

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF
A GRAY JACKET

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"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

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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 Scott 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 his 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 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 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 in which 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 yere, Cap," he whispered. "An' ther openin' ter take out soot an' ashes is up thar, jist b'low ther fluer. It's a sheet-iron pan, I reckon, ther way it feels; an' it must be thar they put a nigger in ter 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' all wanter go down sorter easy like."

I did as he suggested, bracing myself to meet his movements, as he stood straining on my 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 cunct," 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 w'ge."

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 panting on the flat slabs which composed the foot of the great funnel. To afford me more room Bungay had gone up a little, finding foot-lodgment upon the uneven spaces 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' er 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 thar: 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 Follans' 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 all 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 'out 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 and 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 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 knees. 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 that so, Cap?" he asked anxiously. "What 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 thet I stuck my fut down an openin'. Reckon 't was 'nother fireplace, like thet one on ther first flure."

I lowered myself silently, and felt out 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 together, 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."

"I is done—I thank 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 musing over Bungay's chances of escape. Only one possibility lay before me—there remained no choice, no

ting 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 her, 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 statuesque 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.

The KITCHEN CABINET



J. MAN doth surely rule but he that hath learned to obey.

BAKES WITHOUT MILK OR BUTTER.

Melt two-thirds of a cup of fat, either lard, butterine, snowdrift or any odorless fat, with sufficient salt to give it a flavor; add one cup of powdered sugar and two egg yolks beaten thick and yellow. Then add a half cup of water alternately with one and a half cups of flour that has been sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. All measurements are level and the flour should be sifted before measuring. Flavor to suit the taste and fold in the whites just at the last.

One Egg Cake.—Add a cup of sugar to two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, an egg well beaten; add a cup and a half of flour sifted with two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, added alternately with a third of a cup of water. Flavor to taste. Raisins may be added, if desired, and it may be baked in gem pans.

Spice Cake.—Beat one egg light, add half a cup of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of mixed spices, two-thirds of a cup of molasses and two-thirds of a cup of melted shortening and beat together thoroughly; add two and a half cups of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, adding a cup of water and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Bake in a slow oven.

Ginger Bread.—This is a cake that has been given several times, but it is well worth repeating, for it is certainly the best of ginger cakes:

Take a half cup of melted lard or other shortening, a cup of sugar and a cup of molasses, one egg well beaten, three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water added at the last. Use a tablespoonful of ginger and a teaspoonful of cinnamon for the flavoring, and do not forget to add a little salt.

Hot Water Cake.—Beat two eggs with a scant cup of sugar until very light; add a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoon of lemon extract and a fourth of a cup of rapidly boiling water, beating all the time. Quickly stir in one cup of flour which has been sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in layers.



SOMEbody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone;
Reach him a helping hand.

SOUPS FROM PRESERVED MILK.

To a majority of people the use of canned milk seems an extravagant expenditure, but when fresh milk is not obtainable, as it is not in many places removed from civilization, condensed milk is a wonderful boon, and the number of dishes which may be prepared from such milk is legion.

For soups, when wishing a creamed soup, the condensed milk is especially good.

Fish Chowder.—Salt water fish, or salt fish freshened, or any fresh water fish makes delicious chowder. When using fresh fish, clean and remove the hard fins and bones, simmer the fish in water to cover, and cut the fish in two-inch pieces. Cut a fourth of a cup of salt pork in small dice and cook until the fat is extracted; add a small onion, chopped fine, and cook until yellow. Add two cups of sliced and parboiled potatoes, the liquor in which the bones have been cooked; add the fish and cook until the vegetables and fish are tender. Add a cup of condensed milk diluted with a cup of boiling water, a teaspoonful of salt and a little paprika; turn into a sour tureen over a half a dozen crackers. More seasoning will have to be added if the fish is fresh.

Cream of Corn Soup.—Add a quart of water to a cup of condensed milk and a half can of corn, cook together until thoroughly hot; add a tablespoonful each of flour and butter cooked together, season with salt and pepper and serve hot with croutons.

Cream of Tomato Soup.—Press a cup of cooked tomato through a sieve and heat; add a fourth of a cup of butter and flour cooked together. When well mixed add a cup of condensed milk diluted with a cup of water; cook until boiling hot and serve with buttered toast.

Any vegetable, such as peas, asparagus, potato or celery with condensed milk diluted and a binding of flour and butter added, makes very acceptable soup.

Nellie Maxwell.

A Demonstration.

"It is wicked to follow the fashion to extremes." "Why, grandma, I am surprised to hear you say so! Isn't it right to walk the straight and narrow way, and that's what you have to do if you wear hobble skirts."

Method.

Mrs. Hokus—Why do you aggravate your husband so?
Mrs. Pokus—Oh, I always get him good and mad before I ask him to heat the rugs.—Puck.