

BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee
Copyright by Harold MacGrath—Released thru Autocaster Service

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.

The spy attempting to escape is killed. Jeanne reads a dispatch in his pocket, indicating that he was G-RD-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.

Jeanne saves them and tells Armitage, with whom she is falling deeper and deeper in love, that she gives him "a life for a life." Armitage, rejoicing his father's command, is present when she runs away with a federal locomotive. He fires at the engine and hits her in the arm. She makes her way back to the arm Confederate lines and while recuperating Morgan gives her a sheet of paper containing the names of the "eleven!" Armitage, on a scouting expedition, cannot resist the temptation to go near Jeanne's home and is captured by the Confederates. Facing the fate of a spy in the morning, he accepts the offer of Morgan to white away the taint in a game of cards.

CHAPTER XI

"Do you know, Morgan, I believe that I shall never attend your firing party in the morning?"

"Indeed, Armitage, you'll be there. I wouldn't have you miss it for anything. I thought you had that ten-spot. Well, the game ends."

"So it does!" Armitage's hand flew across the table with the quickness of an adder's strike and seized Morgan's pistol. He drew back with equal rapidity. "Str or make a sound, and I'll kill you, Morgan. You know it. If I must die, you'll go with me or before me."

Jeanne in the doorway—impelled irresistibly to return—pressed a book against her heart. She had picked it up at random, without thought or purpose. Morgan stared at the round, black muzzle of the revolver; he was paralyzed by the unexpectedness of the coup.

"Call to the sentry to come around and enter the room," commanded Armitage. "Mind the tone!" The moment the sentry started to obey the command, Armitage drew back his hand and savagely struck Morgan behind the ear. Then he leaped from the window just as Jeanne hurled her book at the candle-labrum, accurately!

When her arm was strong again, she determined to return to Washington. To learn for sure the name of the man who had married her had now become an obsession; she must know or go mad.

She had not the slightest faith in Armitage's statement. He was not the man; she was so absolutely sure of this that no shadow of doubt regarding it ever entered her head. But, ah! if only he had spoken the

truth! If only she had married him! So, adroitly yet simply disguised, Jeanne entered Washington once more, in spite of the grave risks, in spite of the imminent dangers. She found an obscure but respectable

"All's fair in love and war," observed Kennedy. "Love for women and war for men. Well, madam, what have you to say?" "Nothing."



boarding-house and lived there quietly. To Charles Lowell, one of the eleven whom she had met with Armitage, she wrote a letter.

It was a letter which would naturally arouse the curiosity of a man like Lowell. He took it to Kennedy, who studied it for a few moments; then passed it over to Armitage.

"What do you think of it, son?" he asked.

Armitage read: "Lieutenant Charles Lowell: 'Will you do me the honor to call if I give you explicit directions how to find me? I have something to say to you which vitally concerns us both. 'Address W.X. general post-office.'"

"What do you think of it, Parson?" countered Armitage. His voice was normal, his hands steady.

"I should tear it up, and give it no further attention," Kennedy yawned. "It may be some woman who wants you to get her hubby or brother or son a job in the War Office. The town is full of them."

"Good advice," agreed Armitage. "Tear it up, Charlie. Remember, you two are to dine with me tonight at eight. I'm off."

Once in the street, Armitage pushed back his hat and wiped his forehead. What should he do? How should he act?

Lowell started to tear up the note when Kennedy stayed his hand. "No. Answer it; keep the appointment. If it's a trap, I'll be close at hand. If it's only a political angler—well, I'll still be close at hand. And say nothing to Armitage tonight."

On the following afternoon Lowell was admitted to a modest house in the middle-class district. The light in the room was not very good; but presently he saw the figure of a woman, her back to the window.

"I am Jeanne Beaufort," she said quietly.

"Good heaven!" "I brought you here to ask a question. Who was the man I married that night? Sometimes it seems as if I were going mad! I am a proud woman." She sank to her knees suddenly. "See, on my knees I ask you! The name, the name!"

"Why in the world should you care? The man did not even touch your hand. You exaggerate the affair. Any court will annul it."

"Is he living or dead?" "I have sworn never to reveal that man's name. But it was not I who married you, or I would break, one by one, all the oaths a man might swear to claim you as my own."

He tried to lift her up, but she hung back, a dead weight. "You shall have twelve hours in which to leave the city—twelve hours and no more." Gently he freed his hands. "Good-bye, Jeanne Beaufort; and God take you safely to your lines."

He passed out into the street. For several blocks Parson Kennedy followed him thoughtfully. There was a third man whom neither Kennedy nor Lowell observed.

Kennedy caught up with Lowell. "Well, what was it about?" "Good Lord, Kennedy, I had forgotten all about you! Oh, there was nothing governmental in the affair. I'll let you know all about it in twelve hours."

Kennedy nodded and pretended not to notice Lowell's preoccupation. An idea took form and grew in his infernally bright mind.

Lowell had seen Jeanne Beaufort! The name was like wind upon glowing coals; his hate grew white-hot. It was hatred which had no logic. At her feet he laid the death of six gallant men.

Jeanne Beaufort was Parson Kennedy's obsession, and he proposed to be rid of it that night, once and for all.

The moment he left Lowell, he put his idea into action. He would trap her by promising to give her the name of the man she had married (for no doubt that was the reason for her seeking Lowell); he would use Lowell's name besides.

Oh, she would come to that old attic where she and Morgan had exchanged their bits of information! It was moonlight outside. Kennedy and his men waited in the dark. They were all squatting on the floor in order to prevent the slightest sound.

As Jeanne entered from her left came the scrape of a match. It flared. She beheld a huge hand, and her fascinated glance ran up the arm to the face above. She stood face to face with Parson Kennedy!

had discovered his identity. When he disappeared, she opened the paper cautiously. The moonlight was clear; but she had no need to read; she would have known that paper in the dark, among all others in the world, by the mere feel of it.

It was her marriage certificate! She laughed brokenly. She passed through a singularly trying ordeal; and now, out of it all safely, her nerves began to go. She shook with transient vertigo and dared not start her horse lest she fall.

Henry Morgan! So many things she understood at last. He had left his own name out of the list he had given her—H-RD-M was in the certificate.

How simple it was! And so hand had been her faith in his loyalty, little as she liked him, that not the least linking of the truth had ever come to her.

Lowell was sitting in their room when Armitage, looking like a man who had been riding hard and far, entered.

"I took Jeanne Beaufort out of Kennedy's hands tonight," said Armitage with a few preliminaries. "Am I a traitor?"

"I don't know, John. She wanted to know from me which of us had married her. I told her that if it had been I, I would have broken every oath to claim her!"

"You," began Armitage—Lowell suddenly sprang from his chair. "Get out of those clothes, instantly—chuck them, boots and all, into the wardrobe. Don't you understand? Kennedy will be here to question us—remember he's mad at times!"

Within five minutes Armitage had changed into a dressing gown and slippers. He laid his pistols on the table. Kennedy entered. Very grey and weary he looked.

"Anything wrong?" asked Armitage. Kennedy sipped a glass of sherry and set it on the table. His fingers touched the pistols and he took them up and balanced them on his broad palms. Suddenly he realized that, though the room was very warm, the

weapons were very cold. "Which of you two snatched Jeanne Beaufort out of my hands this night?" he asked with ominous quiet.

Fine Arts Press Issues

First De Luxe Edition

University of Oregon, Eugene, June 27.—One hundred and fifty copies of "Education and the State," the only heretofore unpublished manuscript of the late President Prince L. Campbell, are being distributed from the campus workshop of John Henry Nash, famous American printer. The work, considered one of the finest pieces of printing ever produced in the Northwest, is the first to be turned out of the Nash workshop since its establishment through the financial assistance of Oregon newspaper men and others.

The printing is in the beautiful Cloister light-face type. Handmade paper, purchased in Europe and bearing the Nash watermark, is bound in an attractive cover. The size of the book is 12 3/4x9 inches, and the type

is set at 22 ems. The wide margins thus afforded and the delicately colored initial letters, combined with the deckle-edged, natural color paper, and the handset type, give the book the distinctive appearance of the products of fine printing.

On the attractively arranged title page are the words: "Prince L. Campbell's Philosophy of Education Printed as a Memorial by Members of the Last Class that Remembers Him as a Teacher, with Introductory Note by Arnold Bennett Hall." The names of donors of the Nash workshop fund, and the students in advanced printing who produced the book, are given on another page. Five students worked under the direction of Mr. Nash and Superintendent Robert C. Hall of the University Press. They are Genevieve Morgan, Harrisburg; Ray Nash, Milwaukie, Lewis Benson, Astland; Calvin Horn, Falls City; and Milton George, Eugene.

The book is not for sale. Private distribution is being made to the donors of the workshop fund, the student printers, noted printing houses, friends of the University, and a few others.

there?" "You tried to murder my soul; my body is nothing."

Parson Kennedy frowned. He wanted to humble this creature, to wring tears from those unflinching eyes, to bend her to her knees, to see her hands held out in passionate supplication.

Armitage read:

"Lieutenant Charles Lowell: 'Will you do me the honor to call if I give you explicit directions how to find me? I have something to say to you which vitally concerns us both. 'Address W.X. general post-office.'"

"What do you think of it, Parson?" countered Armitage. His voice was normal, his hands steady.

"I should tear it up, and give it no further attention," Kennedy yawned. "It may be some woman who wants you to get her hubby or brother or son a job in the War Office. The town is full of them."

"Good advice," agreed Armitage. "Tear it up, Charlie. Remember, you two are to dine with me tonight at eight. I'm off."

Once in the street, Armitage pushed back his hat and wiped his forehead. What should he do? How should he act?

Lowell started to tear up the note when Kennedy stayed his hand. "No. Answer it; keep the appointment. If it's a trap, I'll be close at hand. If it's only a political angler—well, I'll still be close at hand. And say nothing to Armitage tonight."

On the following afternoon Lowell was admitted to a modest house in the middle-class district. The light in the room was not very good; but presently he saw the figure of a woman, her back to the window.

"I am Jeanne Beaufort," she said quietly.

"Good heaven!" "I brought you here to ask a question. Who was the man I married that night? Sometimes it seems as if I were going mad! I am a proud woman." She sank to her knees suddenly. "See, on my knees I ask you! The name, the name!"

"Why in the world should you care? The man did not even touch your hand. You exaggerate the affair. Any court will annul it."

"Is he living or dead?" "I have sworn never to reveal that man's name. But it was not I who married you, or I would break, one by one, all the oaths a man might swear to claim you as my own."

He tried to lift her up, but she hung back, a dead weight. "You shall have twelve hours in which to leave the city—twelve hours and no more." Gently he freed his hands. "Good-bye, Jeanne Beaufort; and God take you safely to your lines."

He passed out into the street. For several blocks Parson Kennedy followed him thoughtfully. There was a third man whom neither Kennedy nor Lowell observed.

Kennedy caught up with Lowell. "Well, what was it about?" "Good Lord, Kennedy, I had forgotten all about you! Oh, there was nothing governmental in the affair. I'll let you know all about it in twelve hours."

Kennedy nodded and pretended not to notice Lowell's preoccupation. An idea took form and grew in his infernally bright mind.

Lowell had seen Jeanne Beaufort! The name was like wind upon glowing coals; his hate grew white-hot. It was hatred which had no logic. At her feet he laid the death of six gallant men.

Jeanne Beaufort was Parson Kennedy's obsession, and he proposed to be rid of it that night, once and for all.

The moment he left Lowell, he put his idea into action. He would trap her by promising to give her the name of the man she had married (for no doubt that was the reason for her seeking Lowell); he would use Lowell's name besides.

Oh, she would come to that old attic where she and Morgan had exchanged their bits of information! It was moonlight outside. Kennedy and his men waited in the dark. They were all squatting on the floor in order to prevent the slightest sound.

As Jeanne entered from her left came the scrape of a match. It flared. She beheld a huge hand, and her fascinated glance ran up the arm to the face above. She stood face to face with Parson Kennedy!

there?" "You tried to murder my soul; my body is nothing."

Parson Kennedy frowned. He wanted to humble this creature, to wring tears from those unflinching eyes, to bend her to her knees, to see her hands held out in passionate supplication.

Armitage read:

"Lieutenant Charles Lowell: 'Will you do me the honor to call if I give you explicit directions how to find me? I have something to say to you which vitally concerns us both. 'Address W.X. general post-office.'"

"What do you think of it, Parson?" countered Armitage. His voice was normal, his hands steady.

"I should tear it up, and give it no further attention," Kennedy yawned. "It may be some woman who wants you to get her hubby or brother or son a job in the War Office. The town is full of them."

"Good advice," agreed Armitage. "Tear it up, Charlie. Remember, you two are to dine with me tonight at eight. I'm off."

Once in the street, Armitage pushed back his hat and wiped his forehead. What should he do? How should he act?

Lowell started to tear up the note when Kennedy stayed his hand. "No. Answer it; keep the appointment. If it's a trap, I'll be close at hand. If it's only a political angler—well, I'll still be close at hand. And say nothing to Armitage tonight."

On the following afternoon Lowell was admitted to a modest house in the middle-class district. The light in the room was not very good; but presently he saw the figure of a woman, her back to the window.

"I am Jeanne Beaufort," she said quietly.

"Good heaven!" "I brought you here to ask a question. Who was the man I married that night? Sometimes it seems as if I were going mad! I am a proud woman." She sank to her knees suddenly. "See, on my knees I ask you! The name, the name!"

"Why in the world should you care? The man did not even touch your hand. You exaggerate the affair. Any court will annul it."

"Is he living or dead?" "I have sworn never to reveal that man's name. But it was not I who married you, or I would break, one by one, all the oaths a man might swear to claim you as my own."

He tried to lift her up, but she hung back, a dead weight. "You shall have twelve hours in which to leave the city—twelve hours and no more." Gently he freed his hands. "Good-bye, Jeanne Beaufort; and God take you safely to your lines."

He passed out into the street. For several blocks Parson Kennedy followed him thoughtfully. There was a third man whom neither Kennedy nor Lowell observed.

Kennedy caught up with Lowell. "Well, what was it about?" "Good Lord, Kennedy, I had forgotten all about you! Oh, there was nothing governmental in the affair. I'll let you know all about it in twelve hours."

Kennedy nodded and pretended not to notice Lowell's preoccupation. An idea took form and grew in his infernally bright mind.

Lowell had seen Jeanne Beaufort! The name was like wind upon glowing coals; his hate grew white-hot. It was hatred which had no logic. At her feet he laid the death of six gallant men.

Jeanne Beaufort was Parson Kennedy's obsession, and he proposed to be rid of it that night, once and for all.

The moment he left Lowell, he put his idea into action. He would trap her by promising to give her the name of the man she had married (for no doubt that was the reason for her seeking Lowell); he would use Lowell's name besides.

Oh, she would come to that old attic where she and Morgan had exchanged their bits of information! It was moonlight outside. Kennedy and his men waited in the dark. They were all squatting on the floor in order to prevent the slightest sound.

As Jeanne entered from her left came the scrape of a match. It flared. She beheld a huge hand, and her fascinated glance ran up the arm to the face above. She stood face to face with Parson Kennedy!

LOW FARES East

SUMMER EXCURSION FARES IN EFFECT MAY 22 TO SEPT. 30 RETURN LIMIT OCTOBER 31, 1927

ROUND TRIP TO	FARE
DENVER	\$67.20
OMAHA	75.60
KANSAS CITY	75.60
DES MOINES	51.58
ST. LOUIS	55.60
CHICAGO	50.20
DETROIT	109.92
CINCINNATI	110.40
CLEVELAND	112.58
TORONTO	118.00
ATLANTA	121.65
PITTSBURGH	124.06
WASHINGTON	145.86
PHILADELPHIA	149.22
NEW YORK	151.70
BOSTON	157.74

Low fares also to other points in Middle West, South and East.

Liberal stopovers permit visiting

- Zion National Park
- Grand Canyon National Park
- Yellowstone National Park
- Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park

For Illustrated Booklets, Reservations and Information, address Agent named below.

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

C. DARBEE, Agent
Heppner, Ore.

Announcement

Owners and purchasers can now get direct service on

- DELCO LIGHT PLANTS
- and
- FRIGIDAIRE

from

CONDON GARAGE COMPANY

Condon. Phone Main 75

Please send literature on Frigidaire and Delco Light.

Name _____
Address _____

Your Money Goes Farther This Way:

People maintain checking accounts in this bank because they want to get the greatest value from their money. Their money goes farther that way. They get more benefit from it when they maintain a reasonably large average balance. Such a balance provides them with sufficient funds for emergencies, entitles them to greater service from this bank and builds up credit so that, if necessary, they can secure loans in proportion to their needs.

Maintain a checking account here with a reasonably large balance. It will help you get the most from your money. And you'll be entitled to the maximum of mighty valuable service from this bank.

Farmers & Stockgrowers National

Heppner Bank Oregon

For Health, For Comfort A Sleeping Porch

No More Hot Attics. Celotex—Insulating Lumber—Keeps heat out

"Materially Yours"—

TUM-A-LUM LUMBER CO.

For Summer Needs:—

- Window Screens
- Door Screens
- Screened Porches
- Materials for Lawn Seats—
- Garden Fences—
- Pergolas—
- Lattices—
- Arbors—

Even If We Didn't Give SERVICE

If we just passed a Goodyear Tire over the counter, took your money, said: "Thank you," and "Good bye," you would get a mighty good investment in tire mileage.

BUT WE DO A LOT MORE THAN THAT WHEN YOU BUY A GOODYEAR TIRE FROM US.

We put it on—pump it up—inspect your wheels and rims—make it our business to see that it delivers maximum mileage and trouble-free service for you.

Our tires are all "firsts"—from fresh, new stock. Your size WHEN YOU NEED IT. Backed by our money saving Goodyear Service.

30x3 1/2 AWT Cord	\$11.65
29x4.40 AWT Cord Balloon	\$12.85
31x5.25 AWT Cord Balloon	\$21.95

SPECIAL 29x4.40 Pathfinder Balloon \$10.05

Bring your Tube problems to us for a money saving solution with GOODYEARS.

HEPPNER GARAGE

(VAUGHN & GOODMAN) HEPPNER, OREGON