

BOUND to the NORTH

by **Harold MacGrath**
Illustrated by **Henry Jay Lee**
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WHO'S WHO.

Jeanne Beaufort, beautiful daughter of a Virginia tobacco planter, brave and daring, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil War. She swears to get revenge. At the time she is living with her Aunt. **Mrs. Wetmore**, in the South. Jeanne lays her plans and goes to her Aunt Deiler's in Richmond, Va. She manages to meet the President and she is assigned duties as a spy. Her first mission is to go to Washington and find a man by the name of Parson Kennedy and bring him into the Southern lines. She is introduced to **Henry Morgan**, a young officer, who falls in love with her at sight. She repudiates his love making, and he disappears for a while. Jeanne, disguised as a boy, has had a horrible adventure. She has a document with code names on it.

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

The organization is composed of young men with the exception of one, and they are spies who work for the North.

There are eleven in number. For weeks they have been in Virginia. Jeanne has sworn to track them down, one by one.

Choose!

CHAPTER II.

This time the game she was playing began to bring forth results. She applied herself to the practical arts of war—telegraphy, signaling and things like that; she perfected herself in swimming and running and shooting; she even went so far as to insure herself to privations. She became as sound and hard as a maple sapling. It became more and more difficult to get through those blue lines, but she always succeeded and often as a boy in the uniform she hated.

Sometimes she would spend three or four days at the plantation. And oddly enough, it was during one of these visits that she stumbled upon the secret which was seriously worrying the Confederate leaders. Richmond always knew what was going on in Washington, but Washington was now getting some truths about Richmond.

No one will deny that there exists such a thing as servant's news. Beaufort, some time before the war, had given freedom to one of his slaves. The youth had gone to Richmond, and once a year he would return to his people.

The story he told came to Jeanne through the garrulity of her old dorky mammy. A loft in a deserted warehouse, meetings held late at night by men in full mask, who came singly and departed singly; this was sufficient to rouse something more than idle curiosity in Jeanne.

She instructed the old mammy to get the name and locality of this warehouse of mystery. When she secured these two facts, she returned to Richmond.

The Gleghorn warehouse occupied a third of a block, and was flanked by two buildings whose ground floors were tenanted. It was unguarded. The lighting was bad; here and there a dim beacon told one which way the street ran.

The big warehouse was one story higher than its neighbors. The east side was blank; three windows faced the west, looking out upon the roof of the adjoining building; the panes of glass were cobwebby, dust-and-rain splashed, and all them cracked or broken.

In the center of the loft, which included the whole floor, stood an ordinary deal table. It was night outside. Jabbed into this table was a single bayonet. In the lock of this was stuck a lighted candle, which flickered or burned steadily as the night draughts waxed or waned.

Seated about this table, on empty crates and boxes, were eleven men. The night was hot, and most of them had thrown aside their coats. They wore masks—the kind that hides chin and mouth under a limp curtain.

This not only concealed the face, effectually but disguised the voice as well.

The man seated at the table was evidently the chief; he was also the oldest. His head was peppered with gray.

"Our business in Richmond is done. You have all been of great assistance to me; but I have this day myself discovered the things we sought. I know the number of men, arms, rounds of ammunition, and food supplies. In other words, we now have our fingers on the pulse of the enemy; we can feel it growing feebler and feebler. I shall no longer be your chief after tonight. We shall each of us go on our own again. We leave tonight. The horses are ready at Moriarty's stables three blocks away. We ride west first. Then we turn toward Maryland. No main pikes until we are near the boundary. In the sealed envelope I have just given each of you are facts and information. Some one of us will recon Washington. And gentlemen, we all leave together, eleven of us, all of us." He put peculiar emphasis upon these words. "Any man who palters, hesitates, offers excuses—Well, I'm a rough soldier; you are all familiar with my ways. The man who hesitates—dies."

One of their number sprang to his feet and dashed toward the window. The gray man's revolver flashed in the candlelight.

"Quick!" cried the man who had

caused this agitation. "Some one on the roof!"

They followed him pell-mell through the window. Crouched close to the wall was a form. They pounced upon it roughly, hustled it to the window, and those yet inside hauled the offender into the loft.

"I saw a hand flash across the window-space, in the act of throwing something. A boy!"

The gray man shook the boy violently. The hat fell off.

"Good Lord, a woman!" cried some one.

"Hold her!" said the chief. He ran downstairs to the street, searched doorways, cellar-window pits, but found no one; nor could he discover a runner, east or west. He ascended to the loft again.

"So, a young woman!" He laid his revolver on the table. "What are you doing there by that window?"

She did not answer. In reaching her point of vantage outside that window she had been forced to crawl through cellars, worm her way over bales of cotton, through grime and dust. What with the dust and the sweat of her exertions, she looked like the archin she pretended to be.

"How did you find our presence here?" demanded the gray man.

No answer.

"You refuse to answer questions? Your life depends upon it."

"Well, then, you must pay the penalty. You must die."

Then she spoke. "And who among you shall be so brave as to do the killing?"

"I," said the gray man. To her ears there was something terrible in that cold, unemotional tone. He whipped the mask from his face suddenly.

"I will let you look upon my face to prove to you that I will never let you leave this loft alive, unconditionally."

It was the face of a fanatic. She had only to look into those metallic blue eyes to know that he would keep his word. She sent a roving glance among the other masks.

"Will you permit such a thing?"

"Does an oath mean anything to you?" asked her grim questioner.

"Yes!"—with proud, uplifted chin.

"Will you take an oath to reveal nothing you have heard?"

"No. I have given my oath, heart and soul to the south. Either let me go or shoot me—if you can!"

"Wait a moment, Parson," pleaded the young man to whom she owed her capture. "I have an idea. We can't really permit you to shoot her."

"Oh," said her tormentor, "he shall

call it a sacrifice to the altar of war. You will serve the South, but by the Lord Harry, you'll belong to the North. We'll punish you with doubt, doubt and fear; always you'll be wondering who and what this man is who carries you. Of course we are still ready to take your oath."

"I have declined to give it."

"Very well. Line up, comrades, and she shall choose among us,—woman's ancient prerogative,—so it can never be said that we forced ourselves upon her. Death or marriage—mass or the Bastille!"

"I consent," she said. "I am young; I do not want to die."

Already a quarter of an hour had been consumed. If only she could hold them long enough! She stared speculatively at the circle of flashing eyes.

"There is, then, a minister of the gospel among you?" she asked, incredulously.

"Yes. I am he." The gray man laughed.

Each hair at the base of her neck stirred at the sound of that laughter.

"Come, comrades!"

But these comrades demurred. It was one thing to risk one's life, for one might risk it and still save it; but it was another thing to marry an unknown woman, simply to save her life, a woman they might never see again.

The gray man took up his revolver. "I will shoot her." The man who spoke was he who had, a little while earlier given her the start of surprise.

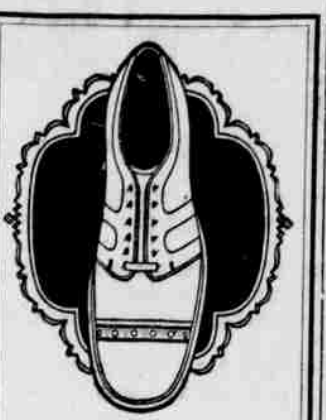
"I thought I was to choose," she said, looking at the stern-visaged man fingering the revolver. More time—closer and closer the net was drawing.

"And choose you shall. Trust me; your marriage shall be as legal as though performed in a cathedral."

(Continued next week.)

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U. O. World Debate Tour.
First For United States

University of Oregon, Eugene.—A tour of the world by a University of Oregon debating team, the first of its kind to be sponsored by an American institution, has been authorized by student body authorities and plans are well under way.

Jack Hempstead, of Gladstone, student debater, and J. K. Horner, coach, are preparing for the tryout April 30 which is open to any student willing to stay out of college for one year. The debaters will work on the steamships during the tour and do whatever they can to help earn money to defray their expenses, making the project unique. This idea will symbolize the democratic spirit of Oregon, Hempstead said. In the United States the Oregon men, four in number, will meet the leading college teams in England and Scotland they are planning contests with the largest universities, as well as the University of Hawaii, University of New Zealand, five colleges in Australia.

FOR EXCHANGE—Portland income for good wheat ranches or stock ranches. See L. H. Wood, 426 Railway Ex. Bldg., Portland, Oregon, 5-6.

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