



# The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War  
By Randall Parrish  
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"When Wilderness was King," etc.  
Illustrated by Edwin Myers

His hand went up involuntarily. It is possible he had never missed it before, for a look of indecision came into the man's face—the first symptom of weakness I had ever detected there.

"It must have been lost—mistaken!"

"It was; and I chance to be able to tell you where—in this very room. Here is your pin, you incarnate devil. I found it caught in those blankets yonder. This is not your first visit to this cabin; you were here with Indian murderers."

"It's a d—d lie!"

But Kennedy had him, locked in a vise-like grip. It was well he had, for the fellow had burst into a frantic rage, yet was bound so utterly helpless as to appear almost pitiful. The knowledge of what he had planned, of his despicable treachery, left us merciless. In spite of his struggles we bore him to the floor, and pinned him there, cursing and snapping like a wild beast.

"Tear up one of those blankets," I called back over my shoulder to Hall. "Yes, into strips, of course; now bring them here. Tim, you tie the fellow—yes, do a good job; I'll hold him. Lie still, Kirby, or I shall have to give you the butt of this gun in the face."

He made one last effort to break free, and, as my hand attempted to close on his throat, the clutching fingers caught the band of his shirt, and ripped it wide open. There, directly before me, a scar across his hairy, exposed chest, was a broad, black mark, a tribal totem. I stared down at it, recognizing its significance.

"By Heaven, Tim, look at this!" I cried. "He is an Indian himself—a black Sac!"

I do not know what delayed the attack of the savages, unless they were waiting for some signal which never came. I passed from loophole to loophole, thus assuring myself not only that they still remained, but that the cabin was completely surrounded, although the manner in which the warriors had been distributed left the great mass of them opposite the front. The others evidently composed a mere guard to prevent escape. No movement I could observe indicated an immediate assault; they rather appeared to be awaiting something.

Those I saw were all dismounted, and had advanced toward the cabin as closely as possible without coming within the range of guns. They had also sheltered themselves as far as possible behind clumps of brush, or ridges of rock, so that I found it difficult to estimate their number. Only occasionally would a venturesome warrior appear for a moment in the open, as he glided stealthily from the protection of one covert to another. No doubt some were brought within range of our rifles, as these efforts were usually made to more advanced positions, but I forbore firing, in the vague hopes that, not hearing from Kirby, the chiefs might become discouraged and draw off without risking an open attack.

This was more a desperate hope, rather than any real faith I possessed. Beyond doubt the Indian chief knew, or thought he knew, our exact strength before he consented to use his warriors in this assault.

If the band had trailed us to this spot, it had been done through the influence of Kirby, and he had, beyond question, informed them as to who we were, and the conditions under which we had fled from Yellow Banks. The only addition to our party since then was the rescued boy. They would have little fear of serious loss in an attack upon two men, and two women, unarmed, except possibly with a pistol or two, even though barricaded behind the log walls of a cabin. And, with one of their number within, any attempt at defense would be at a farce. This same gang had already sacked the cabin, taking with them, as they believed, every weapon it contained. In their haste they had overlooked the cellar below. They had no thought of its existence, nor that we awaited them rifles in hand and with an ample supply of powder and lead. Whatever might be the final result, a surprise of no pleasant nature was awaiting their advance.

Convinced, as I had become, that Black Hawk was actually with the party, although I was unable to obtain any glimpse of him, I felt there was small chance of his departure, without making at least one effort to capture the cabin. That was his nature, his reputation—that of a bulldog to hang on, a tiger to strike. More, even, this band of raiders must be far south of the main body of the Hawk's followers, and hence in danger themselves. They would never remain here long, facing the possibility of discovery, of having their retreat cut off. If they attacked the attempt would not be long delayed.

There was nothing left to do but wait. We were already as completely prepared as possible with our rifles.

The main assault would undoubtedly be delivered from the front, directed against the door, the only point where we could hope to break in. Here Tim and myself held our positions, as we could be for any emer-

gency, and watchful of the slightest movement without. Tim had even brought up the half-keg of coarse powder from the cellar, and rolled it into one corner out of the way. His only explanation was, a grim reply to my question, that "it mought be mighty handy ter hav' round afore the fracas was done." There was no fear in Eloise, no shrinking, no evidence of cowardice. Not once did I feel the need of giving her word of encouragement—even as I glanced toward her it was to perceive the gleam of a pistol gripped in her hand. She was of the old French fighting stock, which never fails.

Against the log wall a few yards away, Kirby strained at his blanket bonds, and had at last succeeded in lifting himself up far enough so as to stare about the room. There was none of the ordinary calm of the gambler about the fellow now—all the pitiless hate, and love of revenge which belonged to his wild Indian blood blazed in his eyes. He glared at me in sudden, impotent rage.

"You think you've got me, do you?" he cried, scowling across; then an ugly grin distorted his thin lips. "Not yet you haven't, you soldier dog. I've got some cards left to play in this game, you young fool. What did you butt in for anyway? This was none of your affair. D— you, Knox, do you know who she is? I mean that white-faced chit over there—do you know who she is? She's my wife; do you hear?—my wife! I've got the papers, d— you! She's mine!—mine; and I am going to have her long after you're dead—yes, and the whole d— Beaucaire property with her. By G—! you talk about fighting—why there are fifty Indians out here. Wait till they find out what has happened to me. Oh, I'll watch you die at the stake, you sneaking white cur, and spit in your face!"

"Kirby," I said sternly, but quietly, stepping directly across toward him. "You are a prisoner, and helpless, but I am going to tell you now to hold your tongue. Otherwise you will never see me at the stake, because I shall blow your brains out where you lie."

"You dare not do—"

"And why not? It will rid the girl of you, and that means something to me—and her. Just try me, and see."

He must have read the grim meaning in my face, for he fell back against the log, muttering incoherently, his dark eyes wells of hate, his face a picture of malignancy, but utterly helpless—the lurking coward in him, unable to face my threat. I left him and stooped above her.

"We shall be busy presently; the delay cannot be much longer. I am afraid that fellow may succeed somehow in doing us harm. He is crazed enough to attempt anything. May I trust you to guard him?"

Her eyes, absolutely fearless and direct, looked straight up into mine.

"Yes, he will make no movement I shall not see. Tell me; do you believe there is hope?"

"God knows. We shall do our best. If the worst comes—what?"

"Do not fear for me; do not let any memory of me turn you aside from your work," she said quietly. "I know what you mean and pledge you I shall never fall into his hands. It—it cannot be wrong, I am sure, and—and I must tell you that, I—I could not, Steven, for—for I love you."

My eager hands were upon hers, my eyes greedily reading the message revealed so frankly in the depths of her own. She only was in my thoughts; we were there alone—alone.

"They're a comin', Cap," yelled Kennedy and his rifle cracked. "By G—! they're here!"

With one swift spring I was back at my deserted post and firing. Never before had I been in an Indian battle, but they had told me at Armstrong that the Sacs were fighting men. I knew it now. This was to be no play at war but a grim, relentless struggle. They came en masse, rushing recklessly forward across the open space, pressing upon each other in headlong desire to be first, yelling like fiends, guns brandished in air, or spitting fire, animated by but one purpose—the battering of a way into that cabin. I know not who led them—all I saw was a mass of half-naked bodies bounding toward me, long hair streaming, copper faces aglow, weapons glittering in the light. Yes, I saw more—the meaning of that fierce rush; the instrument of destruction they brought with them. It was there in the center of the maelstrom of leaping figures, protected by the grouped bodies, half hidden by gesticulating red arms—a huge log, borne irresistibly forward on the shoulders of twenty warriors, gripped by other hands, and hurried toward us as though swept on by a human sea. Again and again I fired blindly into the yelping mob; I heard the crack of Tim's rifle echoing mine, and the chug of lead from without striking the solid logs. Bullets ploughed crashing through the door panels and Eloise's shrill screams of fright rang out above the unearthly din. A slug tore through my loophole, drawing blood from my shoulder in

its passage, and imbedded itself in the opposite wall. In front of me savages fell, staggering, screams of anger and agony mingling as the astonished assailants realized the fight before them. An instant we held them, startled, and demoralized. The warriors bearing the log stumbled over a dead body and went down, the great timber crushing out another life as it fell. Again we fired, this time straight into their faces—but there was no stopping them. A red blanket flashed back beyond the big tree; a guttural voice shouted, its hoarse note rising above the hellish uproar, and those demons were on their feet again, filled with new frenzy. It was a minute—no more. With a blow that shook the cabin, propelled by twenty strong arms, the great tree butt struck, splintering the oak wood as though it were so much pine, and driving a jagged hole clear through one panel. Kennedy was there, blazing away directly into the assailants' eyes, and I joined him.

Again they struck, and again, the jagged end of their battering ram protruded through the shattered wood. We killed, but they were too many. Once more the great butt came crashing forward, this time caving in the entire door, bursting it back upon its hinges. In through the opening the red mob hurled itself, reckless of death or wounds, mad with the thirst for victory; a jam of naked beasts, crazed by the smell of blood—a wave of slaughter, crested with brandished guns and gleam of tomahawks.

There is nothing to remember—nothing but blows, curses, yells, the crunch of steel on flesh, the horror of cruel eyes glowering into yours, the clutching of fingers at your throat, the spit of fire singeing you, the strain of combat hand to hand—the knowledge that it is all over, except to die. I had no sense of fear; no thought but to kill and be killed. I felt within me strength—desperate, insane strength. The rifle butt splintered in my hands, but the bent and shapeless barrel rose and fell like a fall. I saw it crush against skulls; I jabbed it straight into red faces; I brought it down with all my force on clutching arms. For an instant Tim was beside me. He had lost his gun and was fighting with a knife. It was only a glimpse I had of him through red mist—the next instant he was gone. A huge fellow

lows "best girls" shadow, he ran the amount up to \$22.50 which was more than twice the quota for this district.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenport of Prineville were callers at the C. M. Charlton home last week.

James Griffin is hauling wood to Prineville. Good wages are made at wood hauling while present prices prevail, \$10 per cord.

E. L. Iverson and wife were Redmond visitors last week.

The free dance at Community Hall was quite a success, several car loads were out from Bend and Prineville and a few from Redmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Luidquist have had as guests, their son Bruce Lindquist and his bride, who was Miss Aakes of Terrebonne. They were recently married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Johnson of alfalfa.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindquist will reside on the Ableson place here at Powell Butte, having leased the same for three years.

A fine wicker rocking chair a token of esteem and appreciation was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Moore, newly weds, at the charivari given in their honor recently. A large crowd was present and spent a pleasant evening.

Mrs. E. B. Williams who has been quite ill in a Portland hospital of pneumonia is reported as convalescent and will soon be able to come home. Her baby, Charles Edward is doing fine, gaining right along.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Scheurer have moved out to their new home, recently purchased from Allan Wilcoxon.

Frank Posters family are at their Powell Butte home having recently leased their Prineville home to Dr. Horace Belknap. They will remain on

the ranch.

Sheriff John Combs and deputy Putman were among the Prineville bunch who attended the dance at Community Hall.

Powell Butte Sorosis club held a business meeting at Community Hall last Wednesday.



A Huge Fellow Faced Me—a Winnebago, I Knew.

faced me, a Winnebago, I knew, from his shaven head. I struck him once, laying open his cheek to the bone; then he broke through and gripped me.

The rest is what—a dream; a delirious fever? I know not; it comes to me in flashes of mad memory. I was struck again and again, stabbed, and flung to the floor. Moccasined feet trod on me, and some fiend gripped my hair, bending my head back across a dead body, until I felt the neck crack. Above me were naked legs and arms, a pandemonium of dancing figures, a horrible chorus of maddened yells. I caught a glimpse of Asa Hall flung high into the air, shot dead in mid-flight, the whirling body dropping into the ruck below. I saw the savage, whose fingers were twined in my hair, lift a gleaming tomahawk and circle it about his head; I stared into the hate of his eyes, and as it swept down—there was a glare of red and yellow flame between us, the thunder of an explosion; the roof above seemed to burst asunder and fall in—and darkness, death.

(To Be Continued.)

## What's Doing in the Country.

POWELL BUTTE.  
(Continued from Page 2.)

all but Clarence were down with flu. Clarence announced that he had had all his share of flu last year, no more for him. The family has all recovered.

The pupils of Miss Bussetts school gave a unique entertainment and "shadow" social at the Shepherd schoolhouse Saturday night, the proceeds to go to the Armenian Relief fund. Dan Hourigan was there and by "bidding up" on some of the fel-

**Brand Directory**

Right side; right ear cropped; wattle right hind leg  
B. L. TONE, Sisters, Ore.  
adv.100c

# Don't "Pan" Your Merchant To The Other Fellow

## Talk over your troubles with your own merchant--he's human.

Have you ever thought of it that your local merchant is your employe; that you pay him to perform certain services for you, which if well done you retain him and if he does not you dispense with him and employ another?

Now then—if you were employing laborers who did not serve you satisfactorily, you'd call them in and talk over matters, showing them, from your point of view, wherein they were wrong. And by this procedure, perhaps, you, an employer, might learn that you, yourself, were wrong, in that you had a misunderstanding, were misinformed, or, perhaps, prejudices held by others against you had influenced the laborer. In nine out of every ten cases a conference straightens out matters. Seemingly big difficulties often are, in reality, only trivial matters settled in an instant.

Why not try this on your local merchant? He's your employe. You are the employer. Call on your merchant when things seem to go wrong. Talk over your problems. He's human and reasonable. Don't go about panning your merchant. It's not the way to get down to bedrock.

He has some stiff problems every day. Grant that he may go astray. Your going to him with your troubles will help him to keep his ear closer to the ground; to feel the pulse.

Your merchant is sincerely trying to give you better merchandise—lower prices, or at least the benefit of the best price he can obtain—he's trying to give you service. If he isn't doing these things to your satisfaction—CALL ON HIM AND POINT OUT WHERE HE IS NOT. There's a little 50-50 idea here. Surely you're willing to go with your merchant on the basis of an even break.

### Bend Merchants' Association

## Warning to Mothers

Mothers should see that the whole family take a thorough purifying system cleansing Fix-ik this spring. NOW IS THE TIME. The family will be healthier, happier, and get along better if the blood is given a thorough purifying, the stomach and bowels cleaned out, and the germs of winter accumulated in the system, driven away. HOLLISTER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA is one of the very best and surest spring medicines to take. Get it and see the difference in the whole family. Their color will be better, they'll feel fine and be well and happy.—OWL PHARMACY.

# Franklin!

### FRANKLIN FACTS AND FIGURES FOR 1919

The average mileage per set front tires was 15,508.  
The average mileage per set rear tires was 13,584.  
The average mileage per set four tires was 14,546.  
Ten per cent of Franklin owners drove more than 18,000 miles before replacing the original set.  
The highest record for mileage was 26,840.  
An average of one puncture for every 4,141 miles.  
Only one blowout to three sets of tires was reported.  
Only one-fourth of the owners carried a spare tire in 1919.

## Franklin Motor Car Co.

The Dalles, 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

Build With BRICK! **BEND BRICK & LUMBER CO.**