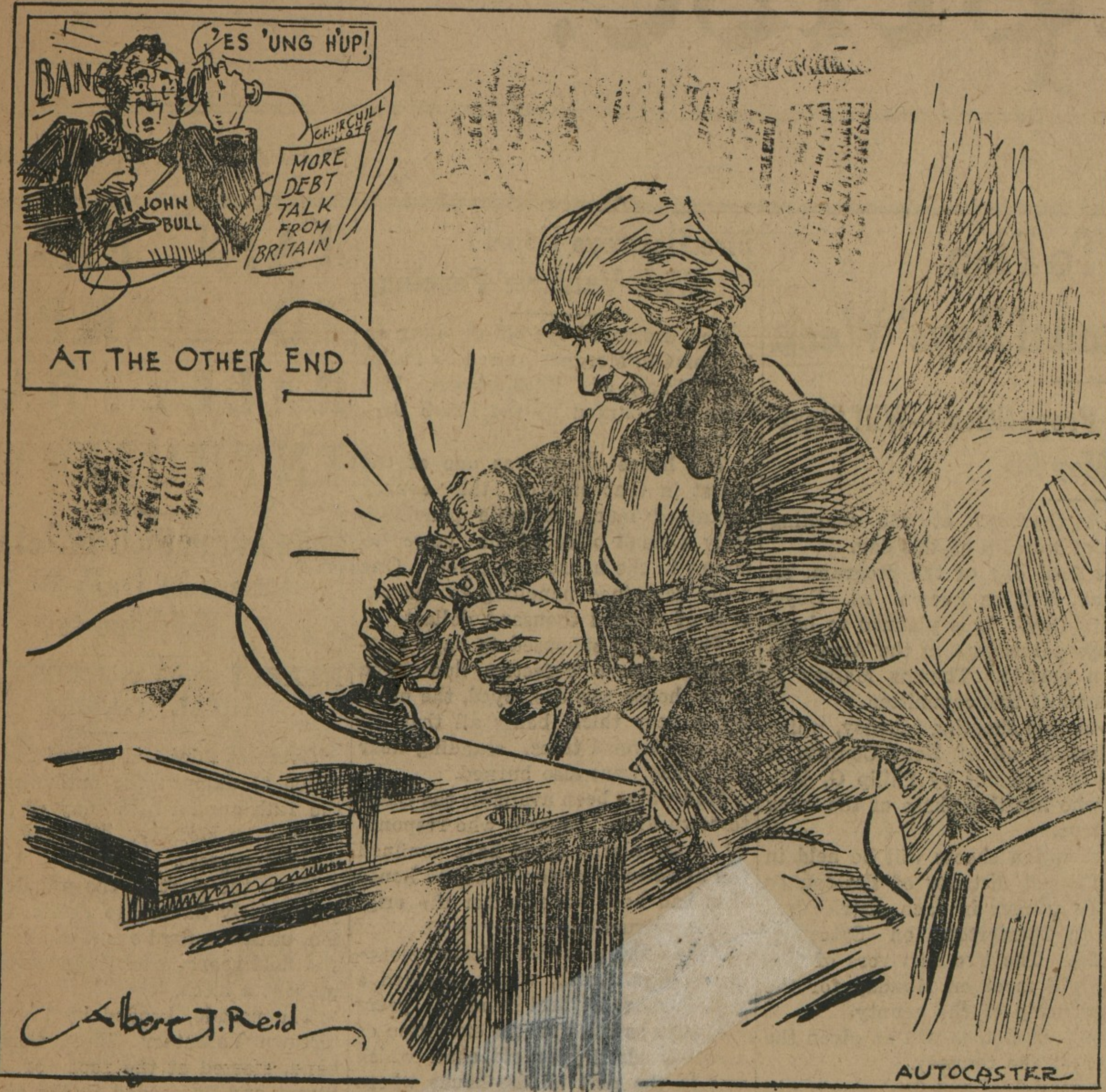


Bang! Goes the Receiver

by Albert T. Reid



BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath, Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee

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Bound To The North Jeane Beaufort, beautiful daughter of a Virginia planter, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil War. (The year 1864.) She swears to...

Mrs. Wetmore, her aunt, that she will carry out the Biblical injunction for vengeance—"an eye for an eye!" While at Richmond she meets...

Henry Morgan, a debonaire young officer, who falls in love with her. She repels his advances. She is engaged as a spy for the Confederate government and urged to use all the wiles and power of her sex to find one...

Parson Kennedy and bring him within the Southern lines. It is planned to have her make headquarters with a family of southern sympathy in Washington. Jeane learns telegraphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And clad as a boy often in the Blue of the North, she makes her way through the lines. She learns of an organization of eleven Union spies and of their meeting place in a Richmond loft. As she overhears the leaders address the masked men seated about a table, Jeane is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmasks as he threatens her with death, but is dissuaded from shooting her by the suggestion from one of the men that one of their number marry her. She consents and when one of the masked men volunteers to marry she refuses and claims the right to choose.

She rejects the volunteer and selects the one who suggested the marriage. Him she names "Irony." Two her surprise the leader is no other than Parson John Kennedy. He performs the ceremony. "Irony" says his name is among those who sign as witness, (just before they leave her bound), in the following code form:

- John Kennedy, D. D. C-W-G-L H-R-D-M A-N-K-S P-P-A-G G-R-D-A J-N-K-F J-W-G-A F-B-N-S F-L-T-S W-B-E-H

Later Jeane learns that Morgan is a spy.

To her surprise she receives a letter bearing the curious device she had seen tattooed on her husband's arm. The letter, ironical in its tones, shows that her unknown husband is still in Richmond and knows the name and identity of his wife! She cuts her hair, stains her face and going to Baltimore, assumes the name of...

Alice Trent, not knowing such a person lived in Baltimore. An intoxicated man accosts, Jeane and she is rescued by Captain John Armitage, a young Union officer whom she tells her assumed name.

CHAPTER X Washington

Jeane's hostess gave a reception in September to one of the South American ministers; and it was at this affair that Morgan was...

tion: your arms and shoulders?" "I have not neglected them. You saw that last night. But if you think this is a good opportunity to make love to me, you are mistaken. In this game of espionage we are partners; but beyond that, nothing."

"Here is your recruiting station. I had best drop you. What is that soldier tacking up? 'Dead or Alive?' Read it—then come and tell me." He came back, smiling with his lips but covertly warning her with his eyes.

"It is a dodger for the apprehension of Jeane Beaufort, dead or alive—medium height, slender, handsome, dark eyes, very pale, dull copper-colored hair; wears boy's clothes successfully."

"A woman spy! How interesting!" "Before God, you are a gallant woman!" he whispered. Aloud he said: "Thanks for the lift, Miss Trent."

She smiled back at him as she drove off. Dead or alive. But she went shopping. Jeane Beaufort, dead or alive! How small she was, how helpless—and how long that arm suddenly reaching out for her! So, after all these months, they had found out who she was? Slender, handsome, very pale. Immediately everything became eyes.

Dead or alive! She was a coward. She wanted to run away and hide; she wanted the strong, comforting arms of her Aunt Delia; she wanted her room at home. Dead or alive! The wheels clattered; the hoofs of the horses beat time to it.

But her indomitable spirit did not long remain crushed. She traced this catastrophe to the man who had entered her room. She knew now that he had been hunting for her photograph. Well, he hadn't found it. She possessed but one, and that was at home. After all, she had been expecting this. She had known that she could not go on forever, indefinitely, without leaving some positive trace of her individuality. Let them catch her if they could; forwarned and forearmed.

She reached home at noon, at the precise moment Parson John Kennedy entered the private office of the chief of the Secret Service bureau.

"Kennedy, we've found the name of your scorpion, as you call her. We've sent out dodgers, 'dead or alive' stuff. The description is meager because G-R-D-A is a bumpkin where women are concerned. A paper found on a dead man and signed...

"What's this?" "I want you to find out who these men are. They belong to the Secret Service, or an arm of it. One of them will have a tattooed mark on his left forearm. Have you ever run across a man named Parson Kennedy?"

"The Parson? Frequently." "I want that man where I can talk to him without being disturbed. He can tell me what those letters mean."

"Would an abduction serve?" "It would." "Then everything falls out nicely. And the reward..."

"We'll talk of that later." "Well, you shall see Parson Kennedy twice tonight—once at Sumner's and again in a certain hut by the Potomac. I'll give you the directions. But what's in the air?"

"That is my affair." But she softened the retort with a smile. "You are wearing a wig; you have dyed your skin. If I did not know you with the eyes of love, I'd have some difficulty in recognizing you."

Kennedy bent his head. "He was a brave young man. I came to you by the neck."

"Hanged by the neck!" Kennedy laughed—laughter that had the inflection of a baited tiger snarling at his irons. "Yes, I know you, little viper! Carry me away and hang me, but never a word will you get out of me. That's final, the man was. I know. But think you to dig it out of my lips?"

A face appeared at the side window and vanished hastily. "I will say this much, Jeane Beaufort—ah, you start? I regret that I did not shoot you out of hand when I had the opportunity."

Jeanne returned the paper to her pocket. She turned toward the door, only to pause in alarm. She heard a curse, some muffled blows—a body crashed against the rotting boards. A moment later a revolver cracked; two shots followed; then came a trampling of feet, and then silence. The door opened, and a man entered swiftly. He wore a handkerchief over his lower part of face.

"Don't move," he warned Jeanne. He passed around her to the Parson. With one hand holding a steady weapon, he worked with the other at the confusion of knots. "Don't let her get away. What a prize, what a prize!" cried Kennedy. The revolver wavered, Jeanne swept the candle from the table, overturned that and flew to the door unerring, banging it after her.

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"Armitage?" bellowed Kennedy. "Quick! The others will be coming back!" They groped hurriedly for the door, stumbled out and ran toward the grove, throwing themselves down into the thicket.

"Do you know who that was?" whispered Kennedy. "God knows, I shall never cease to remember that night!" "Pah!" "She got away."

"You speak as if you were glad of it?" "I am." "Milkspit! That woman is Jeane Beaufort, and you have let her go!" "Jeanne Beaufort!"

"Aye! And through your maudlin sentiments you have freed her!" In the small hours of that morning, in a mean room, a man sat

wearily at a table, his bare left arm stretched across it. At the other side was a tattooer. He was putting on the finishing touches of a circle with the Greek-like letters in the center.

(Continued Next Week)

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