

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.

John Kennedy, D.D. C-W-G-L H-B-D-M A-N-K-S P-F-A-G G-R-D-A J-N-K-F J-W-G-A F-B-N-S F-W-G-S W-B-E-H

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.

Allice 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.

General Armitage, father of the Captain, is discussing plans for the final campaign against Richmond when Jeanne, attempting to steal them, is captured.

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.

CHAPTER X. Parson Kennedy, Charles Lowell, Arthur Snell, George Armstrong, John Armitage, Philip Gardner, James Fogarty, Franz Schmidt, Wallace Henderson, Frederick Skinner.

She idly counted the names—and instantly became animated. Again she went over the list.

Including Parson Kennedy, there were but ten names, and there had been eleven men that night! Oh, she had counted them with particular care—eleven, always eleven. Morgan had missed one.

and Gardner—six brave and gallant officers. Clark, the telegrapher, had told him it was a woman who held him up. Six comrades were dead; but Jeanne Beaufort lived; and she was free besides. He stiffened in the saddle, and the lines in his face grew hard.

The ragged army had settled down for the winter. The living-room was temporarily deserted, the chief in command of his staff having gone on a tour of inspection.

The door opened and closed softly, and Morgan stood with his back to it for a while, absorbing the lovely picture Jeanne presented.

"Have you ever paused to think, Jeanne, that a man falls in love involuntarily? That it is instinctive on his part to elude it as long as possible?"

"Between you and me, Major, love is taboo," she said, rising.

"You are under my roof, Major." "A Yankee!" "Still, an honorable man."

"And yet his name was on that list I gave you. Will you not tell me, not as a woman to a man, but as comrade to comrade, what this list means?"

"No. Besides, there were eleven, and you brought me the names of but ten."

"Eleven? I secured what I could. Didn't I tell you I got them in Parson Kennedy's room? I didn't have much time. You can be like granite sometimes."

"If our meetings are unpleasant, you have only yourself to thank. I do not love you; but there was a time when I respected you, admired your courage and resourcefulness."

"You hit straight. Well, a thousand times you have signed John Armitage's death-warrant." He spoke without apparent anger.

"Do you know this man, Major?" Morgan was asked.

Jeanne walked to the farther door, opened it and passed out of the room; but she remained close to the door, her brain awhirl.

"He has left his dispatches or his notes elsewhere. Perhaps I had better go and look over the ground where you found him."

Presently Jeanne heard the man filing out. She opened the door cautiously. Armitage was seated before the fire, stretched out in his chair, his chin in his collar.

"You tell me this!"—horried. "Yes. You played with me, you sought my love to break it. Well, here they are, love and life. Break them. I was there that night, as you know. Take your revenge. They will have me shot anyhow."

"I do not want your life. God forbid!" she cried brokenly.

"I have ceased to regard it as anything very valuable. I have stamped upon this love, but it is too strong for me. So here I am, contemptuous in my own eyes and doubtless in your own."

"You forced me to play traitor!" He leaned toward the fire and spread out his hands.

"Will you give me the name of the man I married that night?" "Say that I was the man, and let it go at that."

"It is impossible, because you are the man who first stepped out." "On my word of honor, I was not that man."

Should he tell her that it was Morgan, Morgan, whom she trusted? He doubted it she would believe him; so he let the opportunity pass.

"You will not tell me the truth?" Armitage smiled into the fire.

"Suppose I tell you that I did not play with you, that I admired you beyond all other men?"

And In A Positive Manner "She treated me like I was a photographer."

"Suppose we play a game of piquet to while away the time. We used to try our hand at that."

"I shouldn't mind in the least." Armitage instantly formed a purpose. He believed he saw a way out.

Butter of a deadly character began to pass between the two men. One was watchful and ready to seize upon the slightest advantage.

"That renegade Parson Kennedy will mourn for you." "But he has my dispatches by this time. For two nights I have been inside your lines. If I lost my head, it is because I wanted to make sure that Jeanne Beaufort did not play fast and loose with me. She will never be yours either, Morgan."

"No?" Morgan gazed at his enemy through half-closed eyes. "If, as they say, the dead come back, you will see."

Subtle Old Fish Her Father—"Do you support yourself?" Suitor—"Why, yes sir."

Her Father—"Then you ought to be abolished by the board of health!" Suitor—"For what?" Her Father—"For maintaining a nuisance."

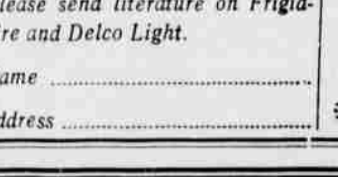
Facing Facts "I don't know what we are coming to," pondered the autoist as he drove up to the edge of a cliff.

They Are Like That "Didn't you say there was something you liked about me?" "Yes, but you've spent it all."

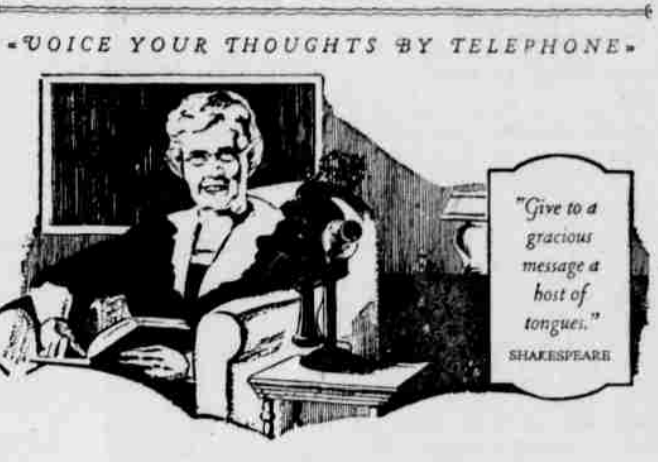
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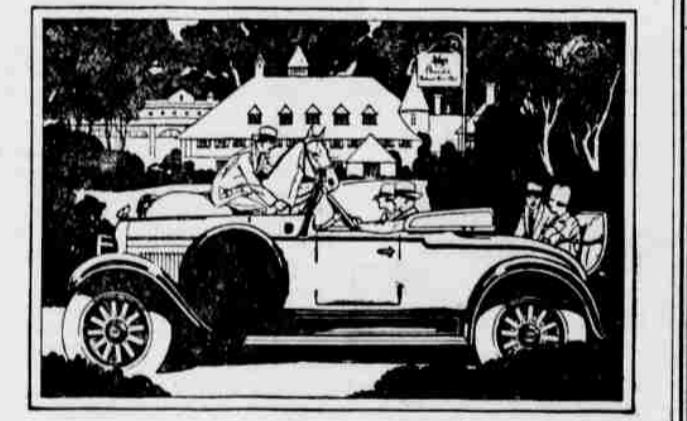
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