

Bound to the North

By Harold MacGrath

WHO'S WHO

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 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 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.

**CHAPTER III
MYSTERY VISITOR**

The speaker paused and then went on solemnly:

"But this I promise you, on the word of Parson John Kennedy, that no man shall follow you—no man shall touch you."

Parson John Kennedy! The man for whom they had laid and sprung a thousand futile traps. Who had beaten them at every turn! And this formidable man was playing into her hands!

"Now then, choose," said Irony, for so the girl had mentally named her tormentor. (Would she ever be able to recognize his voice in case he did get away?) "I can certify that we are all unmarried, young and brave."

She did not look toward the man who had offered to sacrifice his liberty to save here life. She looked at Irony.

"I will marry you, sir," she said, "and you shall share the misery you thrust so wantonly upon me."

"I see that I am hoist on my own petard." He had the courage to laugh. And few of them realized what fine-grained courage it was. He was saving this girl's life at the expense of his future; for nothing except an inhuman jest like this would have swerved Parson Kennedy. "So

be it. Miss, about to become Madam Who—I haven't even asked you to wipe the grime from your face so that I might recognize you in the future. I am satisfied."

Doubtless no stranger marriage ceremony ever took place than that which joined Jeanne Beaufort to this mad banterer, unknown to her either by face or name. When it was done, Parson Kennedy offered the quill to the girl. She hesitated for a moment, straining her ears. Forty minutes, forty minutes—they were on the way to her. She wrote "Mary Smith" on the hastily drawn-up certificates. Irony seized the pen from her trembling fingers and signed "John Jones." Then he stepped back—just in time. Her hand had flown to the curtain of his mask.

"Not quite," he laughed. "Mary Smith is not your real name; no more is John Jones mine. But you will write your real name there when you are alone. You have told us that you believe in oaths. I add my real name among those who witness the transaction. Find it if you can!"

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

He folded his bare arms across his chest, and upon the left fore arm she saw a bit of tattooing, a blue circle with a curious little device in the center. The glance was sufficient to print it indelibly in her mind.

Fifty minutes! Dear God, why did they not come?

"All over!" said Parson Kennedy, putting on his mask. He pulled out the drawer and tossed upon the table some stout twine. "Blind her, Benedict, and tie a handkerchief over her mouth. Then set her in my chair."

Coats and hats were picked up in furious haste, papers stuffed into pockets; and then, like so many falling rockets, they leaped down the rickety stairs, close-pressed and jostling.

"Curse you, you have wrecked three lives this night!" whispered a voice in Irony's ear. But as he turned, the speaker disappeared.

Up in the loft the girl struggled and strained futilely. Beaten, dishonored, humiliated! It was intolerable. It was all some hellish night mare; it could not possibly be fact, reality. And yet, that dreaded man Parson Kennedy—he had been real enough.

A marriage certificate, crudely done but none the less genuine! She stared at the varied scrawls. God in heaven, married! To what, to whom? She suddenly became limp, swayed, and sank face downward up-

on the table—where her belated troopers in butternut found her.

Madam who?

When Jeanne Beaufort started out on her self-imposed mission that night she had been something of an adventurous girl! She left that loft wholly a woman—broken, bewildered and terrified, it is true, but a woman, her brain seething with unimaginable reprisals.

Her troopers had come to arrest a band of conspirators; instead they loosed a tigress who reviled them and taunted them for their slowness.

Each and every one of those eleven men should pay; and more than his comrades, the man she had named Irony.

Parson Kennedy had had the hardihood to disclose his saturnine face to her. She could watch him in Washington, move against him in direct and open warfare.

None of them would recognize her again; of this she was assured.

Within three weeks' time Jeanne was able to pick up her natural role.

She was always meeting Morgan, and he was always sighing for some favor, always metaphorically at her feet. One day she liked him; another she disliked him.

Perhaps this was accountable to the fact that she knew there was a strong and vital man deep down under all of his foppery.

"But I do not love you, and I have no intention of loving you," she protested.

"Well, since you intend not to love me, I see hope. Come, Jeanne Beaufort, let us understand each other."

"I understand myself perfectly," she countered.

"You laugh, joke, dance, play—and all the while that brilliant mind of yours is scheming, scheming."

"In mercy's name for what?"

"The Cause!" His face grew serious.

So did hers. "What do you mean by that?" She felt vaguely alarmed. Did he know?

"I mean that what you are, I am; that I search for Death even as you do; that hazard is breath to us both. To stab the enemy in the back, that is your work and mine. To a soldier who falls into the enemy's hands—to him the honors of war! But to you and me—short shrift, as they say. We shall be in Washington together shortly; and from time to time I shall be under your orders. Not a word; your aunt is approaching. I shall see you at the ball tonight. I expect to join my regiment tomorrow. Good day!"

She felt her aunt's arm steal around her. "Your ball-dress has come. Better try it on and see if it is alright."

"You will break hearts," said her aunt, reflectively.

"I hope to," replied Jeanne enigmatically. She slipped off the gown.

"You're a strange girl. If you weren't flesh and blood, if I didn't know you as I do, I should say you had no heart."

"Sometimes I wonder. Perhaps I should have been a boy; they don't have to have hearts."

"There are times, however, when I believe that you are a boy."

"That's an odd remark," Jeanne declared, turning quickly.

"Auntie!"

"You have made trips to Washington. Your secret is not yours. Understand. But take care. I can surmise that you are playing with dangerous weapons. You'll want to be alone now; so—by-by until supper."

Jeanne sat down on the bed. For a quarter of an hour she remained motionless.

So Henry Morgan was a spy and had learned in some manner that she was one also.

And the keen, logical mind of her aunt was no longer to be ignored. If the two had found out her secret, others might. Henceforth she must step with the utmost caution. She was strong only because she was unknown.

Married! She laughed; it was a queer little sound.

How she had poured over that document! Vainly had she striven to make sense of those broken words.

She must go to the ball that night, dance, laugh and chatter.

"You are as beautiful—"

"Now, Major, if you please!"

"But this night is my last," Morgan declared. "You would not send me to the front unhappy!"

"Where is your regiment?"

He smiled but did not answer. A young man in civilian dress approached. He bowed ceremoniously to Morgan. Then he bowed to Jeanne—it was almost a salaam.

gan. She saw his body stiffen ever so slightly.

"I beg our pardon," said Morgan. "Miss Beaufort—" But the band started up, and the rest of the introduction was unintelligible. Jeanne never learned the stranger's name until long afterward.

Morgan took himself off. The stranger stood at her side and chattered pleasantly. He was rather original; and certainly he was comely. In the middle of a sentence he bowed abruptly and walked quickly toward the door out of which Morgan had at that moment vanished. Jeanne looked after the stranger less chagrined than astonished.

"Well!" she murmured. "The next time I see Mr. What's-his-name I'll snub him unmercifully."

At midnight while Jeanne was at supper, a man in a half mask entered the garden of her home. He appeared to be familiar with his ground, for as he went directly to the ladder hanging against the board fence, raised it to the window, climbed up and disappeared inside her bedroom.

A man who had followed him pressed closely against the fence and waited.

The man in half-mask calmly proceeded to open Jeanne's trunk. There were several suits of male attire, one in blue, one in butternut and three in non-descript. He shrugged. Next he opened the Florentine box. The thing he sought, however, he did not find. He found a blank slip of paper and drew something upon it. He tucked it into the side of the dressing-mirror, blew out the candle and stole away.

The other man followed him cautiously.

Suddenly the shadower ran forward on his toes. The other heard him, but was not quick enough. They fought silently, but the advantage lay with the assailant. With a grip of iron he held the other's arms against his back reached over and snatched a paper from the inner pocket—neatly, as if he knew that paper would be there. Then he flung his victim roughly against the wall of the house and took to his heels.

When at length he stopped, it was under a street lamp. He straightened out the purloined sheet, read it, tore it into little pieces and dropped them into the gutter.

He looked at his watch; he had one hour. In that time he must find two horses and ride ten miles.

"Ah, my friend, I was right," he

said to himself. "I don't know what you were doing in that house, nor whose house it is; but I had an idea that you carried the life of my comrade in your coat."

(To Be Continued)

Poor Business Man

Firstun—"Bah! You call yourself a boxer. Why I'd knock yer block off for two cents."

Secondun—"Yeh! and a damn' purse for yuh, too."

Good Judgment

"You have saved my life," said the man to the youthful hero who had rescued him from drowning. "As a reward you shall marry my daughter."

The young man glanced at the daughter. Then he threw the man back into the river again.

1927 Mother Goose

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
But the revenue agent
Was there.

No Bath House

"Have some whiskey!"
"No, thanks, I never touch anything but water."
"Well, I'm not asking you to wash your hands in it."

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