

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

By RANDALL PARRISH
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. 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 get within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback. She starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ball-room, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to Miss Miner and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan, recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing passage through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan who is knocked senseless. Then, holding Edith aside, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Bungay; they reach the Lee camp and are sent with reinforcements to Join Early. In the battle of Shenandoah the regiment is overwhelmed, and Wayne while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Then a hand thrust aside the canvas, and a face peered in. I caught a faint glimmer of stars, but could distinguish little else.

"Boys," said the leader, kindly, "I wish I might give you better transportation, but this is the only form of vehicle we can find. I reckon you'll get pretty badly bumped over the road you are going, but I'm furnishing you all the chance to get away in my power. We shall guard you as long as necessary, and then must leave you to the kindly ministrations of the driver."

He reached in, leaning down from his saddle to do so, drew the blanket somewhat closer about me, and was gone. I caught the words of a sharp, short order, and the heavy wagon lurched forward, its wheels bumping over the irregularities in the road, each jolt sending a fresh spasm of pain through my tortured body.

May the merciful God ever protect me from such a ride again! It seemed interminable, while each long mile we traveled brought with it new and greater agony of mind and body.

The hours that followed were all but endless. I knew we had reached the lower valley, for the road became more level, yet the slightest jolting now was sufficient to render me crazed with pain, and I had lost all power of restraint. My tortured nerves throbbed; the fever gripped me, and my mind began to wander. Visions of delirium came, and I dreamed dreams too terrible for record: demons danced on the drifting clouds before me, while whirling savages chanting in horrid discord steeled my frenzied body full of blazing brands. At times I was awake, calling in vain for water to quench a thirst which grew maddening, then I lapsed into a semi-consciousness that drove me wild with its delirious fancies. I knew vaguely that the Major had crept back through the darkness and passed his strong arm gently beneath my head. I heard him shouting in his deep voice to the driver for something to drink, but was unaware of any response. All became blurred, confused, bewildering. I thought it was my mother comforting me. The faint gray daylight stole in at last through the cracks of the wagon cover; I could dimly distinguish a dark face bending over me, framed by a heavy gray beard, and then, merciful unconsciousness came, and I rested as one dead.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Lost Regiment.

It was a bright, sunny day in early spring. Birds were sweetly singing in the trees lining the road I was traveling. I must have known my late illness greatly, for the few I met, as I tramped slowly onward, mostly soldiers gazed at me curiously, as if they mistook me for the ghost of some dead comrade; and I doubt not my pale face, yet bearing the deep imprint of pain, with the long, untrimmed hair framing it, and the blood-stained, ragged uniform, the same I wore that fierce day of battle, rendered me an object of wonder.

All through those long, weary winter weeks I had been hovering between life and death in an obscure hospital at Richmond. The moment the door was opened to permit of my passing forth into the world again, I sought eagerly to discover the present station of my old comrades in arms, yet could learn only that the cavalry brigade with which I had formerly served was in camp somewhere near Appomattox Court House. On foot and moneyless, I set of alone, my sole anxiety to be once more with friends; and now, at the beginning of the second day, I was already beyond Petersburg, and steadily pushing westward. As the road widened through a grove of hand-some trees, I came suddenly opposite a large house of imposing aspect. A group of Confederate officers stood in converse beside the gate leading into the open driveway, and as I passed a moment, gazed at them and wondering when I had better address—for I recognized some of the faces fronting me—some among the group turned toward me, and took a hurried step to my attention, though I had not been invited.

sign of recognition, but before he could pass I accosted him.

"Colonel Maitland," I said, "you doubtless remember me. I am seeking my old command; would you kindly inform me where it may be found?"

He stopped instantly at sound of my voice, and stared at me in odd bewilderment; but my words had already reached the ears of the others, and before he had found an answer another voice spoke sternly: "What is all this? Who are you, sir? What masquerade puts you into that parody of a captain's uniform?"

I turned and looked into the flushed, indignant face of General Lee.

"It is no masquerade, sir," I answered, instantly removing my hat; "it is the rightful uniform of my rank, greatly as I regret its present condition."

"Where are you from?"

"I was discharged from St. Mary's Hospital in Richmond day before yesterday, and am now seeking to rejoin my regiment."

"Surely," he said gravely, "I have seen your face before. To what regiment were you attached?"

"The —th Virginia Cavalry."

The buzzing of voices about me instantly ceased, and General Lee took a step nearer.

"The —th Virginia? You were a captain? Surely this is not Philip Wayne?"

So deeply surprised was his tone, so uncertain his recognition, I scarcely knew what to answer. Had I lost my very identity? Was this all a dream?

"I am Captain Wayne, Troop D,—th Virginia."

He grasped my hand warmly between both his own, and his kindly face lit up instantly with a rare smile.

"Captain Wayne, I cannot tell you how greatly I rejoice at your safe return. We certainly owe you an apology for this poor reception, but you were reported as killed in action many months ago. I doubt not Colonel Maitland truly believed he looked upon a ghost when you first accosted him."

For the moment I was unable to speak, so deeply did his words affect me.

"I fear, Captain Wayne," he continued gravely, yet retaining my hand within his own, "that I must bring you sad news."

"Sad news?" Instantly there came to me the thought of my widowed mother. "Not from home, I trust, sir?"

"No," with great tenderness, "your mother, I believe, remains well; yet the words I must speak are nevertheless sad ones, and must prove a severe shock to you. There is no —th Virginia."

"No —th Virginia?" I echoed, scarce able to comprehend his meaning. "no —th Virginia? I beg you to explain, sir; surely—and I looked about me upon the various uniforms of the service present—"the war has not yet ceased—we have not surrendered?"

"No, my boy," and the old hero reverently bared his gray head in the sunlight; "but the —th Virginia gave itself to the South that day in the Shenandoah."

I must have grown very white, for a young aide sprang hastily forward and passed his arm about me. Yet I scarcely realized the action, for my whole thought was with the dead.

"Do you mean they are all gone?" I questioned, tremblingly, hardly able to grasp the full dread import of such ghastly tidings. "Surely, General Lee, some among them must have come back."

"So few," he responded soberly, his hat still retained in his hand, "so few that we could only scatter them in other commands. But you have not yet fully recovered your strength. You must not remain longer standing here. Major Holmes, will you kindly conduct Captain Wayne to my headquarters, and see that he is furnished with a uniform suitable to his rank. For the present he will serve as extra aide upon my personal staff."

I turned away, the Major leading me as if I had been a child. I walked as a man stunned by some sudden, unexpected blow. When I finally joined the mess upon the following day, clad now in fit uniform, I had regained some measure of self-restraint, and with it came likewise a renewal of the military spirit. My welcome proved extremely cordial, and the conversation of the others present soon placed in my possession whatever of incident had occurred since that disastrous day of battle in the valley. No attempt was made to conceal our weakness, nor to disguise the fact that we were seeking a last desperate stand. It was evident to all that nothing was to be done but to hold our tattered battle-flags with honor.

"Surely This is Not Philip Wayne?"

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"I thank you, Captain Carlson," I said, "for both your message and your answer. What did this man look like?"

"He was a plump fellow, with a black mustache and gray eyes."

"Do you know him?" questioned Maitland.

"His name is Brennan," I answered slowly, "a major in the Federal service. We have already met twice in rough and tumble contests, the last time it will be with steel."

"Brennan?" said Maitland, "personal acquaintance with which we have had no previous experience. Captain Wayne's reputation is quite foreign in appearance—a tall, slender man, wearing a light-colored moustache and goatee. His name, as I gathered from the conversation, was Carlson, and I was considerably surprised at the fixedness with which his eyes were fastened upon me during the earlier part of the meal. Thinking we might have met somewhere before, I ransacked my memory in vain for any recollection which would serve to account for his evident interest in me. Finally, I ventured to ask, as pleasantly as possible:

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"Captain Carlson, do I remind you of some one, since you regard me so intently?"

The man instantly flushed all over his fair face at this direct inquiry.

"It was not that" (the almost stammered in sudden confusion, speaking quite brokenly), "but, sir, it has come to me that you are an insulter of women, and had refuse to fight mit mens. I know not; it seems not so."

I was on my feet in an instant, scarcely crediting my own ears, yet on fire with indignation.

"I know not what you may mean," I said, white with anger. "But I hold you personally accountable for those words, and you shall discover that I will fight 'mit mens'."

He pushed his chair hastily back, his face fairly crimson, and began to

stammer an explanation; but Maitland interfered.

"What does all this mean, Carlson?" he exclaimed, sternly. "Sit down, Wayne—there is some strange mistake here."

I resumed my chair, wondering if they had all gone crazy, yet resolved upon taking instant action if some satisfactory explanation were not at once forthcoming.

"Come, Carlson, what do you mean by addressing such language to Captain Wayne?"

"Well," said the Swede, so agitated by the excitement about him he could scarcely find English in which to express himself intelligently. "It was this way. I could not insult Captain Vane; oh, no, but it was told to me, and I would have him to know how it all was. It was two months ago I got mit de flag of truce into de Federal lines at Minersville. You know dat time? I vos vattin' for answer ven a Yankee rides oop, an' looks me all offer like I vos a hog. 'Vel,' I say, plain like, 'vos you vant?' He say, 'I heard der vos Reb officer come in der lines, an' I rides down to see if he vos der bound vos I wanted to horsevill.' 'Vel,' I say, for it made me much mad, 'maybe you like to horsevill me?' 'No,' he says, laughing, 'it vos a damn pup in der —th Virginia cavalry, named Vayne, I am after.' I say, 'Vot has he done?' He says, 'He insult a woman, an' would not fight mit me.'"

He looked about him anxiously to see if we comprehended his words.

"And what did you say?" from a dozen eager voices.

The Swede gazed at them in manifest astonishment.

"I say I knowed nothing about der woman, but if he say dat an officer of der —th Virginia cavalry would not fight mit him he vos a damned liar. I would have hit him, but I vos under der flag of truce."

I reached out my hand to him across the table.

"I thank you, Captain Carlson," I said, "for both your message and your answer. What did this man look like?"

"He was a plump fellow, with a black mustache and gray eyes."

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is not one to be questioned, either as regards his chivalry toward women or his bravery in arms. I pledge you my early meeting with this major."

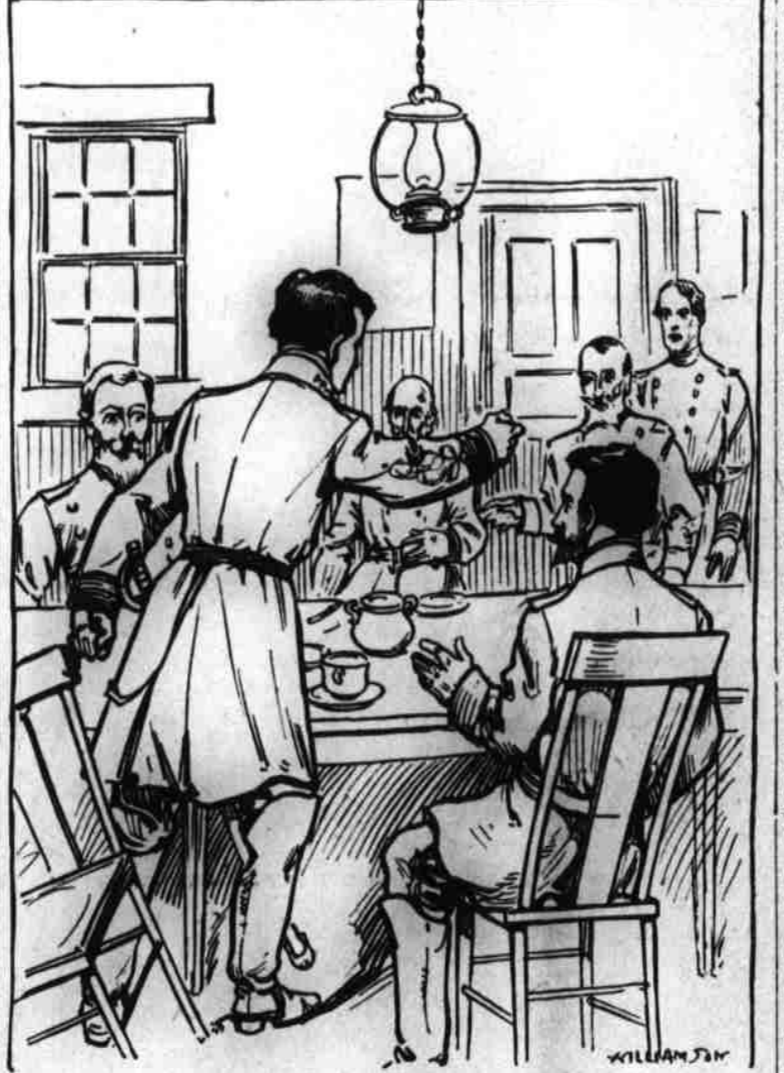
"They drank the toast standing, and I read in each face before me a frank, soldierly confidence and comradeship which caused my heart to glow."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Scouting Detail.

This premeditated insult, which Brennan evidently dispatched broadcast in hope that through some unknown channel it might reach me, changed my entire relationship with the man. I have never felt that Brennan was at heart a bad man; he was hard, stern, revengeful, yet I have no doubt under different circumstances I might even have valued him highly as a comrade or a friend. There is no demon like jealousy; and his early distrust of me, fostered by that mad disease had apparently warped his entire nature. Yet not even for love could I consent to leave my honor undefended, and after those hateful words there could be no rest for me until our differences were settled by the stern arbitrament of the naked blade. All prudence to the winds, no opportunity of meeting him should now be to be cast aside.

The coming day was barely gray in



"I Was Upon My Feet in an Instant."

the east when I was awakened by a heavy pounding upon the door. A smart-looking orderly stood without.

"Captain Wayne?" he asked.

"That is my name. What have you, my man?"

"Compliments of Colonel Maitland, chief of staff, sir," he said, handing me a folded paper.

"Dear Wayne," the private note read, "Believing you would be glad to have the detail I have just arranged to send you at once upon some active service. Please report at these quarters immediately, fully equipped for the field."

Glad! It was the very medicine I most needed, and within twenty minutes of my receipt of this communication I was with Maitland, thanking him warmly for his thoughtfulness.

"Not another word, Wayne," he insisted. "It is not much, a mere scouting detail over neutral territory, and will prove dull enough. I only hope it may help to divert your mind a trifle. Now listen—you are to proceed with twenty mounted men of the escort

through with the flesh. I'm going to take the sheet along with me, so there'll be no delay in getting down to business. Lots of people have been playing me mean tricks all their lives. I have never been able to get back at them in their present state, but just wait till I get clear of these fetters! If I don't bust them good and hard and make 'em wish they'd done the square thing by me it won't be my fault."—Baltimore Sun.

Old Connecticut Elm Destroyed.

The ancient elm tree, an old landmark that has stood on the banks of Middle Cove Bay for over two hundred years, was blown down during the storm of Monday and fell into the cove. All that is left of it are the large roots, sticking up to show where the old tree was once located.

After a heavy gale several years ago one large limb fell to the ground and from it were taken Indian arrow heads of perfect shape. They were probably shot or deposited there by Indians years ago, who used this locality for a camping ground. The height of the tree was about one hundred feet and its branches spread out about the same distance. The body of the tree measured some fifteen feet around. Red squirrels had made their home in it for years.—Brazz correspondence Hartford Courant.

Wanted Sheet For Shroud

Dying Man Inlets on This Because He Intended to Do Much Haunting Later.

Unluckily enough, the progressive undertaker is often opposed by hunkered relatives and sometimes even by the departed. One contributor to the Southern Undertaker, for example, tells how his plan to bury a prospective client in "clothes fit for gentlemen" was knocked out by the wish of that client, expressed shortly before death, to be swathed in a common bed sheet. To proceed: "I misunderstood him at first. I thought he meant an ordinary white shroud. I took it that he was simply a little old-fashioned and wished to revert to a primitive custom. But he quickly corrected that impression. 'I don't mean anything of the kind,' he said. 'I want to be buried in a sheet—a plain, everyday white sheet.'"

"For once my curiosity got the better of my good manners. 'I will do as you ask, of course,' I said, 'but will you kindly tell me why you want to be dressed in that peculiar way?'"

"The old fellow's answer fairly staggered me. 'I want to be buried in a sheet—' he said, 'I am going to do a good deal of haunting when I'm



LAND OF THE LONG LEAF PINE

A Column of Short Paragraphs That Were Collected With Very Much Care by the Editor.

Raleigh.—There are twenty-six appeals from the first judicial district awaiting argument when the Supreme Court convenes for the spring term.

Williamston.—Work on the township roads, for which \$40,000 was voted, has been impeded greatly by the extremely bad weather and heavy snows which have fallen since the beginning of the year.

Asheville.—Mr. Richmond Pearson, Dr. A. T. Pritchard and Mr. F. S. Kennet go to Marshall to organize a Roosevelt club for that county on the lines of the one that was formed here some weeks ago.

Salisbury.—Salisbury is preparing to entertain 700 or 800 visitors when the state Baraca-Philathia union meets here April 13-15. The program committee is arranging a program of which every item will be a feature.

Charlotte.—A merchants and manufacturers' exposition for Charlotte is the latest undertaking of the Greater Charlotte Club. This was decided at a meeting of the executive committee several days ago. The dates selected were May 20-25.

Asheville.—Those who have lately traveled over that part of the Burnsville road, which has been undergoing improvements declare that on that stretch can be seen the sand-clay in the actual process of formation.

Raleigh.—Governor Kitchin ordered three special terms of superior court for Mecklenburg county for civil cases. Judge Lyon will hold one the week beginning April 15; Judge Foushee will hold one week beginning May 6 and Judge Clinek will hold one week beginning May 27.

Greensboro.—In superior court the grand jury returned a true bill against Mr. Frank Wineakle of High Point charging him with the embezzlement of \$30,000 from the Standard Mirror Company. It is understood that the prosecution will be vigorously pushed although Mr. Wineakle and his friends do not seem to have any fears relative to the outcome of the case.

Charlotte.—The settled determination of the ministers of the city and county to lay hold of the prohibition question and stress it just as long and as patiently and as persistently as it is necessary to make prohibition effective in Charlotte, was the keynote of an epochal meeting of the Charlotte Ministerial Association which was held at the Y. M. C. A.

Greensboro.—It is learned here that the circuit court of appeals has granted a new trial to Sidna Allen, the Virginian, who was convicted in United States court here several years ago and sentenced to 5 years in the Federal prison for offering a \$200 counterfeit bill at Winston-Salem. Allet was alleged by government detectives to have been a notorious and dangerous counterfeiter.

Raleigh.—A meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was held in Raleigh to consider the bill now pending in Congress known as the Employees' Compensation Act. The engineers in North Carolina are bitterly opposed to the passage of this bill and think that it denies them the protection to which they are entitled in case of accident by the negligence of railroads.

Asheville.—The Republicans of the section are very sanguine over their prospects since their favorite has come out again and said that he will accept the nomination for the presidency if it is offered to him. They have believed all the while that he would, they say, but this definite assurance was all that they needed to put all possible vim into their efforts in his behalf.

Brevard.—A petition is being circulated in Brevard for signatures asking the Southern railway to build a new passenger station where Main street crosses the railroad tracks, about one-fourth of a mile from the present station site. If this proposed station is built, it will be of great value to the town, as it would bring the station nearer the center of the town and would eliminate the steep grade on Caldwell street.

Raleigh.—At Lumberton postoffice inspectors arrested B. E. Stephenson, bookkeeper of the Lumberton postoffice for the last five years, on the charge of being \$400 short in his accounts. He was committed to jail in default of \$700 bond. He protests his innocence.

Lumberton.—Sanford Prevatt, the young white man who attacked and severely cut his cousin near here came in and surrendered to the sheriff. He gave \$500 bond for his appearance at court and was released. The wounded man is in the hospital doing as well as could be expected.

Raleigh.—Adjutant-General Lester, issued commissions to Dr. S. Robert Horton of this city, and Dr. B. F. Hall, of Asheville, as first and second lieutenants of the Dental Corps, North Carolina National Guard; also to Frank Walker, of Mount Airy, as second lieutenant of a company.

Hickory.—Large quantities of cotton and peanuts have been brought here during the past week or ten days, and it is said that there is much of last year's crop yet remaining in the hands of the producers, and a good bit of cotton yet in the fields to be picked.

King.—The state high school will have its closing exercises here March 14, 15 and 16. Three gold medals will be presented by Prof. William P. Bivens, the principal, one on declamation, one on recitation and one to the best debater.

Greensboro.—An epidemic of measles in the public schools of this city has become so serious that an ordinance adopted six years ago has been revived and ordered enforced by the commissioner of public safety in an effort to check the spread of measles and thus prevent the closing down of the schools.

THE COMPETITION

SERIES OF CONTESTS BETWEEN STUDENTS OF 21 COUNTIES AT FAYETTEVILLE.

TO TAKE PLACE ON APRIL 21

After Adjournment of Superintendents Principals Held Interesting Session —44 High Schools in the 21 Counties Composing Southeastern District.

Fayetteville.—A series of contests in declamation, recitation, spelling and athletic sports will be held in Fayetteville by high schools of the 21 counties of the southeastern section of North Carolina, on April 12th. So it was decided by the high school principals in session here.

After the superintendents of education adjourned the principals assembled and held a session which was of great interest. The meeting was conducted by Superintendent N. W. Walker, of the secondary schools of the University. "How Ought the Efficiency of the High Schools be Increased?" and "What Can a Good Daily Program do for High School Standards of Work?" were discussed.

At the night session Dr. H. W. Chase, professor of the Philosophy of Education at the University, addressed the high school men on "Formal Discipline." Dr. L. R. Wilson, librarian of the University, spoke on "How May the Use of the Library be Put to the Best Use of the High School?"

There are 44 high schools in the 21 counties composing the southeastern district, and 25 principals were present at this meeting. They are a fine looking, intelligent and well equipped body of young men. Both the superintendents of education and the high school principals expressed themselves as much pleased with Fayetteville, declaring they had a delightful time and a helpful convention. Fayetteville will be glad to welcome them again next year.

Received Certificates of Merit.

Washington.—County Superintendent W. L. Vaughan has received certificates of merit for three boys who were members of the Beaufort county corn club during the past year. The winners are: Jasper W. Leggett, yield 47.8 bushels; Roscoe Radcliff, yield 91 bushels, and Murray Midgett, yield 84.9 bushels. These certificates bear the great seal of the state of North Carolina and are signed by the governor, state superintendent of public instruction, commissioner of agriculture, county superintendent of schools, Special Agent United States Department of Agriculture I. O. Schaub and the secretary of state. They are awarded to all boys of the corn club who do the work in regular manner and make a yield of over seventy-five bushels.

Taylorsville Wants College Too.

Taylorsville.—There was a meeting of the citizens of the town at the court house for the purpose of ascertaining what could be done in the way of an inducement for the trustees of Rutherford College, in case it is moved to have it located here. Mr. A. C. Payne, president and J. P. Babington acted as secretary. The meeting was well attended and much interest manifested. Committees were appointed consisting of representative men from different sections of the county to solicit subscriptions and frame a proposition to be presented to the trustees.

Appoint Director of Agriculture.

Concord.—Messrs. C. R. Hudson and E. E. Millaps of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, have appointed Mr. George W. Cress, director of agriculture for this county. This office was created here by the board of commissioners accepting the proposition of the Department of Agriculture. The duty of the director of agriculture in advancing agricultural work in the county will be similar to those of superintendent of county schools—an instructor. A number of demonstration farms will be established.

Charged With Illicit Distilling.

Salisbury.—Berry Basinger, of Providence township, Rowan county, and his father-in-law, Moses Reid, of Davidson county, have been arrested on the charge of illicit distilling. Basinger was tried on this charge several months ago and acquitted on account of lack of evidence. A still alleged to be his had been destroyed by Sheriff McKenize and deputies. Deputy Marshal Grant took up the case and having secured additional evidence has arrested both Basinger and his father-in-law.

Farmers' Institute at Weaverville.

Asheville.—The short course farmers' institute for this county was held at Weaverville Thursday, Friday and Saturday, there was two sessions each day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Thursday was devoted to the discussion of general farm work; Friday to the dairy and seed corn contest, in which prizes were offered for the best displays. There were special meetings Thursday and Friday for the women. Representatives of the state department of agriculture were present.

To Have Steamboat Service.

Elizabeth City.—As the result of stirring efforts on the part of the citizens of Fossil's Point and other neighboring sections of Currituck county, headed by W. J. Tate, one of the county's most widely known business men, Steamboat service between Elizabeth City and Fossil's Point, Hog Harbor, Halls Harbor and Kitty Hawk will be resumed in the near future. For some time now grants and commences in this section have been greatly impeded by the lack of transportation.