

BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee
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CHAPTER XII.
Lowell was appalled at the swiftness of Kennedy's deduction. He stared nervously over the gray man's head at Armitage. Armitage seemed cool enough, but as a matter of fact he was in the clutch of a mild form of hypnotism.
"Well, I'm waiting," said Kennedy. "Which of you took Jeanne Beaufort away from me?"
"Kennedy," returned Lowell, "we admit you to be the shepherd of this flock; but sometimes you go a little too far. We're not under your orders, you know. And yet you storm into this room and demand—as if you had authority!—to know who snatched Jeanne Beaufort out of your claws. She came into the city, at the risk of her life, for no other purpose than to ask me the name of the man who married her. I refused; but I gave her twelve hours in which to leave the city. I consider that I acted as a gentleman, and with honor, military or civil, whichever you will."
"I too," said Armitage.
Kennedy, choking with insane rage, whirled upon Armitage. "You were the man?"
"Yes. And I would do the same thing over and over, as many times as you contrived to catch her. Is that frank enough?" Armitage got up, throwing off his dressing gown. "Let us have the truth while we're about it. What is the North or South to me, so long as I love Jeanne Beaufort?"

rattled against the side of the house. She experienced not the least fear. Indeed, her sensation was one of detachment; she was here and yet not here; it was only her soul, her body was elsewhere, and so nothing could hurt her.
Through the broken window she saw men in butternut running, turning to fire as they ran.
A man pushed in through the door. A bloody bandage was bound around his head at a rakish angle; the grime of battle was upon him. He ran to the window and emptied his revolver at the shadows pouring into the room. He turned back to reload—and discovered Jeanne.
"God in heaven, you here yet?"
"Morgan," she murmured.
The house rocked. A rubble of brick and mortar came piling into the fireplace. A shell had struck the chimney.
"So you wouldn't run away? That's like you!" Morgan laughedardonantly. "We're beaten! But what of that, sweetheart? While there's life there's hope!" He laughed again.
In the face of this new danger Jeanne forgot all about that outside. The man was battle-mad, scorn of



None of them could ever recollect how it started, that terrific contest which carried all three of them here and there about the room, toppling chairs, banging into bookcases, surging into corners, two against one, the two oddly enough, fighting desperately for their lives.
At length, bruised, panting and disheveled, they drew back from this Hercules. The battle came to its end quite as abruptly as it had begun. Kennedy staggered over to a chair and fell into it, covered his face with his hands—and wept!
"Kennedy?" said Armitage.
"Yes, son!—I guess I'm quite mad. It came over me with a rush... I had to do it... Quite mad!" Kennedy dropped his hands from his face. "I might have killed you both, I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. I'd better be getting along—dizzy."
"Drink this sherry," said Lowell.
Kennedy drank it and rose. Then he picked up his hat and left the room without turning his head.
On a certain spring morning, Morgan rode mainly along the pike toward the Beaufort plantation. He did not stop until he reached the commanding officer's tent.
"General," he said, "I have to report that the Yankees, ten thousand strong, are within an hour's march, perhaps less. Their cavalry will be on us in half that time. Their object is to outflank us and cut us off from joining Lee."
"Five or six miles away?" cried the General, astonished. "I received information last night that the Yankees were still in camp, thirty miles away."
"They have marched all night, sir. I know—because I marched with them. I got away by the barest chance," said Morgan, indicating his forehead. "I could not cut for it any sooner. I've been inside their lines for three days. I was discovered by a man named Parson Kennedy. He seized the nearest musket and tried to skewer me. I caught the bayonet in time to prevent its going into my skull. I knocked him flat with the butt. Anybody got a drop of whiskey? I'm about done."
He sat down on a camp-stool, accepted a flask, and drank rather deeply for one who wished merely a tonic.
The aide who had offered the whiskey had seen men drink this way when they sought for something called "devil-may-care."
Morgan returned the flask, ripped the sleeve from his left arm and made a rude bandage for the cut on his forehead.
The General was already issuing orders. The batteries were in position and a thousand men were to remain with the guns to hold the Union forces in check until the little army were beyond the danger of a flanking movement.
"Major Morgan," called the General, "will you take command of a battery? This battery guards the river. I want an hour."
"You shall have it, sir—that is, if they don't blow us out," Morgan saluted.
After her escape from Parson Kennedy,—an escape which she still credited to Lowell,—Jeanne returned to the plantation and remained there. Her military career was ended, finished. But she did think of Armitage constantly. She was thinking of him this very morning as she watched the hurlyburly outside without fully comprehending what it signified.
The general explained the situation briefly. She and her aunts must prepare at once to leave the house.
"Then there will be battle here?" asked Jeanne.
"Yes. And this spot will be particularly dangerous."
Jeanne turned gravely toward her aunts. "You two go. Take the things that you want."
"But you?" cried the aunts.
"I shall remain."
BOOM!
Jeanne saw a fountain of water spring up from the river where the shell struck.
She saw the negroes scurrying southward like a flock of frightened geese. She was alone. She went back into the house and brought out bandages, basins, water and sponges.
The deep sound came from the north again, once, twice, three times. A shell burst in the garden. A tattoo

gan to force Morgan back, "so we even stoop to forging a bit of tattooing, do we?"
Jeanne heard these words, but the point in them passed over her. There was only one clear thought in her head—that Morgan should die at her feet.
"She is mine!" cried Morgan.
"You lie! She never was and never will be yours."
Armitage returned no answer. With every ounce of skill and strength he possessed, he succeeded in driving Morgan among the fallen bricks by the fireplace.
Morgan lowered his point and ran to the left. In his endeavor to follow up the advantage, Armitage ran a foul his own trap, tripped over a brick and came to his knees.
Before he could rise, Morgan whirled and was upon him, death in his smile of assurance.
Jeanne cried out and leaned forward. And then a miracle happened. There came a shattering of glass from the window behind Jeanne.
At the same moment Morgan spun on his heels, his face twisted with that expression of intense surprise which always accompanies a mortal stroke. He tried to speak; his saber slipped from his fingers; he staggered backward and fell headlong in front of the table, at Jeanne's feet.
Out of the ruck of fighting beyond the house, Fate had marked a wild bullet as her own and had directed it at Morgan's breast.
"What is it?" asked Jeanne, still in the dark.
"A chance bullet through the window."
Jeanne was still the woman these two men had fought for. She crept around the table and silently caught Armitage's arm in her tense hands.
"He is dead?"
"Yes."
"I am tired." And she laid her head against his sleeve.
His saber clattered to the floor, and he did what the stone-age man would have done; took the woman in his arms and kissed her. And Jeanne returned that kiss.
Boom, Boom, Boom! They were sending shells across the river, making their last stand. The tumult about the house had ceased.
"Jeanne, how could I help loving you? How could any man? But you shall not live in dread and doubt any longer, oath or no oath. I was not the man who stepped out and first offered to marry you. It was Morgan. He knew who you were."
"But—the mark on his arm!"

It was made recently. God knows what dark idea he had in mind. Besides, the mark isn't quite identical to the true one. See!" He rolled up Morgan's sleeve.
"Girl, do you think that I'll ever let you go again, now that I've got you? What's the North or the South to you and me?"
"Son!"
Parson Kennedy lurched in through the shattered French window. He was a grisly object, covered with wounds, and the greenish pallor on his unshaven face foretold that he stood on the brink.
"Jeanne Beaufort—"
"Kennedy!" Armitage ran toward the gray man, but Kennedy waved him aside.
"I am dying!" A strange gentleness formed about his mouth and eyes. "Jeanne Beaufort, forgive me! I, who once preached to the Lamb, have lived as the Wolf. . . . Christ said: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Any I—have not always mechanically turned her head toward the quiet form by the table. "It was Armstrong, the man who died in your garden. Presently God—will judge us both together."
Kennedy stretched out his hands, on which were the marks of the gray man's lips came with incredible evenness of tone the marriage ritual.
When the last word was spoken, there came a deep inspiration. The hands slipped limply to his knees. Both Jeanne and Armitage looked up quickly.
Parson John Kennedy's stormy soul had passed out into the quiet Harbor of Eternity.
THE END.

Educated Fingers



Madge L. Lockwood, 22, of Zeigler, Ill., detected counterfeit \$20 bills by the feel—as she worked in the local bank. She tipped-off Federal officers and a gang which had circulated \$400,000 of spurious notes was caught.

Upright, respected, married, a hard worker, a good job and, with life holding out promise of a happy and peaceful existence, Edison Forbes closed the book over which he had been laboring. Carefully arranging all records on the desk, he turned, put on hat and coat, switched off the lights, stepped through the door, locked the door, dropped the key in his pocket and faced about—into the cool spring evening—for home.
Fate stalked him.
An automobile turned the corner at a low rate of speed; at its wheel a friend—a fellow-townsman. Greetings were exchanged; the car pulled up to the curb—and Edison Forbes stepped to its side.
It was the last care free hour of either of the young men for many months to come. They did not know that the chance meeting was Fate's sealing of tragedy—and heartaches.
Within three short hours—the grim hand of destiny had placed them as pawns upon a chess board—and the story of "Cedar Swamp" was begun.
Don't miss this interesting serial—complete in 12 chapters—from the pen of Michael J. Phillips. It starts next week in the HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES.
Read the first chapter and you will then read "Cedar Swamp" every week.

MORGAN

Martin Bauernfiend met his wife in Arlington Wednesday. She had been consulting physicians in Portland for some time.
A. F. and W. F. Palmateer, H. O. Ely and C. L. Rodgers were in Arlington Wednesday, viewing the flood damages.
Beulah and Geneva Pettyjohn accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Cole Smith of Ione to Walla Walla Friday to spend the Fourth.
Miss Eudora Hardesty of Heppner spent the week end with her parents. Mrs. Bert Palmateer and children returned Sunday from the valley where they had been visiting for some time.
Those who spent the Fourth at Parkers Mill from Morgan were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Misner, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Morgan and family, Elvin and Edith Ely, Rood and Deane Eckleberry and Mr. and Mrs. H. E.

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Farmers & Stockgrowers National
Heppner Bank Oregon

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Pettyjohn and sons spent Sunday at the coal mines above Heppner.
Delbert Cool is working for Gus Liehl.
A. C. Crowell had the misfortune of losing five of his best milk cows last week from getting into rye.
David Ely of Estacada, arrived on Sunday to work during harvest. He is now working for Alfred Troedson.
Mrs. George Mahoney was the dinner guest of Mrs. Jim Hardesty Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Rodgers and Ralph Turner spent Monday at Lost Valley.
Franklin Ely spent the week end at La Grande with his wife, who is attending summer school.
Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Ely and daughter Margaret and Mrs. W. G. Farrens were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bauernfiend Monday. The day was Mrs. Bauernfiend's birthday.

The moth larva does but one thing and does it well—it eats and eats and eats. Carpets, rugs, upholstery, clothing, woollens and furs are riddled with holes to satisfy the enormous appetite of the moth larva. Fly-Tox kills the moth, the eggs and the larva. Fly-Tox is the scientific insecticide developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship. Simple instructions on each bottle (blue label) for killing ALL household insects. Insist on Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox is safe, stainless, fragrant, sure. Every bottle guaranteed. (adv.)

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	81.55
ST. LOUIS	85.60
CHICAGO	90.20
DETROIT	109.52
CINCINNATI	110.40
CLEVELAND	122.88
TORONTO	118.08
ATLANTA	121.68
PITTSBURGH	124.08
WASHINGTON	148.88
PHILADELPHIA	149.22
NEW YORK	151.70
BOSTON	187.74

Low fares also to other points in Middle West, South and East.
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Grand Canyon National Park
Yellowstone National Park
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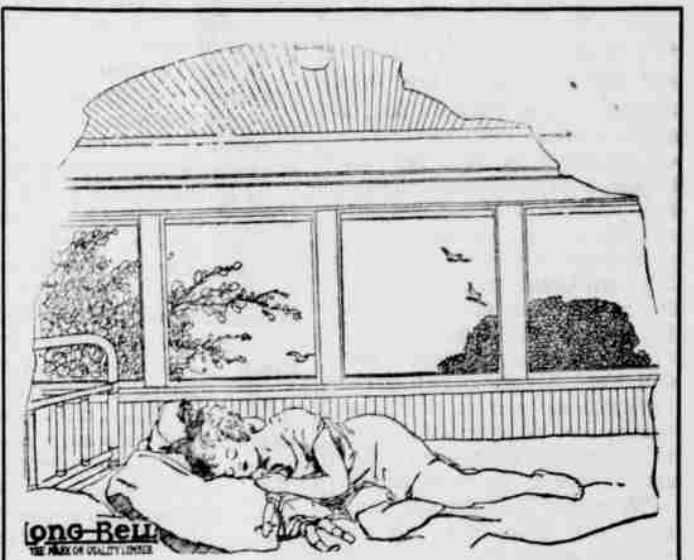
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