

Bound to the North

By Harold MacGrath

CHAPTER X.

Parson Kennedy, Charles Lowell, Arthur Snell, George Armstrong, John Armitage, Philip Gardner, James Fogarty, Franz Schmidt, Wallace Henderson, Frederick Skinner.

The WG, Washington, NK, New York, RD, Richmond, BN, Boston, PA, Philadelphia.

It seemed strange to her that there had ever been any mystery. J-WG-A, that meant John (Washington) Armitage—the man's name and his headquarters.

Including Parson Kennedy, there were but ten names, and there had been eleven men that night! Oh, she had counted them with particular care—eleven, always eleven. Morgan had missed one.

Having lost the certificate, the eleven name—the initials—had passed from her recollection.

Meantime, Armitage's telegrapher had restored communications and his command was saved.

It was Parson Kennedy who brought information of the Confederate trap. He had stumbled onto this information by the merest luck. He had left his comrade back there, dead.

"Who?" asked Armitage.

"Gardner."

The two, sent out to feel the way from headquarters, had run plump into a scouting party of the enemy. The two never hesitated; hesitation would be to invite death. They struck the astonished group before they thought to raise their carbines, broke through and went on, followed by a storm of bullets. The younger man twisted oddly in his saddle. A mile or so beyond, he called out in agony. Kennedy was beside him almost as soon as he fell.

"Gardner, boy?"

"Parson—if you ever see her again—"

Armitage, with compressed lips and frowning eyes, listened to this vivid recital. Six gone: Armstrong, Fogarty, Schmidt, Henderson, Skinner and Gardner—six brave and gallant officers. Clark, the telegrapher had told him it was a woman who held him up. Six comrades were dead; but Jeanne Beaufort lived; and she was free besides. He stiffened in the saddle, and the lines in his face grew hard. He would find Jeanne Beaufort; and woe to her when he did!

The ragged army had settled down for the winter. The living-room was temporarily deserted, the chief in command and his staff having gone on a tour of inspection. Beyond the window the camp-fire blazed brightly.

The door opened and closed softly, and Morgan stood with his back to it for a while, absorbing the lovely picture Jeanne presented. "You are very lovely tonight," he said.

She did not reply. She could not hate this man. She vaguely wondered what her attitude would have been had he been less handsome.

"Have you ever paused to think, Jeanne that a man falls in love involuntarily? That it is instinctive on his part to elude it as long as possible?"

"Between you and me, Major, love is taboo," said she rising.

"Ah, you may draw that taboo line as much as you please; but I am bound to cross it. You made a con-

fession to me one night, under stress."

"You are under my roof, Major."

"A Yankee!"

"Still, an honorable man."

"And yet his name was on that list I gave you. Will you not tell me not as a woman to a man, but as comrade to comrade, what this list means?"

"No." Besides there were eleven, and you brought me the names of but ten."

"Eleven? I secured what I could. Didn't I tell you I got them in Parson Kennedy's room? I didn't have much time. You can be like granite sometimes."

"If our meetings are unpleasant, you have only yourself to thank. I do not love you; but there was a time when I respected you, admired your courage and resourcefulness."

"You hit straight. Well, a thousand times you have signed John Armitage's death-warrant." He spoke without apparent anger. "All I want is Armitage in front of my sword. I wish to conquer him before I kill him."

"The death of John Armitage will in no wise alter my sentiments in regard to you, Major. You ought to realize that."

He reached for his hat, but did not put it on his head. For two troopers entered, wheeled right and left and stood at attention. A man followed them, blinking. Two more troopers came after him. Then came the staff.

John Armitage and Jeanne Beaufort looked into each other's eyes once more. He took off his hat.

"Do you know this man, Major?"

Morgan was asked.

"Yes, General; he is Captain Armitage of the Federal Secret Service one of the eleven I have often told you about."

"He was found, within our lines,"

grimly. "He shall be shot at dawn."

"Did you find any papers on him?"

"No."

Jeanne walked to the farther door, opened it and passed out of the room; but she remained close to the door, her brain awl. After several minutes she heard Morgan speak again. There was no doubt of the hatred in her heart now.

"He has left his dispatches or his notes elsewhere. Perhaps I had better go and look over the ground where you found him."

Presently Jeanne heard the men filing out. She opened the door cautiously. Armitage was seated before the fire, stretched out in his chair, his chin in his collar. He was alone. The guards had been stationed outside. Jeanne entered and approached within a few feet of him. He heard her, turned and rose.

"Jeanne Beaufort!" he said quietly.

"Yes; this is my home, Captain Armitage."

"Do you know why I am in this room tonight? I disobeyed orders for the mere sake of seeing you once more. In the back of my watch are my notes of observation."

"You tell me this!"—horrificed.

"Yes. You played with me, you sought my love to break it. Well, here they are, love and life. Break them. I was there that night, as you know. Take your revenge. They will have me shot anyhow."

"I do not want you life. God for-

bid!" she cried brokenly.

"I have ceased to regard it as anything very valuable. I have stamped upon this love, but it is too strong for me. So here I am, contemptuous in my own eyes and doubtless in your own."

"You forced me to play traitor!"

He leaned toward the fire and spread out his hands.

"Will you give me the name of the man I married that night?"

"Say that I was the man and let it go at that."

"It is impossible, because you are the man who first stepped out."

"On my word of honor I was not that man."

Should he tell her that it was Morgan, whom she trusted? He doubted if she would believe him; so he let the opportunity pass.

"You will not tell me the truth?"

Armitage smiled into the fire.

"Suppose I tell you that I did not play with you, that I admired you beyond all other men?"

"I'm afraid of you, Jeanne Beaufort," was all he said.

"Then God help us both!" And with this passionate cry she ran from the room.

The cry lingered in Armitage's ear for a long while. He fought against it resolutely. She was a consummate actress, but all her arts were useless now, of no avail.

Morgan came in smiling. "So here we are at last!"

"At least it will not be murder."

"You and the Parson were in my way. Lord, how I fooled you all!"

"Not recently, Major."

"Alice Trent—there was drama for you. How she laughed behind your back!"

Something impelled Armitage to say, "You lie!"

"I have stirred you, then?"

There was a sentry outside the window, one on the veranda, three more distributed around the house. Armitage had made careful note of this. A great many things might happen within an hour.

"Suppose we play a game of piquet to while away the time. We used to try our hand at that."

"I shouldn't mind in the least."

Armitage instantly formed a purpose. He believed he saw a way out. There was a chance of a bullet missing his back tonight but no chance of a dozen missing his breast in the morning.

They sat down at the table, and Morgan riffled the cards. "I'll always remember you as a cool one, Armitage. For my part, I'd much rather have you at the end of my saber." He dealt a hand.

Armitage led.

"A queen, eh?" Morgan sprawled in his chair.

The butt of his revolver protruded just above the table edge.

Banter of a deadly character began to pass between the two men. One was sure of the situation; the other was watchful and ready to seize upon the slightest advantage.

"Armitage," said Morgan, finally. "I hate you more than anything else on earth. But you are a brave man."

"I pass the compliment back—only, I do not hate you, Morgan. I dispise you."

"That renegade Parson Kennedy will mourn for you."

"But he has my dispatches by this time. For two nights I have been inside your lines. If I lost my head, it is because I wanted to make sure that Jeanne Beaufort did not play fast and loose with me. She will never be yours either, Morgan."

"No?" Morgan gazed at his enemy through half-closed eyes. "If as they say, the dead come back you will see."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GOODYEAR IS UNIQUE IN TIRE INDUSTRY

"The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. at Akron, Ohio, is one of the most unusual industrial institutions in the country," declared W. H. Adrian dealer at Springfield.

"The Goodyear family of tire builders includes an army of some 16,000 men at the parent plant in Akron, and between 2,000 and 3,000 each at the factories in Los Angeles and Toronto."

"Stimulation is given to the men to give their best efforts and intelligence. Awards are paid for suggestions and improvements, the men are encouraged to use their initiative and brain power."

Goodyear's form of shop council, the Industrial Assembly, represents the men in the shop in all questions arising, ironing out problems with the management.

"From Goodyear's general philosophy of industrial relations have evolved Seiberling Field, an athletic field of 28 acres, with ample space for football, baseball, tennis, soccer, track and playgrounds for children; and Goodyear Hall, a monument to Good-

year's belief in education, a six-story building housing the Industrial University, a theater, gymnasium, bowling alleys and men's and women's community rooms.

"The Industrial University is the outgrowth of the early factory school, organized to give men special training, to increase their efficiency in the factory and to prepare them for more important work. In conjunction with public school authorities, continuation classes have been organized for boys who want to go to work but who must continue their schooling until they are 18."

Electric brooders have been found satisfactory if operated properly. It costs usually more than oil for brooding but eliminates most of the labor and fire hazard. Results of the use

of electricity for increased egg production and for breeding have been published by the state college experiment station poultry department.

Fish on Long Ton
Fred Freese, Harry Crider and C. F. Eggmann left this morning for the Long Ton river, where they intend to spend the day fishing.

Charter No. 8941 Reserve District No. 12

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

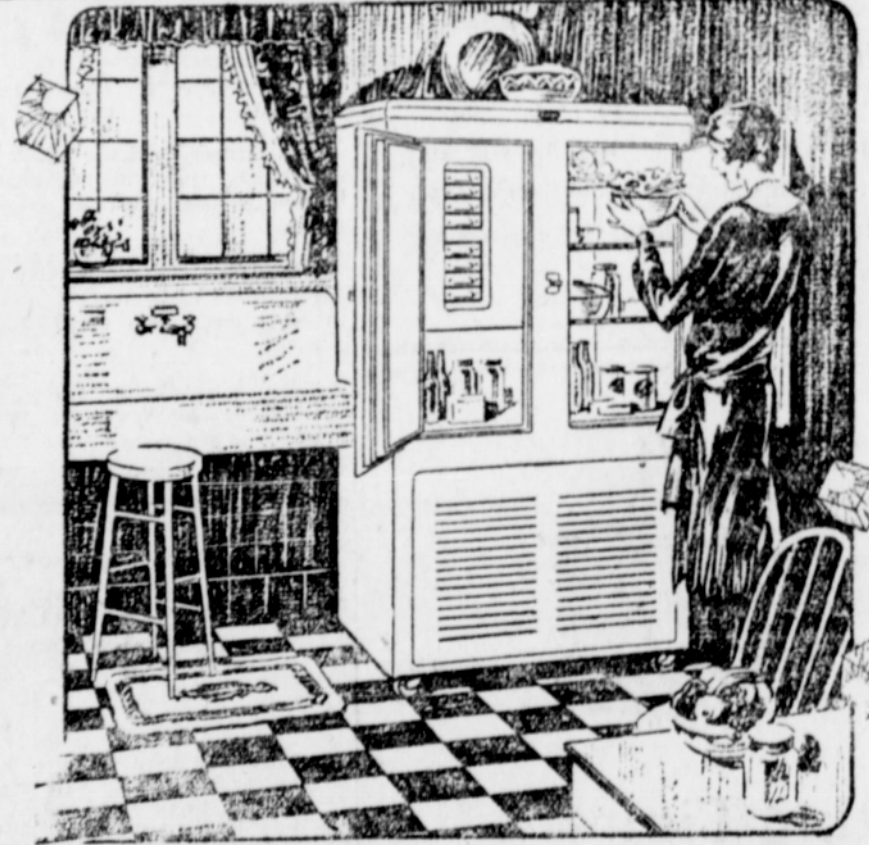
At Springfield, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on June 30, 1927

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, including rediscunts, acceptances of other banks, and foreign bills of exchange or drafts sold with indorsement of this bank.	77,694.04
Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured, \$149.80	149.80
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	\$6,250.00
All other United States Government securities (including premiums, if any)	\$6,734.57
Total	12,984.51
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.	102,024.41
Furniture and fixtures	5,324.75
Real estate owned other than banking house	20,828.17
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	15,517.43
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks	55,834.01
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	1,202.99
Total last two items	\$57,036.97
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	\$12.60
Total	\$291,872.64
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund	5,000.00
Undivided profits	4,524.90
Circulating notes outstanding	6,250.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,263.57
Demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve (deposits payable within 30 days):	
Individual deposits subject to check	140,027.75
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	\$15,741.83
State, county, or other municipal deposits secured by pledge of assets of this bank or surety bond	37,263.28
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve	\$193,022.86
Time deposits subject to Reserve (Payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice, and postal savings):	
Savings deposits	47,316.21
Other time deposits	9,505.19
Total time deposits subject to reserve	\$56,821.31
Total	\$291,872.64

State of Oregon, County of Lane, ss: I, Wm. G. Hughes, president of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. WM. G. HUGHES, President. Correct Attest: L. K. Page, A. R. Sneed, S. M. McPherson, Directors. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1927. R. W. SMITH, Notary Public for Oregon. (SEAL) My commission expires April 19, 1929.

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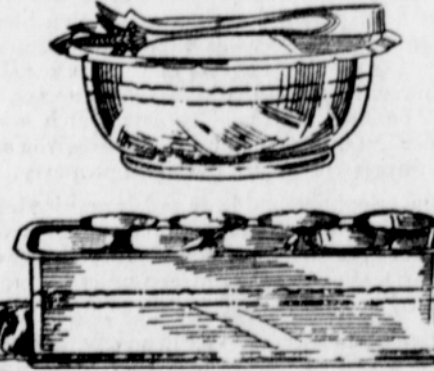
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