

# BOUND to the NORTH

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

**Who's Who**

John Kennedy, D.D.

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 alternate of death or marriage to one of their number. They are all asked, 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 witness the group sign as follows:

- 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

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, she 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 is bound to face a firing squad in the morning.

Armitage helps Jeanne to 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 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.

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 while away the time in a game of cards.

**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 two 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?"

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—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 madly 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. I got away by the barest chance. 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 whisky? 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 whisky 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 posi-

tion, 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. Jeanne turned gravely etoagw?Bo

"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 rattled against the side of the house. Shrapnel, she thought.

She experienced 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, 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 smoke. 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 chimney.

"So you wouldn't run away? That's like you!" Morgan laughed sardonically. "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, shorn of civilization's veneer, reckless and primordial.

"Henry Morgan—" "Yes, I understand. You've found out the truth. Yes, I was there in Richmond that night. I was one of the eleven. Can't you guess which one? What then?"

He walked over to her. She stepped behind the table. She was unarmed; and she was no longer without fear.

"Do you know why I am here, Jeanne? Have I not told you a thousand times that you were mine, mine? Bah! Let the fools cut each other's throats; you and I will begin the honeymoon!"

He threw out his hand unexpectedly and caught her by the wrist, dragging her from behind the table. "It is I, sweet wife, I, Henry Morgan! Homo sum: I am the man!"

She struggled fiercely to release her wrist—and saw the symbol on the man's forehead!

Outside were blue-clad figures, among them one she knew.

Morgan was pressing her head back to kiss her lips, when she screamed.

"John, John!"

Armitage came in through the window, grim and disheveled. It took him but an instant to understand. He seized Morgan and flung him against the wall. Jeanne ran back of the table again, her eyes wide with terror.

"You?" cried Morgan, running his tongue over his lips.

"Yes. Defend yourself. I'm going to kill you, Morgan!"

The two men stared at each other with death in their glances.

Armitage was first to move. He suddenly realized, as doubtless Morgan had, that there could be no true satisfaction in steel; he wanted to tear and rend and break yonder man with his two bare hands. And this desire became registered in his face, now no more agreeable to look at than Morgan's.

Jeanne felt something vaguely primordial stir in her heart. She knew.

They were going to fight for her; and the victor would grieve her over his shoulder and make off with her—that is, if she could find no means of defending herself.

The terror in her face resolved itself into something akin to eagerness. She dropped her hands from her cheeks and caught hold of the edge of the table.

Armitage's blade rose and fell violently but without gaining any advantage. Morgan was quite his equal, if not his master, with the sabre.

They pushed each other backward and forward. Armitage wanted his man with his back to the fireplace. Morgan was maneuvering to crowd

Armitage against the table behind which Jeanne stood.

"The bricks!" cried Jeanne. "Push him back."

She was without mercy; she wanted Morgan to die.

"Thanks, sweetheart!" said Morgan.

His fury, roused to its highest pitch by the sound of Jeanne's voice and its significance, leaped beyond the bounds of caution. For a few moments Armitage was hard put to it to save himself. He felt his legs touch a chair. He kicked backward. The chair skidded and toppled.

"So," he said, as he in his turn began 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!" said 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 (Continued on page 5)

## Battery Service

Before starting on your vacation, have your batteries checked over to be sure there is plenty of water, and that all corrosion is cleaned off the terminals. A small amount of care will save trouble when you can least afford it.

## Motor Car Electric Service

C. R. McCLURE L. A. WAHL  
11 South Second Street Phone Highland Park 266

# STUDEBAKER

A car any man will be proud to own, at a price any man can afford to pay.

The Studebaker Custom Sedan, at \$1335, is officially rated the most powerful car in the world of its size and weight. Custom charm, easy-chair comfort, arrow-swift speed and traditional Studebaker stamina! See it and drive it today!

**STUDEBAKER  
CUSTOM SEDAN  
\$1335**

f. o. b. factory, with \$100 worth of extra equipment at no extra cost. Other Studebaker and Erskine models \$945 to \$2495

## J & L GARAGE

125 North St. Johns Avenue

Phone Highland Park 388 or 1241

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

keep COOL! inside and out

Let delicious frozen dishes, made in an electric refrigerator, and gentle sea breezes from electric fans help keep your family cool inside and out... Both of these electrical conveniences may be purchased "Little by Little".



**PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY  
OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS**  
51 S. ST. JOHNS AVE., HIGHLAND PARK  
Tel. Highland Park 568  
WM. GUYOT, District Superintendent