

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

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Sheridan's face naturally flushed, instantly grew crimson, and 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 under guard."

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

"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 hound!" I cried madly. "None but a coward would taunt a helpless prisoner. I only hope I may yet be free long enough to write the lie with steel across your heart."

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

"Back, both of you!" he ordered sharply. "There shall be no brawling here. Major Brennan, you will remain; 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 the whole truth should voluntarily do so. That circumstances had left me in the power of one whose fierce dislike was already evident was beyond 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 resolved—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 I was the officer who conducted you to headquarters when you brought the flag 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 I accepted it silently.

"There must be some grave personal reason which seals your lips?" he 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 compel 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 he a man 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 mistake in marriage. Why, come to think about it, you must have met her yourself. Have you 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."

Perhaps he felt that he had already 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 over to the officer in charge.

"Good-night, 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 headquarters, and Sheridan is not a man to lightly overlook those hasty words you spoke to him."

I could only thank him most warmly for his interest, realizing fully from his grave manner my desperate situation, and follow my silent conductor 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 the lock clicked dully behind me. So thick was the wall I could not even distinguish the retreating steps of the soldier.

Tired as I was from the intense strain of the past thirty-six hours, even my senses as though were benumbed to keep me awake. Feeling my way cautiously about the walls, 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 uncomfortable 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 in 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 height 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 I had entered. The second, I concluded, after inspecting it closely, was a mere air passage leading into some other division of the cellar. I noted these openings idly, and with scarcely 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 to me, but the fierce emotions of the preceding night had seemingly robbed me of all my usual buoyancy of hope. In one sense I yet trusted that Mrs. 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.

Dependancy 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 irresistibly that way, and I made a hearty meal. The food put new life into me, and I 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 well.

I was yet at it when, without warn-

ing, the door once again opened, and Lieutenant Caton entered. He advanced toward me with outstretched hand, which I grasped warmly, for I 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 worse 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 confidence—what, I have been unable to ascertain—which has convinced him that you are deserving of death under martial law."

"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. Yet 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 staff."

"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 be in your power to prove the nature of your mission within our lines, and the delay thus gained will enable us to learn and meet these more serious allegations."

"If I but had time to communicate with General Lee."

"But now—is there no one, no way by which such representation can be given this very day? If not full proof of your innocence, then sufficient, at least, to cause the necessary delay?"

I shook my head. "I know of nothing other than my own unsupported word," I answered shortly, "and that is evidently of no value as against Major Brennan's secret insinuations. When is the hour set?"

"I am not positive that final decision 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 such unseemly haste."

I remained silent for a moment, conscious only of his kindly eyes reading my face.

Mrs. Brennan," I asked finally, referring to the one thought in which I retained deep interest,— "does she still remain in the camp?"

"She was with the Major at headquarters 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 pleasure of meeting her again."

We talked for some time longer, and he continued to urge me for some further word, but I could give him none, and finally the kindly fellow departed, promising to see me again within a few hours. Greatly as I now valued his friendship, it was, nevertheless, a relief to be alone with my thoughts once 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



"I Am to Be Shot, Then?"

pathos as he wrung my hand goodbye. Sheridan, he said, had gone down the lines, and both Brennan and himself were under orders to follow in another hour. What instructions, if 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 headquarters that same evening, as the officers of his staff were to give a grand ball.

I felt no inclination to partake of the rudimentary supper left me, and just before 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, without 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 floor. The fall was so unexpected, and my escape from injury so narrow, that I lay almost stunned, staring up helplessly at the dark hole thus left bare.

As I gazed, a face framed itself in his narrow opening, and two wary eyes peered cautiously down at me. There was no mistaking that countenance even in the fast waning light, and I instantly sat up with an exclamation of surprise.

"Jed Bunday, as I live!"

The puzzled face broke into a grin of delight.

"Holy smoke, Cap," he ejaculated, with a deep sigh of relief, "is that you, suah? I was so durned skeered I'd made a mess o' it when that tar iron drapped that I near died. What 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 death sentence pronounced, and his little peaked face looked ghastly in the dim light. "Shoot ye? Good Lord, Cap, what fer? Ye ain't done nothin' as I knows on, 'cept ter scrap a bit with that blasted Yank, an' sure thet's no shootin' matter, er else I'd a bin a goner long ago."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOVE IN TIMBER FIGHT.

Is Opened by an Argument Asking for Injunction From Judge Shipp at Florence.

Florence, June 1.—Another phase in the fight against the Atlantic Coast Lumber company on the timber contracts in this section of the State was opened in an argument asking for an injunction from Judge Shipp here at chambers. The case arose in the establishment of a sawmill on a tract of land in Williamsburg county the timber rights of which had been sold to the Atlantic Coast Lumber company, and were among those on which the supreme court holds that the cutting of timber must start within a reasonable time. The lumber company asks for an injunction against the further cutting and sawing of the timber. The argument was taken under advisement.

There are many separate cases now in the courts of Williamsburg and Marion counties on this timber question. One case has been taken to the supreme court for settlement. In Judge DeVore holds that 12 years is a reasonable time, and that timber cutting in that time will be required. This would throw out of the control of the great lumber corporation more acres of fine timber land than one could count. The figures are not obtainable, but it is supposed that the timber rights bought up cover practically every large body of desirable timber in this section of the State. The rights were signed away for comparatively small consideration from ten to 13 years ago. The contract gives the right to cut from the land all timber growing within 20 years after cutting is commenced, the commencement time, being optional with the lumber company and on that indefiniteness the men seeking to break the sale have worked and so far have won their case.

It is thought that the settlement of this case will have a great deal to do with whether the Atlantic Coast Lumber company rebuilds its burned plant at Georgetown or not.

BODY MAY ABOLISH ITSELF.

Florida Lawmakers to Consider Resolution for State Commission Government.

Tallahassee, Fla., June 1.—Tomorrow the Florida legislature is expected to consider a resolution which contemplates abolishment of both house and senate and the establishment of a State commission form of government. The resolution provides for 16 commissioners, each to receive a salary of \$3,000 annually. These commissioners would, according to the plan, elect a governor, whose salary would not be less than \$10,000 a year. It is said that the legislature is dissatisfied with the amount of necessary legislation enacted during the present session.

MANY KILLED IN FIGHT.

Laredo, Texas, June 1.—In the fighting at Columbia, Mexico, yesterday Longoria, leader of the rebel band which was routed by the federals, and 21 of his followers were killed. Six federals also were killed, all of them, it is said, by bullets from Longoria's revolver.

Longoria, an Indian, organized his band and swore vengeance on the federals, when a relative named Francho was hanged a month ago, charged with being a rebel spy.

SEVEN PERSONS POISONED.

Lamar, May 31.—At the boarding house of P. B. McLendon, seven of the boarders were taken violently ill with ptomaine poison last night as follows: F. L. Dalton, W. C. Poole, S. Vaughn, M. K. Howell, Miss Edith Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. McLendon.

The doctors were called in and remained with them all night. All are out of danger this morning. It is supposed that beef which was bought from a local market was the cause of the sickness.

GOT OVER MERCURY POISON.

Bicarbonate of Soda Solution Saved Detroit Engineer.

Detroit, May 30.—Thomas McCabe, a Detroit engineer, who swallowed 10 grains of bichloride of mercury a week ago, has recovered.

A solution of bicarbonate of soda, injected into his veins by Dr. Andrew T. Sherman, saved the life of the engineer, who took the poison because B. Sanders Walker, of Macon, Ga., said death from its effects was painless.

"I believe if bicarbonate of soda is used in such cases a large percentage of them will be saved," said Dr. Sherman. "The injections can be made in any vein. I made eight punctures in all, the injections being given every five or six hours. Fourteen drams of bicarbonate of soda in three pints of normal water solution was used."

"The thing of most importance in administering the treatment is to be certain the solution is absolutely aseptic, otherwise the patient would be killed by it."

After swallowing the poison and suffering intense agony McCabe decid-

ed he wanted to live and aided the physician in every way possible.

3RD REGIMENT GOES TO ANDERSON.

Governor Changes Order of N. G., S. C. Encampment.

Columbia, May 30.—Governor Bleuse this morning, as Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of the State, issued orders to Adj. Gen. Moore instructing him to have the 1st regiment encamp at Aiken, the 3rd regiment to encamp at Anderson and the 2nd to encamp on the State rifle range in Lexington county, if the men desired, but advising them not to do so as he did not think the range could be placed in the proper sanitary condition in time for the encampment. The Adjutant General had already begun to make arrangements for all three regiments of the National Guard to encamp this summer on the State rifle range, which was recently purchased in Lexington county, near this city, and which is now being put in condition.

Adj. Gen. Moore had no comment to make on the letter of the Governor.

Don't Think for One Minute

Think for two, three, five or even ten minutes before you part with that little "spare change." It counts up fast in a Savings account at

The Peoples' Bank

It Has Been Said

That with all our greatness as a nation we are a wasteful, extravagant people; that we do not take advantage of our opportunities as we should, or as we would if we lived in a different country where there were not so many of them. This is not altogether true of our community, although there are people even in our community who could get ahead faster, increase their accumulations by using a systematic plan for laying by a part of their income. If you haven't investigated our Bank Account Plan for accumulating small sums into a large one, come in and let us explain it to you.

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Protection to Its Depositors,	\$317,000.00

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