

BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee
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WHO'S WHO—

Jeanne Beaufort, daughter of a Virginian, swears vengeance against the North for the deaths of her father and two brothers in the Civil War. She is enrolled as a spy for the Confederate government and instructed to use the wiles of her sex to bring Parson John Kennedy, a Union spy, within the power of the South. Discovered in the act of spying upon the group of Secret Service agents of whom Kennedy is the leader, Jeanne is given the alternative of death or marriage to one of their number. They are all masked, but Jeanne rejects one volunteer and chooses another of the eleven as her husband. To herself, she calls him Irony. Parson Kennedy performs the ceremony and the bride and groom, ignorant of each other's names and she not even knowing what he looks like, sign the marriage certificate as "Mary Smith" and "John Jones." As witnesses the group sign as follows:

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

They leave her bound and disappear.

Henry Morgan, a Southern officer and spy for the Confederacy, is in love with her but she rejects his advances. One day getting a letter signed "your husband," Jeanne realizes that her identity is known. Disguising herself with a brown wig and staining her face, Jeanne assumes the name of Alice Trent, and goes to Baltimore to carry on her work. She is unaware that a real "Alice Trent" lives in Baltimore.

John Armitage, a Union officer, rescues Jeanne from a drunken man. Jeanne induces Morgan to abduct Kennedy so that she may question him about the names on the certificate and about a curious tattoo mark on the arm of the man she married. Armitage rescues him, but Jeanne escapes. She sees placards announcing a reward for her capture, "dead or alive."

General Armitage, father of the Captain, is discussing plans for the final campaign against Richmond when Jeanne, attempting to steal them, is captured. Though she is in boy's clothes, Captain Armitage recognizes her, but says nothing, and she is bound to face a firing squad in the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

The officers filed out gravely, the General's son along with them. All those carefully laid plans gone like a puff of smoke! But it was certain in the minds of them all that nothing on God's earth could prevent a firing squad at sunrise.

Captain Armitage entered his tent calmly enough; but once there he fell to pacing. By and by he snuffed the candle.

The spy lay quietly, wasting no effort at the bonds, tied none too gently. The guard paced back and forth and occasionally paused to glance inside the tent. Hour after hour went past.

At midnight the spy heard a rather unusual sound at the rear of the tent. It was a whispering sound, as of one crawling over grass.

Presently a strange hand worked at the ropes.

There came a faint whisper: "When you hear me talking to the guard, slip out at the rear. Make straight for the river. The way is fairly clear."

The whisperer felt his hand being caught by two small ones. He drew it back quickly, for the kiss had the feel of hot lead.

A little later a shot was heard along the river-bank. Two more shots followed hurriedly at the tent of General Armitage, where a light still burned.

"I have to report, sir, that the spy has escaped!"

At about midnight Captain Armitage had stopped to question him. Just before that he had looked into the tent and the spy was yet there. When General Armitage returned to his tent, he found his son.

"Ah, John," said the father violently, "all these plans gone to pot in a night! Damnation! Spies outside and traitors within! In God's name, how can we end the war when such things exist?"

"I am the traitor," said the son quietly.

"What's that?" The General leaned across the table, his mouth open, his eyes at his widest.

"I freed the spy."

"You, my son?"

"Yes. But before you give any orders, Father—"

"Say 'Sir!'" came quickly through the lips of the man opposite.

"Before you give any orders, sir, I want you to hear the rights of it, such as they are."

"Rights? Did you give the spy his information, too?"

"No, sir. When the spy said to search him after he was dead, did not the strangeness of that request strike you, sir? It was a woman."

"A woman!" The General stepped back. "You say a woman?"

"Yes, sir, a woman. And if you will permit me to explain, sir, the explanation will be short."

"There was no intrigue, such as would be your natural supposition. This is why I released her." And briefly the son recounted what had taken place on a certain night in Richmond. "Sir, I was one of those men, and she was the woman."

"Go to your tent and consider yourself under arrest. You're no son of mine henceforth."

ashore she knew now and understood he had saved her because he had recognized her, not as Alice Trent but as the Jeanne Beaufort who had faced alone the anger of eleven men.

He was the man who had stepped out that night and offered to marry her to save her life. She knew that she loved!

Five days later Jeanne was serving tea in a drawing-room in Washington. Every time the bell rang her heart leaped wildly. She feared to see Armitage; yet inconsistently she longed to see him. She craved to know if we would recognize in "Alice Trent" the woman of the loft, the cabin and the tent.

One day he appeared in mufti with an officer unknown to her, a Lieutenant Lowell. Shrewdly she watched Armitage, and her covert scrutiny finally convinced her that he harbored not the slightest suspicion that "Alice Trent" and the woman he had saved were one and the same. They were at war, he on one side and she on the other. . . . God was a just God, but nevertheless He had His playful ironies. She loved a Yankee!

When Armitage and his friend left the house they walked along in silence for a while.

"Well?" said Armitage finally.

"She is all you say, John, and more. But if I possessed your turn of mind I'd fight shy of her."

"That's my intention. What would you have done in my place?"

"Where?"

"Jeanne Beaufort."

"Oh, well, since you ask, I'd have got up with the firing squad. It's a devil of a mess you've got yourself in. Here you are, guilty of a treasonable act, meriting court-martial and long imprisonment. Your dad has disowned you. And who could blame him? You are at liberty today because the whole organization stood back to you. You're on probation; so mind how you walk. You'll never convince those who don't know that you didn't have an intrigue with that woman. Your father turned you over to the Government—a pretty brave thing to do. Have you been to see Kennedy yet?"

"No, I suppose I ought to."

"Go to his rooms now. Tell him you thank him. Without his aid you would have faced court-martial. He's not always clear in the upper-story; for he had a tough time of it, and it left its mark."

"All right. I'll go over and have a talk with him."

Kennedy did not seem particularly glad to see Armitage.

"Son, there's only one real question I'm going to ask you," he said. "Did you know this Jeanne Beaufort that night in Richmond? Had you ever met her before?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Well, for a while you will be under my orders. Watch that rogue Morgan; follow every woman he speaks to. In other words, find this woman you let go; find Jeanne Beaufort."

The old plantation home of the Beauforts was like the run of its kind. The kitchens were under a single story. The shelving roof ran up to the windows of the wing, to the spare bedrooms. Upon the shingles lay the figure of a man, and from the corner of his eye he watched the nearest bivouac-fire. By and by taps sounded, and the man entered the garret and dropped to sleep.

Jeanne had returned home to find

that her father's regiment, with others, was quartered at the plantation for the severer months. She was delighted; it gave her physical as well as mental occupation.

It was like olden times to see these bright-faced young officers about, with their exaggerated compliments, the courtly airs which the Northerners lacked.

Tonight she sat at the piano. The younger officers were gathered about her. The older members of the staff sat about the table talking in subdued tones. They, too, had insisted that she play and sing, while they puttered over maps which were growing smaller and smaller.

The entrance of an orderly interrupted the song.

"Sir, I have to report that Sentry Jennings found this pair of shoes at the end of his beat. They were warm when he found them, sir."

Instantly Jeanne and her admirers gathered about the table. A General took up a shoe and looked it over carefully.

"Made by the Yankee government," was his comment.

"Army shoes," said Jeanne. "More than that, they are officer's shoes."

All but the General looked at her in wonder.

"You are right, Miss Beaufort," said he coming to her rescue. "It signifies that we have an unwelcome guest hereabouts. The next thing is to find him. Mann, will you see the proper orders are given to prevent this Yankee from getting out of our lines?"

"Yes, sir!" The young officer ran from the house.

The General put the shoes upon the table and rose. The rest of the staff rose with him.

Presently Jeanne was alone. With her arms folded across her bosom, she bent her gaze upon the shoes, mute witness of a business she knew only too well. Somewhere in the camp was a man in stocking-feet.

They were stout shoes, but at the same time they were small and shape like. The muck, which was still damp upon them, made manifest that the owner had come across the river below the plantation; for at the north of the camp the soil was firm and rocky.

"From the South! What did that mean? A slight shiver wrinkled her spine. There was ever that fear in her heart that some day she would meet one man in the pursuit of his duty. What would happen when that dreaded moment came?"

He was in his stocking-feet. A man did not wander about a camp in that fashion. He was somewhere within the house! This knowledge came as a shock.

A Yankee spy, an officer, was hiding under her roof! Her first impulse was to seek the General and disclose to him her discovery. Then the old wariness and distaste bore down upon her.

Lately she had executed her missions loyally, with the same care and shrewdness as heretofore; but the passionate hate was gone. A Yankee was still a human being.

(Continued Next Week.)

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