

**My Lady of the North**

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

By Randall Parrish  
Author of "Win Wilkeson Was King"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. WILLIAMSON

"Open up!" shouted the Lieutenant, anxiously. "Brennan, open up, quick! It's Caton with help."  
I thought it never would open. A volley crashed into us, and Sands pitched down upon his face, clutching at the man next him as he fell. I glanced back anxiously—a dark, confused mass of men, without military formation, were running across the open space toward us.  
"Bout face!" I shouted. "Load at will—fire!"  
We poured one scattering volley into them. It halted their movement for a moment, and then the door opened a scant crack.  
"Is this you, Caton?"  
"Yes; for God's sake, open up!"  
The heavy door swung slowly inward, and with a wild rush to be first, we surged headlong into the hall.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Union of Yank and Heo.

As the heavy door clanged behind us some one upon the outside began pounding upon it, while with deadly chug a bullet crashed into the oaken panel.  
"Donnerwetter!" shouted a deep voice, wildly. "Captain, I am yet out mit der bullets."  
With a crash I flung aside the thick iron bar which answered as a lock, and drew in the Sergeant, yet panting heavily from his hard run.  
"By Chiminy, dot was a narrow squeak," he exclaimed, as I released my grasp upon him and hurried the door back into its place.  
A dim light swinging suspended from the ceiling of the great wide hall revealed clearly the scene within. As I turned I beheld Brennan for the first time, and his face remains a memory. Standing with his back to the stair-railing, a revolver grasped tightly in either hand, his eyes burning, his countenance flushed with anger, and clouded by doubt, he appeared almost like one distracted. At sight of me he gave up all attempt to control his raging temper.  
"What does all this mean?" he demanded hoarsely. "Who are these men? Caton, if you have betrayed us, by God, I will shoot you dead."  
"There is no betrayal," returned the Lieutenant, coolly. "These men are friends."  
"Friends?" he laughed cynically. "Friends? In that uniform, and you attired in a Rebel cavalry jacket? Friends that fell over there?" and he pointed derisively at me with his pistol barrel. "Damn you, but I believe you are all a pack of lying thieves!"  
Caton's face burned. He took one step toward him, his hands clinched, and when he spoke his clear voice shook with intense indignation.  
"Major Brennan," he said coldly deliberate, "you are my superior officer, but you go beyond all privileges of rank in those words. I say these men are friends; they have sunk the issues of war in order that they may answer the call of humanity. If you dare impeach my motives any further, I shall hurl back the cowardly insult in your face. I will take no such words, sir, from any living man."

Brennan looked at him, his lips struggling with the utterance that would not come. Knowing well the danger of such delay, I hastily pushed aside the ring of men, and fronted him, determined to end this foolishness then and there.  
"Major Brennan," I said firmly, ignoring his efforts to silence me, "you must listen to reason whether you wish to do so or not. My troopers are all around you; I have two men to your one in this house, and can enforce my will if necessary. Now mark what I say—we are not here in anger or in war, but to help you in the protection of endangered women. We captured your courier, have dispatched one of our own number into the Federal camp for aid, and have fought our way in here to stand beside you and your men in defence of this house against those ruffians without. You can use us or not, just as you please; it rests with you to say whether we shall be comrades in arms on this occasion, or whether I shall assume command by the power of force which I chance to control."  
He seemed utterly unable to grasp my full meaning, to comprehend the situation.  
"You mean, you would fight with us? under my command?" he asked incredulously.  
"I offer my services under your orders," I replied clearly, "and these men in gray will obey mine."  
I actually thought he would extend his hand, but some remembrance suddenly restrained him.  
"I—of course, Captain Wayne," he stammered, at length, "I—I must accept your offer. I—I am grateful for it, but I shall insist upon one thing; there must be a final settlement of the

personal matter existing between us. I am not willing to waive my rights in this."  
"There is no occasion for your doing so, sir," I answered coldly, for I considered the reference at that moment in extremely ill taste. "When our work here has been accomplished, you will find me very much at your service."  
He bowed gravely.  
"I am exceedingly glad we understand each other," he said. "May I ask the size of your command?"  
"Sergeant," I questioned, "whom have we lost?"  
"Nelson vos kilt, I dinks; der Kid is not here yet, und Sands vos wounded bad."  
"Very well; then, Major Brennan, I tender you sixteen men fit for duty, besides myself. You are doubtless acquainted with the house, and can assign us to positions where our services will prove of greatest value."  
He had completely recovered his self-control by this time, and spoke now with the terse sentences of a tried soldier.  
"I thank you, Captain Wayne, and will ask you to choose four men and assume command of the east side of the house. Caton, you take the same number for defense of the rear. Captain, what is your sergeant's name?"  
"Ebers, an experienced German soldier."  
"I should have suspected his nationality. Let him have command of four more, and cover the west windows. I shall defend the front myself, as I have been doing."  
"Very well," I answered shortly, for his eyes had remained fixed upon me all the time he was talking. "Take the positions assigned you, lads, and do not permit a man from without to put foot on the veranda. If they once succeed in getting under cover of the porch roof, they will give us plenty of trouble."  
The position for defence assigned to my care took me into the dining-room of the mansion—a spacious, almost square apartment, containing three large windows reaching nearly to the floor. The outside blinds had been closed, but the glass in the panes was mostly broken, and there were other evidences that the firing had been both heavy and continuous. I found two soldiers of Brennan's party within, both lying upon the floor, and peering cautiously through the apertures of the blinds. They glanced up at us with undisguised amazement.  
"It's all right, lads," I said heartily. "Never mind our colors tonight; we are all fighting the same way."  
I had taken with me Bungay, together with three of my troopers, and

after placing them as advantageously as possible, I stretched myself out on the floor, and applying an eye to a convenient opening took careful survey of the situation without. This present cessation of activity was, I felt convinced, only temporary. I did not expect, from all I could now see, that the final assault would take place upon my side of the building. The massing of the main body of the besiegers before the front entrance, together with the presence there of their leaders, was sufficient to convince me that this was to prove the principal point of attack, and from my knowledge of such affairs I decided that probably the first signs of returning daylight would be the signal for a determined assault. The dark interior

of such a house as this offered too many defensive advantages which the daylight would largely overcome.  
"Have you had some hard fighting?" I asked of the man lying next me, a manly-looking fellow, wearing the yellow chevrons of a corporal of cavalry.  
"They pitched in mighty strong at first, sir," he answered civilly. "An' we had so few men they pretty nearly rushed us, fer sure. It was our repeatin' rifles that drove 'em back."  
We relapsed into silence, each intent upon the uncertainty without. As I lay there, gazing anxiously into the darkness, I could not forbear wondering where Brennan had concealed the women to keep them from harm. Would he inform them of our arrival? He could scarcely hope to keep the fact long hidden, for they would certainly see some of my gray-jackets, and ask questions.  
"They seem to be peckin' away pretty lively out in front," said the corporal, interrupting my reverie.  
"Yes," I admitted. "In my judgment that will prove the main point of attack. How many men did the Major have there before we came?"  
"Same as here, sir."  
"And four of mine; that makes seven altogether, counting himself, and two of these ought to be posted in the upper story. He's bound to need more; that firing is very steady."



"Damn You, but I Believe You Are All a Pack of Lying Thieves!"

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"I Believe You Have Already Been Assigned Your Duties."

an old lady with white hair, an' a big, rough-lookin' female, sir. The last one was handlin' a gun to beat the band just afore you came."  
"And he keeps them there, exposed to all this heavy fire? What can the man mean? Why, Corporal, that constant shooting must have completely shattered the windows. There could be no safety for any one except lying flat upon the floor."  
"Well, 'tain't quite so bad as that, sir," he protested, seemingly anxious to shield his officer from adverse criticism. "You see it's a double parlor, with a wall an' foldin' doors atween, an' the women are all in the rear room. Of course, it's almighty dark back there, an' they has to lie pretty close, but blamed if I know of any better place for them. This house hain't got no cellar."  
A man groped his way in from the lighted hall, but halted close beside the door, unable to perceive us in the darkness.  
"Is Captain Wayne here?" he asked. "Yes; what is it?"  
"Major Brennan has had two of his men hit, sir, and wishes you to spare him three of yours, unless you are hotly pressed."  
"All right; there's nothing doing here," I answered, instantly determining upon my course. "Corporal, I shall leave you in command of this side for a few minutes. I believe I can be of more immediate value elsewhere. Bungay, you and Elliott come with me."  
The lower hall, having no windows in it, was the only safe place in the building, and here a light had been kept burning. The door which, as I judged, must lead into the back parlor, was closed, and fastened upon the inside. At least it refused to yield to my hand when tried. Another in front stood very slightly ajar.  
"Report to Brennan," I whispered into Jed's ear, "and forget to mention I am with you. I desire to investigate matters for myself a few moments."  
He nodded to intimate that he understood, and then we crept, one at a time, into the front apartment, hugging the floor closely to keep beneath the range of the bullets which swept every now and then through the broken windows, and chugged into the wall behind us. I was the last to wriggle in through the narrow opening, and rolling instantly out of the tiny bar of light, I lay silent for a moment, endeavoring to get my bearings. I was determined upon just one thing—to obtain speech with the women, learn, if possible, their exact situation, and, if I found it necessary, insist upon their better protection. An insane jealousy of me should not continue to expose them to unnecessary peril.  
Brennan was directly across the room from where I lay. I could hear his voice issuing low, stern orders.  
"If you'll only keep down you're safe enough," he said gruffly. "There hasn't a shot come within a foot of the sill. The ground slopes out yonder, and those fellows can't fire low. Put the new men at the central window, and let them shoot at every flash they see. Bradley will pass back their empty guns."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Hence Its Origin.  
"Every superstition, or nearly every superstition can be traced back to something sensible and rational. Take the Friday one, for example."  
The speaker was Mayor Reutter of Lansing.  
"Take the Friday superstition," he resumed. "One Lansing clerk said to another:  
"Would you start off on your vacation on a Friday, Bob?"  
"You bet your life I wouldn't," Bob replied.  
"What a superstitious ass you are, Bob!"  
"Superstition be hanged!" said Bob. "I wouldn't start off on Friday because Saturday's pay day."

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.  
Notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the estate of L. W. Muldrow will make settlement with and all persons claiming indebtedness against said estate will present their claims in proper form into  
J. R. MULBROW,  
Administrator.

That Useless Appendix.  
I am just recovering from an operation for appendicitis, and thinking my experience and observations may be of benefit to some one, I take this method of expressing them.  
Once my digestion and health were perfect, but for the last two or more years I found at times any imprudence would affect me seriously, especially in the region of the appendix. I suspected it was that, but would take some simple medicine which would relieve me, but the pain would return and though, as I say, I suspected the colon or appendix was the trouble, each time I got over the attack I would say, "Well it was some inflammation which would last the balance of my time," but I overlooked the fact that an abscess might form and take me off.  
This is exactly what took place, except that owing to the skill of the doctors and the kind interest taken in me, by both doctors and nurses which was made manifest to me all the time, and which I will never forget, I was saved. I stayed in the hospital three weeks and owing to the efficiency exercised by doctors and nurses during the entire time I suffered no pain and did not take one particle of medicine.  
From what they tell me, had I put off the operation twenty-four hours longer the saving of my life would have been exceedingly doubtful. After taking all this into consideration I would advise anyone troubled with indigestion accompanied by pains in the right side or even in the left and waist, culminating in the right with sharp pains there, at intervals, to at once see a doctor and have the appendix removed before inflammation takes place or an abscess be formed.  
I believe it will insure, certainly a longer life, and certainly a better, more comfortable and healthier life in every respect. Some may argue, and have done so "It was put there for a purpose, let it stay."  
It may have served a purpose years ago, when man was less civilized, and his environments were such that he lived on meats and uncooked food and the colon and appendix were the dumping place for all infusions, gasses, etc.  
Men were great gormandizers in those ages, and like the appendix there were many things needed that are superfluous now and even dangerous.  
Take the toes on the feet, they could be dispensed with.  
The more civilized the human race becomes the more careful becomes its habits as to diet, clothing, etc.  
Therefore we have to admit that the best possible way to free the human race from all bad habits is education. A "higher education" along these lines especially. Therefore  
"Ring out the morning, ring in the night  
"Ring out the old, ring in the new."  
In conclusion I will say, if you are afflicted with an appendix, do not delay, but discard it in time.  
"Convalescent."

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Catherine Ruffin to S. M. Nabers, 1-2 acre lot on Liberty street, \$450.  
Mrs. Leila E. Wright to T. J. Williams, Jr., lot on Oakland avenue, \$541.  
Martha C. Smith to C. P. Osteen, tract of 70 acres in county, \$1,000.  
The T. C. Williams Realty Co., to Joseph V. Edwards, lot on Broad Street place, \$300.

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