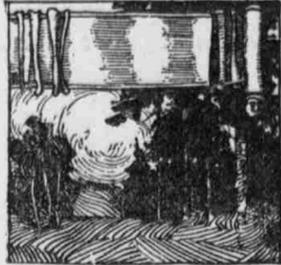


# MY LADY OF THE NORTH

## The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

by RANDALL PARRISH  
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### WOMEN AND HEALTH.

Women are beginning to realize more fully that good health is not to be found in the use of cosmetics and face powders. The appearance of health may follow facial treatment, but health itself lies much deeper than the surface.

Most important to the health of every woman is regularity of the bowels and digestive organs. The weary eyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples and general air of lassitude, is in most every case due to constipation or indigestion, or both. There are various remedies prescribed for this condition, but the easiest, most pleasant and certainly effective, is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This simple remedy is far preferable to harsh salts and cathartics and violent purgative waters that disturb the whole system without affording more than temporary relief.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a tonic laxative, mild in its action, pleasant to the taste and positive in its effect, strengthening the muscles of stomach and bowels so that after a short time these organs regain the power to perform their natural functions without assistance.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists everywhere in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it, write for a sample to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 291 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.; he will gladly send a trial bottle without any expense to you whatever.

#### Got Back at Critic.

"I was walking up Sixth avenue in New York," says Capt. F. J. Archibald, "accompanied by James Neilson of Sweden, who was over here on a visit. There is a big Swedish employment agency up there about Fortieth street, and the sign is spelled in Swedish fashion:

#### 'Helpj' wanted.

"I asked Neilson what in the world that extra 'j' was doing at the end of the word, especially as, even in Swedish, it is not pronounced.

"Oh, it is just there, I suppose," said Neilson.

"But now that you don't pronounce the letter why don't you people drop it altogether? It looks so silly to have a letter there you don't pronounce."

"Well," said Neilson, "I suppose we keep it there for the same reason you hang on to the 'p' in pneumonia."—New York Herald.

#### Ready for Anything.

A popular neighbor had just passed to the great beyond in a rural Pennsylvania community and the undertaker stood at the door of the home, when he heard the following remarks by the minister:

"Mine brethren and sisters, Joe Thomas he is dead. Maybe Joe Thomas he go to heaven up I no know, and maybe Joe Thomas he go to hell down I no know, but, mine brethren and sisters, we must be breared to meet him."

#### Quite So.

The teacher in the primary department of a Philadelphia school had been holding forth at some length with reference to the three grand divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question:

"Who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?"

Whereupon the pupil nearest her hastened to supply the answer as follows:

"The giraffe."—Lippincott's.

#### THE CARELESS GROCER

Blundered, and Great Good Came of It.

A careless grocer left the wrong package at a Michigan home one day and thereby brought a great blessing to the household.

"Two years ago I was a sufferer from stomach troubles, so acute that the effort to digest ordinary food gave me great pain, and brought on a condition of such extreme nervousness that I could not be left alone. I thought I should certainly become insane. I was so reduced in flesh that I was little better than a living skeleton. The doctors failed to give me relief and I despaired of recovery.

"One day our groceryman left a package of Grape-Nuts food by mistake, so I tried some for dinner. I was surprised to find that it satisfied my appetite and gave me no distress whatever. The next meal I ate of it again, and to be brief, I have lived for the past year almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. It has proved to be a most healthful and appetizing food, perfectly adapted to the requirements of my system.

"Grape-Nuts is not only easily digested and assimilated, but I find that since I have been using it I am able to eat anything else my appetite fancies, without trouble from indigestion. The stomach trouble and nervousness have left me, I have regained my plumpness and my views of life are no longer despondent and gloomy.

"Other members of my family, especially my husband, (whose old enemy, the 'heart-burn,' has been vanquished) have also derived great benefit from the use of Grape-Nuts food and we think no morning meal complete without it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

### 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 Sergt. 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 is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan, recognizing Wayne, who starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the mill-room, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan, recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bidding Edith adieu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty.

### CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

This gave me inspiration, and before the speaker's sullen growl had wholly ceased I was again upon hands and knees, silently groping my way along the bank toward the rear of the hut. It proved to be a tiny structure, containing but a single room—probably a mere fisherman's shack, without windows, but possessing a door at either end. Meeting no opposition I crept within, where I felt somewhat safer from observation, and then peered warily forth into the darkness extending between it and the river. The picket-ropes stretched from one corner of the hut, where it seemed to be secured around the end of a projecting log, out into the night, evidently finding its other terminus at a big tree whose spreading top I could dimly perceive shadowed against the sky. Along it were tethered the horses, a few impatiently champing their bits and pounding with their hoofs on the trampled ground, but the majority resting quietly, their heads hanging sleepily down. The one nearest me appeared a finely proportioned animal of a dark color, and was equipped with both saddle and bridle. Of the soldier in charge I could distinguish nothing—doubtless he was lounging on his back, half asleep upon some soft patch of grass.

I turned when it suddenly occurred to me that the deserted hut might contain something I could use to advantage—a firearm, perhaps, or even a stray box of matches. I felt about me cautiously, creeping along the hard earthen floor until I had nearly reached the opposite entrance. The light from the fire without leaped up, and its glow revealed a saddle, with leather holster attached, hanging to a nail just within the doorway. Moving noiselessly I managed to extract a revolver, but could discover no cartridges.

I was yet fumbling in the holster pocket when the lieutenant rose from his seat without, knocked the ashes from his pipe, yawned sleepily, standing directly between me and the fire, and then, turning sharply, walked slowly into the open door of the hut. I sprang to my feet, or he would certainly have stopped upon me, and before he could realize the situation I had him by the collar, with the cold muzzle of my stolen revolver pressed hard against his cheek.

"A single word or sound, and I fire!" I said sternly.

I have no recollection of ever seeing any one more completely astounded. He gasped like a fish newly landed, and I doubt if he could have made utterance even had he dared.

"Come in a little farther," I commanded. "Now look here, Lieutenant, you do exactly as I tell you and you will get out of this affair with a whole skin; otherwise—well, I'm playing this game to the limit. Now answer me: How many men have you mounted this side the ford?"

He glared at me sullenly, and I drew back the hammer with an ominous click, eyeing him fiercely.

"Well," I said shortly, "do you choose to answer, or die?"

"Two."

"On the other bank?"

"None."

"Lieutenant," I said, speaking low, but in a tone which left no doubt as to my exact meaning, "I am an escaped prisoner, and shall not hesitate to kill rather than be recaptured. It is your life or mine tonight, and I naturally prefer my own; but I'll give you one chance, and only one—obey my orders and I will leave you here unhurt; disobey, and your life is not worth the snap of a finger. Move back now until you face the door, and don't forget my pistol is within an inch of your ear, and this is a hair trigger. What is your sergeant's name?"

"Handley."

"Order him to take ten men on foot one hundred yards west on the pike, and wait further orders."

"Handley," he called out, his voice so choked with rage as to make me fearful it might arouse suspicion, "take ten men on foot to the cross-

roads, and wait there until you hear from me."

I could plainly note the dark shadows of the fellows as they fled out past the fire, but I never ventured to take eye or gun off the man I watched.

"How many remain there now?"

"Seven."

"Any non-com. among them?"

"A corporal."

"Have him take them all south on the cross-roads."

"Jones," he called out huskily.

"Yes, sir."

"Take what men you have left a hundred yards south on the cross-roads."

We could hear them crunching their way through the bushes, until the sound finally died out in the distance.

"Now, Lieutenant, you come with me—softly, and keep your distance."

We moved back slowly, step by step, until we came to the rear door of the shed. I reached out into the darkness, but without turning my face away from him, and silently severed the picket-ropes, retaining the loosened end in my grasp. It was so intensely dark where we stood that I slipped the pistol unobserved into my belt.

"Face to the rear," I said sternly.

As he turned to obey this order, with quick movement I tripped him, sprang backward, and shut the door.

In a single bound I was upon the back of the black, and had flung the severed rope's end at the flank of the next horse in line. There was a rush of feet, a sharp snapping of cords, a wild scurrying through the bushes, as twenty frightened horses stampeded up the bank, and then, lying face down over the saddle pommel, I sent the startled black crashing down into the shallows of the ford. The fellow guard tried his best to stop us, but we were past him like the wind. He did not fire, and doubtless in the darkness saw merely a stray horse broken from the picket-ropes. The other fellow took one swift shot, but it went wild, and I heard the voice of the enraged lieutenant damning in the distance. Then with a rush we went up the steep bank on the eastern shore, and I sat upright in the saddle and gave the black his rein.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### A Demon on Horseback.

I felt positively happy then. The thrill of successful achievement was mine, and with the exultation of a soldier in having surmounted obstacles and peril, I nearly forgot for the moment the heart tragedy left behind. The swift impetus of the ride, the keen night air sweeping past me, the fresh sense of freedom and power engendered by that reckless dash through the darkness, all conspired to render me neglectful of everything save the joy of present victory. The spirit of wild adventure was in my blood.

A dozen spits of fire cleaved the intense blackness behind, and I knew the widely scattered patrol were sending chance shots across the stream. A clang of hoofs rang out upon the rocks, but I could distinguish nothing indicating a large pursuing party—probably the two who were mounted at the ford, with possibly others following when they caught their strayed horses. I had little to fear from such half-hearted pursuit as this was sure to be. The swift, powerful stride of the animal I rode assured me that I was not ill mounted, and there was small chance of contact with Federal outriders before I should reach the protecting picket lines of our own army. I laughed grimly as I leaned slightly back in saddle and listened; it was like a play, so swift and exciting had been the passing events, so unexpected their ending. I won-

dered what plausible story the discomfited lieutenant would concoct to account for his predicament, and whether the others had yet missed me back at the Mansion House.

The stars appeared to be paling somewhat down in the east, for the coming day-dawn was already whitening the horizon. I glanced at my watch, venturing to strike a match for the purpose, and found the hour after three o'clock. Early, I knew,

was at Sowder Church, and his advance cavalry pickets ought to be as far west as the Warrentown road. The distance between, by hard riding, might be covered in three hours. My horse seemed fresh, his breath came naturally and without effort, and I pressed him along rapidly, for my whole ambition now centred upon bringing the information I possessed within our own lines. Bungay, beyond doubt, had been recaptured long since, for my own experience told me how extremely vigilant were the Federal guards. To one unacquainted as I was with military customs it would prove impossible to penetrate their lines; hence, everything must depend upon my getting through in safety.

Then my thoughts drifted to the one I had left in such serious predicament. If I had loved her before, I loved her doubly now, for she had proven herself a woman among women in time of danger and trial. How clearly her face, with those dark sweet eyes and the wealth of crowning hair, rose before me, while word by word I reviewed all that had passed between us, dwelling upon each look or accent that could evince her possible interest in me. Then reason returned to my aid, and resolutely, determinedly, inspired by every instinct of soldierly honor, I resolved that I would put her from my thoughts forever. She was not mine either to love or possess, unless the uncertain fate of war should chance to set her free. Even to dream of her, to cherish her

still. Surely nothing less than hate, and a thirst for vengeance bitter as death, implacable as fate, could ride like that through the black night on the track of a hunted man!

I was able to trace dimly his outlines now as he rose on an eminence in my rear, his horse looming dark against the sky, like those giant steeds that snorted fire in my child's picture-books at home, and then, with increasingly louder thunder of hoof-beats, he came charging straight down toward me. In sheer desperation I glanced on either side, seeking some avenue of escape, but the high banks were unscalable; my sole remaining hope lay in a shot which should drop that crazed brute before he struck and crushed me. Riding my best, with all the practised skill of the service, I swung my body sideways, bracing myself firmly in the deep saddle, and took steady aim. The hammer came down with a dull, dead click, the revolver was chargeless, and with an exclamation of baffled rage I hurled the useless weapon full at the advancing brute. Almost at the instant we struck, my horse went down with the impetus, while over us both, as if shot from a cannon, plunged our pursuer, his horse turning a complete somersault, the rider falling so close that I was upon him almost as soon as he struck the ground.

A dip of the flying hoof had cut a shallow gash across my forehead, and my hair was wet with blood, yet



"That's 'Bout All I Know, Cap, Till I Lit Yere."

It memory while she remained the wife of another, was but an affront to her purity and womanhood. I would prove myself a man entitled to her respect, a soldier worthy my service and corps; if ever again my name chanced to find mention in her presence it should be spoken with honor.

I was musing thus, lulled by the steady lope of my horse, and totally insensible to any possibility of peril, when clear upon my ears, instantly awakening me from such reverie, there rang through the night silence the sharp clang of iron on the road behind me. All sound of pursuit had long since died away, and I supposed the effort to recapture me had been abandoned. But there was no mistaking now—at least one horseman, riding recklessly through the black night, was pressing hot upon my trail.

"The lieutenant," I thought, "the lieutenant, burning with anger at the trick played upon him, has pushed far ahead of his troop, doubtless mounted upon a better horse, determined to ask everything if he may only bring me back dead or alive."

This thought awoke me in an instant from my dreaming, and I spurred my horse furiously, glancing anxiously backward as I rode, but unable through that dense gloom to distinguish the form of my pursuer. Yet the fellow was coming, coming faster than any speed I could possibly conjure out of the weary black I bestrode, either by whip or spur. Closer and closer upon me came rushing down that pounding of iron hoofs on the hard path. Heavens! how like a very demon the man rode! As a trooper I could not without admiration from the reckless audacity with which the vengeful fellow bore down upon me. In spite of my utmost efforts it almost seemed as if we were standing

bruiser and half stunned as I was from the hard fall, my sole longing was to reach and throttle that madman who had ridden me down in such demon style.

"You unchained devil!" I cried savagely, whirling him over upon his back, "I spared your life once tonight, but, by all the gods, I'll not do it again!"

"Gosh, Cap, is that you?" asked the voice of the other, feebly.

I started back, and lost my hold upon him.

"Bungay?" In an astonishment that nearly robbed me of utterance, "Good God, man! is this really you?"

"It's what's left 'o me," he answered solemnly, sitting up and feeling his head as if expecting to find it gone. "That was 'bout the worst ride I ever took."

"I should think it likely," I exclaimed, my anger rising again as I thought of it. "What in Heaven's name, do you mean by riding down on me like that?"

"Holy Gee, Cap," he explained penitently, "ye don't go ter think I ever did it a purpose, do ye? Why, ther' gosh-durned old thing run away."

"Run away?"

"Sure, I've bin a hangin' on ter ther mane o' that critter fer nigh 'ron three mile, an' a prayin' fer a feather bed ter light on. It's my last 'listment on ther cavalry, ye bet. I never seed none o' yer steam keers, but I reckon ther don't go no faster ne; thet blame hoss. Gosh, Cap, ye ain't got no call fer ter git mad; I couldn't a stopped her with a yoke o' steers, durned if I cud. I sorter reckon I know now 'bout what Scott meant when he said, 'The turf the flyin' courser spurned,'—you bet this one did."

Jed rubbed his cheek as if it stung

him, and I looked at him in the faint dawning light of day, and laughed. His peaked head and weazen face looked piteous enough, decorated as they were with the black loam through which he had ploughed; his coat was ripped from tail to collar, while one of his eyes was nearly closed where the bruised flesh had puffed up over it.

"It is a fearful strife, for man endowed with mortal life," he quoted mournfully.

"You're right," I assented. "No doubt you had the worst of it. But how came you here?"

"Why, I was a huntin' fer a boss thar et thet picket post whin ye scared up ther bunch, an' by some sort a fule luck I got hold o' thet one, an' I take arter ye, tho' in course I d'nt know who it was raised sich a rumpus, it was so durned dark. Ther whole blame Yankee caboodle take a blaze et me, I reckon, leastwise ther was most durn keerness with ther shootin' irons, an' I rode one feller over, knocked him plum off his boss down ther bank, kershus inter ther water, by thunder, an' then ther derned critter I was a straddlin' bolted. Tlet's 'bout all I know, Cap, till I lit yere."

There was no doubting the truth of his story, and I held out my hand. "You're a good man, Jed," I said heartily, "and so long as we are both alive, a few hard jolts won't hurt us. Let's see if the horses are in any condition for service."

A single glance told the story. The black mare was browsing by the roadside, apparently little the worse for the shock, although a thin line of blood trickled slowly down her flank. But the big roan had not been so fortunate, and lay, head under, stone dead in the middle of the narrow road. Bungay gazed at the motionless figure mournfully.

"Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, that cost thy life, my gallant gray," he recited solemnly, "only it's a roan, an' I ain't so durn sorry either."

Regrets of any nature, however, were vain, and as the little man positively refused to ride, I mounted again. He trudged along manfully beside me, the two of us set forth once more, our faces turned toward the red dawn.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### Reinforcements for Early.

"Come, Wayne, wake up, man! Captain, I say, you must turn out of this."

I opened my eyes with a struggle and looked up. The golden glow of sunlight along the white wall told me the day must be already well advanced, and I saw the lieutenant of my troop, Colgate, bending over me, attired in service uniform.

"What is it, Jack?"

"We have been ordered north on forced march to join Early, and the command has already started. I have delayed calling you until the final moment, but knew you would never forgive being left behind."

Before he had finished I was upon the floor, dressing with that rapidity acquired by years of practice, my mind thoroughly aroused to the thought of active service once more.

"Was it the news I brought in yesterday, Colgate, which has stirred this up?" I questioned, hastily dipping into a basin of water.

"I imagine it must have been, sir," replied the lieutenant, leaning back comfortably upon a cracker-box, which formed our solitary chair. "Things have been on the move ever since, and it certainly resembles an advance of some importance. Staff officers at it all night long, McDaniel's division off at daylight, while we go out ahead of Slayton's troops. Reede was in beautiful good humor when he brought the orders; that usually means a fight."

"Any artillery?"

"Sloan's and Locke's batteries are with us; did not learn who went out with McDaniel's. Longstreet has crossed the White Briar."

"Yes, I know," I said, drawing on the last of my equipments, and quickly glancing about to assure myself I had overlooked nothing likely to be of value. "All ready, Jack, and now for another 'dance of death.'"

Our regiment was drawn up in the square of the little town, and as we came forth into the glorious sunlight, the stentorian voice of the Colonel called them into column of fours. Staff officers, gray with dust from their all-night service, were riding madly along the curb, while at the rear of our men, just debouching from one of the side streets appeared the solid front of a division of infantry. We had barely time to swing into the saddles of the two horses awaiting us, and ride swiftly to the head of our command, when the short, stern orders rolled along the motionless line of troopers, and the long, silent column swung out to the northward, the feet of the horses raising a thick cloud of red dust which fairly enveloped us in its choking folds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)