

# Bound to the North

By Harold MacGrath

## CHAPTER IX.

Jeanne Beaufort, daughter of a Virginian, swears vengeance against the North for the death 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 powers of the South. Discovered in the act of spying upon the group of Secret Service agents of whom Kennedy is the leader, 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-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 |

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 the 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."

General 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 she 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.

That fiber which holds the stout heart impervious to ordinary perils and Kennedy and Armitage were men of the stoutest of hearts—began to disintegrate in the face of this horror

To die in the fury of physical contest is nothing; indeed death is forgotten.

But to sit still to reach out mentally and anticipate is a thousand times to die! Armitage closed his eyes. It is a strange fact that when confronted by immediate death of the catastrophe order instinctively we close our eyes.

Perhaps Kennedy closed his eyes too; mayhap he took sardonic pleasure in eyeing the dancing sparks. There might have been a prayer on his lips.

An unexpected gust of cold night air striking Armitage's forehead, caused him to open his eyes. The door of the cabin opened. He saw a slender youth enter and step on the fuse.

"Is it you, Jeanne Beaufort?" asked Kennedy.

"Yes, Parson Kennedy it is Jeanne Beaufort. It is the woman upon whose head you set a price, dead or alive. It is the woman you broke and dishonored for doing for her cause what you were doing for yours."

She gazed down somberly at the cropped gray head so near her feet.

"Have you a prayer that you can recall it?"

She ran over to Armitage and goughed the knots with her fingers and teeth. When she had done, he was free to walk but his hands were still tied behind his back.

"You are free, Captain Armitage. You are not here through any act of mine. You saved my life once; I pay the debt. A life for a life; we are quits."

"You are a woman, and you would let this man die horribly?" he asked incredulously.

"I too was guilty."

"In what way?"

"I was there—that night."

The dark eyes merely rose to the level of his own. Everything was perfectly clear and understandable now. The eyes of Jeanne Beaufort and Alice Trent were exactly alike.

"Hurry," she cried impatiently. "They will be returning if we wait too long."

"I saved your life that night in the hills."

"Hurry!" was all she said.

"We were madmen. We were none of us accountable for what we did."

"I was," interposed Parson Kennedy. "So be off, son. She will blow me up—and see me forever in her dreams! Let her go ahead, then; and always at her side will be my shadow. Be off."

Armitage backed toward the chair and sat down on the edge of it. "Both of us or neither of us," he said.

"Oh!" That monosyllable expressed anger, impatience, impotence, despair, Jeanne clenched her hands fiercely.

"Fool," growled Kennedy. "Have I not often told you that I'd rather die than live? Haven't I called to death a thousand times, to see him mock me?"

Jeanne looked down at her enemy with reluctant admiration. This gray man who had called to death a thousand times and been denied awakened

the old inherent sense of chivalry. She turned to Armitage.

"Your word of honor not to touch me."

"I give it."

"I will let him go. Let him remember that it was I that gave him his life, even as I would have taken it indifferently."

She untied Armitage's hands. He felt the tremor of her fingers, but in no wise comprehended its origin. As for Jeanne, since this was to be the last time she was ever to see this man, a terrible, almost irresistible desire seized her to throw her arms around his neck and tell him that she loved him, loved him!

Armitage rubbed his wrists energetically to take away the sting of the hemp. Then he freed Kennedy, who was really helpless, and dragged him outside the cabin. Jeanne broke off the fuse half a foot from the keg, applied the flame of the candle, and darted from the cabin.

As Armitage led Kennedy out of the danger-zone he was thrown violently to the ground. The earth had opened up, and hades had stretched a fiery arm toward heaven, to withdraw it in a cascade of sparks and flaming debris.

In the meantime Morgan, prey to singular emotion, waited impatiently for Jeanne. What had delayed her? Where had she gone? Had she any idea that two men instead of one were in that cabin?

Came the thud of hoofs. The rider was Jeanne. She drew up at his side.

"Where have you been? What has delayed you? Why did you come from that direction?" he demanded suspiciously.

"You lied to me, Morgan."

"I?"

"Yes. You lured Armitage into this without warning me."

"Good riddance!" — all his old jealousy rising.

"Well, you overshot the mark, thank God! I let them both go."

"You—what?"

"They are free."

"But the cabin!"

"Oh you were waiting to see the spectacle, and I did not wish to disappoint you whouhy."

"You love Armitage!" He leaned over to seize her wrist, but she swerved her horse.

"Yes, I love him. What then?"

"Well, before God, you're unlucky! You can never, never marry John Armitage. You are mine, mine!"

Quickly and cruelly he dug his spurs into his horse and fled to avoid the breaking of the verbal dam, the ruination of all his carefully laid plans.

In another moment he would have told her everything for the sake of making that upright figure droop.

Armitage, restored to his father's division, at President Lincoln's intercession, plunged eagerly into his work.

Shortly after his arrival the entire army began its historic movement southward, toward Richmond; and incidentally John Armitage entered a danger-zone of a different sort. A detachment of Federal troops moved out to intercept a train of munitions. They captured it near a small station.

On the rear platform of the station stood a number of cotton bales. From under the newly arrived freight cars a boyish figure came forth cautiously, crept toward the bales and dodged in among them, wriggling close to the window, which was open.

At the same time, under Armitage's order, a new Federal operator took the telegraph key and hammered out a few friendly greetings to the man at headquarters to prove that he could send tolerably well.

The office was now deserted except for himself. He slouched in the chair and lighted his pipe.

"If you move or utter a sound, I'll shoot!" said a quiet voice over his shoulder. "Right about face! Now, march to that clothes-press, and remember that it is death if you speak!"

A woman's voice! It was only when the operator felt himself propelled forcibly into the stuffy clothes-press that he realized this was no unsubstantial night-mare.

Jeanne, for it was she, wrenched the clacking key from the screws. Next she smashed the battery-jars. She arose and glanced out of the east window—and beheld Captain Armitage! He was coming along the platform scribbling as he walked.

Armitage, Armitage, of all men! From the door of the baggage-room the spy saw that the unmanned engine stood a dozen feet beyond the first coach.

Armitage briskly entered the station and made for the door of the operator's room. Locked! He shook the handle violently.

"Hey, there, Clark; unlock the door!" he cried impatiently.

No one replied. Armitage, vaguely alarmed, smashed a panel and burst

# What Price Beauty?

by Miss Flo



## ON HOW TO WIN A GIRL

Dear Miss Flo:—  
What I would like to know is this—do girls like men who pay a great deal of attention to them—or do they prefer men who seem rather indifferent? My system is to let them do the fussing, but some of my friends tell me that I'll never get anywhere that way.  
C. C.

Unquestionably, there are some girls upon whom indifference acts as a spur to conquer and bring to their feet new worshippers, but I don't believe those girls are in the majority. Girls today do not place undue value on the admiration of every man, and they are too engrossed in the business of living to waste a great deal of effort on any one man.

When women had more time to play—they expected and demanded attention, admiration, and pursuit from all men of their acquaintance, and if one man displayed indifference, the girl's vanity was hurt; her business was to teach him that he was not immune to her feminine charms as he thought. An amusing pastime!

But girls of today have a broader range of interests. Not that they do not yet demand attention, admiration, and pursuit of men—they still expect men to fetch and carry for them—and like it, but if they don't—well, what is one scalp more or less? There are so many other interesting and amusing things in life!

They rather expect men to accept them on their own terms, so to speak, and most men have been willing to respond to this franker and healthier understanding of friendship between the sexes.

There might come a time in the affairs of a courtship when indifference on the part of the man toward an incorrigible girl might be an effective threat that she would lose him if she didn't behave. But in starting out to conquer, I wouldn't recommend indifference as an incentive to a girl's interest. Your modern miss is a bit too honest, herself, to

into the office.

He ran to the clothes-press and swung back the door. The operator lurched into his arms, gasping.

Then came a fusillade of musket shots. Armitage let go the operator and ran outside.

He grasped the situation instantly. The engine was running away. He saw the head and shoulders of the spy who had accomplished this amazing coup in the midst of fifteen hundred men. He fired three shots from his revolver.

One struck the steam-gauge above Jeanne Beaufort's head; the second shattered the forward cab window. The third lodged in her arm. She sank with a stifed cry to the metal flooring.

Twenty miles to go! for half an hour to fight off this faintness, this horrible pain! Could she do it? She would do it!

In despair Armitage returned to the station. The telegraph out of commission, the engine gone—they were trapped!

How Jeanne rose above pain and faintness during that twenty miles she never could explain. She just did it; that was all. The final wrench between sensibility and insensibility came when she was forced to stand up to close the throttle.

From the rushes at the left of the embankment rose a score or more of Confederates, headed by Morgan himself.

"Boys, she done it!" he cried "Fifteen hundred Yankees trapped like rats in a hole!"

But Morgan's jubilation was greatly damped when he beheld the huddled figure on the cab floor, the drenched sleeve, the bloody hand.

"Jeanne? My God, they've shot her! A stretcher!"

Morgan lifted her again and laid her gently upon the improvised stretcher and ordered the bearers to carry her to the knoll where the horses were tethered.

As Morgan walked beside her Jeanne began to babble murmurously. Morgan bent his head and caught an intelligible sentence. It straightened his spine and wiped out the tenderness in his face instantly.

"John—you shot me!—How could you!" Immediately the low babble of incoherent phrases began again.

Armitage, and back yonder, and his bullet had done this work! Always that man was crossing his path. Oh, they must meet some day, in true colors, face to face; and then God help Armitage!

One day, as she lay recuperating, Morgan gave her a sheet of paper. "I had hard work getting this—it is what you asked for," he said.

When he had left she opened the sheet. It was the list of the names of the eleven!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

tics to the situation, for all women do not rise to the same line of courtship. There are some feminine hearts that can be taken only by assault and battery, and others that surrender to patient siege. There are women whose love is for sale to the highest bidder, and others bestow it in pity.

So there you are, and your success will depend upon your ability to psycho-analyze the particular woman and upon the skill with which you suggest to her that you are the great unsatisfied need of her soul.

But when the right girl comes along, you'll forget all about "system"—and set out to win her according to the dictates of your heart.

## CALL FOR SCHOOL WARRANTS

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Notice is hereby given, that School District No. 19, Springfield, Oregon, will pay at the office of the district clerk, School Warrants up to and including No. 1655. Interest ceases after June 30th, 1927. J 30  
R. W. SMITH, District Clerk.

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