

# My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF  
A GRAY JACKET

By RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF  
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

COPYRIGHT BY A. C. WILSON & CO. - ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. They seek shelter in a hut and 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 succumb 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 enter it in the dark a huge mass of men attacks them. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, one Joe 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 Maj. 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 Confederate soldiers and knows that Craig has delivered the message. He is brought before Sheridan, who refuses to set him free unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is given the choice of revealing the Lee message or of being shot as a spy. He is rescued by Jed Bungay.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

That he meant every word he spoke I felt convinced, and his enthusiasm was contagious. My blood leaped within me at this call to action; all lethargy fled, and with it every deadening thought of her who had so suddenly woven about me the meshes of her power. False or true, maid, wife, or widow, my duty as a soldier to my commander and the army to which I belonged, blotted out all else. Even as this new rush of determination swept over me, above us there sounded clearly the dashing music of a military band in the strains of a Strauss's waltz, and we could distinguish the muffled shuffling of many feet on the oaken floor overhead. Caton's chance remark about the great hall to be given that evening by officers of the headquarters staff recurred to my memory.

"That dancing up there will help us, Jed," I said quickly, my mind now active to grasp every detail. "You say there is a chance for escape from your cell? Then give me your hand, and help me to crawl through that hole."

It was a narrow squeeze for a man of my size, yet I crept through without great difficulty, and found myself in the dense darkness of a room which, as I judged hastily from feeling about me, was similar in shape and extent to the one I had been confined. Bungay, however, permitted me little time for exploration. Grasping me firmly by the arm, and feeling his way along the wall, he groped across to the other side.

"There's a mighty big stone chimney comes down here, Cap," he whispered. "An' ther openin' ter take out soot an' ashes is up thar, just b'low ther floor. It's a sheet-iron pan, I reckon, ther way it feels; an' it must be thar ther put a nigger in t' clean ther chimney whin it gits stuffed up. I could git up thar alone, but I couldn't do no work, but thar thar pan ought ter cum out all right. Dew ye think ye cud hol' me up, Cap? I'm purty darn heavy."

I smiled in the darkness at the little fellow's egotism, and lifting him as I might a child, poised him lightly upon my shoulder. He struggled a moment to steady himself against the wall, and then I could feel him tugging eagerly at something which appeared to yield slowly to his efforts. As he worked, a dense shower of dust and soot caused me to close my eyes.

"She's a comin' all right," he said, cheerfully, puffing with his exertions, "but I reckon as how this chimney ain't bin cleaned out since ther war begun. Hold up yer right han', Cap, an' git a blame good grip on her, fer she's almighty full, an' I'll wanter go down sorter easy like."

I did as he suggested, bracing myself to meet his movements, as he stood straining on his shoulders, and in another moment I had succeeded in lowering the large sheet-iron pan silently to the floor.

"Room'nough yere fer two men ter onet," chuckled my companion, in rare delight. "The chief in silence strode before." Yere goes."

His weight left my shoulders; there was a slight scramble, another shower of dirt, then the sound of his voice once more.

"Lift up yer han's, Cap; dig in yer toes on ther stones, an' we'll begin our vige."

He grasped my wrists with a strength which I had no conception the little fellow possessed. There was a moment's breathless struggle, and I squirmed through the opening, and lay prone on the flat slabs which composed the foot of the great tunnel. To afford me more room Bungay had gone up a little, finding foothold upon the uneven stones of which the chimney was constructed. For a moment we rested thus motionless, both breathing heavily and listening to the music and shuffling of feet now almost upon a level with our heads.

The noise, which was strong and continuous, rendered discovery from any misstep highly improbable, and as

delay was dangerous neither of us was disposed to linger long.

"Be ye all ready, Cap?" questioned Bungay, bending his head down. "Fer if ye be, I'm a goin' up."

"All right," I answered, struggling to my knees in the narrow space; "only take it slow, Jed. I'm a trifle bigger man than you, and this is rather close quarters."

"Wal, yes, maybe a matter of a poun' or two," he retorted, and the next moment I could hear him scraping his way upward, feeling for foothold upon the irregular layers of stone. I followed, pressing my knees firmly against the rough wall, and trusting more to my hands than feet for security against falling. There was evidently a fireplace of some kind on the first floor, with a considerable opening leading from it into the chimney we were scaling, for as Jed slowly passed, I could perceive a sudden gleam of light streaming across his face from the glare of the lamps within. He glanced anxiously that way, but did not pause in his steady climb upward.

A moment later I came opposite that same beam of radiance, and cautiously peered down the sloped opening that led to the disused fireplace. All I could perceive was a pair of legs, evidently those of a cavalry officer, judging from the broad yellow stripe down the seam of the light-blue trousers, and the high boots ornamented with rowel spurs. He stood leaning carelessly against the mantel, talking with some one just beyond the range of my vision.

At that moment the music ceased suddenly, and afraid to proceed until it should strike us again, I braced myself securely on a projecting stone and bent my head over the orifice until I could catch a portion of the conversation being carried on by my unconscious neighbors.

"No," said the cavalryman, gruffly, and apparently in reply to some previous question, "the fellow was most devilish obstinate; wouldn't tell the first thing; even a threat of treating him as a spy and hanging him outright proved of no avail. But Sheridan's theory is that Lee has ordered Longstreet to hit our rear, while he makes a direct attack in front. That's why the 'old man' proposes to get in his work first, and we march at daylight to form connection with Hancock. By Jove, Chesley, but that woman in black over there with Pollans' is the handsomest picture I've seen south of the line. Mark how her eyes sparkle, and how prettily the light gleams in her hair. Who is she, do you chance to know?"

"Yes," lisped the other, languidly, "met her at breakfast, headquarters, this morning. Deuced pretty and tall, that mighty good style, too, but taken, old man. She's Brennan's."

"What! not Major Brennan?" in surprise. "Why, he's always posed as a bachelor among our fellows."

"Don't know anything 'bout that, dear boy," indifferently, "but the lady came in with him yesterday, was introduced to the crowd of us as Mrs. Brennan, and he called her Edith. Deuced nice name, Edith. As Brennan has shown such poor taste as to be absent to-night, I am inclined to give a little of my time to his lady. Far away the prettiest thing here. Well, so long, Somers; see you in the morning. I'm going to give the fair Edith a whirl."

The cavalry legs shifted their position; the band resumed its functions, and in the renewed activity and noise I began again the toilsome climb, my mind now a bewildered chaos between my plain duty to Lee and my nearly uncontrollable desire to meet once more the woman who was dancing in the room below.

The little mountaineer, as active as a cat, and not especially hampered by lack of room in which to work, was well above me by this time. The chimney, acting as a tube, brought down to me from time to time the slight noise of his climbing, varied by an occasional exclamation or comment, but I could perceive no other evidence of his presence. Above, all was as black as the grave.

"Holy smoke!" he ejaculated, probably unaware that he was giving utterance to his thoughts. "That was a sharp rock! Durn if thar's a inch o' skin left on my knee. Ough! stop thar! who's got hold o' my fut?"

"Hush your racket, you little fool," I said angrily. "Do you want the whole Yankee army to trap us here like rats? I cannot get up this chimney any further; it is growing too small to permit my body to pass."

"Is thet so, Cap?" he asked anxiously. "Whut be ye goin' ter dew 'bout it?"

I made no answer for a moment; I was groping about in the darkness of our narrow quarters to see if I could determine exactly where we were.

"How high is this house, Jed, do you know?"

"Three stories an' attic."

"How far up are we?"

"'Bout halfway 'long ther third story, I reckon; must be jist b'low

whar ye are thar I stuck my fut down an openin'. Reckon 't was 'nother fireplace, like thar one on ther first flure."

I lowered myself silently, and felt along the stones until I located the opening, and roughly measured its dimensions.

"I shall have to risk crawling out here, Jed," I said finally, "for I shall surely stick fast if I go up another ten feet. Do you suppose you can squeeze through to the top?"

"I reckon I kin," he returned calmly. "But hadn't we better stick tergether, Cap?"

"No," I answered firmly. "You go on, and one of us must get through to Lee. Don't mind me at all; get down from the roof as best you can. If I am caught it will be all the more important that you should succeed."

"T is done—I think thee, Roderick, for the word; it nerves my heart, it steels my sword."

Even as he spoke I could hear him creeping steadily upward. It soon became evident that his progress was growing slower, more difficult. Then all sounds above me ceased, and I knew he must have attained the roof in safety.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### I Became a Colonel of Artillery.

My own situation at this moment was too critical, too full of peril and uncertainty, to afford opportunity for moralizing over Bungay's chances of escape. Only one possibility lay before me—there remained no choice, no

thing just beneath the landing, whispered eagerly into the attentive ear of a pronounced blonde who shared the broad carpeted step with him.

I drew back noiselessly, to figure out the situation and determine what was best for me to attempt. It would be sheer madness to venture upon a passage to the front door, clad as I was in travel-worn gray uniform; to rush through that jam was impossible. If I were to wait until the dance was concluded the later hours of the night might indeed yield me somewhat clearer passage, yet it was hardly probable that the house, used as I knew it to be for a military prison, would be left unguarded. Besides, such delay must absolutely prevent my getting beyond the Federal picket lines before daybreak, and would hence render valueless the news I sought to bear to Lee.

I moved to the only window and glanced out; it opened upon the back of the house and presented a sheer drop to the ground. At the slight noise of the moving sash a sentry standing at the corner glanced up suspiciously. Evidently each side of the great building was abundantly protected by patrols.

Something had to be attempted, and at once. The room I was in bore unquestionable evidence of recent occupancy, and at any moment might be re-entered. My searching eyes fell upon the articles of clothing carelessly folded over the chair-back. I picked up the garments one by one and took them out; they composed the new uniform of a colonel of artillery, and

have supposed the very devil himself was coming down.

It took me nearly a quarter of an hour to get myself tolerably clean, and I could not have done that had I not used some grease that was upon the stand. At the end, however, I stepped back from the glass confident that with good luck I should run the gantlet safely.

Just as I prepared to step forth a new thought occurred to me—who was I? If questioned, as was highly probable, how could I account for my presence? Who should I pretend to be? I turned over the mass of papers lying before me on the table. They were mostly accounts and detailed orders about which I cared nothing, but finally my search was rewarded by the discovery of a recent army list. I ran my eyes hastily down the artillery assignments—Barry, Sommers, Fitzmorris, Sloan, Reilly. Ah, there at last was exactly what I wanted—"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, McRobert's Division, Thomas's Corps, assigned special service, staff Major-General Halleck, Washington, D. C."

"Curran, Sixth Ohio"—good; and the other? I glanced again at the open order. "Culbertson, Fourteenth Pennsylvania." I would remember those names, and with a jaunty confidence in my success, born of thorough preparation, I stepped to the open door and strode forth into the brilliantly lighted hall. Barring the single accident of encountering a possible acquaintance in the throng below, I felt fully capable of deceiving his Satanic Majesty himself.

## CHAPTER XV.

### At the Staff Officers' Ball.

The young officer glanced up lastly at sound of approaching footsteps, and rose to his feet to permit of my passage. He wore the full dress uniform of an artilleryman, and his evident surprise at my presence made me realize the necessity of addressing him.

"Lieutenant," I asked courteously, resting one hand easily upon the balustrade, "could you inform me if General Sheridan and those members of the staff who accompanied him down the lines this afternoon have yet returned?"

"They have not, sir."

"Ah, I was in hopes they might have arrived by this time."

I bowed to them both, and passed slowly down the wide stairway, several couples rising as I drew near to permit of my passage. The lower hall was very comfortably filled with figures moving here and there in converse, or occupying seats pressed close against the walls. The greater portion were attired in uniforms of the various branches of service, yet I observed not a few civilian suits, and a considerable number of women, some wearing the neat dress of the army nurse, others much more elaborately attired—daughters of the neighborhood, probably, with a sprinkling of wives and sisters of the soldiery. Guards, leaning upon their muskets, stood in staccato poses on either side of the main entrance, while the wide archway, draped with flags, opening into the ballroom, revealed an inspiring glimpse of swiftly revolving figures in gay uniforms and flashing skirts. Over all floated the low, swinging music of the band.

A fat, good-natured-looking man of forty, an infantry major, but wearing staff decorations, and evidently officiating in the capacity of floor-manager, after whispering a word in the ear of another of the same kind beside the ballroom door, hastily pushed his way through the laughing throng directly toward me.

"Good-evening, Colonel," he said, bowing deeply. "Your face is not familiar to me, but you will permit me to introduce myself—Major Monsoon, of General Sheridan's staff."

I accepted the fat, shapeless hand he extended, and pressed it warmly.

"I was just meditating a retreat, Major, when you appeared," I replied frankly. "For I fear my face is equally unknown to all others present. Indeed, I feel like a cat in a strange garret, and hesitated to appear at all. My only excuse for doing so was a promise made Colonel Culbertson previous to his being ordered out on duty. I am Colonel Curran, of the Sixth Ohio, but at present serving on the staff of General Halleck at Washington."

The Major's round, red face glowed with welcome.

"Extremely pleased to meet you, indeed," he exclaimed eagerly, "and you may be sure of a cordial greeting. Will you kindly step this way?"

As we slowly elbowed our way forward, all desire to escape from the ordeal fled, and I assumed the risks of the masquerade with the reckless audacity of my years. Before we reached the ballroom my conductor, his fat countenance fairly beaming with cordiality, had stopped at least twenty times to present me to various military titles, and I had accepted innumerable invitations without in the least knowing who gave them, or where they were to be fulfilled. Finally, however, we broke through the massed ring, and succeeded in reaching the tall individual in spectacles to whom the Major had spoken previous to seeking me, and I learned through the introduction which followed that I was in the presence of Brigadier-General Carlton, chief of staff.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Horrible!

What's the difference between an Irishman frozen to death and a Highlander on a mountain peak? One is kilt with the cold, the other cold with the kilt.—Exchange.

# FATAL TRAIN WRECK

A REAR-END COLLISION ON THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY NEAR CATAWBA RIVER.

## TWO ARE SERIOUSLY HURT

Caboose and One Car Broke Loose From Train and Runs Wild For A Mile and a Half.—One Injured Man Will Die.

Belmont.—Two men were seriously injured, a third was slightly cut about the head, a number of cars were badly damaged and traffic on the Southern Railway was tied up for a few hours when a runaway caboose and passenger coach ran into the other part of local freight train No. 64 on the west side of the Catawba river. The injured men were in the caboose and were not aware that the cars had broken loose until the crash came. The most seriously injured was Mr. L. D. Caldwell, superintendent of the light and water department of Kings Mountain, who, it is feared, will die. He and Flagman J. R. Hardin, who was also seriously hurt, were taken to a hospital at Charlotte. It is not thought possible that Hardin's injuries will prove fatal. Hardin's home is in Charlotte. The third injured man is unknown here. He came back to the station and had his injuries dressed and later returned to the scene of the wreck. His name was not learned.

The train had been on the siding here while the engine was engaged in shifting several cars into position. When this work had been completed, the train was backed into the main line and then started towards Charlotte.

## A Very Interesting Suit.

Lumberton.—Suit was instituted in the superior court which is greatly interesting. The people of Lumberton, after the list takers for Lumberton had valued the town property for taxation and after the equalization board of the county had adjusted without making any change in values the county commissioners undertook to raise the valuation of real estate in Lumberton to the amount of ten per cent and taxes had been charged against town real estate upon such increased valuation. The suit brought is to restrain the sheriff from collecting taxes upon the increased valuation.

## Is Charged With Embezzlement.

Lumberton.—J. A. Poythress, a traveling picture show man of Durham, well known through this section for several years, was arrested here by Chief Redfern on a warrant from Dunn by Deputy Turmage, the charge being embezzlement. The trouble seems to have been about moving picture films that were shipped to Poythress by Harry K. Lucas of Charlotte. Lucas came from Dunn with Officer Turmage. He was acquitted of the charge.

## Want To Retain Dismal Canal.

Elizabeth City.—Dr. L. S. Blades, a member of the Elizabeth City delegation from the chamber of commerce which appeared before the House committee on rivers and harbors, returned from Washington, enthusiastic over the effort made before the Congressmen for the retention of the Dismal Swamp Canal as a part of the proposed intraoceanal waterway.

## Mecklenburg Roads Are Bad.

Charlotte.—The roads of Mecklenburg county are worse than they have been in 15 years. This is the verdict of inhabitants who have traveled them for this length of time and longer. It is a fact admitted by the authorities that the conditions of the roads, improved and unimproved, throughout every community in Mecklenburg, is seriously bad. The macadam roads have been injured by the hauling and travel coming in from the unimproved districts in some places these improved pikes being badly damaged for a mile either way from the intersection.

## Fire Destroying Tons of Coal.

Rocky Mount.—A fire, which has slowly, but surely, been destroying over four hundred tons of coal has been burning in the Atlantic Coast Line yards at South Rocky Mount for the past several days. It is no known what cause the blaze. The men at the railroad shops have been working in vain to extinguish the blaze, it being impossible to cope with the situation but they are managing to save some of the pile from around the edges, the seat of the fire being directly in the center of the huge pile.

## Revenue Officers Are At Work.

Sparta.—Revenue officers gave the people in Basin Creek section, just over the Alleghany line on the south side of the Blue Ridge, a great scare. The officers caught one young man who had been connected with the blocking gang, and in return for immunity promised, he "let the cat out of the bag," giving the names of nearly every citizen in the Basin Creek section as having been engaged in one way or another with the manufacture of the famous Wilkes moonshine.



I Saw No Other Signs of Human Occupancy.

necessity for planning. It was pure luck which pried open most doors of life, and it was upon luck alone I must rely now. I have often wondered since how I ever succeeded in squeezing my body through that narrow opening into the empty fireplace without at least knocking over something during the difficult passage. But I did manage, working my way down slowly, creeping inch by inch like a snake, carefully testing each object I touched in the darkness for fear of its proving loose, until I finally lay stretched at full length upon what was evidently, from its feeling, a carpet of unusually fine texture.

The room proved to be an inner one and unlighted, a bedchamber, as I soon determined, for my outstretched hands encountered the posts of a bed. Then a slight gust of air partially swept aside a hanging curtain, which rustled like silk, and I caught a brief glimpse of the adjacent parlor. It was likewise unlighted, but the door leading into the front hall stood ajar, and through that opening there poured a stream of radiance, together with the incessant hum of many voices in animated conversation, the deep blare of the band, with the ceaseless movement of dancing feet.

Satisfying myself by sense of touch that the bed was unoccupied, for I was far too experienced a soldier to leave an enemy in my rear, I crept cautiously forward to the intercepting curtain, and drawing it aside took careful survey of the outer apartment. It was a large and handsomely furnished room, a polished mahogany writing-table littered with papers occupying a prominent position against the farther wall. A swivel chair stood beside it, and across its back hung what appeared to be a suit of clothing. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.

Convinced that the apartment was deserted, and discovering no different means of egress, I crossed the room on tiptoe, and peered cautiously into the hall. It was not a pleasing prospect to one in my predicament. The lower portion, judging from the incessant hum of voices, was filled with people, who were, either unable to find place within the crowded ballroom, or else preferred greater retirement for conversation. Even the wide stairway had been partially preempted, a young lieutenant, as I judged from his shoulder-straps, sit-

vere resplendent with bright red facings and a profusion of gold braid. With all my soul I loathed the thought of disguise, and especially the hated uniform of the enemy. It was repugnant to every instinct of my being, and would certainly mean added degradation and danger in the event of capture.

Yet I saw no other way. Sheridan, Brennan, Caton, the three who would certainly recognize me on sight, I was assured were absent, although they might return at any moment. The greater reason for haste, the less excuse for delay. But if I should chance to run foul of the rightful owner of the garments amid that crush below, and he should recognize them, what then? I stood close beside the writing-table as I revolved these considerations rapidly in mind, and my eye chanced to fall upon an open paper. It was an official order, bearing date at 5 p. m. that same day, commanding Colonel Culbertson to move his battery at once down the Kendallville pike, and report to Brigadier-General Knowles for assignment to his brigade. Evidently the new dress uniform had been carefully brushed and laid out to be worn at the ball that evening; the sudden receipt of this order had caused the owner to depart hastily in his service dress, vigorously expressing his feelings, no doubt, while his servant, now enjoying liberty below stairs, had neglected to pack up his master's things.

This knowledge was the straw which decided me; I would chance it. Hastily I drew on the rich blue and red over my old gray, adding the dress sword; I had discovered in a closet, and then, wondering curiously what sort of figure I might cut in all these fine habiliments, sought a glance at myself within a mirror hanging upon the bedroom wall. Faith! but it was God's mercy that I did!

Such a face as grinned at me from that glass, peering over the high-cut, decorated collar, would surely have created a genuine sensation in those rooms below. Serious as my situation was, I laughed at the thought of it until tears ran down my cheeks, leaving white streaks the full length of them; for no chimney-sweep in the all time of his glorious career was ever worse sooted and begrimed. I thought of the elegantly dressed lieutenant and the blonde young lady upon the stairs—surely they would

be surprised to see me in that uniform, and I felt a sudden pang of regret. I had no time to dwell on this, however, for the door opened and a man in a military uniform entered the room. He was a young officer, and he looked at me with a surprised expression. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.

"I saw no other signs of human occupancy," I said, looking at the man. He looked at me for a moment, then he turned and went out. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.

"I saw no other signs of human occupancy," I said, looking at the man. He looked at me for a moment, then he turned and went out. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.

"I saw no other signs of human occupancy," I said, looking at the man. He looked at me for a moment, then he turned and went out. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.

"I saw no other signs of human occupancy," I said, looking at the man. He looked at me for a moment, then he turned and went out. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.