

# Bound to the North

By Harold MacGrath

CHAPTER XII.

Lowell was appalled at the swiftness of Kennedy's deduction. He stared nervously over the gray man's head at Armitage. Armitage seemed cool enough, but as a matter of fact he was in the clutch of a mild form of hypnotism.

"Well, I'm waiting," said Kennedy. "Which of you took Jeanne Beaufort away from me?"

"Kennedy," returned Lowell, "we admit you to be the shepherd of this flock; but sometimes you go a little too far. We're not under your orders, you know. And yet you storm into this room and demand—as if you had authority!—to know who snatched Jeanne Beaufort out of your claws. She came into the city, at the risk of her life, for no other purpose than to ask me the name of the man who married her. I refused; but I gave her twelve hours in which to leave the city. I consider that I acted as a gentleman and with honor, military or civil, whichever you will."

"I too," said Armitage. "Kennedy, choked with insane rage, whirled upon Armitage. "You were the man?"

"Yes. And I would do the same thing over and over, as many times as you contrived to catch her. Is that frank enough?" Armitage got up, throwing off his dressing gown. "Let us have the truth while we're about it. What is the North or South to me, so long as I love Jeanne Beaufort?"

None of them could ever recollect how it started, that terrific contest which carried all three of them here and there about the room, toppling chairs, banging into bookcases, surging into corners, two against one, the two oddly enough, fighting desperately for their lives.

At length, bruised, panting and disheveled, they drew back from this Hercules. The battle came to its end quite as abruptly as it had begun. Kennedy staggered over to a chair and fell into it, covered his face with his hands—and wept!

"Kennedy?" said Armitage. "Yes, son! I—I guess I'm quite mad. It came over me with a rush. . . . I had to do it. . . . Quite mad!" Kennedy dropped his hands from his face. "I might have killed you both. I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. I'd better be getting along"—dizzy.

"Drink this sherry," said Lowell. Kennedy drank it and rose. Then he picked up his hat and left the room without turning his head.

On a certain spring morning, Morgan rode madly along the pike toward the Beaufort plantation. He did not stop until he reached the commanding officer's tent.

"General," he said, "I have to report that the Yankees, ten thousand strong, are within an hour's march, perhaps less. Their cavalry will be on us in half that time. Their object is to outflank us and cut us off from joining Lee."

"Five or six miles away?" cried the General, astonished. "I received information last night that the Yankees were still in camp, thirty miles away."

"They have marched all night, sir. I know—because I marched with them. I got away by the barest chance," said Morgan, indicating his forehead. "I could not cut for it any sooner. I've been inside their lines for three days. I was discovered by a man named

Parson Kennedy. He seized the nearest musket and tried to skewer me. I caught the bayonet in time to prevent it from going into my skull. I knocked him flat with the butt. Anybody got a drop of whisky? I'm about done."

He sat down on the camp stool accepted a flask, and drank rather deeply had seen men drink this way when

The aide who had offered the whisky had seen men drink this way when they sought for something called "devil-may-care."

Morgan returned the flask, ripped the sleeve from his arm and made a rude bandage for the cut on his forehead.

The General was already issuing orders. The batteries were in position and a thousand men were to remain with the guns to hold the Union forces in check until the little army were beyond the danger of a flanking movement.

"Major Morgan," called the General, "will you take command of a battery? This battery guards the river. I want an hour."

"You shall have it, sir—that is, if they don't blow us out," Morgan saluted.

After her escape from Parson Kennedy—an escape which she still credited to Lowell—Jeanne returned to the plantation and remained there. Her military career was ended, finished. But she did think of Armitage constantly. She was thinking of him this very morning as she watched the hurlyburly outside without fully comprehending what it signified.

The General explained the situation briefly. She and her aunts must prepare at once to leave the house.

"Then there will be battle here?" asked Jeanne.

"Yes. And this spot will be particularly dangerous."

Jeanne turned toward her aunts. "You two go. Take the things that you want."

"But you?" cried the aunts. "I shall remain."

Boom! Jeanne saw a fountain of water spring up from the river where the shell struck.

She saw the negroes scurrying southward like a flock of frightened geese. She was alone. She went back into the house and brought out bandages, basins, water and sponges.

The deep sound came from the north again, once, twice, three times. A shell burst in the garden. A tattoo rattled against the side of the house. Shrapnel, she thought.

She experienced not the least fear. Indeed, her sensation was one of detachment; she was here and yet not here; it was only her soul, her body was elsewhere and so nothing could hurt her.

Through the broken window she saw men in butternut running, turning to fire as they ran.

A man pushed in through the door. A bloody bandage was wound around his head at a rakish angle; the grime of battle was upon him. He ran to the window and emptied his revolver at the shadows pouring into the smoke.

He turned back to re-load—and discovered Jeanne.

"God in heaven, you here yet?"

"Morgan," she murmured. The house rocked. A rubble of brick and mortar came pling into the fireplace. A shell had struck the

chimney.

"So you wouldn't run away? That's like you!" Morgan laughed sardonically. "We're beaten! But what of that, sweetheart? While there's life there's hope!" He laughed again.

In the face of this now danger Jeanne forgot all about that outside. The man was battle-mad, shorn of civilization's veneer, reckless and primordial.

"Henry Morgan—"

"Yes, I understand. You've found out the truth. Yes. I was there in Richmond that night. I was one of the eleven. Can't you guess which one? What then?"

He walked over to her. She stepped behind the table. She was unarmed; and she was no longer without fear.

"Do you know why I am here, Jeanne? Have I not told you a thousand times that you were mine, mine? Bah! Let the fools cut each other's throats; you and I will begin the honeymoon!"

He threw out his hand unexpectedly and caught her by the wrist, dragging her from behind the table. "It is I, sweet wife, I, Henry Morgan! Homo sum: I am the man!"

She struggled fiercely to release her wrist—and saw the symbol on the man's forearm!

Outside were blue-clad figures, then one she knew.

Morgan was pressing her head back to kiss her lips, when she screamed. "John, John!"

Armitage came in through the broken window, grim and disheveled. It took him but an instant to understand. He seized Morgan and flung him against the wall. Jeanne ran back of the table again, her eyes wide with terror.

"You?" cried Morgan, running his tongue over his lips.

"Yes. Defend yourself. I'm going to kill you, Morgan!"

The two men stared at each other with death in their glances.

Armitage was first to move. He suddenly realized, as doubtless Morgan had, that there could be no true satisfaction in steel; he wanted to tear and rend and break yonder man with his two bare hands. And this desire became registered in his face, now no more agreeable to look at than Morgan's.

Jeanne felt something vaguely primordial stir in her heart. She knew.

They were going to fight for her; and the victor should sling her over his shoulder and make off with her—that is, if she could find no means of defending herself.

The terror in her face resolved itself into something akin to eagerness. She dropped her hands from her cheeks and caught hold of the edge of the table.

Armitage's blade rose and fell violently but without gaining any advantage. Morgan was quite his equal, if not his master, with the sabre.

They pushed each other backward and forward. Armitage wanted his man with his back to the fireplace. Morgan was maneuvering to crowd Armitage against the table behind which Jeanne stood.

"The bricks!" cried Jeanne. "Push him back!"

She was without mercy; she wanted Morgan to die.

"Thanks sweetheart!" said Morgan. His fury, roused to its highest pitch by the sound of Jeanne's voice and its significance, leaped beyond the bounds of caution. For a few moments Armitage was hard put to it to save himself. He felt his legs touch a chair. He kicked backward. The chair skidded and toppled.

"So," he said, as he in his turn began to force Morgan back, "so we even stoop to forging a bit of tattooing, do we?"

Jeanne heard these words, but the point in them passed over her. There was only one clear thought in her head—that Morgan should die at her feet.

"She is mine!" said Morgan. "You lie!" She never was and never will be yours.

Armitage returned no answer. With every ounce of skill and strength he possessed, he succeeded in driving Morgan among the fallen bricks by the fireplace.

Morgan lowered his point and ran to the left. In his endeavor to follow up the advantage, Armitage ran afoul his own trap, tripped over a brick and came to his knees.

Before he could rise, Morgan whirled and was upon him, death in his smile of assurance.

Jeanne cried out and leaned forward. And then a miracle happened. There came a shattering of glass from the window behind Jeanne.

At the same moment Morgan spun on his heels, his face twisted with that expression of intense surprise which always accompanies a mortal stroke. He tried to speak; his sabre slipped from his fingers; he staggered backward and fell headlong in front of the table, at Jeanne's feet.

## About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph Cairnes, M.D.

### Hot Weather Hints

Assuming that there will be some hot weather this summer, it behooves the "fats" as well as the "leans" to get all the comfort out of it that is possible. Perspiration, a most valuable process, should not be arrested, but its discomforts should be dealt with intelligently, if it becomes disagreeable. Light, airy clothing is indispensable; it permits free access of air to the person, which is effectual in carrying away excess moisture.

Some people have sweat-glands that are excessively active, especially the fat bodies with nervous temperaments—these may attempt to limit skin-drainage, by maintaining more free action of bowels and kidneys. It is not always advisable to cut down water-drinking in hot weather, unless it be the intake of ice-water, which for many reasons is not good for the human system. Neither should plenty of exercise be neglected; exercise and plenty of good, cool water, are among the best conservers of health.

If your perspiration has a very offensive odor, your elimination by bowels and kidneys is insufficient; lessen your dietary of animal and saccharine foods.

Locally, bathing, especially the cool shower is tonic; the coarse dry towel is a faithful ally. Many powders are used for dusting remote surfaces; know the quality of the stuff you buy. If the skin presents a "greasy" surface, the stearate of zinc is excellent—may be used freely without danger of poisoning in any way. The only precaution to be observed, never dust baby so that he inhales the powder—and this applies to any dusting-powder on the market. The stearate of zinc is a good face-powder after shaving, especially if the cuticle is oily in appearance. Borated powders are very useful on irritable skins, and, entirely harmless. No dusting compound should contain lead.

Out of the ruck of fighting beyond the house, Fate had marked a wild bullet as her own and had directed it at Morgan's breast.

"What is it?" asked Jeanne, still in the dark.

"A chance bullet through the window."

Jeanne was still the woman these two men had fought for. She crept around the table and silently caught Armitage's arm in her tense hands.

"He is dead?"

"Yes."

"I am tired." And she laid her head against his sleeve.

His sabre clattered to the floor, and he did what the stone-age man would have done; took the woman in his arms kissed her. And Jeanne returned that kiss.

Boom, Boom, Boom! They were sending shell across the river, whither the gallant gray lads were making their last stand. The tumult about the house had ceased.

"Jeanne, how could I help loving you? How could any man? But you shall not live in dread and doubt any longer, oath or no oath. I was not the man who stepped out and first offered to marry you. It was Morgan. He knew who you were."

"But—the mark on his arm!"

"It was made recently. God knows what dark idea he had in mind. Besides, the mark isn't quite identical to the true one. See!" He rolled up Morgan's sleeve.

"Girl, do you think that I'll ever let you go again, now that I've got you?"

What's the North or the South to you or me?"

"So!" Parson Kennedy lurched in through the shattered French window. He was a grisly object covered with wounds and the greenish pallor on his unshaven face foretold that he stood on the brink.

"Jeanne Beaufort—"

"Kennedy!" Armitage ran toward the gray man, but Kennedy waved him aside.

"I am dying!" A strange gentleness formed about his mouth and eyes. "Jeanne Beaufort, forgive! I who once preached of the Lamb, have lived as the Wolf. . . . Christ said: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' And I—have not always known what I did! . . . Poor child!" He beckoned to Jeanne, then to Armitage. "Kneel, children. God has given you love; I will give you benediction. Kneel!"

Wonderingly the two knelt. Armitage had never seen Kennedy's face like this; never had there been that benign note in his voice. Jeanne dropped to her knees in a blind wonder.

"Jeanne Beaufort, the man you married is dead. No, not Morgan,"—as Jeanne mechanically turned her head toward the quiet form by the table. "It was Armstrong, the man who died in your garden. Presently God—will judge us both together."

Kennedy stretched out his hands, one upon each head. From the gray man's lips came with incredible evenness of tone the marriage ritual.

When the last word was spoken, there came a deep suspiration. The hands slipped limply to his knees. Both Jeanne and Armitage looked up quickly.

Parson John Kennedy's stormy soul

had passed out into the quiet Harbor of Eternity.

The End.

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