

BOUND to the NORTH by Harold MacGrath Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee

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 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 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-W-G-L H-R-D-M A-N-K-S P-P-A-G G-E-D-A J-N-K-F J-W-G-A F-B-N-S F-W-G-S W-B-E-H

disintegrate in the face of this horror. To die in the fury of physical contest is nothing; indeed, death is forgotten. But to sit still, to reach out mentally and anticipate, in a thousand times to die! Armitage closed his eyes. It is a strange fact that, when confronted by immediate death of the catastrophic order, instinctively we close our eyes. Perhaps Kennedy closed his eyes too; maybe he took sardonic pleasure in eyeing the dancing sparks. There might have been a prayer on his lips. An unexpected gust of cold night air, striking Armitage's forehead, caused him to open his eyes. The door of the cabin was open. He saw a slender youth enter and step upon the fuse. "Is it you, Jeanne Beaufort?" asked Kennedy. "Yes, Parson Kennedy, it is Jeanne Beaufort. It is the woman upon whose head you set a price, dead or alive. It is the woman you broke and dishonored for doing for her cause what you were doing for yours."

She untied Armitage's hands. He felt the tremor of her fingers, but in no wise comprehended its origin. As for Jeanne, since this was to be the last time she was ever to see this man, a terrible, almost irresistible desire seized her to throw her arms around his neck and tell him she loved him, loved him! Armitage rubbed his wrists energetically to take away the sting of the hemp. Then he freed Kennedy, who was really helpless, and dragged him outside the cabin. Jeanne broke off the fuse half a foot from the keg, applied the flame of the candle, and darted from the cabin. As Armitage led Kennedy out of the danger-zone he was thrown violently to the ground. The earth had opened up, and hedges had stretched a fiery arm toward heaven, to withdraw it in a cascade of sparks and flaming debris. In the meantime Morgan, prey to singular emotion, waited impatiently for Jeanne. What had delayed her? Where had she gone? Had she any idea that two men instead of one were in that cabin? Came the thud of hoofs. The rider was Jeanne. She drew up at his side. "Where have you been? What has delayed you? Why did you come from that direction?" he demanded suspiciously. "I lied to me, Morgan."

Twenty miles to go! For half an hour to fight off this faintness, this horrible pain! Could she do it! She would do it! In despair Armitage returned to the station. The telegraph out of commission, the engine gone—they were trapped! How Jeanne rose above pain and faintness during that twenty miles she cannot explain. She just did it; that was all. The final wrench between sensibility and insensibility came when she was forced to stand up to close the throttle. From the rushes at the left of the embankment rose a score or more of Confederates, headed by Morgan himself. "Boys, she did it!" he cried. "Fifteen hundred Yankees trapped like rats in a hole!" But Morgan's jubilation was greatly dampened when he beheld the huddled figure on the cab floor, the drenched sleeve, the bloody hand. "Jeanne! My God, they've shot her! A stretcher!" Morgan lifted her again and laid her gently upon the improvised stretcher and ordered the bearers to carry her to the knoll where the horses were tethered. As Morgan walked beside her Jeanne began to babble murmurously. Morgan bent his head and caught an intelligible sentence. It straightened his spine and wiped out the tenderness in his face instantly. "John—you shot me! . . . How could you!" Immediately the low babble of incoherent phrases began again. Armitage, and back yonder, and his bullet had done this work! Always that man crossing his path. Oh, they must meet some day, in true colors, face to face; and then God help Armitage! One day, as she lay recuperating, Morgan gave her a sheet of paper. "I had hard work getting this—it is what you asked for," he said. When he had left she opened the sheet. It was the list of the names of the eleven! (Continued next week)



Dempsey Today Ten weeks' work in a secluded Sespe Mountain Camp has convinced Jack Dempsey he is fit again. He is expected to announce himself ready within the next three weeks for battle to regain his title—against either Sharkey or Tunney.

EARACHE. From State Board of Health.

Earache in children so commonly follows colds, tonsillitis and other infectious diseases of the upper air passages that many parents pay little attention to it. They frequently fail to call a doctor and try to relieve the child's suffering with home remedies. True, the condition often clears up, but as often it does not. Then an abscess forms, the ear drum ruptures and the ear discharges pus or as it is commonly said "the ear runs." If the child seems apparently well otherwise, no particular treatment is given and the ear condition is neglected. When a child who has had such an experience enters school, he often appears backward and lags in his class work. The reason is that many of the teacher's words are lost although possibly neither child nor teacher realizes this. When he misses a word he guesses at it. Unconsciously he develops a system whereby he watches his fellow pupils and often is able to make a fair guess as to what has been said. Such a child "gets by" for a time but sooner or later it is discovered that he has defective hearing. He is not totally deaf but he has lost part of his ability to hear. This is not a rare case. It has been found that a large number of school children have defective hearing and of this number three per cent are retarded in their studies. Every retarded school child costs the board of education from sixty to ninety dollars extra each year he is held back. This money is all paid out of taxes and as every adult pays taxes whether or not he owns property, each one has a direct financial interest in this matter. The handicap of poor hearing is not limited to the school child but it follows him throughout life. A deaf wage earner finds his value decreased by his defect. Not only is he less able to meet the demands of his work but during his recreation hours he loses much that he would otherwise enjoy. Good hearing is a valuable asset and should be guarded carefully. Earaches, especially those following infectious diseases—and common colds are included—should not be neglected but need the careful attention of a skilled physician. Even the slightest degree of deafness should receive prompt attention.

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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 realized 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 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. The spy attempting to escape is killed. Jeanne reads a dispatch in his pocket, indicating that he was G-R-D-A and on his arm sees the tattoo mark. She now believes that he was her husband. Morgan is discovered to be a Confederate spy and swears vengeance on Kennedy. Jeanne hopes to obtain, by torture if necessary, the truth about her marriage from Kennedy. The parson and Armitage accordingly are kidnapped and taken to a deserted cabin. There, bound, they are seated when Morgan lights a short fuse attached to a powder barrel. CHAPTER IX. That fiber which holds the stout heart impervious to ordinary perils and Kennedy and Armitage were men of the stoniest of hearts—began to

"I saved your life that night in the hills." "Hurry!" was all she said. "We were madmen. We were none of us accountable for what we did." "I was," interposed Parson Kennedy. "So be off, son. She will blow me up—and see me forever in her dreams! Let her go ahead, then; and always at her side will be my shadow. He off!" Armitage backed toward the chair and sat down on the edge of it. "Both of us or neither of us," he said. "Oh!" That monosyllabic exclamation expressed anger, impatience, impotence, despair; Jeanne clenched her hands fiercely. "Fool!" growled Kennedy. "Have I not often told you that I'd rather die than live? Haven't I called to Death a thousand times, to see him mock me?" Jeanne looked down at her enemy with reluctant admiration. This gray man who had called to Death a thousand times and been denied awakened the old inherent sense of chivalry. She turned to Armitage. "Your word of honor not to touch me." "I give it." "I will let him go. Let him remember that it was I that gave him his life, even as I would have taken it, if you move or utter a sound, I'll shoot!" said a quiet voice over his shoulder. "Right about face! Now, march to that clothes-press, and remember that it is death if you speak!" A woman's voice. It was only when the operator felt himself propelled forcibly into the stuffy clothes-press that he realized this was no unsubstantial night-mare. Jeanne, for it was she, wrenched the clacking key from the screws. Next she smashed the battery jars. She arose and glanced out of the east window—and beheld Captain Armitage! He was coming along the platform scribbling as he walked. Armitage, Armitage, of all men! From the door of the baggage room the spy saw that the unmanned engine stood a dozen feet beyond the first coach. Armitage briskly entered the station and made for the door of the operator's room. Locked! He shook the handle violently. "Hey, there, Clark; unlock the door!" he cried, impatiently. No one replied. Armitage, vaguely alarmed, smashed a panel and burst into the office. He ran to the clothes-press and swung back the door. The operator lurched forward into his arms, gasping. Then came a fusillade of musket shots. Armitage let go of the operator and ran outside. He grasped the situation instantly. The engine was running away. He saw the head and shoulders of the spy who had accomplished this amazing coup in the midst of fifteen hundred men. He fired three shots from his revolver. One struck the steam-gauge above Jeanne Beaufort's head; the second shattered the forward cab-window; the third lodged in her arm. She sagged with a stifled cry to the metal flooring. "Twenty miles to go! For half an hour to fight off this faintness, this horrible pain! Could she do it! She would do it! In despair Armitage returned to the station. The telegraph out of commission, the engine gone—they were trapped! How Jeanne rose above pain and faintness during that twenty miles she cannot explain. She just did it; that was all. The final wrench between sensibility and insensibility came when she was forced to stand up to close the throttle. From the rushes at the left of the embankment rose a score or more of Confederates, headed by Morgan himself. "Boys, she did it!" he cried. "Fifteen hundred Yankees trapped like rats in a hole!" But Morgan's jubilation was greatly dampened when he beheld the huddled figure on the cab floor, the drenched sleeve, the bloody hand. "Jeanne! My God, they've shot her! A stretcher!" Morgan lifted her again and laid her gently upon the improvised stretcher and ordered the bearers to carry her to the knoll where the horses were tethered. As Morgan walked beside her Jeanne began to babble murmurously. Morgan bent his head and caught an intelligible sentence. It straightened his spine and wiped out the tenderness in his face instantly. "John—you shot me! . . . How could you!" Immediately the low babble of incoherent phrases began again. Armitage, and back yonder, and his bullet had done this work! Always that man crossing his path. Oh, they must meet some day, in true colors, face to face; and then God help Armitage! One day, as she lay recuperating, Morgan gave her a sheet of paper. "I had hard work getting this—it is what you asked for," he said. When he had left she opened the sheet. It was the list of the names of the eleven! (Continued next week)

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S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE A LESSON IN FRENCH

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: A man says "GOOD NIGHT!" and another replies "TERRIBLE!". Panel 2: A man says "I DON'T KNOW HOW COME IT COMES OUT THAT WAY." and another replies "I BLOW IN IT PERFECTLY SWEET AN' WONDERFUL. POP".

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