

MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

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PROLOGUE.

A northern soldier, left for dead on a southern battlefield, recovers consciousness and hides near a farmhouse where he hears a beautiful daughter of the south admit that soon she must wed a man she does not love. Read and you will learn what daring efforts he made to frustrate this plan, win the girl's love, gain valuable military information as a spy and clear up the grim mystery of an old mansion where murder was a daily occurrence. Notable among fiftieth anniversary war romances, this stirring tale shows that, while father was arrayed against son and brother against brother, little Dan Capid, field marshal of the army of love, kept right on with his campaigning, even if one sweetheart wore the blue and the other sweetheart loved the gray.

CHAPTER I.

LEFT WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

I NOW recall our part in the battle merely in a series of detached pictures having dull, blank spaces between. Nevertheless, how vividly bright with color each separate scene photographed itself upon the retina of the eye! I remember our battery first going into action along the western edge of the old cemetery, among the billowy graves, the cracked, overturned stones. I recall the mass of green leaves, checked by red blossoms, where the vine clambered over the large monument at our rear, and how I entangled my foot in the creepers and nearly fell.

I shall never forget the ghastly white face of Rosecrans' aid, his long brown beard blown backward by force of the wind, as he came furiously spurting up the road, his hand bare, his hand pointing forward, screaming out his orders. I remember the wild clang and turmoil as our startled horses plunged to the left, dragging after them the black guns, with muzzles still smoking grimly, on a mad, reckless gallop down into the shelter of a shallow ravine, splashing through the running water and dashing in headlong impetuosity up the sharp incline of the opposite bank. I heard the wild yells of the excited drivers, the blows, the crunching of heavy wheels over the stones; I saw the leap of the caissons, the rush of the men.

Panting for breath, stumbling over the rough ground, I raced beside No. 2 for the crest, vaguely wondering why Wyatt was lashing his leaders so like a demon. I saw Somers go tumbling forward in a shapeless heap, and one of the straining wheelers on No. 1 drop dead in the traces, dragged remorselessly onward by his teammates. Yet I was there, my hands hard on the spokes, sluing the heavy guns into position the very instant the released caissons were trotted to the rear down the protecting slope.

When it instantly became all clockwork, mechanism, discipline, I could scarcely distinguish faces or even forms; all was rush, riot, seeming confusion; yet I knew it must be Keane to right of me and Parkhurst at left. A sharp order hurried into my numbed brain, and I echoed it automatically even as I heaved, the hot perspiration blinding my eyes, the mad lust of the fight throbbing through my veins. With one bound backward I was at the breech, the slim muzzle deflected downward into the valley. I marked the vague figure of a man, unrecognizable, springing hastily back from the mouth of the gun, crouching down, summer in hand; over that deadly smoothed barrel I caught one glimpse

of low tangled bushes, of drifting smoke clouds, of a solid gray mass breaking through, of sunlight shimmering along a front of leveled steel; then I jerked the lanyard and mingled smoke and flame burst forth.

All that followed was pandemonium, rush, roar, leaping, shapeless figures. I could perceive nothing clearly; all I remember was that we were firing canister, the deflected guns leaping madly back with the recoil, growing hot to the hand.

I trod on bodies as I toiled. I heard through the stinging volume of smoke, the infernal uproar, a hoarse shouting of unrecognizable orders, the wild scream of a wounded horse, a single mad oath, an agonized voice yelling from behind, "Where the devil is the infantry?" Yet all that I actually realized then were those distorted black shapes springing back and forth from that gun muzzle, and the lanyard grasped in my hand. That alone was my work, my duty, and I must stand to it until I died. Two years of iron discipline had made me into a machine.

Something burned my shoulder like a sudden spurt of flame; I felt sick from the shock and clung desperately to the breech to keep from falling. I saw faces here and there amid the brown whirls of smoke, strange, unknown repulsive faces, rendered hideous from the strain of conflict. My gun toppled over, one wheel smashed into splinters. I saw Wyatt turn and run for the rear, and Parkhurst dung backward as though shot from a catapult. I jerked the rammer out of his dead, clutching hands, and began striking fiercely at the crush of gray figures leaping toward me. Then everything went blank, and I pitched over under the wreck.

It was dark when I slowly reopened my eyes and endeavored to look about, dark and still, except for a faint gleam of distant stars, and the awful gurgling of some desperately wounded man lying not far away. My head throbbled feverishly from pain, and my right side ached horribly as I first attempted to move my body. Above me was the black breech of the gun, and my extended hand touched the single wheel upholding it, the spokes ragged from splinters. It hurt me so desperately to turn over that I remained motionless for a long time, staring straight up at the sky, listening intently for each sound, and endeavoring to think. In a measure the situation soon became sufficiently clear—that fierce charge of the enemy had reached us unchecked, and we had lost the guns. Had we also lost the battle?

How deadly still the night was, not a shot echoing anywhere, not a footstep, not a voice; only that awful gurgling breathing yonder to the left! One of my feet pressed against a body, and I moved it carefully, although even this slight action resulted in a sharp twinge of pain. I could perceive another form huddled in a shapeless heap against the wheel, and as my hand reached out groping toward the right it touched an ice cold face. I was afraid to ascertain the truth. Had I been badly injured? Was I crippled for life?

At length, my teeth clinched in final determination to know the worst, I endeavored to feel along my side where the twinges of pain seemed most severe, but only to discover my rough woolen shirt stiff from congealed blood. My lips were dry and cracked, my tongue parched and swollen. Suddenly in the stillness I distinguished the sound of some one approaching and sank down again, motionless, listening.

They came slinking toward me from out the night much as jackals might, creeping along from body to body, mumbling to each other as they groped around in the darkness, occasionally lifting their heads to listen, like hunted wild beasts. I recognized them as the scourge of the battlefield—hu-

man scavengers, foul vultures, whatever uniform they might wear to hide their crime—midnight robbers of the dead. I lay there silent, almost breathless, while they swiftly rifled the pockets of that shapeless, hideous thing upheld by the wheel. They saw me lying there plainly enough, but nearer at hand were victims far easier of approach, and so they stunk growlingly past, leaving me unmolested. Yet I distinguished enough of their profane speech to render the situation clear. Our army had been pressed relentlessly back, driven pell mell across the river in disorderly retreat, and the victorious forces of the Confederacy held the field.

A single shot rang out far to my right, and the black figure of one of those skulking vultures went slinking past on a run, stumbling in his haste over the dead bodies. Already sentries diligently watched, and with the coming of daylight the Confederate burial parties would be busy.

The very sound of that distant musket shot served to arouse me to action. Slowly, and with no little pain, I succeeded in creeping forth from beneath the gun shadow, and sat up. My side still throbbled severely, it is true, yet my limbs were intact, and I managed to draw myself erect by grasping the spokes of the wheel until I finally stood there faint and trembling. Nevertheless I realized my strength was coming back in response to movement, a fresh determination taking possession of my mind. I felt ready to endeavor, provided there remained anything to endeavor for. And why was there not? The Federal army could not be very far away. I must try to join them, not lie here to run the risk of capture on the morrow. There would be some hiding place near by into which I could crawl before the revealing dawn came.

I could recall so little of the surroundings. There was the black shadow of a wood to my front, but the river would surely be in the opposite direction, and the narrow stream we had crossed while coming into action must be yonder to the left. I determined to creep down there anyway, for I must have water. Finally I arrived at the edge of the bank, where the descent was steep, and slid silently down. Once beside the narrow stream I dipped my face in the running water and drank greedily. I tore aside the rough woolen artillery shirt I wore and attempted to explore the wound in my side. It was a jagged, ugly gash, evidently torn by a splinter, but not dangerously deep, although it had bled profusely.

Suddenly I seemed to recall to memory the vague glimpse of a distant house far down the valley, half revealed as our battery dashed forward into position. There would undoubtedly be found opportunity for concealment among the outbuildings, provided I could attain to their shelter before daybreak; possibly for food also if any negroes yet remained there. Every inch of this open territory would be diligently searched for the wounded, and my sole chance for escape lay somewhere without the immediate zone of battle. It must have been two, perhaps three, miles distant, a large white house almost completely surrounded by trees and barely showing down the narrow gap of the valley.

I was less seriously injured than I had at first believed, and this knowledge added immeasurably to my stock of hope and courage. Of Irish blood, ardent, combative, the very sense of surrounding danger became a stimulant. I stole silently down beneath the gloom of the bank shadow for possibly a hundred yards, scanning the opposite shore with anxious eyes, yet perceiving nothing calculated to alarm. Then I crept up to the level above, discovering there the faint traces of a road which I followed, walking forward cautiously. Once I sank down into a shallow depression as three shadowy horsemen rode silently past. Then the road led downward into the broadening valley, running through a black fringe of trees, the gloom beneath the interlaced branches so dense I could scarcely discover the way, tripping continually over stumps and roots.

It was a long two miles before I attained to the fragment of an enclosing rail fence and could perceive the dark outlined shadow of a large shed beyond. However, the exercise of the tramp had served to strengthen my muscles, while the attendant excitement had completely swept away the cobwebs from my brain. I had become a man once more, energetic, resourceful; no longer the wounded, aimless thing that had crept, weak, dizzy and despairing from beneath the wrecked gun. I took a long breath and then crept underneath the rails into the shed shadow.

The faintest tinge of approaching dawn was already in the sky, as yet scarcely perceptible, but enabling my eyes to distinguish the dim outlines of my immediate surroundings. Slightly beyond were several small log huts, closely grouped together, undoubtedly the negro quarters of the plantation. These appeared deserted. A low picket fence, originally painted white, but now sadly demoralized, one section lying flat on the ground, served to separate this portion of the estate from the house lot, while a thick hedge of trees thoroughly concealed the mansion itself from view. But the smoldering embers of a camp fire glowed sullenly directly in front of the covered entrance, and I could both perceive and hear the restless movement of horses tied to the veranda rail. I was enabled to distinguish the shadowy figure of a sentry wearily pacing back and forth in front of the broad porch. Beyond all question some Confederate general officer had very sensibly appropriated the place for his headquarters, while his personal escort were encamped within the yard.

I made my way slowly back, all im-

mediate hope of obtaining food dismissed from my mind. Finding the door of the old shed ajar, I crept in and crawled into a niche next to the wall. Almost before I realized the possibility I was sound asleep.

Some unusual noise aroused me. Then I distinguished voices conversing, apparently not more than ten feet distant. Quietly as both parties spoke, I determined the speakers to be a young white woman and a negro. The negro by every outward token was an old time slave, to whom freedom would possess no vital meaning.

Just beyond his broad, bent shoulders appeared the features of a young girl, a most piquant face, marked now by trouble and perplexity, yet clearly reflecting a nature in which all the joy of life naturally predominated. I caught merely a glimpse, for I dared not brave disclosure. Yet so deeply did that single glance impress me that had I never been again privileged to see her I could not have entirely effaced the memory. Scarcely more than eighteen years of age, rather slight of figure, still retaining the form of girlhood, less than medium height, standing firmly erect, every movement displaying unconscious grace and vigor, her face bright with intelligence, animated by every passing emotion, her cheeks flushed with health, her hair of darkest brown, fluffed carelessly back from off the low, broad forehead, her eyes the deepest unfathomable gray blue oddly shadowed by long lashes densely black, her lips full, red and arched, speaking softly the pleasant idiom of the southland, for a single moment she appeared to me a vision, fulfilling my dreams of young womanhood. My ears finally caught the words of the slave:

"But shorely, Miss Jean, I reckon I don't git dis jst straight somehow."



I DARED NOT BRAVE DISCLOSURE.

Why shouldn't ye do it, honey, when yo' pa an' Massa George both want ye to? Dat's what I don't understand now. What ye want ter marry Massa Calvert?"

The delicately arched mouth drew down severely, the blue gray eyes drooping behind lowered lashes.

"I only wish I knew, Joe—I sure wish I knew," her soft voice filled

with doubt. "I reckon I always expected to have to do this some day, but that never seemed so bad when it was a long way off. But now they insist it must be tonight, and—and it sure scares me."

"But don't ye love him, honey?" The girl's eyes opened wide, gazing straight into the black, troubled face fronting her.

"I just don't know, Joe, that's a fact, but—I'm afraid not. He is just the same to me now as he was when we were children and played together. Sometimes I don't mind being with him, and then there are other times when I am actually afraid to have him near me. I don't think I ever really care whether he is here or not, and—and I do get awfully tired of him when he talks to me. He—he treats me like a little girl and acts so superior. It almost makes me hate him." She put her hands up to her head, rumpling up the brown hair, a little pucker showing across the forehead. "He has been away most of the last two years, and—and, well, I haven't missed him much. I know I have been lots happier here left alone."

"Ye shore have been happy 'nough," broke in the negro soberly; "but ye shorely can't live yere alone no more for awhile, Miss Jean. 'Tain't no laughing matter, far as I can see. De sojers was yere most eb'ry day. An' blame me if I can see which side was de worst, de Yanks or de Confeds. Dey steal, an' dey git drunk, an' dey fight, an' it wan't no fit place no longer for any young gal to be all alone by herself, wid no one but an ol' nigger to look after her. It could be did, missus, when dis country was peaceable like, but now de Lord only knows what's goin' to happen next. Dis yere house would have been burnt to de groun' long afore dis if General Johnston hadn't been a-living yere, an' now he's gone. Ye know all dat, Miss Jean, an' it shore looks best to me what yo' pa an' Massa George wants ye fer to do."

(To Be Continued.)

Hogs Wanted.

Will pay the market price for hogs weighing from 80 to 150 pounds. See J. P. Falter, Coates' block.

YUAN REFUSES TO ACCEPT REPUBLIC

Premier of China Firm in Opposition to Rebel Demand.

WILL UPHOLD THE MONARCHY

Great Britain Enlists Japan in Support of Monarchical Program—Said That American Group Is Supporting British Idea.

Peking, Dec. 22.—Premier Yuan Shi Kai gave his answer to those who are attempting to form China into a republic. In an official statement he declared, without qualification, that he refused to accept a republic.

It is believed here that Yuan Shi Kai means what he says and will uphold the monarchy. Now that this situation has arisen, Great Britain, which has been supporting the premier's monarchical program for several weeks, is now strengthened by Japan, and is endeavoring to obtain the support of the United States and other countries. Great Britain believes the "separation of the dependencies, Manchuria, Mongolia and Tibet and the serious disintegration of China proper would result from the establishment of a republic, whereas the republicans already have obtained in a material way everything they desired. Only the name of the monarchy is left."

It is stated that the American group, if not the American state department, already supports the British idea and are ready with two if not three of the others of the "four nation group" of financiers to lend Yuan Shi Kai's government money. Negotiations to this end have been proceeding for some days.

It was on Great Britain's initiative that the six powers urged the Shanghai peace conference to reach an agreement.

The extension of the armistice ten days, to which the revolutionists have agreed, has given some hope, but unless the revolutionists accept the program offered, the only alternative is renewal of the conflict, with possible division of the country, the dependencies rallying around the northern empire.

Would Reopen Conference.

Shanghai, Dec. 22.—Tang Shao Yi has received a telegram from Premier Yuan Shi Kai instructing him to reopen the conference and present a counter proposition to the revolutionary delegates, providing for a limited monarchy. There is reason to believe that a considerable number of influential revolutionists are willing to consider such a proposal.

TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN

American Exports Double in Value Imports From British Territory.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Over a billion dollars' worth of merchandise passed between the United States and British territory in the ten months ending with October for which statistics have been compiled. The bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor reports that exports from the United States to British territory in the period named aggregated \$759,000,000 and imports therefrom \$383,000,000, thus indicating that for every dollar's worth of merchandise imported from the territory in question two dollars' worth of American products are exported thereto.

The growth of American commerce with countries and colonies under the British flag has been steady and in the case of certain countries, notably Canada, very rapid.

STORY LEADS TO MURDER

Kansas Man Killed For Money Reported Hidden in Shoes.

Kansas City, Dec. 22.—"He hides his money in shoes." This story has been freely circulated about Edward Jackson, an employee of the Santa Fe railroad, whose body was found hidden under the stairway of the pumping plant in Kansas City, Kan.

The police believe that Jackson was murdered by some one who had heard the story of his hidden wealth. Jackson's shoes were unlaced and evidently had been removed by the murderer. There was a deep cut across the dead man's forehead, and a heavy shovel nearby probably was the weapon used by the murderer.

Richeson Will Recover Soon.

Boston, Dec. 22.—Everything points to the rapid recovery of Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, accused of the murder of Avis Linnell and who so mutilated himself in his cell at the Suffolk county jail that a drastic operation was found necessary.

Camorra Trial Falls Down.

Viterbo, Dec. 22.—The trial of the Camorristas has all but collapsed. Witnesses who have been summoned fail to appear, and the authorities have been unable to locate them. The jurors have asked the court to discontinue the trial.

Ellett to Run on Dry Ticket.

Marshalltown, Ia., Dec. 22.—Announcement was made of the candidacy of the Rev. O. D. Ellett, editor of the Iowa Prohibitionist of this city, for governor on the prohibition ticket before the June primary.

PRINCESS INJIRE.

Baroda Beauty Who Is To Wed Maharajah of Gwalior In February.



Photo by American Press Association.

BOY TAKEN FROM "SUN WORSHIPERS"

Hair to Millions is Found in Temple at Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—How George Lindsay, twelve years old and sole heir to the millions of the late W. R. Lindsay of Philadelphia, had been moved from the temple of a "sun worshippers" cult and placed under the charge of the juvenile court, at the request of relatives, was revealed here.

Charles R. Lindsay, uncle of the boy, is responsible for the action. After a nation-wide search the uncle found the boy in the "temple" here. Detectives in the employment of Lindsay, who attempted to take the boy away, were attacked by worshippers, it is said. The boy's mother, who placed him in the "temple," is said to be known among the cult as "Vahdah."

One of the charges made by the boy's uncle is that the lad was given a diet of grapes and beer. He is said to have been in the "temple" six months.

The boy's mother had been ordered not to return him to the "temple." Judge Pinckney will hear the case Jan. 4.

Shoots Off Hand While Cleaning Gun.

Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 22.—Walter, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Reimund, living west of the city, lost his right hand by the accidental discharge of an automatic gun.

CONDENSED NEWS

In attempting to dip water from a barrel, Mrs. John Issenbuth of Huron, S. D., fell in head downward and was drowned.

Eighteen holdup men arrested at Winnipeg during the last two weeks were sentenced to terms of from five to seven years in the penitentiary.

A million dollar appropriation for the construction of a railroad in Alaska is contemplated in a bill introduced in congress by Sulzer of New York.

It is intimated that the department of justice will begin prosecution in Philadelphia next week of American members of the giant Brazilian coffee combination.

Judge Skeen of Lee county, Virginia, issued a proclamation in which he invited all who sold their votes in a recent election in that county to appear before the court, confess and accept the minimum fine.

Believing her brother dead because of a silence of forty years, Mrs. Rebecca Powers, wife of a truck gardener of Ottawa, Kan., was surprised to receive notice that by his death, which occurred recently at Chicago, she will receive the larger part of a fortune of \$35,000.

Scarcely of marriageable young women in Grant county, Kansas, has caused the bachelors of the county to band together for the purpose of obtaining wives. The catalogues of the organization gives the names and qualifications of each of the thirty-five members.

Report of a theft of \$25,000 worth of unset diamonds from the wallet of a diamond broker was made to the Chicago police. Samuel Scott, the broker, told the police that the jewels were taken from his pocket while he was playing pool in a downtown billiard hall.

Policeman Charles E. Hewston was shot and seriously wounded at Portland, Ore., in a revolver battle with a highwayman. The bandit, who gave his name as the "Tacoma Kid," and confessed to robberies in that city, was found lying fatally wounded near the scene of the shooting.