

SYNOPSIS

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gentlee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Long-treet. Accompanied by Sergt. Cialg, 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 or a Federal officer who came to keep an appointment, and a young lady on horse-back is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape but fall. One of the horses succumbs and Crass goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a lut and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute flust 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 Lowrie, but Mrs. Bungay discovers him to be a disguised impostor, who proves to be Mai, Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. While a prisoner Wayne sees files of Confederates pass and knows that Craft has delivered 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 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 deliv-

"I have reason to belive 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 Confederare Army. You certainly have no reason to expect that ! will so far disregard my obvious duty as to an-

swer such a question." "Your refusal to explain why you were hiding within our lines is ample reason for my insistence," he said ta-tly, "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 east-

ward? 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 temof a boy then, and my cheeks flushed

"I positively decline to answer one word relative to the despatches intristed 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, inand 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

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

"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 women is probably more in your line than this."

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

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

"Back, both of you!" he ordered arply. "There shall be no brawling sharply. here. Major Brennan, you will renain; 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 tell whole truth should voluntarily do That circumstances had left me

MY LADY OF THE NORTH The Love Story of A GRAY JACKET BY RANDALL PARRISH Author of WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING OF ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON

question, and I had yielded to his goading to such an extent as to give those in authority every excuse for the exercise of extreme military power. Yet of one thing I was firmly solved-no thoughtless word of mine should ever endanger the reputation of Edith Brennan. Right or wrong, I would go to a death of dishonor before 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 he ordered the little squad of waiting soldiers to fall in, and taking me by the arm, led the way down the gravelled path to the road. I was impressed by his seeming carelessness, but as we cleared the gateway he spoke, and his words helped me to comprehend.

Captain Wayne," he said quietly, so that the words could not be overheard, "you do not recognize me, but was the officer who conducted you to headquarters when you brought the ilag in at Wilson Creek. Of course I must perform the duty given me, but I wish you to understand that I wholly believe your word."

He stopped, extended his hand, and accepted it silently.

"There must be some grave personal reason which seals your lips?" questioned

"There is "

"I thought as much, I chanced to overhear the words, or rather a portion of them, which Brennan whispered, and have no doubt if they were explained to the General he would feel more kindly disposed toward you."

It was asked as a question, and I felt obliged to reply.

"I appreciate deeply your desire to aid me, but there are circumstances involving others which con.pel me for the present to silence. Indeed my possible fate does not so greatly trouble me, only that I possess a strong desire to have freedom long enough to cross swords with this major of yours. The quarrel between us has become bitterly personal, and I hunger for a chance to have it out. Do you know, is the word who would fight?"

The young fellow stiffened slightly.

'We are serving upon the same staff," he said more abruptly, "and while we have never been close friends, yet I cannot honorably take sides against him. He has been out twice within the last three years to my knowledge, and is not devoid either of courage or skill. Possibly, however, the arrival of his wife may make him less a fire-eater.'

'His wife?" I stopped so suddenly that he involuntarily tightened his grip upon my arm as though suspicious of an attempt to escape.

"Do you," I asked, gaining some slight control over myself. "refer to the lady who came in with his party last evening?" "Most certainly; she was presented

to all of us as Mrs. Brennan, she has been assigned rooms at his quarters, and she wears a wedding-ring. Far too fine a woman in my judgment for such a master, but then that is not so uncommon a mistak, in marriage Why, come to think about it, you must have met her yourself. Have reason to suspect this is not their relationship?"

"Not in the least," I hastened to answer, fearful lest my thoughtless exclamation might become the basis for camp gossip. "Indeed I was scarcely in the lady's presence at all coming in, as I was left in charge of the sergeant."

WILLTAMSON

other division of the cellar. I noted

these openings idly, and with scarce-

y 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

preceding night had seemingly robbed

me of all my usua. buoyancy of hope.

Brennan would keep her pledge and

tell her story to Sheridan; even if she

failed to do this, and left me to face

the rifles or the rope, then it made

but small odds how soon it should be

over. If she cared for me in the

slightest degree she would not let me

die unjustly, and to my mind then

she had become the centre of all life.

Despondency is largely a matter of

physical condition, and I was still

sufficiently fagged to be in the depths,

when the door opened suddenly, and

an ordinary army ration was placed

within. The soldier who brought it

did not speak, nor did I attempt to address him; but after he retired, the

appetizing smell of the bacon, together

with the unmistakable flavor of real

coffee, drew me irresizibly that way.

and I made a hearty neal. The food

put new life into me, and , fell to

pacing back and forth between the

corners of the cell, my mind full of

questioning, yet with a fresh measure

of confidence that all would still be

i was set at it when, without warp

ing, the door once again opened, and Lleutenant Cuton entered He ad-

vanced toward me with outstretched

one sense I yet trusted that Mrs.

me, but the fierce emotions of the

"I Am to Be Shot, Then?"

a mere air passage leading into some | be in your power to prove the nature

allegations '

with General Lee."

"But now-is there

When is the hour set?"

such unseemly baste."

remain in the camp?"

ure of neeting her again."

of your mission within our lines, and

the delay thus gained will enable us

to learn and meet these more serious

"If I but had time to communicate

by which such representation can be

given this very day? If not full proof

of your innocence, then sufficient, at

I shook my head. "I know of noth-

ing other than my own unsupported

word," I answered shortly, "and that

is evidently of no value as against

Major Brennan's secret insinuations.

"I am not positive that final de-

cision 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

I remained silent for a moment,

"Mrs. Brennan," I asked finally, re-

curring to the one thought in which I

retained deep interest .- "does she still

quarters 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 pleas-

We talked for some time longer,

and he continued to urge me for

some further word, but I could give

him done, and finally the kindly fellow

departed, promising to see me again

"She was with the Major at head

conscious only of his kindly eyes read-

least, to cause the necessary delay?

Perhaps he felt that he had aiready said too much, for we tramped on in silence until we drew near a large, square white building standing directly beside the road.

"This is the old Culverton tavern, known as the Mansion House," he said. "It is a tremendous big building for this country, with as fine a ballroom in it as I have seen since leaving New York. We utilize it for almost every military purpose, and among others some of the strong rooms in the basement are found valuable for the safe-keeping of important prisoners."

We mounted the front steps as he was speaking, passing through a cordon of guards, and in the wide hallway I was turned tover to the officer in charge.

"Good-right, Captain," said Caton, kindly extending his hand. "You may rest assured that I shall say all I can in your favor, but it is to be regretted that Brennan has great influence just now at readquarters, and Sheridan is not a man to lightly overlook those hasty words you spoke to him."

I could only thank him most warm ly for his interest, realizing fully from his grave manner my desperate situation, and follow my silent couductor down some narrow and steep stairs until we stood upon the cemented floor of the basement. Here a heavy door in the stone division wall was opened; I was pushed forward into the dense darkness within, and be lock clicked dully behind tue. o thick was the wall I could not

like was already evident was beyond even distinguish the retreating steps | hand, which I grasped warmly, for I | within a few hours. Greatly as I now of the jailer.

Tired as I was from the intense strain of the past thirty-six hours, even my anxious thoughts were insufficient to keep me awake. Feeling my way cautiously along the wall, I came at last to a wide wooden bench, and stretching my form at full length upon it, pillowed my head on one

arm, and almost instantly was sound asleep.

When I awoke, sore from my hard bed and stiffened by the uncom-fortable position in which I lay, it was broad daylight. That the morning was, indeed, well advanced I knew from the single ray of sunlight which streamed it through a grated window high up in the wall opposite me and fell like a bar of gold across the rough stone floor. I was alone Even in the dark of the previous night I had discovered the sole pretence to furniture in the place. The room itself proved to be a large and almost square apartment, probably during the ordinary occupancy of the house a receptacle for wood or garden produce. but now peculiarly well adapted to the safeguarding of prisoners.

The solid stone walls were of sufficient neight to afford no chance of reaching the great oak girders that supported the floor above, even had the doing so offered a favorable opening 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 entered. The second, I concluded, after inspecting it closely, was

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 orse 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 confidencewhat, I have been unable to ascertain -which has convinced him that you are deserving of death under martial

"Without trial?"

"The opportunity of furnishing the information desired will be again offered you; 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. Yo. 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

"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



valued his friendship, it was, never tueless, a relief to be alone with my thouga's mice 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 nathos as he wrung my hand good bye. Sheridan, he said, had gone down the lines, and both Brennan and himself were under orders to follow in What instructions, if another hour. any, had been left regarding my case he could not say, but he feared the worst from the unusual secrecy. Sheridan expected to return to his head quarters that same evening, as the officers of his staff were to give a grand ball

I felt no inclination to partake of the ruds supper left me, and just be fore dark I was lying upon the bench idly wondering if that was to prove the last vestige of daylight I should ever behold in this world, when, with out slightest warning, the heavy iron grating in the wall directly above me fell suddenly, striking the edge of the bench, and clattered noisily to the The fall was so unexpected, and my escape from injury so narrow, that lay almost stunned, staring up help lessly at the dark hole thus left bare As I gazed, a face framed itself in this narrow opening, and two wary eyes peered cautiously down at me There was no mistakir- that counte nance even in the fast waning light and I instantly sat up with an ex clamation of surprise.

"Jed Bungay, as I live!"

The puzzled face broke into a griz of delight.

"Holy smoke, Cap," he ejaculated with a deep sigh of relief, "is thet you suah? I wus so durned skeered I'd made a mess o' it while that iron drapped that I near Aled. Whut be they a goin' ter dew with ye?"

"I have every reason to believe it is their purpose to shoot me at day break to-morrow."

"Shoot?-Hell!" He stared at me as if he had just heard his own deat! sentence pronounced, and his little light. "Shoot ye? Gand Lord, Cap. whut fer? Ye ain't come nothin' as I knows on, 'cept ter grap a bit with thet blasted Yank, ar' sure thet's no shootin matter, er eins I'd a bin a goner long ago."

"That 'Yank' has seen fit to charge me with being a spy, and as I was foolish enough to inspire General Sheridan last night, my fate is probably

This somewhat complex statement seemed to be too much for Jed to grasp promptly.

"Gosh, ye don't say!" he muttered Then, durn it, I'm in luck, fer all they've got agin me is pot-shootin' at a nigger soger up/ ... ther mountings; en thet ain't much, 'cause ' didn't hi ther durned cuss.

Jed was carefully covering every inch of exposed wall with his little shrewd, glinting yes.

"Ain't much show ter work out o' yere, is thar, Cap?" he asked at last reflectively; "leastwise I don't see none, 'less them thar dark corners hes got holes in 'em'

The wall is entirely solid."

"So I sorter reckoned. But if ye'll crawl through yere inter my boodour, thar's a place whar I reckon ther tew of us tergether mought make a try fer ic. It's too durn high up fer me ter git at alone. I reckon, Cap. if ye cud manage ter git out o' yere ternight, an' take some news ter Lee thet I've picked up, he'd bout make both of us ginerals."

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

"Thought maybe thet wud wake ye up," he chuckled. "This yere's gospe! truth: Sheridan hes started his in fantry on a half-circ's march fer Min ersville. Ther first division left et three o'clock, an' thar won't be nary Yank loafin' on ther valley by noon termorrow. An' more," he added rapid ly, his eyes dancing wildly with sup pressed excitement,-. "Hancock is a s ingin' of his corps west ter meet 'em tha., an' I reckon, as how thar'll be hell fer sartin up ther Shenandoah in less ner a week.'

"But how do you kacw, 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 Heintzelman over on ther then Mariar she sorter pumped a young fule staff officer fer ther rest o' it," he replied promptly 'Oh, tt's a sure go, Cap, an' I reckon a' how maybe Lee's whole army hangs on one of us gittin' out o' yere ter night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Neigborty. Anyhow Maybe it is design or maybe it's just accident Anybow, it certainly does look funny to see all the princh pal taxicab stations bang up agains drinking fountains for horses.-Nev



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