BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath

Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee

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WHO'S WHO:

Jeanne Beaufort, beautiful daughter of a Virginia planter, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil War. (The year 1864.) She swears to

Mrs. Wetmore, her aunt, that she will carry out the Biblical injunction for vengeance—"an eye for an eye!" While at Richmond she meets

Henry Morgan, a debonaire young officer, who falls in love with her. She repels his advances. She is engaged as a spy for the Confederate government and urged to use all the wiles and power of her sex to find one

Parson Kennedy and bring him within the Southern lines. It is planned to have her make headquarters with a family of southern sympathy in Washington. Jeanne learns telegraphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And clad as a boy, often in the Blue of the North, she makes her way thru the lines. She learns of an organization of eleven Union spies and of their meeting place in a Richmond loft. As she overhears the leaders address the masked men seated about the table, Jeanne is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmasks as he threatens her with death, but is dissuaded from shooting her by the suggestion from one of the men that one of their number will marry her. She consents and when one of the masked men volunteers to marry she refuses and claims the right to choose.

She rejects the volunteer and selects the one who suggested the marriage. Him she names "Irony." To her surprise the leader is no other than Parson John Kennedy. He performs the ceremony. "Irony" says his name is among those who sign as witnesses, (just before they leave her bound), in the following code form:

John Kennedy,	D. D.
C-WG-L	H-RD-M
A-NK-S	P-PA-G
G-RD-A	J-NK-F
J-WG-A	F-BN-S
F-WG-S	M-BE-H

Later Jeanne learns that Morgan is a spy.

To her surprise she receives a letter bearing the curious device she had seen tattooed on her husband's arm. The letter, ironical in its tone shows that her unknown husband is still in Richmond and knows the name and identity of his wife! She cuts her hair, stains her face, and, going to Baltimore, assumes the name of

Alice Trent, not knowing such a person lived in Baltimore.

An intoxicated man accosts Jeanne and she is rescued by

Captain John Armitage, a young Union officer whom she tells her assumed name.

CHAPTER V.

Washington

Jeanne's hostess gave a reception in September to one of the South American ministers; and it was at this affair that Morgan was presented to "Alice Trent" while she was engaged in animated debate with Captain Armitage. She made room for the arrival, and for a while divided her attention and attractions between the two men. She was called away presently.

"Charming young woman," was Morgan's comment. "Where is she from?"

"Baltimore, I believe." Armitage turned an inquiring eye upon Morgan. "Where do you keep yourself?"

"Under the Senator's thumb. I am beginning to weary of the position."

"Going"—as Armitage rose.

"Work." With a curt nod Armitage departed.

When he was sure that Armitage had left the house, Morgan went in search of Jeanne.

"I haven't been to see you because I dared not. I fancy I'm being watched—for what purpose I don't know as yet. I am mailing you a diagram of a certain house. There will be a secret passage to the attic. You will find a table there. In the drawer you will place once a week—preferably Thursdays—whatever important facts you pick up. I'll attend to the rest of it."

"If you will be at the Capitol at nine tomorrow morning, I'll give you something to do for me personally."

"I am always and ever at your service. Goodby, then, until tomorrow."

He went away with the old enigmatical smile on his lips; and Jeanne fell to comparing the two men. When a young woman begins to compare two men of her acquaintance, it's a danger-signal for one of them who is about to place in her permanent regard one above the other.

Promptly at nine that next morning Jeanne stopped her carriage before the Capitol. Morgan was strolling along, apparently engaged in studying the cracks in the sidewalk.

"Mr. Morgan!" she called.

He looked up, paused and raised his hat.

"Good morning, Miss Trent."

"Step in and I'll drop you wherever you say."

"That is very good of you. I was going to one of the recruiting stations. The work is slow."

All this was of course for the benefit of the driver. When they were on their way, when the noise drowned their voices, she handed him a note. He opened it.

"What's this?"

"I want you to find out who these men are. They belong to the Secret Service, or an arm of it. One of them will have a tattooed mark on his left forearm. Have you ever

The revolver wavered. Jeanne swept the candle from off the table, overturned it and flew to the door unerring, banging it after her.

run across a man named Parson Kennedy?"

"The Parson! Frequently."

"I want that man where I can talk to him without being disturbed. He can tell me what those letters mean."

"Would an abduction serve?"

"It would."

"Then everything falls out nicely. And the reward?"

"We'll talk of that later."

"Well, you shall see Parson Kennedy twice tonight—once at Sumner's and again in a certain hut by the Potomac. I'll give you the directions. But what's in the air?"

"That is my affair." But she softened the retort with a smile.

"You are wearing a wig; you have dyed your skin. If I did not know you with the eyes of love, I'd have some difficulty in recognizing you. Please pardon my asking you a question: Your arms and shoulders?"

"I have not neglected them. You saw that last night. But if you think this is a good opportunity to make love to me, you are mistaken. In this game of espionage we are partners; but beyond that, nothing."

"Who can say? Do you think I will ever give you up?"

"Here is your recruiting station. I had best drop you. What is that soldier tacking up? 'Dead or Alive' Read it—then come and tell me."

He came back, smiling with his lips but covertly warning her with his eyes.

"It is a dodger for the apprehension of Jeanne Beaufort, dead or alive—medium height, slender, handsome, dark eyes, very pale, dull copper-colored hair; wears boys' clothes successfully."

"A woman spy? How interesting!"

"Before God, you are a gallant woman!" he whispered. Aloud he said: "Thanks for the lift, Miss Trent."

She smiled back at him as she drove off.

Dead or alive. But she went shopping. Jeanne Beaufort, dead or alive! How small she was, how helpless—and how long that arm suddenly reaching out for her! So, after all these months, they had found out who she was? Slender, handsome, very pale. Immediately everything became eyes.

Dead or alive! She was a coward. She wanted to run away and hide; she wanted the strong, comforting arms of her Aunt Delia; she wanted her room at home.

Dead or alive! The wheels clattered it; the hoofs of the horses beat time to it.

But her indomitable spirit did not long remain crushed.

She traced this catastrophe to the man who had entered her room. She knew now that he had been hunting for her photograph. Well, he hadn't found it. She possessed but one, and that was at home. After all she had been expecting this. She had known that she could not go on forever, indefinitely, without leaving some positive trace of her individuality. Let them catch her if they could; forewarned and forearmed.

She reached home at noon, at the precise moment Parson John Kennedy entered the private office of the chief of the Secret Service bureau.

"Kennedy, we've found the name of your scorpion, as you call her. We've sent out dodgers, 'dead or alive' stuff. The description is meager because G-RD-A is a bumpkin where women are concerned. A paper found on a dead man and signed opened up the way for G-RD-A. He has seen her but once, and this description is from memory."

"The name?"

"Wait a moment. You told me a remarkable tale the other night, or part of one. I have every reason to believe that that young woman and your scorpion are one and the same. Her name is Jeanne Beaufort; and she is particularly good in assuming boy and young men roles."

"He has set out to find a photograph of her, and if there is one, he'll get it."

"Jeanne Beaufort—if we find her it will be in Washington, mark my words."

"The man you suspect goes nowhere."

"Smells a rat, likely."

"They have hanged poor Fogarty."

Kennedy bent his head. "He was a brave young man. I came to ask for Armitage. I want him to follow me for the next twelve hours and never let me slip out of his sight. I've been threatened again."

"You shall have Armitage. I'm glad you spoke as you did. He was about to rejoin his regiment."

There were several arms to the Secret Service in those days, and the most important was of course the military.

The War Office and the Secret Service bureau had authority to draw a man from his regiment in all cases except when he was under fire. A good spy had to be a ready thinker, of flash-impulses, of swift invention—and above all, young. It was the middle-aged who carefully weighed everything and then started forward just a little too late. Parson Kennedy was the exception.

When he left the Sumner place that night, he dismissed his hired carriage. The bribed coachman drove off, muttering into his beard, while the two men cowering inside swore softly in chagrin.

But they in turn had for once looked farther ahead than Parson Kennedy; and before he had walked two blocks, three men fell afoul of him. Strong as he was, he was not superhuman. They forced some pungent liquid thru his teeth and a cloth was held over his nose.

When he came out of his stupor he found himself securely bound to a chair. Near by was a common table, and on this a single candle burned.

A cabin—but where? How far was he from the city? Where was Armitage?

When the last phase of dizziness left his eyes he dimly saw two shadowy forms by the cabin door. The smaller spoke in a half-whisper.

"Send the men away, and you guard the door from the outside."

"He is a dangerous man."

"Not at this moment. Do as I say."

The taller man went out reluctantly to obey orders. A boyish figure approached Parson Kennedy and stood with folded arms. Kennedy could not see the face, for the hat was drawn down too far; but he wondered where he had seen that figure before, that attitude.

"Parson Kennedy, look at this carefully." The speaker drew out a folded sheet of paper, opened it and held it out for his inspection. The Parson strained at his bonds, his eyes protruding.

"You remember that, then?" asked the boyish one.

"Aye!"—in a half-roar.

"Tell me the names of each of these men, and you shall go free. Refuse, and you shall be carried to Richmond, where they will hang you by the neck."

"Hanged by the neck!" Kennedy laughed—laughter that had the inflection of a baited tiger snarling at his irons. "Yes, I know you, you little viper! Carry me away and hang me, but never a word will you get out of me. That's final. You'll suffer, wonder always who the man was. I know. But think you to dig it out of my lips?"

A face appeared at the side window and vanished hastily.

"I will say this much, Jeanne Beaufort—ah, you start? I regret that I did not shoot you out of hand when I had the opportunity."

Jeanne returned the paper to her pocket. She turned toward the door only to pause in alarm. She heard a curse, some muffled blows—a body crashed against the rotting boards. A moment later a revolver cracked; two shots followed; then came a trampling of feet, and then silence. The door opened, and a man entered swiftly. He wore a handkerchief over the lower part of his face.

"Don't move." he warned Jeanne. He passed around her to the Parson. With one hand holding a steady weapon, he worked with the other at the confusion of knots.

"Don't let her get away. What a prize, what a prize!" cried Kennedy.

The revolver wavered, Jeanne swept the candle from the table, overturned that and flew to the door unerring, banging it after her.

"Armitage?" bellowed Kennedy.

"Quick! The others will be coming back."

They groped hurriedly for the door, stumbled out and ran toward the grove, throwing themselves into the thicket.

"Do you know who that was?" whispered Kennedy.

"God knows, I shall never cease to remember that night!"

"Pah!"

"She got away."

"You speak as if you were glad of it?"

"I am."

"Milksop! That woman is Jeanne Beaufort; and you have let her go!"

"Jeanne Beaufort!"

"Aye! And thru your maudlin sentiments you have freed her!"

In the small hours of that morning, in a mean room, a man sat wearily at a table, his bare left arm stretched across it. At the other side was a tattooer. He was putting on the finishing touches of a circle with the Greek-like letters in the center.

(Continued Next Week)

HIGHLIGHTS ON STATE CROPS

From New York State Dept. Agriculture and Markets June 14, 1927.

Strawberries Steady

New York City, June 14, 1927.—Strawberries from the Hudson river district are arriving in rather small amounts, says the New York office of the State Department of Agriculture and Markets. Receipts from other sections were also moderate. Prices were very little affected. Berries from the upper Hudson sections sold from 20-30c per quart, from the lower sections at 15-25c.

Lettuce Market Dull

Lettuce was in heavier supply on the market this morning. Buying was also inactive. Orange county, New York, lettuce of the Big Boston variety sold from $1.25-1.75 per crate for the best and 75c-$1 for the poorest.

Celery in Poor Demand

Orange county, New York, celery was in limited supply but prices were lower on account of limited demand. Four-bunch crates sold at 85c-$1.10 per bunch of 12 stalks, and the six-bunch crates sold at 75c.

Hudson valley gooseberries were in plentiful supply and sold at 15-22c per quart.

Long Island green peas were on the market today for the first time this season and sold at $2-3 per bag.

Butter and Eggs Steady, Cheese Firmer.

The butter market opened this morning with the accumulated receipts of two days as little if any business was transacted on "Lindbergh's Day." The result was that prices this morning declined slightly, higher score selling at 42¾-43¼c per pound, and 92 score selling at 42¼c.

Receipts of eggs are lighter but are still more than sufficient. Prices are unchanged. Nearby hennery whites, closely selected extras, are selling at 29-31c; nearby gathered whites, firsts to extra firsts 25-27c; mediums 24-26c; nearby hennery browns 27-30c.

The cheese market is much firmer. Country costs for grass cheese are higher and New York fancy flats are now quoted at 24-24¼c.

Live Poultry Lower

The live poultry market is slow and prices are lower than at the close of last week, notwithstanding. Fowls, leghorn, are selling at 20c; colored at 26c; broilers, leghorn at 20-27c, reds at 33-37c, rocks at 37-41c. Long Island ducks are selling at 25c per pound.

Country Dressed Calves Steady

The receipts of country dressed calves are light. The market is dull but steady. Choice is selling at 19-20c; fair to good at 15-18c; common at 12-14c; small at 12-14c.

Live Stock

The market for bulls is irregular and slightly lower. Heavy State fat, bologna bulls sold at 7¼-7¾c per pound. Cows, heavy state fat, are selling at 6-6½c. Calves are slightly higher, selling as follows: Choice 14c; fair to good 12-13c; common 9-10c. The hog market is weak and prices are lower. One-hundred to one-hundred and fifty pounders are selling at 10¼-10¾c; 175-200 pounds at 9¾-10c and roughs at 7-7¾c.

Hay Irregular

The receipts of hay are liberal. United States timothy No. 1, is selling at $26 per ton delivered. No. 2 at $23-25; No. 3, at $21-22; Sample, $15-20.

Rude Rural Rhymes

Keep Now

Within my fertile garden loam
asparagus is well at home and every spring, behold the shoots pursue the widely searching roots. I marvel how the tender tip thru trodden soil can deftly slip. I thus address the little fellow: "The soil about is far from mellow; your head, excuse me, sir, is soft, how do you push yourself aloft." "It would not do," said he, "to hustle. I've need for tact as well as muscle. I would not dare for anything to make a sharp and sudden spring. If something broke right then, you see, I have a hunch it would be me; but wearing on my upper edge a most efficient cone-shaped wedge. I've reached my present topside station by gentle slow insinuation." Some folks inclined to ram and rip might take from sparrow grass this tip. Our world has had, the way we find it, a tale of violence behind it and every now and then, of course, force must be met by greater force; yet if you try to bull it thru, when something breaks it may be you. Altho your power may be a sledge, your working point should be a wedge.—BOB ADAMS.

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BUFFALO, NIAGARA & EASTERN SYSTEM

Independence

Miss Doris Baker is spending this week at L. A. Potter's.

Floyd Clarke is spending this week with the assessors in Whitesville.

Francis Williams is visiting in Rexville.

H. M. Clarke was a guest the past week of his son, W. D. Clarke and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Cluzein are guests of her mother, Mrs. Charles Preston.

About 70 patrons and children attended the school picnic, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Potter were in Dansville Sunday to see Mrs. Mariah Jacobs.

Mrs. Wm. Clarke of Milton, Wis., is visiting her niece, Mrs. S. W. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Updyke and family of West Union were Sunday guests of Mrs. Jane Updyke.

Mrs. Frank Nye is spending this week with her daughter, Frances, at Geneseo.

Mrs. John Illig has returned home from caring for her mother, Mrs. Pounder.

Mrs. Esther Bassett spent Saturday with Mrs. A. G. Crittendon at Whitesville.

Messrs. Robert Spicer, Wayne Crandall and Frances Clarke are taking regents this week.

Mrs. Harley Hawks, Mrs. R. E. Spicer, Mrs. C. M. Crandall and Mrs. Floyd Clark attended a Home Bureau meat demonstration in Wellsville, Monday afternoon.

West Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Miller from Hornell have been spending a few days with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster of this place.

Clarence Brutsman made a business trip to Greenwood on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Youmans and James Wentworth of Andover and little Betty Shuemiester from Hornell were Tuesday visitors at Fred Conrad's.

William Whalen of South Hill spent Thursday evening with Miss Ada Mitchell.

Mrs. E. L. Teribury and George Conley were in Andover recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Woodworth and daughters of Greenwood visited Mr. and Mrs. John Swarts and family, Thursday evening.

Mr. Williams delivered veal calves to Greenwood, Saturday.

Mrs. Gertrude Conrad and three daughters called on their aunt, Mrs. Reynolds at Hornell, Saturday evening and attended the carnival.

Clinton Brutsman has been visiting his grandparents at Canisteo.

Edward Dean visited Miss Pye, of the Andover road, Wednesday evening.

Fred Conrad and Fred Brown were callers in Greenwood, Tuesday.

Archie Youmans and James Wentworth were business visitors in this place, Wednesday.

Miss Edith Brutsman from Canisteo visited her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brutsman and family, Sunday.

Some of the young people from this place attended the dance in St. Mary's Hall at Rexville, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Pease and son were among those who attended the carnival at Hornell, Saturday evening.

Miss Ada Mitchell has returned home after visiting relatives at Buffalo.

Fred Brown was a visitor in Canisteo and Hornell, Saturday.

Gladys and Ella Conrad, Waldo Updyke and Leon Green were in Hornell, Sunday evening.

Barney Mills

Mrs. Bert Young was shopping in Greenwood on Saturday.

A party of relatives and friends spent the week-end at Sherd Austin's.

Harry and Willie Pease were Sunday visitors with Charles and Norman Tracy.

Mrs. Sherd Austin who is a patient at Bethesda hospital, is slightly improved.

Walter Hill of Bolivar made a business trip to this place on Thursday.

Greenwood

M. F. Woodberry and wife of Hornell were calling on friends in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Mrs. H. C. Caffery and two children were shopping in Hornell, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight and two daughters of Bennette spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. Minnie Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and Madam Reynolds of Hornell were callers in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stephens are spending a few days visiting relatives in Franklinville and Buffalo.

Mrs. Joe Adkins was shopping in Hornell, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gussie O'Dell of Canisteo called on his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Dell on Dryden Hill, Sunday.

The Everready Sunday school class met with Mrs. Dever Clarke, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner and son, Clifton, of Wellsville, spent Sunday evening with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Woodworth and two children visited Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth in Coby Creek, Sunday.

Mrs. William Bankes died at her home in Bankes Hollow, Saturday at 2 o'clock, age 71 years. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband and three daughters, Mrs. Erwin Holt of Jasper and Mrs. Fred Krusen of East Greenwood and Mrs. Earl Hathaway of Bankes Hollow, also three sons, George of Canisteo, True and Homer Bankes of Greenwood. The funeral was held, Tuesday, at 2 o'clock at the Bully church, burial at the Gully.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McAndrew and two sons of Andover visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Murray on West Hill, Saturday night and Sunday.

Clifford Caffery of Canisteo was calling on friends in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Scribner called on Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Sunday evening.

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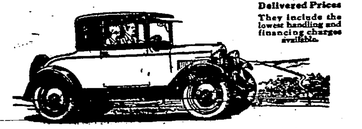

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Almond Joins School House Builders

Plans have been approved for the construction of a $55,000 annex to the Almond high school building, upon which work will begin the first of July.

The contract will provide that the addition be completed before the opening of school next fall. The equipment of the new annex will be the most modern and up-to-date, including gymnasium with locker rooms and shower bath rooms, together with an office for physical director and nurse.

Of Mooseheart

Leon S. Green, son of Mrs. Arthur Green of Alfred, who has been located at Travares, Florida, for some time, has been appointed as Deputy Superintendent of the Mooseheart National Home and Training School in Illinois. Mooseheart is located 38 miles west of Chicago on a campus of 1,032 acres of land. It is the home and school of 1,400 children whose deceased fathers were members of the Moose. There are 140 buildings and the property is valued at ten million dollars. The institution is supported from dues of $3 per year of each member of the Order making a yearly amount of $2,000,000 available for the maintenance of the plant. Mr. Green will have a staff of 210 assistants.

The editor of the News passed this beautiful Mooseheart home on his western automobile trip last year and was impressed with the splendid appearance as seen from the highway.

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Around Our House

LIVER AND BACON

The old time dish of liver and bacon has virtues beyond any that our grandmothers ever suspected. Recent investigations indicate that liver is one of the best foods for upbuilding the blood. It is a good source of iron which is necessary to make the red blood cells and it also contains a vitamin which is believed to help the body use the iron from other food. Liver is especially recommended for anemic persons for these reasons.

But liver need not always be served with bacon, tho chopped bacon with mashed broiled liver, seasoned and moistened with cream make good sandwiches. Liver may be slit and filled with bread stuffing and roasted in the oven like chicken. Liver may be baked in milk or cooked in a casserole in brown stock. Another casserole dish is prepared by lining the greased casserole with boiled and buttered rice and filling the center with chopped, boiled liver and gravy. After a few crumbs are placed over the top, the whole may be place in the oven to brown.

Business Notices

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—At a bargain, a dining room suit in excellent condition. 56 East Fassett street, Wellsville, phone 156W.

FOR SALE—First class seed potatoes. Sylvia J. Hardy, at the Hardy farm. 24

Baby carriage FOR SALE—Grey English cab, fine condition, cheap if taken by June 20th. Mrs. C. W. Kunz, Macauley residence, Elm street. Phone 1662. 24

FOR SALE—One gas kitchen range. Inquire Clarence Meade.—Rochambeau Avenue. 24

WANTED

WANTED—Boy of high school age as general helper around garage. E. J. Pierce. tf

The Celebrated Baldwinsville Aster Plants

Send us one dollar and we will send you 75 Choice Aster Plants, five plants each of 15 different kinds. Plants will be shipped when ready, generally about June 10th to 20th.

Baldwinsville Aster Farms, Baldwinsville, N. Y. 24

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—About June 25th, the Mullen home on Barney street. Inquire of E. A. Mullen. tf

FOR RENT—Seven room flat with electricity and bath. Also office building, modernly equipped. F. L. Bloss. tf

WANTED

WANTED—Boy of high school age as general helper around garage. E. J. Pierce. tf

The Celebrated Baldwinsville Aster Plants

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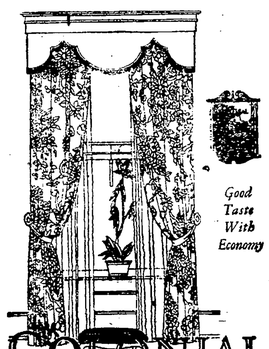

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For porch, sun parlor or under a shady tree on the lawn, nothing offers quite the haven of rest and enjoyment that these wonderful gliding divans do. And because they lend color to the scheme, here is something that will cause your friends to exclaim with delight and voice their approval.

COUCH HAMMOCKS
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PORCH ROCKERS
Special—$3.98

Comfortable maple rockers — natural finish.

A telegram from Chas. Freshman's announce an advance of 10 per cent. on all Freshman sets after July first.

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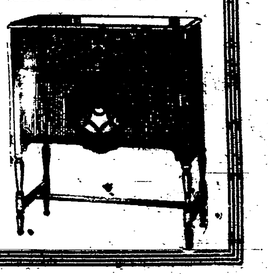
We Have Three Models Ready to Deliver at The Old Low Prices

TABLE MODEL 6-tube—one control $49.50

CONSOLE MODEL with built-in speaker—like illustration $79.50

CONSOLE MODEL A massive cabinet of fine proportions—built-in speaker $99.50