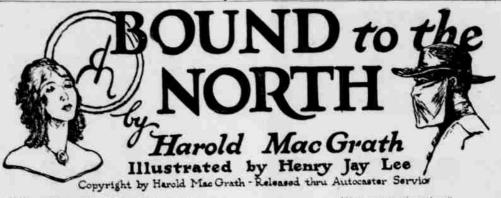
PAGE SIX

#### HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES, HEPPNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1927.



#### "Bound to the North" of the sheet

CHAPTER L

It was one of those hot Southern midnights, when the stars them selves seem overtaken with drowsiness and drop from the ranks as weary soldiers do.

Street-lamps throw a circle of light on the pavement; beyond the circle's rim was soft, impenetrable blackness. Out of this a slender young man

suddenly emerged and leaned against the lamp-post for a moment, breathing sharp breaths. A short rest seemed to revive the

youth. He straightened, clicked his heels together-and stepped forward. The dim yellow light held his back in view for half a dozen steps. The youth did not reappear in the next circle of light.

The quality of the street was good. The flanking rows of brick residences with their white marble steps, pre-sented a dignified front in the day-time. Into one of these houses the young man had gone. Sile, tly he mounted the stairs to his room, entered and flung himself upon the bed, burying his face deep into the pillows to stifle the wild and passionate sobs he could no longer repress. . . .

Along the road to the north, beyoud the grim cordon of sentries, eleven men were racing their horses. They rode like furies.

Death was not only behind them but lay in ambush before them. Death was ready, but the sleeping telegraph operator was not.

By the time he awoke, sensed the

John Kennedy, D.D. C-WG-L H-RD-M A-NK-S G-RD-A P-PA-G J-NK-F J-WG-A F-BN-S W-BE-H F-WG-S What the literal translations were she had not the least idea, but she did know that they were code-names

belonging to a free-lance organiza-tion known only to the War Office and the Secret Service in Washing-

She had heard of this little band, but never, until last night, had her path and theirs crossed. This or-ganization was composed, with one

exception, of young men, educated, well-born, daring and reckless be-yond belief-in other words, spies who individually performed as many wonders for their cause as she per-formed for hers.

And for weeks they had been here in Richmond, stealing its heart's blood, drop by drop! They had had the daring to permit her to carry away those code-names! Was it because their work was really done and that they would now scatter and keep scattered until the war was at an end?

Only one face she had seen, but she would remember that ah, she would remember that until she died. Eleven men against one woman-

o be it! She took up the gauntlet; and woe to them! One by one would she track them

down, ruthless, without mercy. They had trampled her pride in dust, mocked her; so would she trample upon their honor and mock them.

Not for nothing had she been giv-en beauty and a facile tongue. She message hammering at his key and en beauty and a facile tongue. She gave the alarm, the night-riders had placed the paper in the bosom of her She slipped through into a passively dress, rose and went down to break-friendly zone. fast, smiling. She had the strength

out loving?"

"I don't know," she answered frankly. "But I hope that I may. I want revenge. My father, my brothers, whom I loved, have given their lives freely. I wish to add mine." So young and so terribly serious! "Jeanne Beaufort, you shall have your revenge. Come; I will take you to the president himself. We need

women, need their arts and guile, fomorrow you shall start for Wash-ngton. You shall become a member mind as sinister and flexible as Mach-

avelli's. In their frequent encounof some family we trust. Choose som name, and always in Washington be ters in Richmond he fascinated and He disappeared again, and her duties compelled her to return to Washingknown by it. And find a man by the name of Parson Kennedy. Bring repelled her at the same time. He was always about to join his regi-ment at the front, but somehow he never did; and yet for weeks he would disappear completely. When he returned he was always a little him into our lines, and you will have served the cause to a far greater extent than your father or brothers. To-morrow I shall give you all your

nstructions, codes and so forth." An officer came into the room. He ooked like a Creole, Spanish in color effervescent.

and French in gracefulness. He paus-ed, undecidedly. "Ah, Morgan," said the Secretary: "this is Miss Beaufort. Just a moent, until I see if the President is

disengaged." Henry Morgan fell in love with Jeanne on the spot. Jeanne, on her side, saw a handsome young officer n butternut. She forgot all about im the moment he was gone.

Jhe

Florsheim

SHOE

Later she learned something defi-nite regarding Henry Morgan. He

gave to the world the impression that he was a rattlepate; vain he really was; but underneath this vanity was a matchless valor. This discovery rather interested her; for no woman is left untouched in the presence of a brave man.

Soon she reconstructed her opin-ion of him as a whole. His grace was due to muscles as strong and

thinner, a little harder, a little less When he began to make love to

her, she was at first amused. But change department offers seven styles when she realized that he was in earnest, she broke up his dream some-

what rudely.

That was the last of it, apparently,

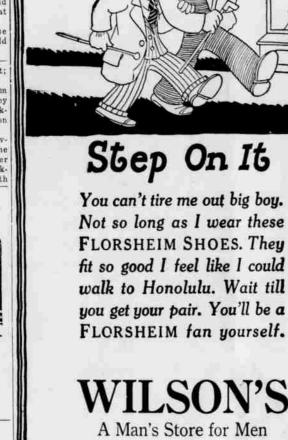
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Presently the girl on the bed Sighed, turned and awoke.

As down kindled the tree-tops they drew down to a walk. There was no chatter, no jesting, no expression of thankfulness over their escape. Only one made speech. It was a mat-ter of directions, for now each man must go his own way, as once more they were in a hostile country. They divided at the first fork in the road divided at the next, and so on until

Jeanne Beaufort was the daughter of Lawrence Beaufort, a wealthy Vir-ginia tobacco-planter. There were

to do that.

five in the family: Beaufort, his spin ster sister, his two boys and the girl The mother had been dead since Jeanne's youth. Father and sister took care of her

mind, and the brothers saw to it that she should be sane in body also. She sang and played delightfully; her wit was nimble, in argument she was

You are wasting time." "Do you love any man?" He eyed her exquisite beauty. "Do you expect to go through life with-

each man rode alone.

Ten eventually reached Washington. The eleventh, when he was poston. The eleventh, when he was pos-itive that his comrades were well on their way, wheeled about his horse and returned to the main pike, and in leisurely stages wended his way back to Richmond, through blue lines and butternut, magically.

. . .

When the brillian tmorning sunshine poured into a certain window in that beleaguered city (for it was in the summer of 1864), it gilded a grimy, tear-stained face, small, grimy hands flung out upon the pillow, and powdered with fine sparks the tousled locks of hair which matched the color of the copper-beech. The tenant of this room might

easily have passed as a boy at night, for the figure was boyish; but in the dayight the male attire could not wardly unmoved. She did not close

neither by name nor by leature; but it had often sensed the danger of ther wit and resource, seen a care fully built campaign tumble like a house of cards in the wind. So it began to grope for her as one person gropes for another in the dark. So the tears had no bearing went that statistication of the North an eye for the darger of the North an eye for the darger of the North an eye for me, Auntie: I'll have that eye, I'll have that tooth!" A week later Jeanne said: "I am going to Richmond." "To visit your Aunt Delia; I think in the set of the

upon that attribute of courage. The room she occupied was in the

questioned her niece in regard to her mysterious absences.

Upon a lowboy, which served as a dreasing-table, stood three photo-graphs. Each rested in a little frame of mourning: Jeanne's father and her two brothers.

Presently the girl on the bed sigh ed, turned and awoke. She blinked a little, rubbed her eyes and smiled. But the sight of that grimy hand obliterated the smile instantly.

She jumped up and stood in the middle of the room, paisied with ter-ror. With fumbling fingers she fet into the inner pocket of the coat she wore and drew out a crumpled sheet of paper. It was true that Mit of paper. It was true, then! This thing, this abominable, cowardly

thing had happened. She made a wild gesture as if to tear this dreadful testimony into tat ters, and paused. She laid the paper on the dresser, discarded her male attire, bathed, dressed and then sat down on the edge fo the bed and studied, not the body of the docu-ment, but the hieroglyphics which cascaded from there to the bottom

wise; and her brothers taught her how to walk through a forest without crackling a twig, to break and tame fiery thoroughbreds, to shoot, swim, run.

The plantation was like hundreds of its kind: enormous veranda-pillars and rambling wings and French windows. Below, on the river brim was a clean little gathering of cabine for the plantation slaves.

Upon the peace and plenty of this happy little duchy fell the thunderbolt of war. Beaufort accepted a coloneicy in a local regiment, and the

boys sought glory under Pickett. When the news came to Jeanne that her father had fallen at Manassas and that his beloved body had been buried there, her grief had been duspight the male attire could not wholly disguise the delicate contours of the satiny smoothness of the skin. The tear-stained face did not speak of a higher order of courage; yet Jeanne Beaufort was as brave and daring as any woman in the South. At that time the North knew her neither by name nor by feature; but it had often sensed the danger of the south often sensed the danger of

"To visit your Aunt Delia; I think it a good plan, child." "Pil be home from time to time,

house of her sunt, her mother's sis-ter, a widow. Mrs. Wetmore never And even then, I'll come."

"Shall we win?" "God knows, but win or lose, the

Yankees shall pay a price." Jeanne knew but little of Richond. This turned out very well for her later; neither friend nor foe knew anything about the personality of Jeanne Beaufort.

This time, however, she dabbled a little in the frivolous, but all with a grim purpose. Step by step she naneuvered until at last she stood in the presence of the one man she

"But you are so young," he pro

"I am very, very old," she replied with a dry little smile. "And I am all alone, besides." "There are terrible risks-death

nlways to face, and perhaps dishon orable death."

"I am ready. I want revenge." "To play at love, to suffer the touch of men you despise, in order to gain

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