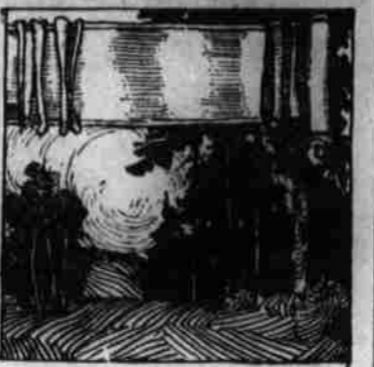


MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

by RANDALL PARRISH
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. General Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. Two days after a wild ride, get within the lines of the enemy. In the darkness, Wayne is taken for a Federal officer who came to keep an appointment, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape but falls. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it to the dark a huge man attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungray, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Ned Lowrie, but Mrs. Bungray discovers him to be a disguised impostor, who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. She orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. While a prisoner Wayne sees files of Confederates pass and knows that Craig has followed the message. He is brought before Sheridan.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Very well, sir," he said gravely. "Your fate is in your own hands, and will depend very largely upon your replies to my questions. You claim to have been the bearer of despatches, and hence no spy, yet you possess nothing to substantiate your claim. As your regiment is with Lee, I presume you were seeking Longstreet. Were your despatches delivered?"

"I have reason to believe so."

"By yourself?"

"By the sergeant who accompanied me, and who continued the journey after I was detained."

"Is Lee contemplating an immediate movement?"

"General Sheridan," I exclaimed indignantly, "you must surely forget that I am an officer of the Confederate Army. You certainly have no reason to expect that I will so far disregard my obvious duty as to answer such a question."

"Your refusal to explain why you were hiding within our lines is ample reason for my insistence," he said tartly, "and I am not accustomed to treating spies with any great consideration, even when they claim Rebel commissions. You are not the first to seek escape in that way. Was your despatch the cause of the hurried departure of Longstreet's troops eastward?"

This last question was hurled directly at me, and I noticed that every eye in the room was eagerly scanning my face. I had the quick, fiery temper of a boy then, and my cheeks flushed.

"I positively decline to answer one word relative to the despatches entrusted to me," I said deliberately, and my voice shook with sudden rush of anger. "And no officer who did not dishonor the uniform he wore would insult me with the question."

A bombshell exploding in the room could not have astonished them as did my answer. I realized to the full the probable result, but my spirit was high, and I felt the utter uselessness of prolonging the interview. Sooner or later the same end must come.

Sheridan's face naturally flushed, instantly grew crimson, and a dangerous light flamed into his fierce eyes. For a moment he seemed unable to speak; then he thundered forth:

"You young fool! I can tell you that you will speak before another twenty-four hours, or I'll hang you for a spy if it cost me my command. Major Brennan, take this young popinjay to the Mansion House under guard."

Brennan stepped forward, smiling as if he enjoyed the part assigned to him.

"Come on, you Johnny," he said coarsely, his hand closing heavily on my arm. Then, seeming unable to repress his pleasure at the ending of the interview, and his present sense of power, he bent lower, so that his insolent words should not reach the others, and hissed hotly:

"Stealing mine is probably more in your line than this."

"You miserable hound!" I cried madly. "None but a coward would taunt a helpless prisoner. I only hope I may yet be free long enough to write 'em with steel across your heart."

Before he could move Sheridan was upon his feet and between us.

"Back, both of you!" he ordered sharply. "There shall be no brawling here. Major Brennan, you will remain; I would speak with you further regarding this matter. Lieutenant Caton, take charge of the prisoner."

CHAPTER XII.

Under Sentence of Death.

At this late date I doubt greatly if my situation at that time was so desperate as I then conceived it. I question now whether the death sentence would ever have been executed. But then, with the memory of Sheridan's rage and my own hot-headed retort, I fully believed my fate was destined to be that of the condemned spy, unless she who alone might give the whole truth should voluntarily do so. That circumstances had left me in the power of one whose fierce dislike was already evident was beyond question, and I had yielded to his goading to such an extent as to give them in authority every excuse for the exercise of extreme military power. Yet of one thing I was firmly resolved—no thoughtless word of mine should ever endanger the reputation of Edith Brennan. Right or wrong, I would speak without her authority. Love and pride conspired to make this decision adamant.

"Come," said Caton, briefly, and I turned and accompanied him without thought of resistance. At the front door the soldiers the little squad of men ordered to fall in, and talking

ing for escape. There were, apparently, but three openings of any kind—the outside window, through which the sunlight streamed, protected by thick bars of iron; a second opening, quite narrow, and likewise protected by a heavy metal grating; and the tightly locked door by means of which I had entered. The second, I concluded, after inspecting it closely, was a mere air passage leading into some other division of the cellar. I noted these openings idly, and with scarcely a thought as to the possibility of escape. I had awakened with strange indifference as to what my fate might be. Such a feeling was not natural to me, but the fierce emotions of the preceding night had seemingly robbed me of all my usual buoyancy of hope. I remained silent for a moment, conscious only of his kindly eyes reading my face.

"Mrs. Brennan," I asked finally, recurring to the one thought in which I retained deep interest—"does she still remain in the camp?"

"She was with the Major at headquarters this morning. I believe they breakfasted with the General, but I was on duty so late last night that I overslept and thus missed the pleasure of meeting her again."

We talked for some time longer, and he continued to urge me for some further word, but I could give him none, and finally the kindly fellow departed, promising to see me again within a few hours. Greatly as I now valued his friendship it was, nevertheless, a relief to be alone with my thoughts once more.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Strange Way Out.

Caton came in once more about the middle of the afternoon, bringing me some blankets; but he had no news, and his boyish face was a picture of



WILLIAMSON
"I Am to Be Shot, Then?"

of confidence that all would still be well. I was yet at it when, without warning, the door once again opened, and Lieutenant Caton entered. He advanced toward me with outstretched hand, which I grasped warmly, for I felt how much depended on his friendship, and resolved to ask him some questions which should solve my last remaining doubts.

"Captain Wayne," he began soberly, looking about him, "you are in even worse stress here than I supposed, but I shall see to it that you are furnished with blankets before I leave. Sheridan is hasty himself, and his temper often leads him to rash language. I am sure he bears you no malice for what you said. But Brennan has his ear, and has whispered something to him in confidence—what, I have been unable to ascertain—which has convinced him that you are deserving of death under martial law."

"Without trial?"

"The opportunity of furnishing the information desired will be again deferred; but, as near as I can learn, the charge preferred against you is of such a private nature that it is deemed best not to make it matter for camp talk. Whatever it may be, Sheridan evidently feels justified in taking the case out from the usual channels, and in using most drastic measures. I am sorry to bring you such news, especially as I believe the charges are largely concocted in the brain of him who makes them, and have but the thinnest circumstantial evidence to sustain them. Yet, Sheridan is thoroughly convinced, and will brook no interference. The discussion of the case has already led to his using extremely harsh words to his chief of staff."

"I am to be shot, then?"

"His hand closed warmly over mine. 'While there is life there is always hope,' he answered. 'Surely it must be in your power to prove the nature of your mission within our lines, and the delay thus gained, will enable us to learn and meet these more serious allegations.'

"If I had had time to communicate with General Lee, there no one, so way

by which such representation can be given this very day? If not full proof of your innocence, then sufficient, at least, to cause the necessary delay?"

I shook my head. "I know of nothing other than my own unsupported word," I answered shortly, "and that is evidently of no value as against Major Brennan's secret insinuations. When is the hour set?"

"I am not positive that final decision has yet been reached, but I heard daybreak to-morrow mentioned. The probability of an early movement of our troops is the excuse urged for such unseemly haste."

I remained silent for a moment, conscious only of his kindly eyes reading my face.

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"So I sorter reckoned. But if ye'll crawl through yere inter my boodour, that's a place whar I reckon ther few of us tegerther mought make a try fer it. It's too dur high up fer me ter git at alone. I reckon, Cap, if ye cud manage ter git out o' yere ter night, an' take some news to Lee, that I've picked up, he'd 'bout make both of us general."

"News for Lee?" I exclaimed, staring eagerly at him through the now darkened room. "Do you mean it? What news?"

"Thought maybe ther wud wake ye up," he chuckled. "This yer's gospel truth: Sheridan has started his infantry on a half-circle march fer Minersville. Ther first division left at three o'clock, an' ther wud be nary Yank loafin' on ther valley by noon tomorrow. An' more," he added rapidly, his eyes dancing wildly with suppressed excitement—"Hancock is a 'gin' in his corps west ter meet 'em thar, an' I reckon, as how thar'll be less fer sartin' up ther Shenandoah in her ter a week."

"But how do you know all this?" I questioned incredulously, as the whole scene and its dread possibilities unrolled before my mental vision.

"Ther nigger I held up hed a despatch fer Heitzelmann over on ther left, an' then Marlar she sorter pumped a young rule staff officer fer ther rest o' it," he replied promptly. "Oh, thar's a sure go, Cap, an' I reckon 'ow yare Lee's whole army hangs on one of us gittin' out o' yere ter night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

London Through the Ages.

It is proposed to establish in the British metropolis a museum to be devoted to the exhibition of relics pertaining to the history of London from the earliest times of its occupation by man. These times run back much farther than most readers are aware. The city that Julius Caesar found occupied a site which had been inhabited for unnumbered thousands of years. It is now known that during Paleolithic and Neolithic times—the two great divisions of the stone age—man dwelt on the site of London, but it first became the settlement of a community at the opening of the historic age, when it was a stronghold of the Celts. The remains of its Roman period are the finest of the kind in Great Britain. The Anglo-Saxon and Danish periods are also finely represented, and even later periods, such as the Tudor, furnish relics that have been buried by that strange process of superincumbent growth which makes the soil under a great city resemble the fossiliferous strata of geology.—Youth's Companion.

Sure Sign of Eye Strain

Headache, Vertigo and Other Symptoms of That Ailment That Afflicts Many Persons.

Chief among the symptoms of eye strain are watering of the eye, a glimmering together of the eyelids on awakening in the morning, headache, the position and character of which vary with each individual. It may be neuralgic or it may be deeply seated, as was the case with Wagner, the musician, who was complaining constantly of "the nerves of his eyes."

The headache is often replaced by an inflammation of the eyelids, especially in young and healthy persons who also have a little conjunctivitis with a feeling of tension or fullness in the eyes which may become real pain of a dull aching character, the eyeballs being, very tender on pressure.

Sometimes there are vertigo and sickness, with dyspepsia, palpitation, and even difficulty in breathing. Sleeplessness is a very frequent symptom due in part to the excessive flow

of blood to the brain and in part to the low tone of the whole nervous system.

The symptoms of eye strain appear sooner in those who lead a confined and sedentary life, who follow occupations which need a constant use of the eyes in bad or unobtainable light, and in those who are debilitated by any cause. The symptoms appear later in those of coarser fiber, who pass much of their time in the open air or who follow occupations which do not need a prolonged use of the eyes for close work.—Lancet.

Neighorly, Anyhow.

Maybe it is design or maybe it's just accident. Anyhow, it certainly does look funny to see all the principal tactical stations hang up against drinking fountains for horses.—New York Mail.

There would not be so many foot shod men in not so many mad men had barrels of money.

SHOULD OWN THE TELEGRAPH WIRES

GOVERNMENT ACQUISITION OF TELEGRAPH IS URGED BY HITCHCOCK.

AS PART OF POSTAL SERVICE

The Postmaster General Will Send a Recommendation to Congress in the Near Future—Is Operated Similarly in Other Countries.

Washington.—Acquisition of the telegraph lines of the United States by the government and their operation as a part of the postal service will be recommended to Congress in a short time by Postmaster Hitchcock.

For a year or more Mr. Hitchcock has had this recommendation under consideration. After a thorough study of the operation of government-controlled telegraph lines and postal telegraph systems of foreign countries he has decided to urge the matter upon Congress.

"Should this recommendation be adopted," said Mr. Hitchcock, in a statement of his intention, "I am convinced it would result in important economies and very materially lower telegraph rates than now are exacted. In approximately fifty countries of the world—notably Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia and Japan—government-controlled telegraphs now are in successful and profitable operation. In many of the countries they are operated in connection with the postal service. These telegraphs serve an aggregate population of 90,000,000 and in every instance they have been found to be of immense practical benefit to the people, in both promptitude and cost of the service.

"In this country, postoffices are maintained in numerous places not reached by the telegraph systems and the proposed consolidation, therefore, would afford a favorable opportunity for the wide extension of the telegraphic facilities.

Six Are Killed By a Train.

Philadelphia.—Six persons, five women and a man, were killed when an express train on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad crashed into a light station wagon at the Linden avenue grade crossing in Torresdale, a suburb. The dead women were all employed as servants in fashionable homes in Torresdale, and were being conveyed to church when the accident occurred. Davidson was the driver for a local liveryman and had been making the trip every Sunday for the past two years. The Linden avenue crossing is usually guarded by a watchman, but the regular man was on leave of absence, and his substitute had not appeared when the coach reached the crossing. Davidson waited for a freight train to pass and then drove directly in front of the approaching express.

Spanish Cabinet Has Resigned.

Madrid.—The Spanish Cabinet, of which Jose Canalejas Y. Mendes was Premier, resigned. The Cabinet resigned as the result of a divergence of views with King Alfonso as to the advisability of commuting the death sentence of one of the rioters, who murdered a judge and wounded several court officials in the town of Cullera, province of Valencia, last September. The general strike at that time at Valencia and other provinces involved a plot to assassinate General Weyler, and the King was compelled to suspend the constitutional guarantees.

Wilson is French Ambassador.

Washington.—Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of state, is to succeed Robert Bacon as ambassador to France, according to persistent rumors in diplomatic circles here. Thomas C. Dawson, resident diplomatic officer of the State Department, whose name was mentioned prominently in connection with the post of ambassador to Brazil, to which Edward W. Morgan was named, will be made Assistant secretary of state.

A Big Fire at Birmingham.

Birmingham, Ala.—Fire which raged for several hours resulted in an estimated loss of between \$250,000 and \$300,000 to the Cable Piano Company and Southern Bell Telephone Bell Telephone building on Second avenue and indirectly was responsible for the death of one man. The Bell telephone service in this city is demoralized. The fire originated in the Cable Piano Company building and after having gotten apparently under control burst forth anew, leaping to the building of the telephone company.

Preacher Also a Moonshiner.

Nashville, Tenn.—Rev. Joseph R. Smith of Sewanee was brought to Nashville after having been bound over to the April term of Federal court on a charge of making moonshine whiskey. At the preliminary hearing, Rev. Smith pleaded guilty to the charge. Rev. Smith has for several months been the regular pastor of three small churches near Sewanee. His "wild cat" still was located in the smokehouse a few yards from the parsonage and less than a quarter of a mile from his principal church.

Train Freezes to the Rails.

Bristol, Tenn.—rare incident in the history of railroading in Virginia occurred on the Norfolk & Western Railroad at Lynchburg, when the Washington-Chattanooga fast train actually froze to the rails. Stopping in a swag, the dripping water from the pipes caught the wheels and the temperature being below zero, the train was locked so securely in the ice that it required the use of three engines to move it, bumping being resorted to. It was two and a half hours before the train could be moved.

Destructive Fire Sweeps Halifax.

Halifax, N. S.—Damage amounting to nearly a quarter of a million dollars was caused by a fire which destroyed the Halifax Herald building, several stores and offices and threatened to wipe out a considerable portion of the business section of this city. Among the places burned was the office of the United States consul in the Herald building. The fire was caused by a high wind which caused a rapid spread and it was only after four hours of hard work that the flames were subdued.

THERE IS UNREST IN NICARAGUA

PRESIDENT DIAZ HAS LEFT COUNTRY FOR THREE MONTHS "FOR HIS HEALTH."

DICTATOR MENA HAS REINS

The Second President He Has Forced Out—The Financial Situation is Very Serious—The American Firms Here Are Losing Heavily.

New Orleans.—President Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua has asked for a three months leave of absence, according to reliable news advices received here. It is generally conceded that this step means his abdication in favor of General Luis Mena, Minister of War, who now is the virtual dictator of the turbulent republic.

Serious friction between President Diaz and General Mena has existed for some time and Diaz has been President in name only.

General Mena, who, it is stated, now occupies the presidential palace, has absolute control of the Nicaraguan army and Congress as well. He recently was elected President by the "constituent assembly" for the term beginning January 1, 1913, but the friction between Mena and Diaz became so intense that the latter's friends are said to have advised him to resign and leave the country "for his health."

General Mena forced President Juan Estrada out of office last year in much the same manner. Estrada now is in New York.

The finances of Nicaragua are reported to be in worse condition today than ever before.

As a result of this financial situation American firms are reported to have lost heavily.

THE DAIRIES IN THE SOUTH

The Southern Railway Will Run a Dairy Car Over Its Lines.

Washington, D. C.—Realizing the need of the South for more and better dairies and the large profits which can be made in that favorable region by dairymen who will fill the great demand of the cities for dairy products, President Finley of the Southern Railway Company, following the custom of that company in furthering in every way the growth and development of its territory, has equipped a Special Dairy Car, which, beginning the 1st of February, 1912, will run over the length and breadth of this great system, spreading the doctrine of more and better cows and, by means of lectures, demonstrations and exhibits.

This Dairy Special will be under the direct supervision of Dr. C. M. Morgan, of Washington, D. C., the Southern Railway's Dairy Agent. Dr. Morgan will be assisted by two regular dairymen in conducting the work and from time to time the car will be occupied by dairy experts from the United States Department of Agriculture and from the Agricultural Stations of the various States along the Southern Railway.

The Dairy Special is fitted up with a complete farm dairy, every piece of machinery and apparatus necessary to the economical production of milk, cream, and butter having been installed under the direction of Dr. Morgan. There will be a separator, churns, testers, sterilizer, Pasteurizing apparatus and exhibits of various kinds of improved machinery for dairymen. On the walls of the car will be charts and large views dealing with dairy subjects, showing the fundamental principles of breeding dairy types, feeding animals, the care of dairy cattle and pictures of famous animals in the dairy world.

The Special will also have stereopticon lantern and slides, permitting illustrated lectures at the various stops by Dr. Morgan and the other experts who will accompany the car.

Advance schedules of the stops will be prepared and full advertisement giving the train in the towns at which lectures are to take place.

Transport Logan Sails For China.

Manila.—The United States transport Logan left with a battalion of the 15th infantry and other details on board en route to Chin Wang Tao, northern China. The American troops after they have disembarked are to be employed in guarding a section of the Peking railroad from Tang Shan to Lanchow against the possible attack of other imperialist or republican troops. Civilians and soldiers of other regiments witnessed the sailing, while women crowded the quay bidding farewells.

Italian of Noble Birth A Suicide.

San Francisco.—Luigi Donato Ventura, an Italian of noble birth and of ability as a writer and lecturer, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart in a fit of despondency due to family troubles. His complete name was Ventura de Lecco Bari and his family line traces as far back as 1299. Prof. Ventura began his career as a page in the court of King Humbert. While a young man he came to this country and gained notice through "Peppina," a story of an Italian newboy in New York.