

BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee

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WHO'S WHO
Jean Beaufort, daughter of a Virginian, swears vengeance against the North for the deaths of her father and two brothers in the Civil War. She is enrolled as a spy for the Confederate government and instructed to use the wiles of her sex to bring Parson John Kennedy, a Union spy, within the power of the South. Discovered in the act of spying upon the group of Secret Service agents of whom Kennedy is the eluder, Jeanne is given the alternative of death or marriage to one of their number. They are all masked, but Jeanne rejects one volunteer and chooses another of the eleven as her husband. To herself, she calls him Irony. Parson Kennedy performs the ceremony and the bride and groom, ignorant of each other's names, and she not even knowing what he looks like, sign the marriage certificate as "Mary Smith" and "John Jones." As witnesses the group sign as follows:
John Kennedy, D. D.
C-W-G-L H-RD-M
A-NK-S P-PA-G
G-RD-A J-NK-F
J-WG-A F-BN-S
F-WG-S W-BE-H
They leave her bound and disappear.

Henry Morgan, a Southern officer and spy for the Confederacy, is in love with her but she rejects his advances. One day getting a letter signed "your husband," Jeanne realizes that her identity is known. Disguising herself with a brown wig and staining her face, Jeanne assumes the name of

Alice Trent, she goes to Baltimore to carry on her work. She is unaware that a real "Alice Trent" lives in Baltimore.
John Armitage, a Union officer, rescues Jeanne from a drunken man. Jeanne induces Morgan to abduct Kennedy so that she may question him about the names on the certificate and about a curious tattoo mark on the arm of the man she married. Armitage rescues him, but Jeanne escapes. She sees placards announcing a reward for her capture, "dead or alive."

Kennel Armitage, father of the Captain, is discussing plans for the final campaign against Richmond when Jeanne, attempting to steal them, is captured. Though she is in boy's clothes, Captain Armitage recognizes her, but says nothing, and is bound to face a firing squad in the morning.

Armitage helps Jeanne to escape and she makes her way back to her home. It is now the Center of a Confederate encampment. Sentries bring word that a Union spy is on the grounds.

The spy attempting escape is killed. Jeanne reads a dispatch in his pocket, indicating that he was G-RD-A and on his arm sees the tattoo mark. She now believes that he was her husband. Morgan is discovered to be a Confederate spy and swears vengeance on Kennedy. Jeanne hopes to obtain, by torture if necessary the truth about her marriage from Kennedy. The parson and Armitage accordingly are kidnapped and taken to a deserted cabin. There, bound, they are seated when Morgan lights a short fuse attached to a powder barrel.

Jeanne saves them and tells Armitage, with whom she is falling deeper and deeper in love, that she gives him "a life for a life." Armitage, rejoining his father's command, is present when she runs away with a federal locomotive. He fires at the engine and hits her in the arm. She makes her way back to the Confederate lines and while recuperating Morgan gives her a sheet of paper containing the names of the "eleven"

CHAPTER X
Parson Kennedy, Charles Lowell, Arthur Snell, George Armstrong, John Armitage, Philip Gardner, Jas. Fogarty, Franz Schmidt, Wallace Henderson, Frederick Skinner.
The WG, Washington, NK, New York, RD, Richmond, BN, Boston, PA, Philadelphia.

It seems strange to her that there had ever been any mystery. J-WG-A that meant John (Washington) Armitage—the man's name and his headquarters.

She idly counted the names—and instantly became animated. Again she went over the list.

Including Parson Kennedy, there were but ten names, and there had been eleven men that night. Oh, she had counted them with particular care—eleven, always eleven. Morgan had missed one.

Having lost the certificate, the eleventh name—the initials—had passed from her recollection. Meantime, Armitage's telegrapher had restored communications and his command was saved.

It was Parson Kennedy who brought information of the Confederate trap. He had stumbled upon

this information by the merest luck. He had left his comrade back there, dead.

"Who?" asked Armitage.

"Gardner."

The two, sent out to feel the way from headquarters, had run plump into a scouting party of the enemy. The two never hesitated; hesitation would be to invite death. They stuck the astonished group before they thought to raise their carbines broken through and went on, followed by a storm of bullets. The younger man twisted oddly in his saddle. A mile or so beyond, he called out in agony. Kennedy was beside him almost as soon as he fell.

"Gardner, boy?"

"Parson—if you ever see her again—"

Armitage, with compressed lips and frowning eyes, listened to this vivid recital. Six gone: Armstrong, Fogarty, Schmidt, Henderson, Skinner and Gardner—six brave and gallant officers. Clark, the telegrapher, had told him that a woman who held him up. Six comrades were dead; but Jeanne Beaufort lived; and she was free besides. He stiffened in the saddle, and the lines in his face grew hard. He would find Jeanne Beaufort; and woe to her when he did.

The ragged army had settled down for the winter. The living-room was temporarily deserted, the chief in command and his staff having gone on a tour of inspection. Beyond the window the camp-fire blazed brightly.

The door opened and closed softly, and Morgan stood with his back to it for a while, absorbing the lovely picture Jeanne presented. "You are very lovely tonight," he said.

She did not reply. She could not hate this man. She vaguely wondered what her attitude would have been had he been less handsome.

"Have you ever passed to think, Jeanne, that a man falls in love involuntarily? That it is instinctive on his part to elude it as long as possible?"

"The door opened and closed softly, and Morgan stood with his back to it for a while, absorbing the lovely picture Jeanne presented. "You are very lovely tonight," he said.

Armitage was seated before the fire, stretched out in his chair, his chin in his collar. He was alone. The guards had been stationed outside. Jeanne entered and approached within a few feet of him.

"Do you know why I am in this room tonight? I disobeyed orders for the mere sake of seeing you once more. In the back of my watch are my notes of observation."

"You tell me this!"—horrified.

"Yes. You played with me, you sought my love to break it. Well, here they are, love and life. Break them. I was there that night, as you know. Take your revenge. They will have me shot anyway."

"I do not want your life. God forbid!" she cried brokenly.

"I have ceased to regard it as anything very valuable. I have stamped upon this love, but it is too strong for me. So here I am, contemptuous in my own eyes and doubtless in your own."

"You forced me to play traitor!"

He leaned toward the fire and spread out his hands.

"Will you give me the name of the man I married that night?"

"Say that I was the man and let it do that."

"It is impossible, because you are the man who first stepped out."

"On my word of honor, I was not that man."

"You hit straight. Well, a thousand times you have signed John

Armitage's death-warrant." He spoke without apparent anger. "All I want is Armitage in front of my sword. I wish to conquer him before I kill him."

"The death of John Armitage will in no wise alter my sentiments in regard to you, Major. You ought to realize that."

He reached for his hat, but did not put it on his head. For two troopers entered, wheeled right and left and stood at attention.

A man followed them, blinking. Two more troopers came after him. Then came the staff.

John Armstrong and Jeanne Beaufort looked into each other's eyes once more. He took off his hat.

"Do you know this man, Major?" Morgan was asked.

"Yes, General; he is Captain Armstrong, of the Federal Secret Service, one of the eleven I have often told you about."

"He was found within our lines,"—grimly. "He shall be shot at dawn."

"Did you find any papers on him?"

"No."

Jeanne walked to the farther door, opened it and passed out of the room but she remained close to the door, her brain awhirl. After several minutes she heard Morgan speak again. There was no doubt of the hatred in her heart now.

"He has left his dispatches or his notes elsewhere. Perhaps I had better go and look over the ground where you found him."

Presently Jeanne heard the men filing out. She opened the door cautiously. Armitage was seated before the fire, stretched out in his chair, his chin in his collar. He was alone. The guards had been stationed outside. Jeanne entered and approached within a few feet of him.

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Should he tell her it was Morgan, Morgan, whom she trusted? He doubted if she would believe him; so he let the opportunity pass.

"You will not tell me the truth?" Armitage smiled into the fire.

"Suppose I tell you that I did not play with you, that I admired you beyond all other men?"

"I'm afraid of you, Jeanne Beaufort," was all he said.

"Then God help us both!" And with this passionate cry she ran from the room.

The cry lingered in Armitage's ear for a long while. He fought against it resolutely. She was a consummate actress; but all her arts were useless now, of no avail.

Morgan came in, smiling. "So here we are at last!"

"At least it will not be murder."

"You and the Parson were in my way. Lord, how I fooled you all!"

"Not recently, Major."

"Alice Trent—there was drama for you. How she laughed behind your back!"

Something impelled Armitage to say, "You lie."

"I have stirred you, then?"

There was a sentry outside the window, one on the veranda, three more distributed around the house. Armitage had made careful note of this. A great many things might happen within an hour.

"Suppose we play a game of piquet to while away the time. We used to try our hand at that."

"I shouldn't mind in the least."

Armitage instantly formed a purpose. He believed he saw a way out. There was a chance of a bullet missing his back tonight but no chance of a dozen missing his breast in the morning.

They sat down at the table, and Morgan rifled the cards. "I'll always remember you as a cool one, Armitage. For my part, I'm much rather have you at the end of my saber." He dealt a hand.

Armitage led.

"A queen, eh?" Morgan sprawled in his chair.

The butt of his revolver protruded just above the table edge.

Banter of a deadly character began to pass between the two men. One was sure of the situation; the other was watchful and ready to seize upon the slightest advantage.

"Armitage," said Morgan, finally. "I hate you more than anything else on earth. But you are a brave man."

"I pass the compliment back—only, I do not hate you, Morgan, I despise you."

"That renegade Parson Kennedy will mourn for you."

"But he has my dispatches by this time. For two nights I have been inside your lines. If I lost my head, it is because I wanted to make sure that Jeanne Beaufort did not play fast and loose with me. She will never be yours either, Morgan."

"No?" Morgan gazed at his enemy through half-closed eyes. "If, as they say, the dead come back, you will see."

Continued Next Week

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The place to buy is from the coal and wood man

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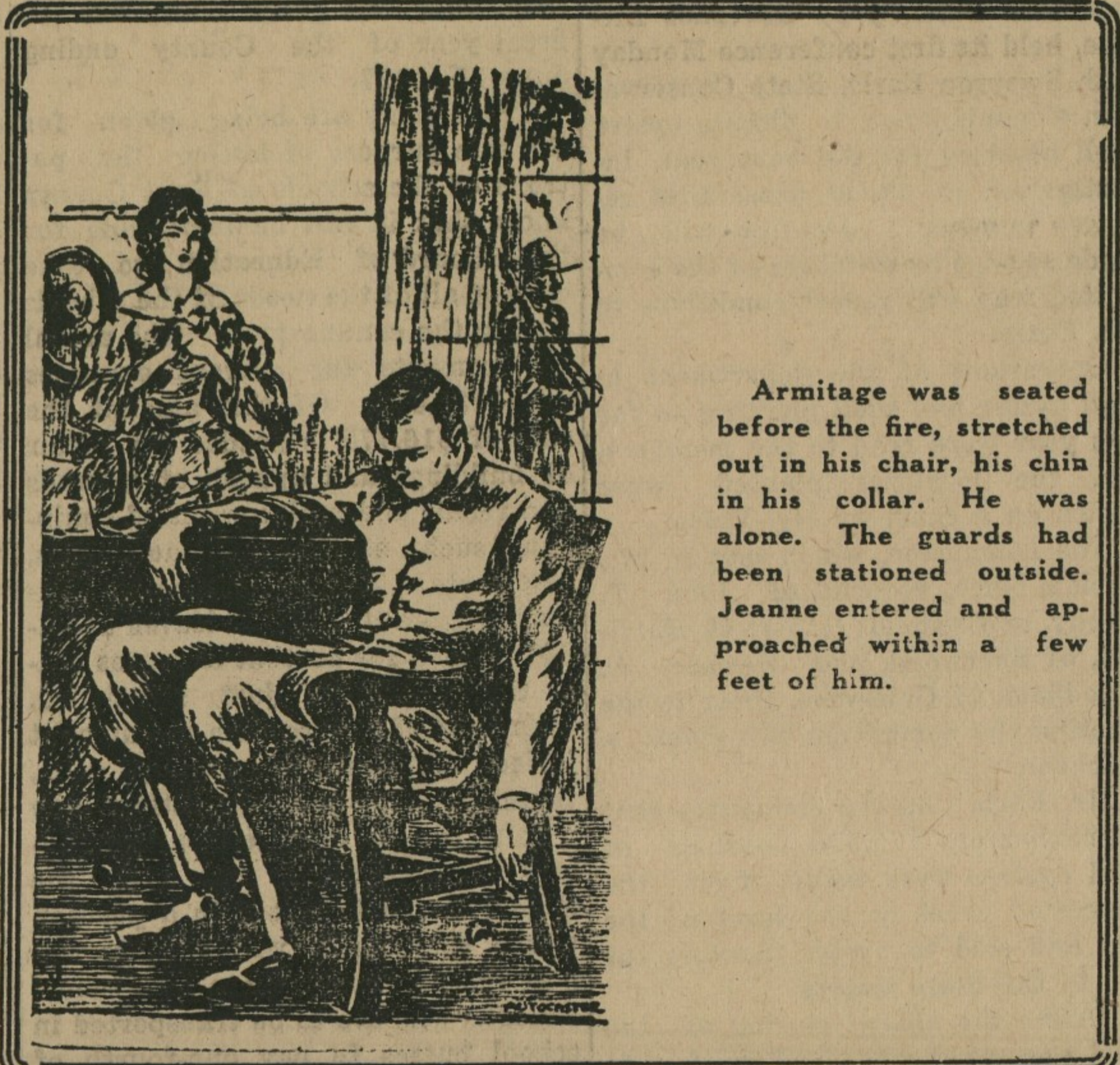
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