

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
- 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

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.

Armitage helps Jeanne escape and she makes her way back to her home. It is now the center of a Confederate encampment. Sentries bring word that a Union spy is on the grounds.

Chapter VIII

Supposing it were Armitage, thought Jeanne; to act would be to send to his death the man she loved. She could not do it, a thousand times no!

She knew no sleep that night. She spent the hours listening, listening. She imagined footsteps; she saw Armitage running the gauntlet of fire; she saw him totter and fall. . . . What was that?

In the garret above something heavy had clattered to the floor. She waited, holding her breath. She made up her mind quickly.

If this man proved to be Armitage, he should go free; her debt would be paid. If it was a man she did not recognize, well, he would have to pay the penalty.

She tiptoed to the door silently, and waited. A stair creaked. He was coming down. Fearlessly she seized the knob and flung the door open.

A man's body plunged against hers. Her revolver exploded harmlessly. The spy dashed Jeanne aside, leaping through a window and was gone.

A shot broke the silence; then came another shot, followed by warning cries. A third shot seemed to settle things, for after that all became oppressively still.

Jeanne, a hand pressing down the thundering throbs of her heart, ran downstairs. She had not seen the man's face!

In the garden she espied a group of officers and men looking down at something which lay quietly at their feet.

"What has happened?" "The Yankee, Miss Beaufort," said one of the officers. "We got him on the third shot." He held the lantern close to the fallen man's face.

The stab of joy drove a sigh past her lips. It was not Armitage. Yet the face was oddly familiar to her. Where had she seen it before? Yes, yes, now she remembered. It was a civilian Morgan had been forced through politeness to introduce to her one night in Richmond.

"We found this in his pocket, Miss Beaufort!"

It was her own photograph, the one that had stood on the dresser. She was puzzled. They showed her a dispatch in cipher that was as much of a mystery to her as to the others. But the four capital letters at the bottom of the dispatch—G-RD-A! One of the eleven!

Jeanne rolled back the sleeve of the man's left arm. There it was, the dreaded unforgettable circle with the strange device in the center.

She was free! For there, at her feet, lay the man with the devil's banter, the man she had married!

Parson Kennedy leaned against the side of the window and looked across Pennsylvania Avenue. The man at the desk asked:

"Are you keeping an eye on Armitage?"

"I am keeping two eyes on him. He doesn't keep many secrets from me."

"Could you put your hand on Morgan's shoulder?"

"You mean arrest him as a spy?"

As easily as that," said Kennedy, snapping his fingers. "But if we spring him, we lose a more valuable quarry. Armstrong could have handed them both, poor lad."

"Do you know where Armstrong died?"

"Somewhere inside the enemy's lines."

"At the home of Jeanne Beaufort," said the other gazing curiously at the broad back of his friend.

Kennedy whirled around. "Jeanne Beaufort's home? G-RD-A died there? . . . They are paring us down. Fogarty has been hanged, and Schmidt; Henderson has died of exposure; Skinner's been shot; and now comes Armstrong. And you tell me he died at Jeanne Beaufort's!"

"You say that Armitage has no secrets from you?" asked the man at the desk.

"I repeat it."

"Who is Alice Trent?"

"Alice Trent?" Kennedy blinked. "Why, so far as I know, she is a young woman from Baltimore, at present living with the Caldwell's, a family inclined to sit on the fence. The Trents are of an old stock in Baltimore, of established loyalty."

"Armitage calls there quite frequently."

"What of that?"

"Well, Morgan has called two or three times."

"Morgan goes everywhere."

"We are laying a trap for Morgan to-day, merely to open Senator X's eyes. The President is to entrust to the care of Senator X some valuable papers at four. We have spread the rumor quietly that these documents relate to the munition stores. You will escort the messenger from the White House to the Senator's. Morgan is his private secretary, as you know."

Kennedy began to rub his palms together in pleasurable anticipation. "Morgan knows the combination to the Senator's dispatch box. But if those are bogus dispatches, we'll lose him."

"That's exactly what we wish to do. We want him out of the Senator's house, in the open. There are lots of men who'd be happy if a scandal popped up in the Senator's home. If the documents do what we hope they will, Morgan will never cross the Senator's threshold again. Parson, those documents are his indictment. That's the joke. If he purloins them and reads, he'll go into hiding; but he will not leave Washington at this time. If he doesn't go into the dispatch box, then we'll have to try some other method."

"You are taking great risks," grumbled Kennedy.

"Sooner or later, he'll hang. Go to Baltimore to-morrow. Come back as soon as you can. For Armitage's sake I hope there's nothing to my idea. If there is anything of color, I'm sure that the boy is innocent. Ordinarily it would be water off a duck's back. But he's under a cloud. And if you warn him, there'll be trouble for you."

"I'll not warn him. But if Morgan succeeds in getting South, I'll never forgive you."

"Rest easy on that score. That's all."

Kennedy went away somewhat disturbed. What new coil had the boy sprung about his feet?

Morgan left Senator X's at ten o'clock in the evening. The Senator saw him to the door. Immediately Morgan returned through the garden window which he had left open and was in the act of lifting the lid on the dispatch box, when the portieres rattled on the poles and the Senator himself, with candle in hand, appeared.

Morgan sprang, bore the elder backward, toppled him to the floor, huddled the dispatches into his pocket, and ran all the way to his lodgings. There he burned what papers he had, saving only his various pass- es, and fled to another part of the town.

The room he entered was rather bare. He lighted the candle and placed the sealed documents before him. One by one he broke the seals. He stared entranced. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, furious.

Poiled, tricked! He swore. He ripped these cynical indictments into tatters. They had played with him, Henry Morgan, as they would have played with a toy!

He laughed shortly. Clever, devilishly clever! They had gotten rid of him without dragging the Senator through his trap at once. "Call at day, a thing every sympathizer would have hailed with delight."

"Devil take them all! Well, the game's up. But Parson Kennedy, and you, John Armitage, watch out. I'm a masterless man from now on. I'll never leave Washington until I see you both dead! Jeanne Beaufort is mine, mine!"

He rolled up his sleeve and stared at the symbol on his forearm. He laughed again as he recalled a night he had entered Jeanne's room and stuffed the little note in the side of her mirror. If only he could get hold of that certificate, to see if she had written her name there!

Next day Morgan recounted to Jeanne the trickery which had brought about his downfall, and he was keen for reprisal. He must now remain in hiding, but he would manage to keep in communication with her. Besides, he had some news for her he could not put on paper.

He was determined to attack Parson Kennedy first. And this fell in with Jeanne's plan agreeably. Parson Kennedy knew, and torture should wrest the secret from him.

When Parson Kennedy got out of bed the next morning he found an interesting note under his doorknob. It was a wise old hawk, for he saw

through the trap at once. "Call at Number Nine Black Street to-night at ten if you would learn the truth about Jeanne Beaufort."

"Humph! This smells strongly of my old friend Morgan. We've nipped his claws, but we must draw his teeth to be rid of him."

He found Captain Armitage reading a letter identically the same as his own.

"It's a trap, son—plain as day."

"But suppose we take a look at it?" suggested Armitage.

"All right. We'll go to Number Nine to-night. Forewarned is forearmed. I'm kind of curious myself. If the house doesn't look right, why, we can shy off."

The block in which Number Nine was situated was practically deserted.

Kennedy mounted the steps and rang the bell. Then things began to happen. Men dashed out of the door, and came pouring from the alley. By their sudden and unexpected volleying, they toppled Kennedy and Armitage to the sidewalk.

Neither had the slightest chance to defend himself.

They were swiftly bound and gagged; huddled roughly into an evil-smelling hack and driven away. An hour brought them to their journey's end. They were lifted out. A cabin stood back of the road.

They were carried inside, and a glance was sufficient to acquaint them with the desperation of their situation. Upon a table stood a keg of powder, attached to which was a ten-minute fuse.

Terror first, then death! The two men were placed in chairs and rebound so securely that they could move neither hand nor foot. The men who performed this service on completing their work solemnly filed out.

Immediately Morgan stepped inside the cabin, stared at his victims gloomily for a space—then stepped over and relieved them of their gags.

"They say a prayer is more satisfactory if spoken aloud."

Kennedy spat grimly. He had never asked mercy; he never would.

"Are you going to light that fuse, Morgan?" asked Armitage.

"I am."

There was no mockery in Morgan's eyes. He swore in his heart that this was war, that the death of these two men was a military necessity. But it was a ragged defense, and his conscience saw through the tatters and voiced the truth.

"This is not war; it is murder," said Armitage.

"Well, what is war but murder? You would have shot me quickly enough. I win—that is all!"

Kennedy ran his tongue across his battered lips.

"Will you ever be able to forget us after this night's work?" asked Armitage.

"You are in my way."

"It is an abominable crime you are about to commit. Take us out and shoot us, if you will. But not this—mutilation!"

"I do not care to have you found. I intend that you two shall vanish from the haunts of men. John Armitage, Parson Kennedy—adieu!"

He fired the fuse, placed the candle on the table, bowed and backed out of the cabin, closing the door gently.

(To be Continued.)

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