The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

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"GOOD LORD O' MERCY, WHAT'S DAT?"

Synopsis.—In 1832 Lieutenant Knox of the regular army is on duty at Fort Armstrong. Rock Island, Ill., in territory threatened by disaffected Indians. The commandant sends him with dispatches to St. Louis. He takes passage on the steamer Warrior and makes the acquaintance of Judge Beaucaire, rich planter, and of Joe Kirby (the Devil's Own), notorious gambler. Knox learns Judge Beaucaire has a daughter, Eloise, and a granddaughter, Rene, offspring of a son whom the judge has disowned. Rene's mother is a negress, and she and her daughter, never having been freed, are slaves under the law, although the girls have been brought up as sisters. Kirby induces the Judge to stake his plantation and negro servants on a poker hand unfairly dealt by Joe Carver, Kirby's partner. Kirby accuses the judge of cheating. Beaucaire, infuriated, drops dead. Knox tries to induce Kirby to give up his stolen winnings. Kirby and Carver throw Knox overboard. The lieutenant swims ashore and reaches a hut. Knox lies unconscious for ten days. Recovering, he finds he is in a cabin owned by Pete, a "free nigger," who had shot him, mistaking him for an enemy. His dispatches have been forwarded. Recovering from his wound, Knox sends Pete to bring Haynes, Beaucaire's lawyer, and they arrange, with Pete's help, to get the women to the cabin of an aboli-Synopsis.-In 1832 Lieutenant Knox of the regular army is on duty at Fort from his wound, Knox sends Pete to bring Haynes, Beaucaire's lawyer, and they arrange, with Pete's help, to get the women to the cabin of an abolitionist, Amos Strunk, before Kirby comes. At the Beaucaire place Knox overhears a conversation between the sheriff and his deputy, and learns the truth about the situation. He is witness to an interview between Kirby and a girl who says she is Rene Beaucaire. Kirby insults the girl, and Knox attacks him. Believing Kirby dead, Knox explains affairs to the girl, and she agrees to try to escape with him. They fail to find Pete where he had been posted, so Knox seizes the sheriff's keelboat, along with Sam, the slave left in charge, and they begin their voyage up the river.

of jerked beef. Deciding it would be

this and made the best meal possible,

once removed his eyes from the girl's

face. He seemed unable to grasp the

glance from being constantly attracted

been her mental strain and anguish,

of the lamplight the evening before;

and this in spite of a weariness in her

eyes and the lassitude of her manner.

She spoke but little, compelling her-

self to eat, and assuming a cheerful-

ness I was sure she was far from feel-

thoughts were elsewhere, and finally

the conviction came to me that, more

than all else, she desired to be alone.

My eyes sought the outlines of the boat

"What is there forward of the cock-

"A cabin, sah; 'tain't so awful big,

"Sure she cud. 'Twas all fixed up

She rose to her feet rather eagerly,

against the trunk of a small tree. Her

eyes met mine and endeavored a

"I thank you for thinking of that,"

she said gratefully. "I—I really am

"Certainly not. There is nothing for

"And then we are to go on up the

"Yes, unless, of course, something

should occur during the day to change

our plan. Meanwhile Sam and I will

take turns on guard, while you can

I watched the two as they went

down the steep bank together and

Sam helped her over the rail into the

Her Eyes Met Mine, and Endeavored

a Smile.

cockpit. The negro left the door open

"'Cuse me, sah," he said clumsily,

as he paused before me, rubbing his

head, his eyes wandering below. "Did

bout how dat young woman was a

nigger, a runaway from Massa Kirby?

'Pears like Ah don't just seem fer ter

"That is the truth, Sam, although

git dat right in my head, sah."

the bank.

any of us to do but just take things

lying in the stream below.

show yer de way, missus."

smile.

I go?"

river?"

easy until night."

remain undisturbed."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Dawn of Deeper Interest.

It tested his skill as a boatman to meanwhile discussing the situation ocate the exact spot sought amid that anew, and planning what to do next. gloom, yet he finally attained to it The negro, seated at one side alone closely enough so I was able to get upon the grass, said little, beyond reashore, wading nearly thigh deep in plying to my questions, yet scarcely water and mud, but only to learn that the boat, which I had provisioned eartier in the evening, had disappeared thought that she was actually of his from its moorings. No trace of it race, a runaway slave, or permit his could be found in the darkness, all tongue to utter any words of equality. though I devoted several minutes to Indeed I could not prevent my own the search. To my mind this was pos-Itive evidence that Pete had returned, in her direction also. Whatever had accompanied by the two frightened women, and that, finally despairing of the long hours of the night had in no my arrival, had departed with them up marked degree diminished her beauty. the river. In all probability we would To me she appeared even younger and overhaul the party before morning, more attractive than in the dim glare certainly before they could attain the mouth of the Illinois. I made my way back to the keelboat with this information, and the laboring engine began to chug even while I was briefly explaining the situation to Rene. She listened almost wearily, asking but ing. It was clearly evident her few questions, and both of us soon lapsed into silence. A little later she had pillowed her head on her arms and apparently had fallen asleep.

I must have dozed myself as the hours passed, although hardly aware of doing so. It was faint and dim, a pit, Sam?" I questioned. promise more than a realization of approaching day, yet already sufficient to but Massa Donaldson he uster sleep afford me view of the shore at our dar off an' on." right and to reveal the outlines of a sharp point of land shead jutting into then?" the stream. The mist rising from off the water in vaporous clouds obscured all else, rendering the scene weird and unfamiliar. It was indeed a desolate view, the nearby land low, and without verdure, in many places overflowed, and the river itself sullen and angry. Only that distant point appeared clearly defined and real, with the slowly brightening sky beyond. I endeavored to arouse myself from stu- tired, and-and it will be rest just to por, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. Rene had changed her posture, but still slumbered, with face completely concealed in her arms; but Sam was wide awake and turned toward me grinning, at my first movement. Instinctively I liked the fellow-he appeared both intelligent and trust-

"Daylight, is it?" I said, speaking low so as not to awaken the girl. "I must have been asleep.'

"Yas, sah; yer's bin a-noddin' fer de las' hour. Ah wus 'bout ter stir yer up, sah, fer Ah recken as how we's

"Most where?" staring about incred ulously. "Oh, yes, Rassuer creek. Have we made that distance already?"

"Wal, we's bin a-goin' et a mighty good gait, sah. She ain't done fooled none on me all dis night," his hand laid lovingly on the engine. "Nebber kicked up no row o' no kind-just chug, chug, chug right 'long. 'Pears like she sorter know'd dis nigger hed ter git away. Enyhow, we bin movin' long now right smart fer 'bout four hours, an' Rassuer creek am júst 'round dat p'int yonder-Ah's mighty

zure ob dat, sah." He was right, but it was broad daylight when we reached there, the eastern sky a glorious crimson, and the girl sitting up staring at the brilliant coloring as though it pictured to her the opening of a new world. The passage of a few hundred yards revealed the mouth of Rassuer creek, a narrow but sluggish stream, so crooked and encroached upon by the woods as to be practically invisible from the center of the river. The water was not deep, yet fortunately proved suffclently so for our purpose, although we were obliged to both pole and paddle the boat upward against the slow current, and it required an hour of hard labor to place the craft safely beyond the first bend, where it might He roughly concealed by the interven- Ah hear right what yer sed las' night, ing fringe of trees. Here we made fast to the bank.

I assisted Rene ashore, and aided her to climb to a higher level, carpeted with grass. The broad river was invisible, but we could look directly it appears quite as impossible to me down upon the boat, where Sam was as to you. She has the blood of your already busily rummaging through the race in her velns, and is legally a lockers in search of something to eat. | slave." He came ashore presently, bearing "An' now she done blong ter dis some corn pone and a goodly portion | yere Massa Kirby?"

Beaucaire died."

afore et all?"

else would. I was too late, and no Surely they could never have outother course was left but to help her stripped us with only a pair of oars escape. That is the whole of it."

but at last appeared satisfied, and them anywhere along that stretch of after that we discussed the guard duty | river. of the day, both agreeing it would not be safe for us to permit any possible pursuit to pass by us up the river unseen. Sam professed himself as unwearied by the night's work and willdown in the tree shade, and must realize that the duty had been perhave fallen asleep almost immediately. I immediately sat, upright, startled better not to attempt a fire, we divided and instantly awake, the first object and I was within the limits of my furcrest of the opposite ridge, eagerly beckoning me to join him. The moand without so much as uttering a word of explanation, he vanished dence. Alone, as I believed him to be, into the shadow of the woods.

> I crossed the ravine with reckless haste, clambering up the opposite bank, and sixty feet beyond suddenly fear. Indeed, as man to man, I rather came into view of the broad expanse | welcomed an encounter. of water. Scarcely had I glimpsed this rolling flood, sparkling under the sun's rays, when my gaze turned up- dark but rainless, although the sky stream, directed by an excited gesture of the negro. Less than a mile away, made no endeavor to speed his engine, its rapidly revolving wheel churning the water into foam in ceaseless battle against the current, was a steamboat. A number of moving figures were perceptible on the upper deck. I stared at the apparition, scarcely comprehending the reality of what I beheld. "Yer bettah stoop down more, sah," Sam urged. "Fer sum o' dem fellars might see yer yet. Ah nebber heerd nuthin' ner saw no smoke till she cum a-puffin' 'round de end o' dat p'int. Ah cudn't dare go fer yer then, sah, fer fear dey'd see me, so Ah jus' nat'arly lay down yere an' watched of the east slowly lighting up the scene her go by." a

"Is it a government boat?" "Ah reckon maybe; leastwise thar's

a heap o' sojers aboard her-reg'lars, either on water or land; all was for-Ah reckons, fer dey's all in uniform. lorn and dead, a vista of utter deso-"The young lady could rest there But everybody aboard wasn't sojers." lation. Sam was standing up, his "You know the steamer?"

"Yas, sah. Ah's seed her face afore fine afore we lef' St. Louee. Ah'll dis down et St. Louee. She uster run down de ribber-she's de John B. Glover. She ain't no great shakes ob and stood with one hand resting a boat, sah."

His eyes, which had been eagerly following the movements of the craft, turned and glanced at me. "Massa Kirby he wus aboard dat steamer, sah.

"Kirby! Are you sure about that,

be alone. You-you do not mind if "'Course Ah's sure. Didn't Ah see him just as plain as Ah see you right now? He wus forrad by de rail, near de pilot house, a-watchin' dis whole shore like a hawk. Dat sure wus Massa Kirby all right, but dar wan't nobody else 'long wid him."

"But what could he be doing there on a troop boat?"

The negro scratched his head, mo-

mentarily puzzled by my question. "Ah sure don't know, sah," he admitted. "Only dat's perzackly who it tioned him mighty particlar, an' Ah was. Ah figure it out 'bout dis way. sah; dat nobody kin tell yit which way we went-up de ribber er down picloned Ah mought need dat inforde ribber. Long cum de John B. Glover, an' Massa Kirby he just take a chance an' goes aboard. De sheriff he goes der odder way, downstream in a rowboat; an' dat's how dey aims ter sure head us off."

I sat down at the edge of the bluff, convinced that the conclusions of the negro were probably correct. That was undoubtedly about how it had happened. To attempt pursuit upstream with only oars as propelling power would be senseless, but the passage upward of this troop boat afforded Kirby an opportunity he would not be slow to accept. Getting aboard would present no great difficulty, and his probable acquaintance with the

captain would make the rest easy. The steamer by this time was moving diagonally across the river, head toward the other shore, and was already so far away the men on deck were invisible. It was scarcely probable that Kirby would go far northward, but just what course the man would take when once more ashore was problematical. Where he might and returned slowly, clambering up choose to seek for us could not be guessed. Yet the mere fact that he was already above us on the river was in itself a matter for grave consideration. Still thus far we remained unlocated, and there was less danger in that direction than downstream. through the shadows was the outline Once we attained the Illinois and made arrangements with Shrunk the tree. I scrambled over, found precaimmediate danger would be over, rious footing, and made fast. Then I need go no farther-the end of | the adventure might be left to others. incredulously, staring about at the carefully painting the scars with to I looked up—the steamer was a mere smudge on the distant bosom of the

It was late afternoon before Rene

"Yes, he won all the Beaucaire | learn the news, and I spent most of out of the cockpit and joined me, property, including the slaves, in a the time on watch, seated at the edge poker game, on the river, the night of the bluff, my eyes searching the surface of the river. While Kirby's "Ah done heerd all bout dat, sah. presence upstream unquestionably in-An' yer nebber know'd dis yere girl creased our peril of capture, this did not cause me as much anxious thought back and forth through the under-"No, I never even saw her. I as did the strange disappearance of chanced to hear the story and went Free Pete and the two women. What my gaze settled on the strange boat, to the house to warn them, as no one had become of them during the night? and I crept along the log, curious to by which to combat the current, and He asked several other questions, yet we had obtained no glimpse of

The knowledge that the steamer which had passed us was heavily laden with troops was most encouraging. In itself alone this was abundant proof of the safe delivery of my ing to stand the first watch. I lay dispatches, and I was thus relieved to river. I was still staring at these formed. There might be wonder and do not know what aroused me, but later the necessity of explanation, yet no one would suffer from my absence, confronting me being Sam on the lough-the re-enforcements for Forts help her ashore. Armstrong and Crawford were already on their way. So, altogether, during the entire night, but now she ment he was assured of my coming, I faced the task of eluding Kirby with accepted my proffered hand gladly, a lighter heart and renewed confiand in that new country on the very verge of civilization, he was hardly an antagonist I needed greatly to

> There is little to record, either of the day or night. The latter shut down was heavily overcast by clouds. Sam keeping most of the way close to the deeper shadow of the shore, and the machinery ran smoothly, its noise indistinguishable at any distance. Day had not broken when we came to the mouth of the Illinois and turned our bow cautiously up that stream, becoming immediately aware that we had entered new waters. The negro, ignorant of what was before us, soon beached the boat on a sand bar, and we decided it would be better for us to remain there until dawn. This was not long in coming, the graying sky and bringing into view, little by little, our immediate surroundings. Nowhere appeared the slightest evidence of life, whole attention concentrated on the view upstream.

> "Do steamers ever go up this river?" I asked, surprised at the volume of water.

> He glanced around at me as though startled at my voice.

> "Yas, sah; putty near eny sorter boat kin. Trouble is, sah, we's got started in de wrong place-dar's plenty watah t'other side of dis yere bar."

> "Who told you the best way to find

His eyes widened and searched my face, evidently still somewhat susplclous of any white man.

"A nigger down St. Louee way, sah. Dey done cotched him an' brought him back afore he even got ter Beardstown.'

"And you believe you can guide us there?"

"Ah sure can, if what dat nigger sed wus correct, sah. Ah done quesmembers ebery sign whut he giv' me." He grinned broadly. "Ah sorter susmation."

"All right, then; it is certainly light enough now-let's push off."

We had taken the sand lightly and were able to pole the boat into deep water with no great difficulty. The broader river behind us remained veiled in mist, but the gray light was sufficient for our purpose, enabling us to proceed slowly until our craft had rounded the protruding headland, out of sight from below.

"Tain't so awful fur from yere, sah," Sam called to me.

"What-the place where we are to land?" "Yas, sah. It's de mouth ob a little

creek whut yer nebber see till yer right plum at it. Bettah keep yer eyes

open 'long dat shore, sah." The girl, alertly bent forward, was first among us to detect the concealed opening, which was almost completely screened by the overarching trees, her voice ringing excitedly as she pointed it out. Sam was quick to respond, and almost before I had definitely established the spot, the bow of the boat swerved and we shot in through the leafy screen, the low-hung branches sweeping against our faces and scraping along the sides. It looked a veritable cave, and indeed all I remember noting in my first hasty glance of a small boat moored to a fallen

"So this is the place?" I questioned dark, silent forest, which still re- dine, using as many coats as necesmained in the deep night shade. "Why, there's nothing here."

finally emerged from the cabin to fer ter be much," and the negro crept furniture polish.

"'ceptin' dat boat. Dar ain't no boat 'round yere, les' folks hes bin a-ridin' in it, Ah reckon,"

Sam advanced cautiously and began anxiously to scan the ground, beating brush. After watching him a moment examine it more closely. It had the appearance of being newly built, the paint unscratched, and exhibiting few marks of usage. A single pair of oars lay crossed in the bottom, and beside these was an old coat and some ordinary fishing tackle-but nothing to arouse any interest. Without doubt it belonged to Amos Shrunk, and had been left here after the return from some excursion either up or down the things and speculating about them when the negro called out from a distance that he had found the path, Rene answered his hail, standing up in the boat, and I hastened back to

We had scarcely exchanged words



"Good Lord o' Mercy!" He Exclaime Excitedly, "What's Dat?"

and with a smile, springing lightly from the deck to the insecure footing of the log.

"I do not intend that you shall leave me behind," she said, glancing about with a shudder. "This is such a horrid place."

"The way before us tooks scarcely better," I answered, vainly endeavoring to locate Sam, "Friend Shrunk evidently is not eager for callers. Where is that fellow?"

"Somewhere over in that thicket, I think. At least his voice sounded

from there. You discovered nothing in the boat?"

"Only a rag and some fishing tackle. Come; we'll have to plunge in some-

She followed closely as I pushed a passage through the obstructing underbrush, finally locating Sam at the edge of a small opening, where the light was sufficiently strong to enable us to distinguish marks of a little-used trail leading along the bottom of a shallow gully bisecting the sidehill. At the crossing of a small stream we noticed the imprint of several feet in the soft mud of the shore. One plainly enough was small and narrow, beyond all question that of a woman, but the others were all men's, one being clad in moccasins. Sam, still ahead, started to clamber across the trunk of a fallen tree, but came to a sudden halt, staring downward at something concealed from our view on the other

"Good Lord o' mercy!" he exclaimed excitedly, "what's dat?"

I was close beside him by this time and saw the thing also-the body of a man lying on the ground.

"Wait where you are, Rene!" I exclaimed, waving her back. "There is a man lying here beyond the log. Come, Sam; we will see what he looks

Wholesale murder - the work of the Devil's Own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Suggestive Hint.

A certain eminent lawyer was appointed head of a government department, and he was anxious that all the members of the staff should work together in unison. He summoned the

eading officials, and after delivering an address on the desirability of thorough co-operation, concluded by saying: "Gentlemen, in my profession when a jury disagrees it is discharged. I think I need say no more!"

lodine for Scratches.

Scratches on dark oak furniture may be greatly improved in appearance by sary to produce the desired depth of color. When this is dry go over the "No, sah; dar certenly don't 'pear whole piece of furniture with a good

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"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine, Insist on Pape's1 -Adv.

Tommy had a baby sister, about a month old. The parents told him that she had been found under a gooseberry bush, Tommy comes in from the garden, soiled and dirty. "What have you been doing?" asked

"Digging around the gooseberry bushes," came the answer.

"Did you find any baby?" Father winked at mother. "No," answered Tommy. "I was putting the last one back."-Exchange.

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Mother! You must say "California."

On the Right Side.

"I don't want to do anything wrong," said an elderly Shropshire woman who called upon an official of the ministry of food, "but when I die I should like my funeral to be properly carried out." She then confided that she had, in stock, her coffin and shroud, two bottles of whisky and three tins of sal-

This cheerful soul was quite pleased when told that she was "on the right side" so long as she did not add to her stock .- London Chronicle.

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of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv. Seeking a Change of Luck.

"I have noticed," said Cactus Joe, 'that most socialists haven't got very

far up in the prosperity list." "No," replied Three-Fingered Sam. "Every game has a few losers in it who are constantly delaying the pro-

ceedings by hollering for a new deck." To Have a Clear Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and

dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin, Everywhere 25c each.-Adv. Do not let your keeness overshad-

ow your kindness.

A man is never sure he knows until