



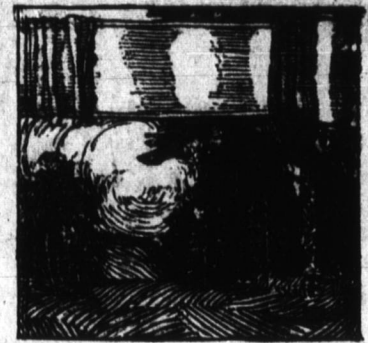
# MY LADY OF THE NORTH

## THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

by RANDALL PARRISH

### WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR J. WILLIAMSON



#### THE SAFE LAXATIVE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE

Most elderly people are more or less troubled with a chronic, persistent constipation, due largely to lack of sufficient exercise. They experience difficulty in digesting even light food, with a consequent belching of stomach gases, drowsiness after eating, headache and a feeling of lassitude and general discomfort.

Doctors advise against cathartics and violent purgatives of every kind, recommending a mild, gentle laxative tonic, like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, to effect relief without disturbing the entire system.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the perfect laxative, easy in action, certain in effect and, withal, pleasant to the taste. It possesses tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and is a remedy that has been for years the great standby in thousands of families, and should be in every family medicine chest. It is equally as valuable for children as for older people.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and he will be very glad to send a sample bottle for trial.

#### A COLD DINNER.



Mrs. Benham—I see that they have found the North Pole.

Benham—That's no reason why you should do your cooking there.

#### Tetterine for Ring Worm and Skin Disease.

Varnville, S. C., July 17, 1908.

My wife uses your Tetterine for Ringworm, also uses it in her family for all kinds of skin diseases, and she thinks it a good medicine. There is no substitute.

L. R. Dowling,

Tetterine Cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Corns, Chillsblains and every form of Scalp and Skin Disease. A Tetterine 50c; Tetterine Soap 25c. At Druggists or by mail direct from The Shurtzine Co., Savannah, Ga.

With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shurtzine's 10c Liver Pills free.

#### He Knew the Worm.

A country girl was home from college for the Christmas holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't it perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an 'I'm that worm!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

#### When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our chemists—holi "patent medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy in Asseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

#### A Pioneer.

"Why was Jonah thrown overboard?"

"I'm not sure, but I've always thought he was the first man to rock a boat."

#### Guarding the Money.

"Why was he guarded by the police?"

"They were afraid somebody else would get his money."

#### You will sneeze; perhaps feel chilly.

You think you are catching cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Hamline Wizard Oil and you just can't catch cold.

#### "Spell" prohibition.

"I don't like dry spells."

#### FOR COLDS and GRIP.

Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c, 25c, and 50c. At drug stores.

#### "Lout"—A golden hour, set to 60 diamond minutes.

There is no reward, for it is gone forever.—Beecher.

#### Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago.

They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

#### And sometimes the girl's father forbids a young man the house, when it wasn't the house he wanted.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blistering, or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days.

#### One way to discount a woman's argument is to agree with her.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

#### When truth gets busy, fiction is apt to feel ashamed of itself.

#### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. General imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. The two, 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 fails. 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 in the dark a huge man attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lewis, but Mrs. Bungay discovers him to be a disguised impostor, who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### A Woman's Tenderness

Youth is never largely given to reflection, which is the gift of years; and although my life had in a measure rendered me more thoughtful than I might have proven under ordinary conditions, yet it is to be frankly confessed, by one desirous of writing merely the truth, that I generally acted more upon impulse than reason. As I stood forth in the sunlight of that lonely mound, my hands securely bound behind my back, the end of the rope held by one of my captors, while his fellow leaned lazily upon his gun and watched us, I thought somewhat deeply over the situation and those peculiar circumstances leading up to it.

Under other conditions I might have felt tempted to enter into conversation with my guards, who, as I now perceived, were far from being the rough banditti I had at first imagined. Judging from their faces and language they were intelligent enough young fellows, such as I had often found in the ranks of the Federal army. But I realized they could aid me little, if any, in the one thing I most desired to know, and even if they could, a sense of delicacy would have caused me to hesitate in asking those personal questions that burned upon my lips. My deep and abiding respect for this woman whom I had so strangely met, and with whom I had attained some degree of intimacy, would never permit of my discussing her, even indirectly, with private soldiers behind the back of their officer. Every sense of honor revolted at such a thought. Not through any curiosity of mine, however justified by the depth of my own feeling, should she be made the subject of idle gossip about the campfire.

For, in truth, at this time, unhappy as my own situation undeniably was, and as a soldier I realized all its dangers, I gave it but little consideration. Usually quick of wit, fertile in expedients, ever ready to take advantage of each opportunity, I had taken stock of all my surroundings, yet discovered nowhere the slightest opening for escape. The vigilance of the guard, as well as the thorough manner in which I was bound, rendered any such attempt the merest madness.

Then it was that other thoughts came surging upon me in a series of interrogatories, which no knowledge I possessed could possibly answer. Who was this proud, womanly woman who called herself Edith Brennan? She had been at some pains to inform me that she was married, yet there was that about her—her bearing, her manner—which I could not in the least reconcile with that thought. Her extreme youthfulness made me feel it improbable, and the impression remained with me that she intended to make some explanation of her words, when the coming of Bungay interrupted us. How they might be explained I could not imagine; I merely struggled against accepting what I longed to believe untrue. And this man? This Federal major, bearing the same name, whom she called Frank, who was he? What manner of relationship existed between them? In their meeting and short intercourse I had noted several things which told me much—that she feared, respected, valued him, and that he was not only swayed by, but intensely jealous of any rival in, her good opinion. Yet their unexpected meeting was scarcely that of husband and wife. Was he the one she sought in her night ride from one Federal camp to another? If so, was he brother, friend, or husband?

Such were some of the queries I silently struggled with, and they were rendered more acute by that deepening interest which I now confessed to myself I was feeling toward her who inspired them. It may be fashionable nowadays to sneer at love, yet certain it is, the rare personality of this Edith Brennan had reached and influenced me in those few hours we had been thrown together as that of no other woman had ever done. Possibly this was so because the long years in camp and field had kept me isolated from all cultured and refined womanhood. This may, indeed, have caused me to be peculiarly susceptible to the beauty and purity of this one.

facts, and leave philosophy to others. My life has ever been one of action, of I know not; I am content to give intense feeling; and there in the road that day, standing bareheaded in the sun, I was clearly conscious of but one changeless fact, that I loved Edith Brennan with every throb of my heart, and that there was enmity, bitter and unforgiving, between me and the man within who bore her name. Whatever he might be to her I rejoiced to know that he hated me with all the unreasoning hatred of jealousy. I had read it in his eyes, in his words, in his manner; and the memory of its open manifestation caused me to smile, as I hoped for an hour when we should meet alone and face to face.

"As I was thus thinking, half in despair and half in hope, the two came out from the house together; and it pleased me to note how immediately her eyes sought for me, and how she lifted her hand to shade them from the glare of the sun, so that she might see more clearly. Her companion appeared to ignore my presence utterly, and gazed anxiously up and down the road as though searching for something.

"Peter," he asked sharply of the fellow on guard, "where are Sergeant Steele and the rest of the squad?"

The soldier addressed saluted in a

voice grown kindly in a moment, and her eyes frankly meeting mine, "you will pardon such liberty, I am sure, but it is not right that you should be compelled to march uncovered in this sun."

She placed the hat in position, asking as she did so:

"Does that feel comfortable?"

"The memory of your thoughtfulness," I replied warmly, bowing as best I might, "will make the march pleasant, no matter what its end may mean to me."

Her eyes darkened with sudden emotion.

"Do not deem me wholly ungrateful," she said quickly and in a low tone. "The conditions are such that I am utterly helpless now to aid you. Major Brennan is a man not to be lightly disobeyed, but I shall tell my story to General Sheridan as soon as we reach his camp."

I would have spoken again, but at this moment Brennan came striding toward us.

"Come, Edith," he cried, almost roughly, "this foolishness has surely gone far enough. Peters, what are you waiting here for? I told you to take your prisoner down the road."

A few moments later, the centre of a little squad of heavily armed men, I was tramping along the rocky path-

way, and when once I attempted to



"I Desire to Place This Hat on the Head of Your Prisoner."

manner that convinced me he was of the regular service.

"They are resting out of the sun in that clump of bushes down the hill, sir."

Brennan glanced in the direction indicated.

"Very well," he said. "Take your prisoner down there, and tell the Sergeant to press on at once toward the lower road. We shall follow you, and the lady will ride his horse."

The man turned, and with peremptory gesture ordered me forward. As I drew closer to where the two waited beside the open door, I lifted my head proudly, determined that neither should perceive how deeply I felt the humiliation of my position. As I thus passed them, my eyes fixed upon the shining road ahead, my ears caught a word or two of indignant expostulation from her lips.

"But, Frank, it is positively shameful in this sun."

He laughed lightly, yet his answer came to me in all clearness of utterance. I believed he wished me to overhear the words. "Oh, it will only prove of benefit to his brains, if by rare chance he possesses any."

I glanced aside, and saw her turn instantly and face him, her eyes aflame with indignation. "Then I will!"

As she spoke, her voice fairly trembling with intense feeling, she stepped backward out of sight into the house. Another instant and she reappeared, sweeping past him without so much as a word, and bearing in her hand my old campaign hat, came directly up to me.

"Sentry," she said in her old imperious manner, "I desire to place this hat on the head of your prisoner."

glance back to discover if the others followed us, the sergeant advised me, with an oath, to keep my eyes to the front. I obeyed him.

It must have been nearly the end of the afternoon. We had certainly traversed several miles, and were then moving almost directly south upon a well-defined pike, the name of which I never knew. All the party were traveling close together, when the scout, who throughout the day had been kept a few hundred yards in advance, came back toward us on a run, his hand flung up in an urgent warning to halt.

"What is it, Steele?" Brennan questioned, spurring forward to meet him. "Come, speak up, man!"

"A squad of cavalry has just swung onto the pike, sir, from the dirt road that leads toward the White Briar," was the soldier's panting reply. "And I could get a glimpse through the trees down the valley, and there's a heavy infantry column just behind them. They're Rebs, sir, or I don't know them."

"Rebs?" with an incredulous laugh. "Why, man, we've got the only Reb here who is east of the Briar."

"Well," returned the scout, sullenly, "they're coming from the west, and I know they ain't our fellows."

He was too old a soldier to have his judgment doubted, and he was evidently convinced. Brennan glanced quickly about. However he may have sneered at the report, he was not rash enough to chance so grave a mistake.

"Get back into those rocks there on the right," he commanded sharply. "Hurry your prisoner along lively, men, and one of you stand over him with a cocked gun; if he so much as opens his mouth, let him have it."

Rapidly as we moved, we were scarcely all under cover before the advance cavalry guard came in sight, the light fringe of troopers, dust-bagrimed and weary, resting heavily in their

saddles, and apparently thoughtless as to any possibility of meeting with the enemy. There were not more than a troop of them all told, yet their short gray jackets and wide-brimmed light hats instantly told the story of their service. Their rear rank was yet in sight when we heard the heavy tread of the approaching column, together with the dull tinkle of steel which always accompanies marching troops. Peering forth as much as I dared from behind the thick brush where I had been roughly thrown face downward, I saw the head of that solid, sturdy column swing around the sharp bend in the road, and in double front, spreading from rock to rock, come sweeping down toward us.

File upon file, company after company, regiment following regiment, they swung sternly by. Scarcely so much as a word reached us, excepting now and then some briefly muttered command to close up, or a half inaudible curse as a shuffling foot stumbled. I could distinguish no badge, no insignia of either corps or division; the circling dust enveloped them in a choking, disfiguring cloud. But they were Confederates! I marked them well; here and there along the tolling ranks I even noted a familiar face, and there could be no mistaking the gaunt North Carolina mountaineer, the sallow Georgian, or the jaunty Louisiana creole. They were Confederates—Packer's Division of Hill's corps, I could have almost sworn—east-bound on forced march, and I doubted not that each cross-road to left and right of us would likewise show its hurrying gray column, sturdily pressing forward. The veteran fighting men of the left wing of the Army of Northern Virginia were boldly pushing eastward to keep their trust with Lee. The despatch entrusted to my care had been borne safely to Longstreet.

The keen joy of it lighted up my face, and Brennan turning toward me as the last limping straggler disappeared over the ridge, saw it, and grew white with anger.

"You Rebel cur!" he cried fiercely, in his sudden outburst of passion, "what does all this mean? Where is that division bound?"

"Some change in Longstreet's front, I should judge," I answered coolly, too happy even to note his slur.

"You know better," he retorted hotly. "The way those fellows march tells plainly enough that they have covered all of fifteen miles since day-break. It is a general movement, and, by Heaven! you shall answer Sheridan, even if you won't me."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### In the Presence of Sheridan.

It had been dark for nearly an hour before we entered what was from all appearances a large and populous camp. No sooner was I thrust into the unknown darkness of a hut by the not unkindly sergeant, than I threw myself prone on the floor, and was sound asleep before the door had fairly closed behind him.

My rest was not destined to be a long one. It seemed I had barely closed my eyes when a rough hand shook me again into consciousness. The flaming glare of an uplifted pin-knot flung its radiance over half-a-dozen figures grouped in the open doorway. A corporal, with a white chin beard, was bending over me.

"Come, Johnny," he said tersely, "get up—you're wanted."

The instinct of soldierly obedience in which I had been so long trained caused me to grope my way to my feet.

"What time is it, Corporal?" I asked sleepily.

"After midnight."

"Who wishes me?"

"Headquarters," he returned brusquely. "Come, move on. Fall in, men."

Our march was a short one, and we soon turned abruptly in at a wide-open gateway. High pillars of brick stood upon either hand, and the passage was well lighted by a brightly blazing fire of logs. Two sentries stood there, and our party passed between them without uttering a word.

As we moved beyond the radiance I noted a little knot of cavalymen silently sitting their horses in the shadow of the high wall. A wide gravelled walk, bordered, I thought, with flowers, led toward the front door of a commodious house built after the colonial type. The lower story seemed fairly ablaze with lights, and at the head of the steps as we ascended a young officer came quickly forward.

"Is this the prisoner brought in tonight?"

The corporal pushed me forward.

"This is the man, sir."

"Very well; hold your command here until I send other orders."

He rested one hand, not unkindly, upon my arm, and his tone instantly changed from that of command to generous courtesy.

"You will accompany me, and permit me to advise you, for your own sake, to be as civil as possible in your answers tonight, for the 'old man' is in one of his tantrums."

We crossed the rather dimly lighted hall, which had a sentry posted at

either end of it, and then my conductor threw open a side door, and silently motioned for me to enter in advance of him. It was as spacious room, elegant in all its appointments, but my hasty glance revealed only three occupants. Sitting at a handsome polished mahogany writing-table near the centre of the apartment was a short, stoutly built man, with straggly beard and fierce, stern eyes. I recognized him at once, although he wore neither uniform nor other insignia of rank. Close beside him stood a colonel of engineers, possibly his chief of staff, while to the left, leaning negligently with one arm on the mantel-shelf above the fireplace, and smiling insolently at me, was Brennan.

The sight of him stiffened me like a drink of brandy, and as the young aide closed the door in my rear, I stepped instantly forward to the table, facing him who I knew must be in command, and removing my hat, saluted.

"This is the prisoner you sent for, sir," I announced the aide.

The officer, who remained seated, looked at me intently.

"Have I ever met you before?" he questioned, as though doubting his memory.

"You have, General Sheridan," I replied. "I was with General Early during your conference at White Horse Tavern. I also bore a flag to you after the cavalry skirmish at Wilson's Ford."

"I remember," shortly, and as he spoke he wheeled in his chair to face Brennan.

"I thought you reported this officer as a spy?" he said sternly. "He is in uniform, and doubtless told you his name and rank."

"I certainly had every reason to believe he penetrated our lines in disguise," was the instant reply. "This cavalry cloak was found with him, and consequently I naturally supposed his claim of rank to be false."

Sheridan looked annoyed, yet turned back to me without administering the sharp rebuke which seemed burning upon his lips.

"Were you wearing that cavalry cloak within our lines?" he questioned sternly.

"I was not, sir; it was indeed lying upon the floor of the hut when Major Brennan entered, but I had nothing to do with it."

He gazed at me searchingly for a moment in silence.

"I regret we have treated you with so little consideration," he said apologetically, "but you were supposed to be merely a spy. May I ask your name and rank?"

"Captain Wayne,—th Virginia Cavalry."

"Why were you within our lines?"

"I was passing through them with despatches."

"For whom?"

"You certainly realize that I must decline to answer."

"Major Brennan," he asked, turning aside again, "was this officer searched by your party?"

"He was, sir, but no papers were found. He stated to me later that his despatch was verbal."

"Had it been delivered?"

"I so understood him."

"Well, how did he account to you for being where he was found?"

Brennan hesitated, and glanced uneasily toward me. Like a flash the thought came that this man was striving to keep her name entirely out of sight; he did not wish her presence mentioned.

"There was no explanation attempted," he said finally. "He seemed simply to be hiding there."

"Alone?"

Again I caught his eyes, and it almost seemed that I read entreaty in them.

"Excepting the wife of the mountaineer," he answered hoarsely.

"Is this true?" asked Sheridan, his stern face fronting me.

I made my decision instantly. There might be some reason, possibly her own request, whereby her being alone with me that night should remain unnoted. Very well, it would never be borne to other ears through any failure of my lips to guard the secret. She had voluntarily pledged herself to go to Sheridan in my defense; until she did so, her secret, if secret indeed it was, should remain safe with me. I could do no less in honor.

"It is not altogether true," I said firmly, "and no one knows this better than Major Brennan. I was there, as I told him, wholly because of an accident upon the road, but as to its particulars I must most respectfully decline to answer."

"I understand fully the construction which may unjustly be placed upon it by those who desire to condemn me, but at present I can make no more definite reply. I have reason to believe the full facts will be presented to you by one in whose word you will have confidence."

Sheridan straightened in his chair, and looked across the table at me almost angrily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)