

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 sympathizers in Washington. Jeanne learns telegraphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And clad 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.	H-RD-M
C-WG-L	P-PA-G
A-NK-S	J-NK-F
G-RD-A	F-BN-S
J-WG-A	W-BE-H
F-WG-S	

Later Jeanne learns that Morgan is a spy.

To her surprise she receives a letter bearing the curious device she had seen tattooed on her husband's arm. The letter, ironical in its tone, shows that her unknown husband is still in Richmond and knows the name and identity of his wife! She cuts her hair, stains her face and, going to Baltimore, assumes the name of Alice Trent, not knowing such a person lived in Baltimore.

An intoxicated man accosts Jeanne and she is rescued by **Captain John Armitage**, a young Union officer whom she tells her assumed name.

Jeanne tells Morgan of the tattoo mark and at her request he agrees to abduct Parson Kennedy so that she can question him about the names on the marriage certificate. Kennedy had, with the authority of a Secret Service officer, directed that Armitage watch him (Kennedy). Kennedy is carried away and bound, but as Jeanne is questioning him, Armitage rescues him. Jeanne escapes.

CHAPTER VI "CAPTURE"

The Parson and Armitage lay quietly in the thicket for fully half an hour, when they rose and plodded off toward the city.

Evidently the abductors had convinced themselves that a lone man would not have attempted the rescue of Parson Kennedy; and they too chose the path of discretion over that of valor.

"Do you know where we are?" asked Kennedy.

"Yes—about five miles below the city. That's the Potomac over there. I had mighty hard work hanging onto the back of that hack. All told, there were five of them. The girl must have arrived on horseback before they did. It strikes me we'll see more of that cabin."

"What was the man at the door?"

"I don't know. He had a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. Then he ran."

"Ran and left the woman; h'mph!"

"She seemed able to take care of herself. You said that I freed the viper. Who put poison into her fangs? You did. From a lawful enemy you turned her into a personal one."

"Was I alone in that? Who suggested marriage—to save her?"

"You showed your face that night you told her your name."

"I did so, believing that she was about to die."

"Well, you had a good look at her to-night."

"Not very. The dodger reads that Jeanne Beaufort is very pale; this girl had the color of a Creole."

"I can make a Creole by using the juice of a walnut-shell. She's clipped her hair short. Whenever you see Henry Morgan talking to a man or a woman you don't know, follow and find out who and what they are."

"So Morgan is the man! I sus-

pected that."

"And his life wouldn't be worth a puff of smoke but for one thing; he is going to take my hand and put it on Jeanne Beaufort's shoulder. And 'he' the fop thinks he's hoodwinking us all!"

"But what about Senator X, whom Morgan serves?"

"We have warned him as much as we dare. But the Senator is a thick-headed mule. He stakes his life on Morgan's integrity. And until we get Jeanne Beaufort, we can't lay the facts before him plainly."

In rushing from the cabin Jeanne had gone straight to her tethered horse and ridden away. Armitage! She had heard Parson Kennedy roar out that name.

Armitage with Parson Kennedy! Armitage one of the eleven? It was not possible. There had been nothing in his attitude to suggest that he had recognized her. She was dressed almost exactly as she had been that night in Richmond.

Armitage was purely an outsider; and this conviction afforded her great relief.

"My father died at Manassas and my brothers at Gettysburg," she answered, staring across the fields.

"I beg your pardon! I'm sorry."

"Why shouldn't you ask me?" But

"A spy, sor. I caught him in the tellygraph poles, sor, an' have brought him in."



That Parson Kennedy had spoken her name did not alarm her. She knew that he had but taken a chance shot in the dark.

Why should he hate her whom he had wronged?

She entered Washington. She had sworn to run these men down.

Two days later Armitage called upon Alice Trent. They were to go out riding. It was a glorious September day, mild and sunny.

"How is it that you are not with those beloved troopers of yours?"

"Oh, for the present I am aide to one of the chiefs. It is my business to see that fresh troops are promptly entrained, that the recruiting officers are not permitted to get into the dol-drum; and sometimes I draw or copy maps. By the way, did you witness the riots in Baltimore at the beginning of the war?"

"No, I was not there at the time. How wonderful those riots are! Is General Armitage your father, by any chance?"

"He is—and the finest old chap in the world, too. He's just a man, but something of a martinet; and to tell the truth, I'm rather afraid of him. You see, my company is among his troops, in the old regiment he was in command of before his promotion; and he's an idea that, when I'm around, I should do double turn so that no one could accuse him of showing favoritism. The boys in irony call me the old man's pet. Lord, how he makes me grind. But I like it."

"And so you draw maps?"

"Of a kind. To the uninitiated my maps would suggest Chinese characters. Have you any amulet at the front?"

"My father died at Manassas and my brothers at Gettysburg," she answered, staring across the fields.

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"My father died at Manassas and my brothers at Gettysburg," she answered, staring across the fields.

I'd rather not talk of them!"

Armitage had unwittingly opened the secret door. She was Jeanne Beaufort once more, with a thousand-dollar reward for her, "dead or alive."

What was it? Why could she not play with this Yankee as she had played with others? What subtle barrier was it that blocked each impulse as it was forming? Was it because he was virile, good to look at, frank and pleasant? Or was it because the heat of her hatred for Northerners had abated, and thus she, naturally honest and direct, despising hypocrisy, was beginning to waver of this game in which hypocrisy was the chief essential? She was growing in a blind alley.

After the ride she gave him tea; but the zest had gone out of everything. She hated herself, Morgan, Armitage—hated the world.

Armitage returned to his rooms in a thoughtful and analytical frame of mind. He must not see this lovely girl often. She drew him too closely.

On the following morning he was ordered to report to his regiment and remain with it until it was necessary to recall him. He wrote a note to Alice Trent, regretting that he would not be able to see her before he left.

She saved that letter; but she was glad that he had gone from town. She had a human heart, also, and it was just as wonderfully made as his.

She went about her affairs as usual. Twice she visited the house with the secret door and left her information in the drawer of the deal table in the attic. There was no sign "To rent" upon this house; yet it was vacant. No one was ever seen to enter it in the daytime. The house belonged to the Confederate Government, sub rosa. If Jeanne found the candle out of the bottle, it signified that there were orders in the drawer for her. Thus, on the second visit after Captain Armitage's departure, she learned with delight that she was to be given active service again.

A certain general, who was one of the few great strategists left in the Confederate Army, was in danger of annihilation, and only an exact knowledge of his enemy's plans of campaigns would permit him to slip out of the net.

These plans were at this moment in the tent of General Armitage, having been carried to him by Captain Armitage himself. So Senator X had secretly written to some friends in Illinois. Of course, Morgan had unsealed this letter, read its contents and revealed it, as he did with most of the Senator's correspondence. She, Jeanne, must act immediately.

A mile south of Armitage's troops, in the hollow of a blazed rotten oak, were hidden batteries and telegraphic instruments. The lower wire was to be tapped. Communications here had not yet been destroyed.

Each night at nine the receiver would be at his post. The mobility of the troops would not make it advisable for her to attempt to communicate in person; hence the telegraph.

All she had to do was to get the information required and telegraph it.

"All I have to do!" she mused, with a crooked little smile. All she had to do was to steal into an army of formidable numbers, go straight to Gen-

eral Armitage's tent, glance at the plans and telegraph them! She laughed with sudden ironic laughter.

But there was a glow of pride in her heart. She was given this hazardous exploit as casually as if she had been asked to tea. It meant that her ability, her cunning and resource, were highly prized. She would make the attempt; she would prove definitely to her insurgent heart that there was nothing but the Cause.

The cloth dodgers were growing dingy on the trees and fences. "Dead or Alive." To cook your hare you had to catch it.

The camp lay in the Virginia hills. It was early in October, and the night air was chill. The men were gathered in groups about the fires.

In General Armitage's tent he and his staff were discussing the final details of the campaign which was to be set in motion the following night and end in the scattering of the rebel forces. Success meant that they would be in Richmond by Christmas.

Trooper Murphy, whose picket-duty lay between the stream and the tenth telegraph pole to the south, felt the need of extending his line of march. He was disobeying stringent orders. He determined to go ten telegraph poles beyond his allotment. So, when he reached the end of his beat, which twisted westward, he paused, counted the poles—and rubbed his eyes. There was still a tint of lemon in the west, enough to throw out in distinct relief each pole. Now, if his eyes weren't deceiving him, something was moving up that tenth pole, nearly a thousand feet away. It stopped at the cross-bars, twisted itself about the lower one, and seemed perfectly content to remain there.

Private Murphy knew now what this meant—espionage; and some frowzy butterfat was sending Morse.

"Come down out at that, Johnny, or I'll cook yer potatoes in saltwater!"

A quarter of an hour later the orderly outside of General Armitage's tent stuck his head inside the flap.

"Private Murphy, sir, to report with a prisoner."

The General and his staff looked up from the maps.

"Anything unusual?" demanded the General.

"The officer of the day sent him directly to you, sir."

"Bring him in."

Captain Armitage, however, did not look up.

"What's this about?"

"A spy, sor, I caught him in the tellygraph poles, sor, an' brought him in."

General Armitage turned his flashing eyes upon the prisoner. "Have you anything to say?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you been in this camp?"

"Two days, sir."

"What troop do you belong to?"

"None."

"You were sending a message?"

"I was, sir."

There was a pause. "You knew the penalty of such action, coupled with the wearing of a blue uniform, and that neither youth nor age matters."

"You were sending information to the enemy. What information?"

"The information which will prevent the springing of the trap."

There was something in the sound of this sentence that caused the man bending over the maps to look up. "God!" he murmured, as he saw the face. Jeanne Beaufort! Suddenly the dark eyes met his, and their glance bit into his soul like acid.

"Search him," said General Armitage. "And be quick about it."

"It will not be necessary, sir, until after—I am dead." There was not the slightest tremor in the tones. "What I took away from this tent, sir, I took mentally."

General Armitage ran his fingers through his beard. "Very well, then; I'll grant you that much. Take him away, Private Murphy. Orderly; take this message to Crompton Sunrise. Tie his hands and feet."

(Continued next week.)



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