

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 planter, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil War. (The year 1864.) She swears to Mrs. Wetmore, her aunt, that she will carry out the Biblical injunction for vengeance—"an eye for an eye" while at Richmond she meets **Henry Morgan**, a debonair young officer, who falls in love with her. She repels his advances. She is engaged as a spy for the Confederate government and urged to use all the wiles and power of her sex to find one **Parson Kennedy** and bring him within the Southern lines. It is planned to have her make headquarters with a family of southern sympathy in Washington. Jeanne learns telegraphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And elud as a boy often in the Blue of the North, she makes her way through the lines. She learns of an organization of eleven Union spies and of their meeting place in a Richmond loft. As she overhears the leader address the masked men seated about a table, Jeanne is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmasks as he threatens her with death, but is dissuaded from shooting her by the suggestion from one of the men that one of their number marry her. She consents and when one of the masked men volunteers to marry she refuses and claims the right to choose. She rejects the volunteer and selects the one who suggested the marriage. Him she names "Irony." To her surprise the leader is no other than Parson John Kennedy. He performs the ceremony. "Irony" says his name is among those who sign as witnesses, (just before they leave her bound), in the following code form:

- John Kennedy, D.D.
- C-WG-L H-RD-M
- A-NKS P-PA-G
- G-RD-A J-NK-F
- J-WG-A F-BNS
- F-WG-S W-BE-H

Later Jeanne learns that Morgan is a spy.

CHAPTER IV

In the little station at Fair Oaks, some ten miles out of Richmond, a telegraph operator sat before his instrument. At midnight he became galvanized into action. He ran outside to the station platform, glanced right and left, to make sure that no one was in sight; then he returned to the office and put out the light. A moment later he was in the cellar, a candle flickering in his hand. He pulled aside a stack of gunnysacks and uncovered a telegraph instrument. Over this he stooped. In Morse code J-WG-A was repeated three times. He waited anxiously. Back came the answer—J-NK-F. The operator's message contained grave news. An attempt would be made the following night to blow up the ammunition stores in Washington. The receiver of this message climbed down from the telegraph pole, hid his batteries and instrument, mounted and rode off into the night. The man in the cellar piled up the gunnysacks once more and returned to his office, re-lighted the lamp and slouched into his chair. He had cleared the track for the coast-bound, and when that passed through, and he was done for the night. All at once he assumed the attitude of a tense listener—running horses—he was certain he heard them. He reached for his revolver and carefully examined it. Running horses were not unusual in the night, but one never knew or could foresee what they might bring. Louder and louder grew the hoofbeats, nearer and nearer. The sound ceased abruptly. The operator waited, his revolver ready. Then came the sound of running human feet. The door opened. The revolver flashed in the light—then dropped. "George?" cried the operator. "Yes, John, old boy." "What's up?" "The whole business. The game at Fair Oaks is done for. The marvel is that it has lasted as long as it has. Did you end that message?" "Yes." "Thank God! Fogarty will get away. Come! I beat the train to you. Five minutes—look alive!" The operator blew out the light, and the two hurried out to the steaming horses. "There she comes!" cried the newcomer, waving his hand down the track toward the point of light which grew larger as they looked. "A troop of Johnnies, old boy, all prepared to put your back to the station clapboards and sail you out. Mount!" They rode in silence for half an hour, cross-country at first. They had mapped out a route against such a crisis as this. They walked a shallow stream toward an unused road, whence they might make their way northward without worrying over pickets. "Tell me what's happened," said the late operator at Fair Oaks. "Do you remember when the Parson made us all ride north, threatening to shoot any man who lagged?" "Yes." "Well, that's all I'm at liberty to tell you just now. I came back because this is my post. You were sent down here to give me a lift at the secret wire. But for quick and lucky work tonight, you'd have gone over." "Who is it?" "I know, and that is sufficient for the present. You're not built for this kind of work, John, and that is why I'm not telling you anything. You still have some illusions. But to hoodwink the Parson!" "Parson Kennedy is a Hun." "Yes, poor devil, he's a Hun. But in this kind of game we need Huns,

ed. Jeanne knew this and arranged her plans accordingly. The family to which she was assigned as a guest from Baltimore had borne the closest scrutiny, cheerfully, urbanely and successfully. They were Northerners who had the bulk of their fortune invested in the South. Aside from the zest of the intrigue, they were delighted to have Jeanne. Her dark beauty, the splendor of her eyes and dark brown hair, her low, musical voice—this captivated them from the start. That her skin was artificially darkened, that her hair, while her own, was yet a wig, was quite unsuspected by her hosts. They vaguely understood that her presence in Washington had political significance, but beyond this they did not bother their heads. They had been asked to harbor her so long as a harborage was necessary; they needed no more than that. They began to take her everywhere, and within a fortnight's time she became a bright new star in the political and military firmament of Washington life. Morgan took particular pains to keep out of her orbit until September. On the other hand, wherever she went she found that young captain, John Armitage. He attached himself to her immediately. He was just enough different from the ordinary average man to interest her. He was really unusual, being of that type of youth which has surrendered half of its illusions and tenaciously clings, blindly we might say, to the other half. He was bold one day and diffident the next. Her interest in him deepened quickly, for she wanted to get to the bottom of this peculiarity. He was still a Yankee, but she no longer qualified the word. She had forsown romance. As if red-blooded twenty could farwear its dreams by the mere willing of it!

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(Continued Next Week)

How Smart Are You? Test O' Ten

Many enthusiastic followers of our "Test O' Ten" questions are compiling a scrap book for future use, claiming that it furnishes all kinds of contests for parties. Answers may be written out and competitive scores kept. Another method is to ask one question of each person in the group—until the correct answer is given. Your score this week should be 90 per cent.

- TEST 'O TEN QUESTIONS**
1. Who did Gloria Swanson marry?
 2. What type of music is distinguished by syncopation and rhythm.
 3. Who was Abraham Lincoln's wife and where was she born?
 4. Where is Dresden and for what is it famous?
 5. From what famous document is the following extraction? "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."
 6. What is the meaning of the Latin expression, "E pluribus unum? Where is it commonly used?"
 7. What is Big Ben and where is it?
 8. Is there any law which prevents a man from being elected President of the United States for more than two terms?
 9. Who wrote Vanity Fair?
 10. Who publishes the World Almanac?

- ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S TEST 'O TEN**
1. Woodrow Wilson. The president is always Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy when called into actual service.
 2. Siam.
 3. The Mayflower.
 4. Chicago.
 5. No.
 6. Shopenhauer.
 7. Great Britain.
 8. The diamond.
 9. The "Marcellaise."
 10. Ches.

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- 1/2-Ton Truck Chassis

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