?" she breathed incredulously, lifting herself upon one hand. "Oh, surely I know—Lieutenant Knox! Why, where am I? What has happened? Oh, God! you do not need to tell me that! But you; I cannot understand about you. They—they said you died."

"They must have said much to deceive you," and I bent forward to touch her hand. "See, I am very much alive. Let me tell you—that will be the quickest way to understand. In the first place I did not drown when the boat was smashed, but was rendered helpless and borne away on the water. The Adventurer rescued me about daylight the next morning, and I was no sooner on board than I was told how the keel-boat had been run down below on the river during the night and that your party had all been saved—two white men and two negress slaves. Of course, I knew you must be one of them."

"Then—then we were actually together, on the same boat, all the way up here?"

"Yes; I tried hard to find where you were concealed on board, but failed. Kirby guarded you with great care from all observation. Do you know why?"

"Yes," she answered, as though forcing herself to speak. "I do know now. I thought I knew then, but was mistaken. I supposed it might be because I looked so little like a negress, but now I realize it was his own con-

science. He knew I was a white woman; he had become convinced that I was Eloise Beaucatre. Did you know that, also?"

"I learned the truth on the boat, from the same source where Kirby obtained his information. Eloise Clark told me."

"Eloise Clark! Who is she? How did she know?"

"A free negress, who had been employed by Amos Shrunken. She was the other prisoner on the keelboat when you were captured, kept locked below in the cabin."

"How could she know who I was?"

"She did not. Only she was positive that you could not be Rene Beaucatre, because she knew that Rene, in company with her mother, had departed from Shrunken's cabin before those rascals came. The two had already started for Beardstown."

She sat upright, all lassitude gone from her body, leaning eagerly toward me, her eyes alight with interest.

"Gone! Rene escaped them!" she exclaimed, her voice choking. "Oh, tell me that again. Was the girl sure?"

"Quite sure. She saw and spoke with both the women before they left in a wagon. They were on the Underground, bound for Canada, and safety."

"I am so glad—so glad," she said simply. "Now I am strong enough to hear the rest, Lieutenant Knox. You must tell me."

"There is not so much to tell, that I am cock-sure about," I began slowly. "Kirby had you securely hidden away somewhere on the second deck, while this Clark girl had been locked into a stateroom above. I possessed such a growth of beard and was altogether so disreputable-looking as to be mistaken for a roustabout by the boat's officers, who set me at work to earn my passage. In this way I managed to talk with Eloise, but failed to locate your quarters. The only glimpse I gained of you was when you were being taken ashore. Then I followed, and a little later succeeded in getting you out of Kirby's hands. That is about all."

"Oh, no, it is not—you—you came too late."

"Too late! Perhaps I may know what you mean."

"Do you? Surely not to blame me! I—I wish to tell you, Lieutenant Knox, but—but I scarcely know how. It is all so dim, indistinct in my own mind—and yet I remember. Have I been drugged?"

"Without question. We have been riding all night and you were strapped to your horse. Probably you have no recollection of this?"

She shook her head in bewilderment.

"No; the last I remember I was with Kirby and another man. He—he was dressed like a minister, but—but he was half drunk, and once he swore at me. The place where we were was a little shack in the side of a hill, with stone walls. Kirby took me there from the steamer, together with a man he called Rale—Jack Rale. They locked me in and left me alone after dark. Then this other man, who dressed like a minister, came back with Kirby. They had food and something to drink with them, and lit a lamp so that we could see. It was awfully dismal and dark in there."

She pressed her hands to her head despairingly. "I can remember all this, but later it is not so clear; it fades out, like a dream."

"Try to tell me all you can," I urged.

"They fed you?"

"Yes, I managed to eat a little, but I would not drink. They both became angry then and frightened me, but they did compel me to swallow some of the stuff. Then I became dazed and partially helpless. I had no will of my own, no power of resistance."

"You were married to Kirby?"

"Oh, God!—was I? I wondered; I did not really know; truly I did not know. I seem to remember that I stood up, and then signed some paper, but nothing had any meaning to me. Is that true? Do you know that it is true?"

I grasped her hand and held it closely within my own.

"I am afraid it is true," I answered. "I know very little law, and it may be that such a ceremony is not legal. Yet I imagine those men were certain as to what they could do. Kirby had planned to marry you from the very first, as I explained to you before. He told me that on the Warrior the night your father died."

"Yes, you said so; but I did not quite understand—he planned then—why?"

"Because he had heard of your beauty and that you were rich. Were those not reasons enough? But, after he had mistaken you for Rene, the only possible way in which he could hope to gain you was by force. Jack Rale suggested that to him and how it could be done. The other man was a friend of Rale's, a renegade preacher named Gaskins; he is dead."

"Dead! Killed?"

"Yes; we brought you away after a fight with those fellows. We left Rale bound and Kirby unconscious."

"Unconscious, hurt—but not dead?"

"He had a bad gash in his skull, but was alive."

Kennedy, puffing happily upon a pipe, came loitering about the corner of the hut and approached us. Eloise staggered to her feet, shrinking back against the wall of the shack, her eyes on his face.

"That man here!" she cried in terror. "That man! Why, he was at



"That Man Here!" She Cried in Terror. "My God!" She Burst Forth.

Beardstown! He is the one to whom I claimed to be Rene."

Tim grinned at me, but did not appear particularly flattered at his reception.

"Not quite so fast, young lady," he said, stammering a bit and holding the pipe in his hand. "I reckon I was thar all right, just as ye say, an' thet I did yer a mighty mean turn, but I ain't such a dern ornary cuss as ye think—am I, cap?"

"No, you are not," I hastened to explain. "Miss Beaucatre does not understand, that is all. Kennedy here merely supposed he was doing his duty until he learned what Kirby contemplated. Then he refused to have any hand in it and the two quarreled. Shall I relate that part of the story?"

Her eyes softened, her lips almost smiling.

"Yes," she said. "I am glad to know; tell me all."

I described Tim's part in the whole tragedy swiftly, while he shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other and occasionally interjected some comment or correction.

"Then I shall count you my friend now," she said simply. "And I am so delighted to understand everything. There are four of us here, counting the mulatto girl, and we are in hiding not far from Yellow Banks."

Tim's eyes fell upon the map, lying outspread on the ground.

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"Mine also. Come over here, both of you, and I'll give you my idea. I figured our chances in this way."

In a few words I explained my choice of route, pointing it out on the map and telling them briefly why I was afraid to seek refuge either at Fort Madison or Fort Armstrong or, indeed, at any of the nearer settlements. Eloise said nothing, her gaze rising from the map to our faces as we debated the question, for Tim spoke his mind freely, his stubby finger tracing the course I had indicated.

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"I am not sure, Tim, but I would even prefer that to being overtaken by Joe Kirby and the gang he'll probably have with him," I retorted, my gaze on the questioning face of the girl. "However, there is little chance of our encountering such a party. The soldiers are all coming up from the South and are bound to force Black Hawk's warriors to the other bank of the Rock. There will be nothing but barren country east of here. What do you say, Miss Eloise?"

Her eyes met mine bravely, without a shadow of doubt in them.

"I shall go wherever you say," she replied firmly; "I believe you will know best."

"Then I decide on this route. Once we get beyond the swamp those fellows are going to have a hard task following us, unless they have an Indian trailer along with them. We have been here several hours; the horses must be rested. Let's eat what we can again and then start."

Kennedy stood up and stared about us at the desolate scene, the expression of his face proving his dissatisfaction with the prospect.

"O' course, I'm a goin' 'long with yer, cap," he acknowledged, dryly. "I never was no quitter, but this yere trip don't look so d-d easy ter me, fer all that. I'll wake up thet Clark girl an' then saddle the horses."

I watched him round the corner of the cabin, not wholly at ease in my own mind, then gathered up the map and replaced it in my pocket, aware that Eloise had not moved from her position on the grass.

"Is he right?" she questioned, looking up at me. "Is there any real danger of Indians?"

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(To Be Continued.)

Four chairs at your service at the Metropolitan. No waiting—Adv.

Put it in The Bulletin.

BUILDING PLANS DEFERRED.

Until adjustment of insurance can be made, no plans for rebuilding the Baptist church, which was partially destroyed by fire January 25, will be made. It was decided last night. Rooms, however, will be fitted up and used temporarily for church purposes.

COUNTY COURT PROCEEDINGS

to pay 4 3-4 per cent interest on balances.

Morris Bros., Par and a premium of \$2,180.00.
Lumbermens Trust Co., Par and a premium of \$15.10 per \$1,000.
E. L. Devoreaux & Co., Par, accrued interest and a premium of \$2,503.
Central Oregon Bank, Par, accrued interest and \$1,200 premium and pay 4 percent interest on balances, and

Whereas, the bid of Ralph Schneeloch & Co., of Portland, Oregon is the highest and best and complying with the terms of the advertisement; now, therefore it is

Considered, ordered and adjudged that the aforesaid bid of Ralph Schneeloch & Co., be and the same hereby is accepted, and that the county judge, county clerk and county Treasurer be and they are hereby authorized and instructed to see to the proper execution and delivery of said bonds to said purchaser upon payment of the aforesaid purchase price therefore.

Dated this 12th day of December, 1919.

W. D. BARNES,
County Judge.
C. H. MILLER,
SETH STOOKEY,
County Commissioners.

Attest: County Clerk.

In the matter of claims against the county.

This matter comes on for the auditing of claims on file, when after proper consideration, it was ordered, that the following claims entered in the claim docket of this court be and the same are hereby allowed, and the clerk is instructed to issue his warrants in payment thereof, to-wit:

Claims No. 179 to No. 177, inclusive.

The clerk was ordered to audit and issue his warrant for the payment of machine parts C. O. D. via American Railway Express when such parts are received.

The court then adjourned to December 19, 1919.

The county court reconvened Friday, December 19, 1919, pursuant to adjournment, all members being present.

In the matter of establishing election precincts.

This matter now comes on for hearing upon the establishing of election precincts, and it appearing to the court that this is the time fixed by law for the hearing of such matter, and it now appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the precincts established by the order of this court, with the exception of precincts No. 6, 10 and 11, are now arranged to the greatest convenience of the voters residing therein, and that the boundaries of precincts No. 6, No. 10 and No. 11 should now be changed, is therefore

Ordered, that precincts No. 1 to No. 5, inclusive, No. 7 to No. 9 inclusive, No. 12 to No. 24 inclusive, be and they hereby are re-established in accordance with the order of this court entered January 29, 1917, and with the same boundaries, numbers, and names as designated in said order.

Ordered, that Awbrey precinct No. 10, as established by said order of this court of January 27, 1917, be and the same is hereby abolished.

Ordered, that all territory heretofore contained in South Side Precinct No. 6, lying South of the North line of township nineteen South in Deschutes county, be and the same hereby is organized as an election precinct to be known and designated as Butte Precinct No. 10.

Ordered, that all the territory lying South and East of Tumalo formerly contained in Awbrey Precinct No. 10, be and the same is hereby attached to South Side Precinct No. 6.

Ordered, that all the territory lying North and West of Tumalo Creek and formerly contained in Awbrey Precinct No. 10, be and the same hereby is attached to Tumalo Precinct No. 11.

The court then adjourned to December 23, 1919.

The court reconvened December 23, 1919, pursuant to adjournment, all members being present.

In the matter of the tax levy for the expenses of the county for 1920.

This matter now comes on to be heard for the levy of taxes for State County, County Road, County School, and other expenses of the county, and it now appearing to the court that itemized budgets showing the amounts necessary for the

WRIGLEY'S

The largest electric sign in the world advertises

WRIGLEY'S

on Times Square, New York City: it is 250 feet long, 70 feet high. Made up of 17,286 electric lamps.

The fountains play, the trade mark changes, reading alternately **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT, DOUBLEMINT, and JUICY FRUIT, and the Spearmen "do a turn."**

This sign is seen nightly by about 500,000 people from all over the world.

Sealed Tight Kept Right A7

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

conduct of the business of the county have been filed, and that due notice of the hearing upon such budget has been published according to law; that this is the time fixed for the hearing thereon, and now at this time there have been no objections made or filed thereto, the court finds:

That it is necessary to raise the following sums of money by the direct levy of taxes therefor for the following purposes, to-wit:

For State taxes, \$44,689.00.
For county General Fund, \$71,533.00.
For the Road & Bridge Fund, \$8,887.00.
For the County School Fund, \$27,000.00.
For the High School Tuition Fund, \$4,100.00.
For the Library Fund, \$300.00.

That the total amount necessary to be raised for all purposes is the sum of \$156,509.00 for the expenses of the county for the ensuing year, to-wit, 1920, it is therefore

Ordered, that there be, and hereby is levied a direct tax upon all the taxable property of this county amounting to the sum of \$156,509.00 and the assessor is hereby directed to extend said amount upon the tax rolls for the year 1919.

In the matter of claims against the county.

After due consideration it was ordered that claims No. 179 to No. 196, as entered in the claim docket of the court, be and the same are hereby allowed, and the clerk is directed to issue his warrants in payment thereof.

The court then adjourned for the term.

W. D. BARNES,
County Judge.
C. H. MILLER,
SETH STOOKEY,
County Commissioners.

Edison Amberola Records

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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

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