

BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee
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WHO'S WHO
JEANNE BEAUFORT, beautiful daughter of a Virginia tobacco planter, brave and daring, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil war. She swears to get revenge. At the time she is living with her aunt, **MRS. WETMORE**, in the South. Jeanne lays her plans and goes to her Aunt Delier's in Richmond, Va.
 She manages to meet the President and she is assigned duties as a spy. Her first mission is to go to Washington and find a man by the name of Parson Kennedy, and bring him into the Southern lines.
 She is introduced to **HENRY MORGAN**, a young officer, who falls in love with her at sight. She repulses his love making, and he disappears for a while.
 Jeanne, disguised as a boy, has had a horrible adventure. She has a document with code names on it.
John Kennedy, D.D.
 C-WG-L
 A-NK-S
 G-RD-A
 J-WG-A
 F-WG-S
 H-RD-M
 P-PA-G
 J-NK-F
 F-BN-S
 W-BE-H

The organization is composed of young men with the exception of one, and they are spies who work for the North.
 There are eleven in number. For weeks they have been in Virginia. Jeanne has sworn to track them down, one by one.

CHOOSE!
CHAPTER II
 This time the game she was playing began to bring forth results. She applied herself to the practical arts of war—telegraphy, signaling and things like that; she perfected herself in swimming and running and shooting; she even went so far as to insure herself of privations.
 She became as sound and hard as a maple sapling. It became more and more difficult to get through those blue lines, but she always succeeded, and often as a boy in the uniform she hated.

Sometimes she would spend three or four days at the plantation. And oddly enough, it was during one of these visits that she stumbled upon the secret which was seriously worrying the Confederate leaders. Richmond always knew what was going on in Washington, but Washington was now getting some truths about Richmond.

No one will deny that there exists such a thing as servants' news. Beaufort, some time before the war, had given freedom to one of his slaves. The youth had gone to Richmond, and once a year he would return to his people.

The story he told came to Jeanne through the garrulity of her old darkey mammy. A loft in a deserted warehouse, meetings held late at night by men in full mask, who came singly and departed singly; this was sufficient to rouse something more than idle curiosity in Jeanne.

She instructed the old mammy to get the name and locality of this warehouse of mystery. When she secured these two facts, she returned to Richmond.

The Cleghorn warehouse occupied a third of a block, and was flanked by two buildings whose ground floors were tenanted. It was unguarded. The lighting was bad; here and there a dim beacon told one which way the street ran.

The big warehouse was one-story higher than its neighbors. The east side was blank; three windows faced the west, looking out upon the roof of the adjoining building; the panes of glass were cobwebby, dust-and-rain splashed, and all of them cracked or broken.

In the center of the loft, which included the whole floor, stood an ordinary deal table. It was night outside. Jabbed into this table was a single bayonet. In the lock of this was stuck a lighted candle, which flickered or burned steadily as the night draughts waxed or waned.

Seated about this table, on empty crates and boxes, were eleven men. The night was hot, and most of them had thrown aside their coats. They wore masks—the kind that hides chin and mouth under a limp curtain.

This not only concealed the face effectually but disguised the voice as well. The man seated at the table was evidently the chief; he was also the oldest. His head was peppered with gray.

"Our business in Richmond is done. You have all been of great assistance to me; but I have this day myself discovered the things we sought. I know the number of men, arms, rounds of ammunition, and food supplies. In other words, we now have our fingers on the pulse of the enemy; we can feel it growing feebler and feebler. I shall no longer be your chief after tonight. We shall each of us go on our own again. We leave tonight. The horses are ready at Moriarty's stables, three blocks away.

We ride west first. Then we turn toward Maryland. No main pikes until we are near the boundary. In the sealed envelope I have just given each of you are facts and information. Some one of us will reach Washington. And gentlemen, we all leave together, eleven of us, all of us." He put peculiar emphasis upon these words. "Any man who falters, hesitates, offers excuses—Well, I'm a rough soldier; you are all familiar with my ways. The man who hesitates—dies."

One of their number sprang to his feet and dashed toward the window. The gray man's revolver flashed in the candlelight.

"Quick!" cried the man who had caused this agitation. "Some one on the roof!"
 They followed him pell-mell through the window. Crouched close to the wall was a form. They pounced upon it roughly, hustled it to the window, and those yet inside hauled the offender into the loft.

"I saw a hand flash across the window-space, in the act of throwing something. A boy!"
 The gray man shook the boy violently. The hat fell off.

"Good Lord, a woman!" cried someone.
 "Hold her!" said the chief. He ran downstairs to the street, searched doorways, cellar-window pits, but found no one; nor could he discover a runner, east or west. He ascended to the loft again.

"So, a young woman!" He laid his revolver on the table. "What were you doing there by that window?"
 She did not answer. In reaching her point of vantage outside that window she had been forced to crawl through cellars, worm her way over bales of cotton, through grime and dust. What with the dust and the sweat of her exertions, she looked like the urchin she pretended to be.

"How did you find out our presence here?" demanded the gray man.
 No answer.
 "You refuse to answer questions? Your life depends upon it."

"Well, then, you must pay the penalty. You must die."
 Then she spoke. "And who among you will be so brave as to do the killing?"

"I," said the gray man. To her ears there was something terrible in that cold, unemotional tone. He whipped the mask from his face suddenly. "I will let you look upon my face to prove to you that I will never let you leave this loft alive, unconditionally."

It was the face of a fanatic. She had only to look into those metallic blue eyes to know that he would keep his word. She sent a roving glance among the other masks.

"Will you permit such a thing?"
 "Does an oath mean anything to you?" asked her grim questioner.
 "Yes!"—with proud, uplifted chin.

"Will you take an oath to reveal nothing you have heard?"
 "No. I have given my oath, heart and soul to the South. Either let me go or shoot me—if you can?"

"Wait a moment, Parson," pleaded the young man to whom she owed her capture. "I have an idea. We can't really permit you to shoot her."
 "Her? She has no sex," said the leader placidly. "We can't be bothered with a prisoner at this hour."

"We can tie her up and leave her here. But this is my idea. I'll handle this pretty viper. No doubt she's pretty under that smudge," he added, ironically.

"Pull my fangs if you can," she replied.
 The gray man frowned thoughtfully. She had courage.

Said the young man: "You say you are bound heart and soul to the South. Well, your body shall never belong to it."
 She stepped back—her first sign of fear.

"Come, come," warned the chief, "none of that. Better let me take the burden upon these shoulders. It is one thing to shoot a spy; it is another thing to—"
 "You haven't heard me through," interposed the young man. "What I mean is, her body shall be bound to the North."

"And how?"
 "By marriage to one of us."
 One of the number gave a start of surprise at the suggestion.

The gray man smiled for the first time. Marry her to one of these mad young cockerels, bind her and leave her!
 "But if by chance I should already be married?" she inquired, her courage returning.

"If you wish to commit bigamy, that's no concern of ours." With a swift, unexpected gesture the young man caught her hands. The fingers were ringless. He laughed and flung aside the hands.

"Who's for this fool adventure?" demanded the gray man. His comrades stirred uneasily. "Make up your mind; it is death or marriage. I stand ready for the ceremony."
 She wanted time, time, time! It would take her confederate fully an hour to return with men. She had

written in code enough to condemn them all to the wall or the noose.
 Wrapped around a pebble, it had been flung into the street. She had not known that these desperate men would really be here; she had put hardly any faith at all in the darkey's tale.

And now to play with them, to hold them until aid arrived. They would all be dead in the morning—so what mattered it if she went through with the farce?

"And what of the man who marries me?" All this meant time.
 "Oh," said her tormentor, "he shall call it a sacrifice to the altar of war. You will serve the South, but by the Lord Harry, you'll belong to the North. We'll punish you with doubt, doubt and fear; always you'll be wondering who and what this man is who marries you. Of course, we are still ready to take your oath."

"I have declined to give it."
 "Very well. Line up, comrades, and she shall choose among us,—woman's ancient prerogative,—so it can never be said that we forced ourselves upon her. Death or marriage—mass or the Bastille!"

"I consent," she said. "I am young; I do not want to die."
 Already a quarter of an hour had been consumed. If only she could hold them long enough! She started speculatively at the circle of flashing eyes.

"There is, then, a minister of the gospel among you?" she asked, incredulously.
 "Yes, I am he." The gray man laughed.

Each hair at the base of her neck stirred at the sound of that laughter. "Come comrades!"
 But these comrades demurred. It was one thing to risk one's life, for one might risk it and still save it; but it was another thing to marry an unknown woman, simply to save her life, a woman's, whom they might never see again.

The gray man took up his revolver. "I will shoot her. It is war; it is thousands of lives against hers."
 "I'll marry her." The man who spoke was he who had, a little while earlier given the start of surprise.

"I thought I was to choose," she said, looking at the stern-visaged man fingering the revolver. More time—closer and closer the net was drawing.
 "And choose you shall. Trust me; your marriage shall be as legal as though performed in a cathedral."
 (Continued next week)

Old Gentleman: "When I was a lad I used to think nothing of a fast twenty-mile walk."
 Tommy: "Well, I don't think much of it, either."

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 The new servant girl, soon after her arrival, pricked her finger with a fork and seemed greatly distressed. "Only to think, ma'am," she said to her mistress, "inflammation or blood poisoning might set in."
 "Don't alarm yourself, my girl, the forks are real silver, take my word for it."
 "You are quite sure, madam?"
 "Positive."
 The next morning the girl had disappeared. So, too, had the silver forks!

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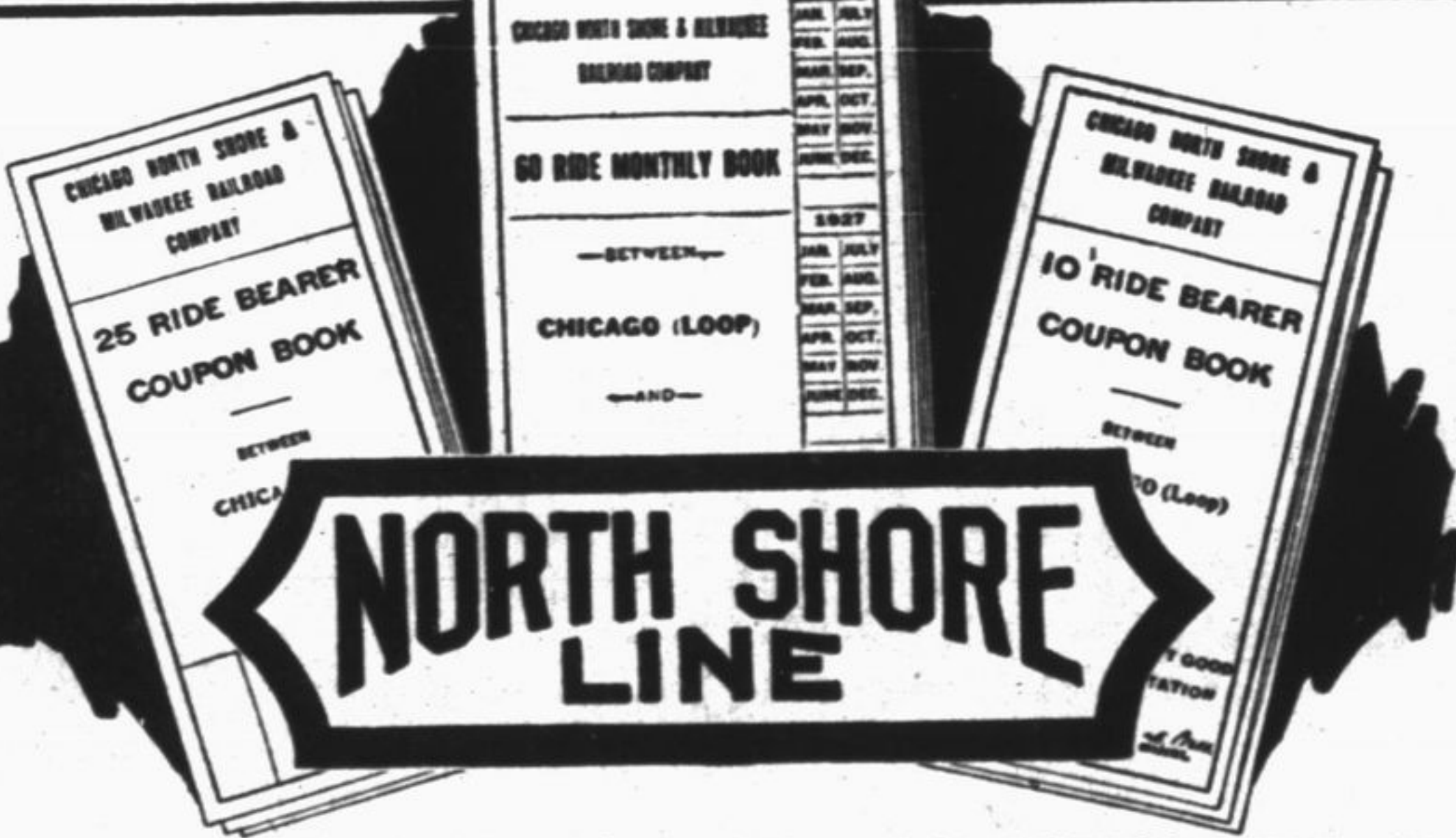
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