



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War
By Randall Parrish
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Illustrated by Edwin Myers

"Some, perhaps; it is all Indian country, north and east of here—or has been. I am not denying that, but this danger does not compare, in my mind, with the peril which confronts us in every direction. I am trying to choose the least. Our greatest difficulty will be the lack of food—we possess no guns with which to kill game, only pistols, and an exceedingly small stock of ammunition. That is what troubles Tim; that, and his eagerness to get back down the river. He fails to realize what it would mean to you to fall again into Kirby's hands."

"Do you realize?"
"Do I? It is the one memory which controls me. Tell me, am I not right? You despise the fellow; you are willing to face any hardship so as to escape him?"

"I would rather die than have him touch me. Surely you cannot deem it possible that I could ever forgive?"

"No; that would be hard to conceive; and yet I wished to hear the words from your own lips. Will you answer me one thing more—why did you first assume the character of Rene, and why did you repose such instant trust in me?"

"I think I myself hardly knew," she admitted timidly. "It all happened, was born of impulse, rather than through any plan. Perhaps it was just the woman in me. After my father died, Della thought it best to tell us the story of Rene's birth. This—this was such a terrible tale, and later we sought all through his private papers, hoping he had taken some action to set those two free. There was no proof that he had, no mention, indeed, except a memorandum of intention to refer the matter to Lawyer Haines at the Landing. This merely served to confirm what Della had told us, and, as Haines had gone to St. Louis, we were unable to see him. We were all of us nearly crazed. So I suggested that we run away, and draw money out of my private account for that purpose. My only thought was to take a steamer up the Ohio, to some place where we were not known, and begin life over again. Oh, you cannot understand—I had no mind left; only a blind impulse to save them."

"I caught her hand in mine and held it firmly."

"Perhaps I do understand. It was my knowledge of this very condition which first brought me to you."

"You heard about us on the boat—the Warrior? Did father tell you?"

"No; it was Kirby. He was actually proud of what he had done—boasted to me of his success. I have never known a man so heartlessly conceited. Eloise, listen. You may have thought this was largely an accident. It was not; it was a deliberately planned, cold-blooded plot. I tell you that Joe Kirby is of the devil's own breed; he is not human. Rene's father told him first of the peculiar conditions at Beaucaire."

"Rene's father? Does—does he still live?"

"No; but he did live for years after he disappeared, supporting himself by gambling on the lower river. At one time he and Kirby were together. After he died Kirby investigated his story in St. Louis and found that it was true. Then he laid this plot to gain control of everything, including both of you girls. The man dreamed of owning Beaucaire, of possessing all it contained. He was willing to risk everything to carry out his hell-born scheme, and to ruin everyone who interfered with him. I am telling you all this, Eloise, because it is now time you should know. Will you not tell me just how it all came to you?"

Her hands clung to me, as though she dare not let go, her eyes were filled with a mingling of wonderment and pain.

"Why, of course. We thought it best not to go until after we could see the lawyer. I could not believe my father had neglected to set those two free—he loved them both. Della and Rene had gone down to the Landing that night to see if he had returned. We were both of us afraid to leave Rene alone—she was so despondent, so unstrung. It was dark and I was all alone in the house. Then these men came. They did not know me and I did not know them, but I was sure what they came for. I was terribly frightened, without an idea what to do—only I refused to talk. All I could do was to pray that the others might be warned and not return. They searched the house and then left this man Tim to guard me. He told me he was a deputy sheriff from St. Louis, and—and I encouraged him to explain all he knew about the case. Then I made up my mind what to do—I would pretend to be Rene, and let them carry me off instead of her."

"But did you not realize the danger to yourself?"

"No, I suppose I didn't, or, rather, I did not care. All I thought about was how to save her. These were law officers they would take me to St. Louis before a court. Then I could make my known and would be set free. They couldn't do anything else, could

they? There was no law by which I could be held, but—but, don't you see? The delay might give Rene time to escape. That was not wrong, was it?"

"Wrong! It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of. And I know the rest—your encounter with Kirby in the library. I overheard all of that through the open window, and how you learned from him that certain legal papers would have to be served on Eloise Beaucaire before any of the slaves could be touched, or removed from the estate. That knowledge only brought you new courage to play out your part. But why did you trust me enough to go with me? And, after trusting me so fully, why did you refuse to tell me who you really were?"

Her eyes fell before mine, and her cheeks were flushed.

"You think that strange? I did trust you, Lieutenant Knox, and I trusted you more completely the longer we were together. But—but I did not wholly understand. You were endeavoring to rescue Rene from slavery. I could not conceive what interest you might feel if I should confess myself Eloise. You were strange to me; we were there alone with the negro, and—and somehow it seemed a protection to me to claim a drop of black blood. Twice I thought to tell you—the words were on my lips—but something stopped them. Possibly, just a little, I was afraid of you."

"Then—but not now?"

"No, not now—not even a little; you have proven yourself all I ever hoped you would be. I am glad—so glad—to say to you now, I am Eloise Beaucaire."

She stopped suddenly, the word half uttered, the smile fading from her



"My God!" She burst forth.

lips. "My God!" she burst forth. "But I am not! I am not! Why, I never felt the horror of it all before—I am not Eloise Beaucaire!"

A moment I stood motionless, seeming to hold my breath, my eyes open, struck silent by the intense bitterness of that cry. Then the reaction came, the knowledge that I must turn her thoughts elsewhere.

"Do not say that, or even think it."

I urged, scarcely able to restrain myself from grasping her in my arms.

"Even if it shall prove true—legally true—some way of escape will be found. The others are safe, and you are going to need all your courage. Pledge me to forget, to ignore this thing. I need you."

Her hands fell nerveless and her questioning eyes sought my face.

"You are right, Lieutenant Knox," she said frankly. "I owe my loyalty

now to you. I shall not yield again to despair; you may trust me—my friend."

The day was not ended when we finally retraced our way across the narrow dyke to the mainland, prepared to resume our journey. The passage was slow and dangerous, and we made it on foot, leading the horses. The woods were already beginning to darken as we forded the north branch of the creek and came forth through a fringe of forest trees into a country of rolling hills and narrow valleys. The two girls were already mounted, and Tim and I were busily tightening the straps for a night's ride, when, from behind us, back in the direction of the peninsula we had just quitted, there sounded the sharp report of a rifle. We straightened up, startled, and our eyes met. There could be but one conclusion—our pursuers had found the trail.

CHAPTER XV.

A Field of Massacre.

To my mind, seated on that island in the morass, a map spread before me, a hundred miles of travel had not appeared a very serious matter, but I was destined to learn my mistake. The close proximity of the men seeking to overtake us—as evidenced by that rifle shot—awoke within us a sense of imminent danger and drove us forward through the fast gathering darkness at a perilous pace, especially as our mounts were not of the best.

We rested for an hour at midnight, on the banks of a small stream. The sky had lightened somewhat, and we could perceive the way fairly well when we again advanced, now traveling through a more open country, a

prairie, interspersed with groves of trees. Daylight overtook us at the edge of a slough, which bordered a little lake, where in the gray dawn, Tim, by a lucky shot, managed to kill a crippled duck, which later furnished us with a meager breakfast. In the security of a nearby cluster of trees, we ventured to build a fire, and, sitting about it, discussed whether to remain there or press on. It was decided to remain where we were and rest.

I need not dwell on the details of our flight. They remain in my memory in all clearness, each scene distinct, each incident a picture engraved on the mind. My map proved utterly useless, confusing me by its wrong location of streams, and its inaccuracy in the estimation of distances. We must have wandered far to the north from our direct course, led astray in the dark, and by our desire to advance swiftly. For those soon came to us warning signs that we were indeed being pursued; and some evidence also that we were even within Indian territory.

The savages had left their unmistakable mark for our finding. It was in the early twilight of the second day, the western sky already purple with the fast fading colors, the prairie before us showing in patches of green and brown. To our left was a thick wood, even then grown gloomy and dark in shadows, and slightly in advance of us Kennedy rode alone, hopeful of thus dislodging some wild animal. I could see the gleam of the pistol in his hand, held in instant readiness, cocked and primed. Suddenly he drew rein, and then, turning his horse's head sharply, advanced cautiously toward the miniature forest, leaning forward to gaze intently at something unseen from where we were. He halted his horse, which pawed restlessly, and sat motionless, staring down into a little hollow immediately in front of him; then he turned in the saddle, and beckoned me.

"C'm over yere, Cap," he called, his voice sounding strange. "No, not the girls; you c'm alone."

I rode forward and joined him, only to stare also, the heart within me almost ceasing to beat, as I beheld the gruesome sight so suddenly revealed. There, within the confines of that little hollow, almost at the edge of the wood, lay the dead and mutilated bodies of eleven men, in every distorted posture imaginable, some stripped naked, and showing ghastly wounds; others fully clothed; but with the cloth hacked into rags. It had once been a camp, the black coals of a fire still visible, with one man lying across them, his face burnt and unrecognizable. With the exception of one only—a mere boy, who lay a few rods away, as though brought down in flight—the entire group were together, almost touching each other in death. Beyond question they had been soldiers—militia volunteers—for while there was only one uniform among them, they all wore army belts, and a service insignia appeared on their hats. Tim vented his feelings in a smothered oath.

"Militia, by God!" he muttered gruffly. "No guard set; the bloody Injuns jumped 'em from out their woods. Those poor devils never had no chance. Ah! that it, Cap?"

"No doubt of it; the whole story is there. None of them alive?"

"I reckon not—couldn't be backed up like that, an' most o' 'em sheeped. Them reds never left a d—gun behind neither. Why, say, this affair must a took place this yere very mornin', 'bout breakfast time."

He stood up in his stirrups, and swept his eyes anxiously about in every direction.

"Good Lord! maybe ye better be gittin' long out o' yere right smart. 'Thar ain't nuthin' ter stay fer; we can't help them men none, an' only the devil knows whar them Injuns hav' sote. Yer git the girls away afore they see whut's yere—down yonder, inter the valley."

I took one more glance at the sight, fascinated by its very horror, then wheeled my terrified horse, and rode back. Heartless as his words sounded, they were nevertheless true. We could be of no aid to the dead, while upon us yet rested the duty of guarding the living. The young negro lifted her head, and gazed at me dully, so thoroughly tired as to be indifferent as to what had occurred; but Eloise read instantly the message of my face.

"You have looked upon something terrible," she cried. "What was it, a dead body?"

"Eleven dead bodies," I answered gravely, my lips trembling. "A squad of militiamen were surprised by Indians over there, and slaughtered to a man, apparently with no chance to even defend themselves. I have never seen a more terrible sight."

(To Be Continued.)

REVENUE MEN WILL HELP TAXPAYERS

To assist the people of Bend and the surrounding country in making out their income tax returns, J. J. Wilkinson and L. B. Howsley, deputy internal revenue collectors, arrived in the city on Monday and will remain here through February 17, when they will leave for Redmond. During their stay in Bend they may be seen from 8:30 o'clock in the morning until 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, on all week days, at the city fire hall.

Put it in The Bulletin.

Food and Your Dollar!

100% your dollar.
82% to jobber.
13% salaries, rent, light deliveries, etc.
5% to your grocer.

On this basis can your local retail grocer be profiteering? Out of every dollar you spend, 82 cents goes to the cost of the article; 13 cents goes to upkeep of business service, and 5 cents to the dealer. These figures represent an average.

A Word About Cost Plus 10% on Groceries.

Every Grocer-Member of the Bend Merchants' Association will sell groceries for cost plus 10% on the following terms:--

- Cash--
- No Delivery--
- Articles to be taken in original package--
- Orders for stocks not on hand to be placed and delivery awaited at store.

About Complaints---

Every member of the Bend Merchants' Association will welcome a complete recital of any complaint regarding inferior quality of goods--high prices--careless deliveries--inattention. Don't knock--but go straight to your merchant. If not adjusted to your satisfaction report the matter to the Secretary of Bend Merchants' Association, in City Rest Room.

BEND MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

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|---------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| J. C. Penney Co. | Standard Furn. Co. | P. A. Erickson |
| Union Grocery | Loven & Chinnund | Bert Shuey |
| Heyburn Hdw. Co. | Golden Rule | Gilbert Furn. Store |
| S. H. Stockman | Magill & Erskine | Owl Pharmacy |
| Veltum & Co. | R. M. Smith | Liberty Bell Bakery |
| Holmes Grocery | Tri-State Terminal Co. | Beaver's Market |
| Fuller Bros. | O'Donnell Bros. | Kenwood Grocery |
| M. P. Cashman | Gilbert Grocery | Peoples Store |
| The Fair Store | Mannheimer Bros. | Warner's Store |
| McCouston & Johnson | Bend Furniture Co. | American Bakery |
| Aug. Nelson | Boyd's Market | Cash Market |
| Horton Drug Co. | | |

DESCHUTES SPUDS ARE IN DEMAND

Potatoes will be potatoes within a very short time on the local market, according to Gus E. Stadig, manager of the Deschutes Valley Potato Growers' association, who has just received a hurry up order for 600 sacks of potatoes from R. Butler of Dufur. This order is to include spuds for commercial and seed purposes.

The local market now stands at approximately 4 1-2c. It is estimated that there remain in this territory only about five carloads for market. The demand, Mr. Stadig says, is strong on Deschutes Notted Gems.

LACK OF BERRIES KEEPS BIRDS AWAY

Explaining the absence of robins,

bluebirds, and other feathered folk who ordinarily remain in Central Oregon, Charles Haines, local realty operator, asserts that the absence of ripe juniper berries is the cause for it all. Plenty of unripe berries are on the trees, but these have no value as an article of diet for the birds. Robins and bluebirds left at the time of the heavy snow in December, when all other kinds of food were covered up.

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.