

# 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 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. 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.

She rejects the volunteer and selects the one who suggested the marriage. Him she names "Irony." To 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 witnesses, (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 FBN-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 telegraph 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 steam-

ing 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 clapboards and sail you out. Mount!"

They rode in silence for half an hour, cross-country at first. They had mapped 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 an lucky work to-night, 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 hoo-l-wink the Parson!"

"Parson Kennedy is a Hun."  
"Yes, poor devil, he's a Hun. But in this kind of a game we need Huns. 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 all 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, it's 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 go 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 to-morrow—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, plucked 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 ar-

ties 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. Somewhere she might find a H or J or a G, some letter compare with those on that document.

Dressed as a boy, it would have been comparatively easy for her to go directly to Washington; but she proposed to arrive this time in her present garments, to somber gray such as hospital nurses wore.

It took her ten days to reach Baltimore, for that was her first destination. A deep tan lay upon her face, and to this she added a semi-permanent stain.

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 inconspicuously.

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 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 eyes accordingly. The family to which she was assigned as a guest from Baltimore had borne the closest scrutiny, cheerfully, unbanely 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 both 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!

(To Be Continued)

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