

To Be, or Not To Be—Wet!

by Albert T. Reid



AUTOCASTER

BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee

Copyright by Harold MacGrath - Released thru Autocaster Service

Bound To The North
Jeanne 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. Watsons, 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. Jeanne 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, Jeanne is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmask 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 suggests 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-WG-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

Later Jeanne learns that Morgan is a spy.

CHAPTER IV

In the little station at Fair Oaks, some ten miles out of Richmond, a telegraph operator sat before his instrument.

At midnight he became galvanized into action. He ran outside to the station platform, glanced right and left, to make sure that no one was in sight; then he returned to the office and put out the light. A moment later he was in the cellar a candle flickering in his hand. He pulled aside a stack of gunnysacks and uncovered a telegraph instrument. Over this he stooped.

In Morse code J-WG-A was repeated three times. He waited anxiously. Back came the answer—J-NK-F. The operator's message contained grave news. An attempt would be made the following night to blow up the ammunition stores in Washington.

The receiver of this message climbed down from the telephone pole, hid

his batteries and instrument, mounted and rode off into the night. The man in the cellar piled up the gunnysacks once more and returned to his office relighted the lamp and slouched into his chair.

He had cleared the track for the coast-bound, and when that passed through, he was done for the night. All at once he assumed the attitude of a tense listener—running horses—he was certain he heard them. He reached for his revolver and carefully examined it.

Running horses were not unusual in the night, but one never knew or could foresee what they might bring. Louder and louder grew the hoofbeats, nearer and nearer. The sound ceased abruptly.

The operator waited, his revolver ready. Then came the sound of running human feet. The door opened. The revolver flashed in the light—then dropped. "George?" cried the operator. "Yes, John, old boy."

"What's up?" "The whole business. The game at Fair Oaks is done for. The marvel is that it has lasted as long as it has. Did you send that message?"

"Yes." "Thank God! Fogarty will get away. Come, I beat the train to you. Five minutes—look alive!"

The operator blew out the light, and the two hurried out to the steaming horses. "There she comes," cried the newcomer, waving his hand down the track toward the point of light which grew larger as they looked. "A troop of Johnnies, old boy, all prepared to put your back to the station clappers and sail you out. Mount."

They rode in silence for half an hour, cross country at first. They had mapped out a route against such a crisis as this. They walked a shallow stream toward an unused road, whence they might make their way northward without worrying over pickets.

"Tell me what's happened," said the late operator at Fair Oaks. "Do you remember when the Parson made us all ride north, threatening to shoot any man who lagged?"

"Yes." "Well, that's all I'm at liberty to tell you just now. I came back because this is my post. You were sent down here to give me a lift at the secret wire. But for quick and lucky

work tonight, you'd have gone over."

"Who is it?" "I know; and that is sufficient for the present. You're not built for this kind of work, John, and that is why I'm not telling you anything. You still have some illusions. But to hoodwink the Parson!"

"Parson Kennedy is a Hun." "Yes, poor devil, he's a Hun. But in this kind of game we need Huns."

"It was very kind of you," she said as she took her seat in a rickety phaeton.

"The pleasure was mine. I am Captain Armitage."



We are going to let this double-spy go back to Washington." "And why?" "There's a woman we want, Brother John."

"A woman?" "You're an old soft-soap, Jack; you can't get the idea out of your head that women are holy!"

"But to hunt a woman!" "Whose name we don't know, whose face we haven't seen—h'mph! Fine chance we have of catching her, except in one way. This isn't the kind of woman you and I know; it's a female rattlesnake. Whenever she strikes, its death. Do you know what I think? Well, that young woman we all married a few weeks ago may be the very woman we've been after."

"When we reach the road, you'll have to go it alone. I must get back to Richmond. Turn to your right

three times, then go straight ahead. You'll strike our outposts by noon. Here we are. And good luck to you." Then J-WG-A climbed the bank of the road. His friend wheeled his horse midstream and went splashing down it. J-WG-A and G-RD-A had gone their separate ways forever.

Meantime Jeanne had ordered her carriage. She was tired, and she knew that her aunt was struggling against sleep.

When Jeanne reached her room, she undressed and sat down before the mirror to do up her hair for the night. With a sigh she realized that those beautiful tresses must go, and not later than tomorrow—must be clipped short like a boy's.

She would save it, and wear it as a wig dyed brown. She saw the folded bit of paper sticking from the mirror's frame. Calmly she plucked forth the note and opened it. Medusa's head!

A crudely drawn circle, with a strange, Greek-letter-like device in the center, stared back at her. Below it was written in cramped letters:

Compliments of the season to Madam Who from her fond and loving, but neglected husband. The man she had married was still in Richmond!

The following morning Jeanne sent for her aunt. She sat down before the mirror, picked up a pair of bright new scissors and passed them over her shoulder. "Cut it close, Auntie—close."

"But why, why?" demanded the bewildered aunt. "I am a soldier; soldiers obey orders. I am going back to Washington, Auntie—but not as Jeanne Beaufort. I may never come back. In that case there will be four of us—with a gesture toward the photographs.

"Give me the scissors." "Take them to the hair-dresser, Auntie. Never mind the price. Tell her the wig must be made within forty-eight hours. It must be dyed a dark brown."

"But why didn't you keep it on your head and dye it?" "Sometimes I shall be a boy, Auntie."

Quite naturally her next glance was into the mirror. She rather admired the boyish face that looked back at her. The hair, freed of weight, showed, a tendency to curl crisply.

In the evening of the third day Jeanne left Richmond. Her luggage was a small bag for such toilet articles as she needed. She took nothing else. She had trunks in Washington, and these contained everything. Ah, but she did take something else—a sheet of paper. Something

of her eyes and dark brown

L. WETHERED BARROLL
Counselor-at-Law
Equitable Building
Corner Fayette and Calvert Streets
Baltimore, Md.
"In Chestertown Saturdays (by appointment)." 014-17

WM. C. SUTTON
SANITARY PLUMBING
Steam—Hot Water Heating
Our Work Our Reference
TERRA COTTA PIPE
Phone—Residence 60; Office 327

WM. PEPPER CONSTABLE
Attorney-at-Law
Maryland Trust Building
In Elkton, Md., Tuesdays
Baltimore, Md.

COAL COAL
Of Course Everybody Knows
Where to Buy
GOOD CLEAN COAL
ALSO WOOD, LIME, HAY,
TERRA COTTA PIPEING
The place to buy is from the coal
and wood man
J. D. BACCHUS

INSURANCE
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE
WRITTEN AT THE LOWEST
EST. CURRENT RATES
RELIABLE COMPANIES
INSURE FROM ONE DAY TO
—FIVE YEARS—
Special Attention Given to Insurance on Grain in Both Barn and Shock.

Prompt and Careful Attention gives All Business. Write or Call on JAMES G. BECK, Agent CHESTERTOWN, MD. Office in Eastern Shore Inn

Only her eyes were Jeanne Beaufort's. She would call herself Alice Trent. The name came into her mind quite innocent of calculation. She had never heard of anyone by that name; she could not even recall having read it in a book.

It was one of those incomprehensible tricks of fate, this idle selection; and later it came very near

proving fatal to her. How could she possibly know that Alice Trent was a living being, her own age, a resident of the very city she had chosen as her base?

Heretofore she had gone by the name of Susan Warren. She had lived quietly with a middle-class family whose sympathies inclined toward the South. Now she must go out in the high world; she must gather her information from military and diplomatic sources.

So, one morning, there arrived on the Baltimore train, among other passengers, a handsome young woman in sober gray. She glanced about indecisively.

A regiment was entraining. Until the soldiers had passed, it was impossible to make the exit from the station. Company by company the coaches swallowed up the troopers.

An intoxicated man watched her speculatively. He approached, doffed his cap amiably and asked if she would like a gentleman to see her home. Jeanne had no time to reply. A lean brown hand seized the offender by the collar and flung him roughly to one side. A pleasant-faced young officer saluted Jeanne and offered to see her to her carriage.

"It was very kind of you," she said as she took her seat in a rickety old phaeton.

"The pleasure was mine. I am Captain Armitage."

"My name is Alice Trent." "All young officers were useful. He raised his hat, and she was driven off. A very agreeable face, she thought. But he was a hated Yankee; and so she dismissed him with a shrug.

Political influence, unmerited promotion, jealousy, inefficiency, cheating army-contractors, these prolonged the Civil War two years. It was only when the iron ring began to tighten about Richmond that the Government awoke to the fact that Lincoln and Grant could end the war if let be, and that there were as dangerous enemies within the gates as there were outside of them.

About this time the Secret Service bureau became a real arm of the Government. It began to be what it has since become: second to no other in the world.

Certain families, known to be in sympathy with the South, were watched. Jeanne knew this and arranged her plans accordingly. The family to which she was assigned as a guest from Baltimore had borne the closest scrutiny, cheerfully, urbanely and successfully.

They were Northerners who had the bulk of their fortune invested in the South. Aside from the zest of the intrigue, they were delighted to have Jeanne. Her dark beauty, the splendor of her eyes and dark brown

hair, her low, musical voice—this captivated them from the start.

That her skin was artificially darkened, that her hair, while her own, was yet a wig, was quite unsuspected by her hosts. They vaguely understood that her presence in Washington had political significance, but beyond this they did not bother their heads. They had been asked to harbor her so long as harborage was necessary; they needed no more than that.

They began to take her everywhere and within a fortnight's time she became a bright new star in the political and military firmament of Washington life. Morgan took particular pains to keep out of her orbit until September.

On the other hand, wherever she went she found that young captain, John Armitage. He attached himself to her immediately. He was just enough different from the ordinary average man to interest her. He was really unusual, being of that type of youth which has surrendered half of its illusions and tenaciously clings, blindly we might say, to the other half.

He was bold one day and diffident the next.

Her interest in him deepened quickly, for she wanted to get to the bottom of this peculiarity. He was still a Yankee, but she no longer qualified the word.

She had forsown romance. As if red-blooded twenty could forswear its dreams by the mere willing of it! (Continued Next Week)

The Judge's Josh

YOU CAN KNOW IT IS YELLOW - WHEN YOU MEET THOSE ASHAMED TO SHOW THEIR COLORS

W. S. & A. M. CULP

COAL LUMBER CEMENT LIME

Builders' Supplies

W. S. & A. M. CULP
Chestertown, Md.

Spring Sale

Dress Gingham 12c and 19c yd.
Apron Gingham 10c yd.
Best Silk at \$1.48 yd.
Men's Dress and Work Shirts 68c and 98c
Men's and Boy's Caps 48c and 98c
Men's and Boy's Pants 98c up
Shoes for everybody 98c up
Horse Collars \$2.48 and \$3.69
All kinds Garden Seed 2 for 5c
All kinds of Seed and Wire at Reduced Price.
All kinds of Newest Wall Paper 10c roll up
All kinds of Dishes to close out 5c up

A. PARIS

Department Store
Sandy Bottom

ONE BEST WAY

There are several ways of saving money but there is ONE BEST WAY and that is through the Kent Building & Loan Company. Stock matures at the end of 6 1/2 years and then it pays a very satisfactory sum. 25 cents per share per week.

Kent Building & Loan Co.
Chestertown, Md.
L. Bates Russell, President;
Fred G. Usilton, Vice-Pres.;
John D. Urte, Attorney;
C. N. Satterfield, Sec.-Treas.

TOULSON'S

SPRING IS HERE

Everything needed in the Seed line for Garden and Field is here, too, in abundance. We Sell Only BUISTS
Renowned Seed
Get your supply early and remember only the best and purest drugs found at—

TOULSON'S DRUG STORE

Exchange Wheat For Rose Bud Flour

You get the same amount of flour regardless whether wheat go high or low.

We give
37 lbs. Flour Per 60 lbs. Good Clean Wheat.
34 lbs. Flour Per 60 lbs. and 8 lbs. Bran.
1 lb. Per lb. less where we store wheat.
Eggs and plenty of them from Rose Bud Mash, made fresh from the best of feeds, has been tested.

Blatchford's Calf Meal.

BROOK'S MILLS
Chestertown and Worton, Md.

Taking An Encore

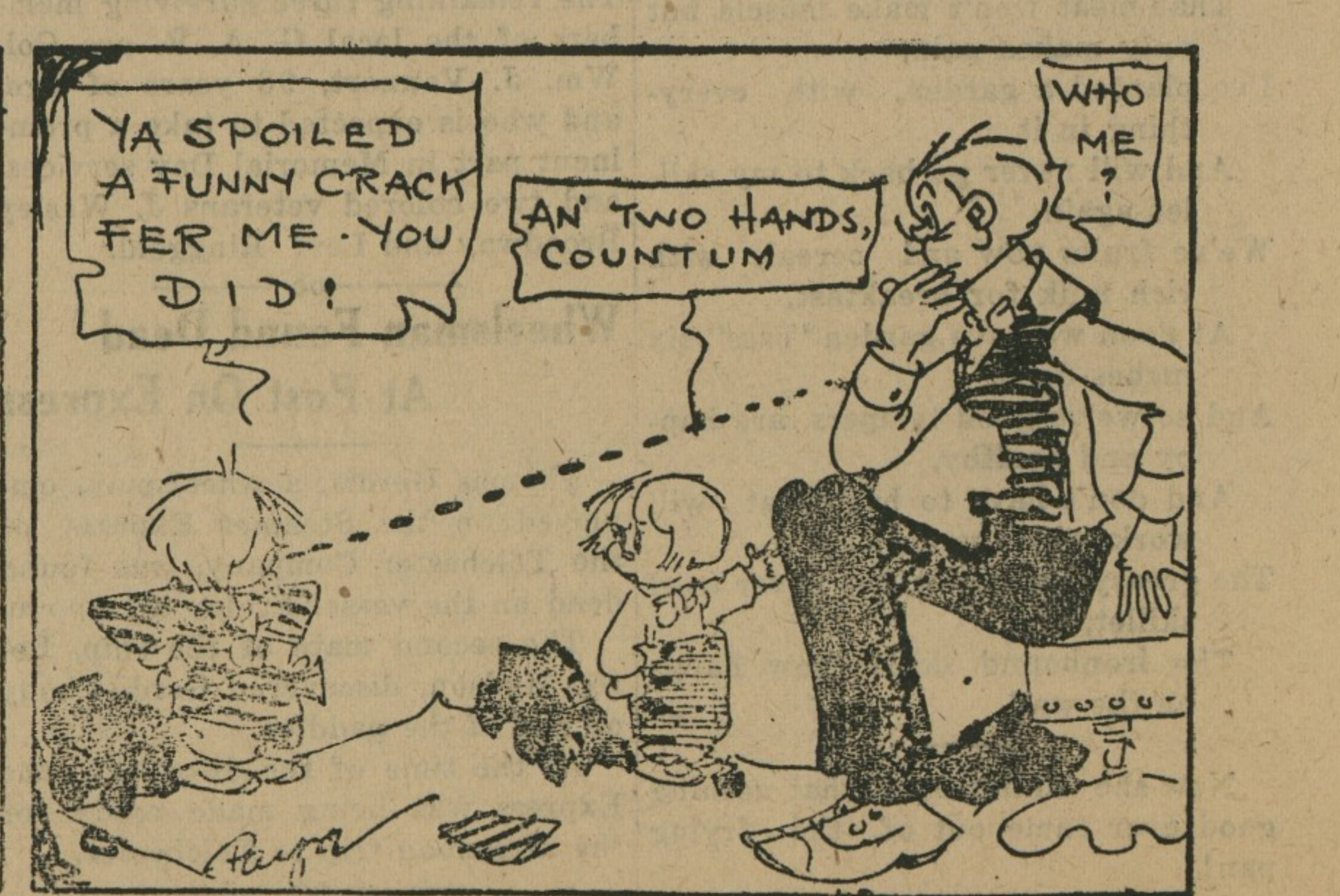
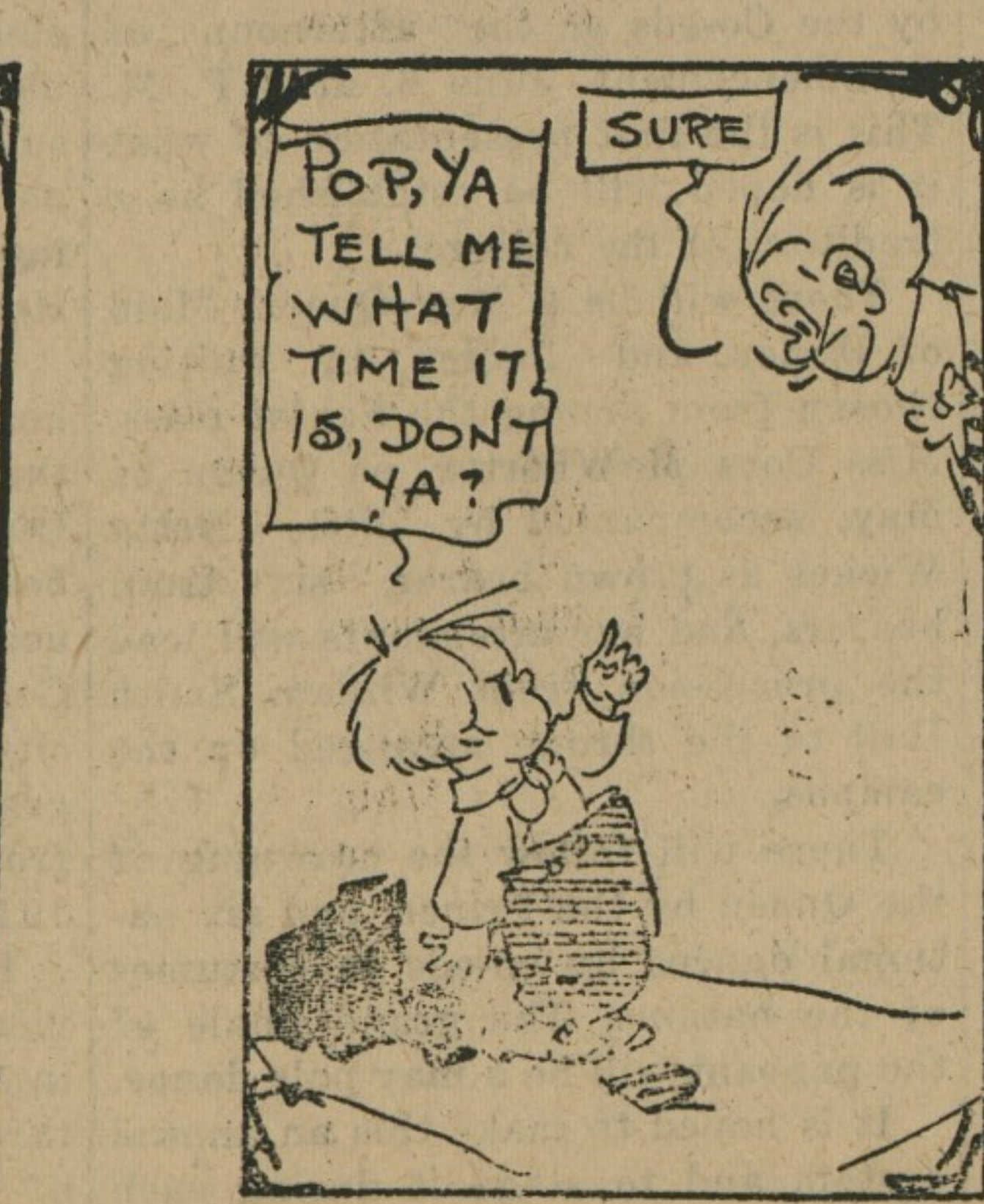
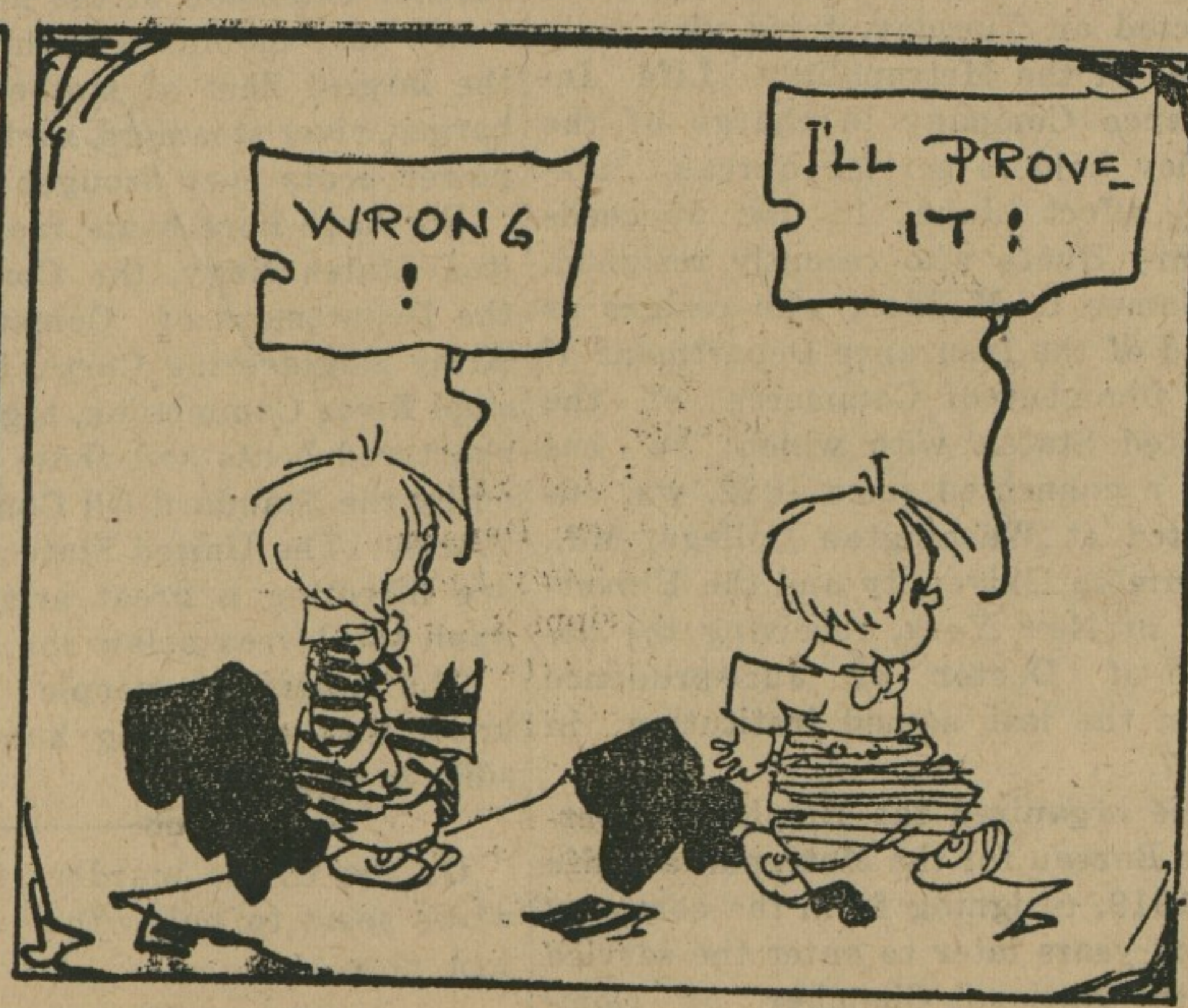
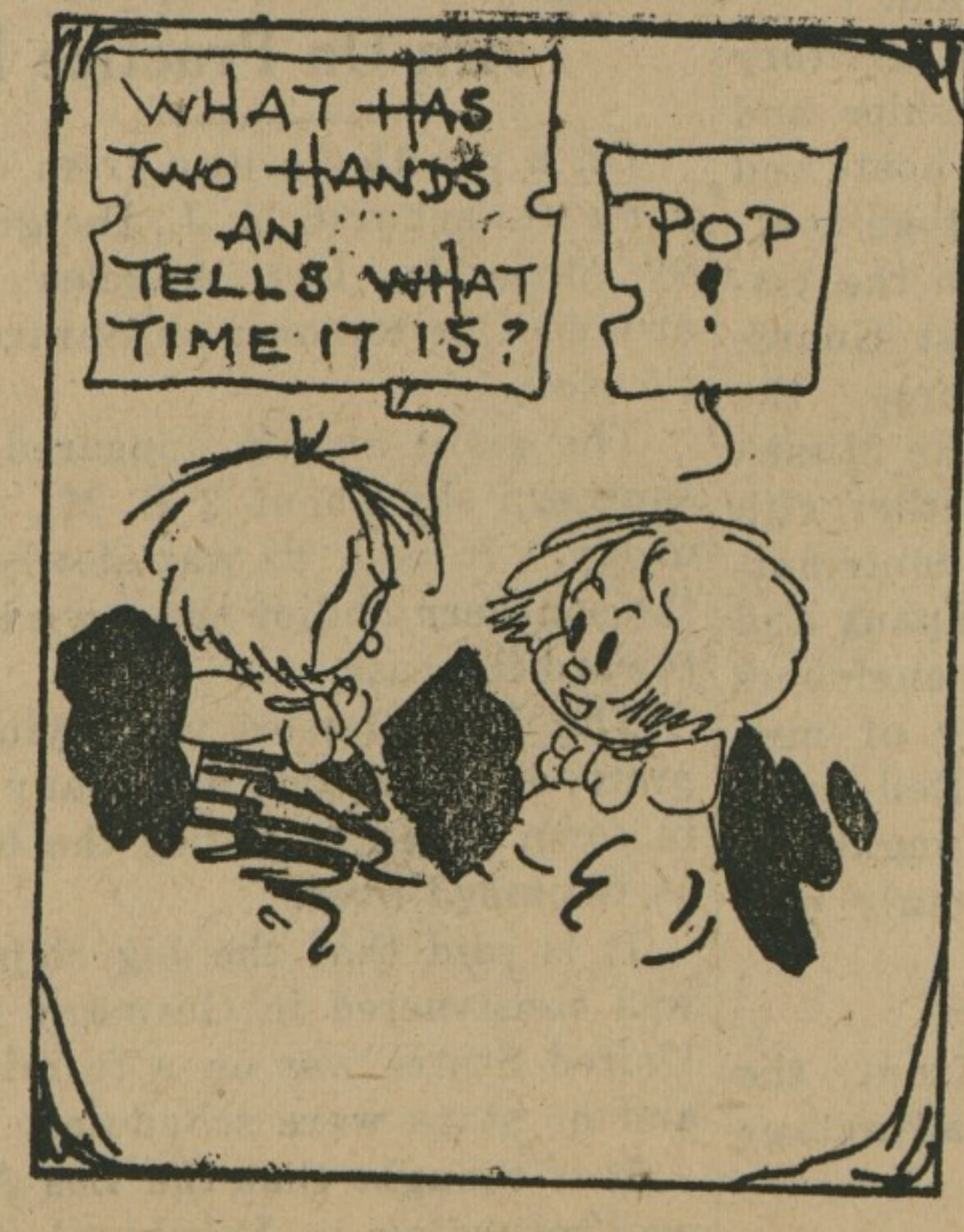
—is the thing we like most in regard to our business. An encore is a "repeat" order—and repeat orders mean satisfied customers.

If you'll give us the opportunity to show you how we rebuild shoes—restoring all their shape and style—you too will join the ranks of those who regularly bring their shoes here for first-class repair work.

Men's Half Sole, Sewed and Rubber Heel \$1.40
Men's Half Sole, Nailed and Rubber Heel \$1.40
Men's Whole Sole and Rubber Heel \$2.00
Ladies' Half Sole, Sewed and Rubber Heel \$1.20
Ladies' Half Sole, Nailed and Rubber Heel \$1.10
Ladies' Whole Sole and Rubber Heel \$2.20

J. Quartararo

ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING AND SHOE SHINE PARLOR
223 High St., Chestertown, Md.



AUTOCASTER SERVICE