

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

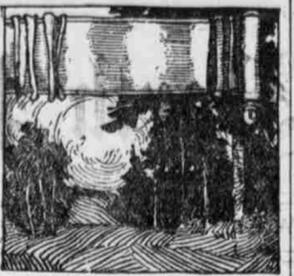
The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

by RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

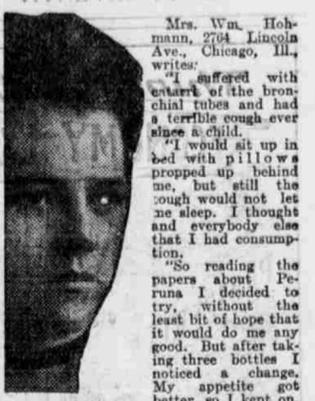
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HAD THROAT TROUBLE SINCE CHILDHOOD

All Treatments Failed. Relieved by Peruna.



Mrs. Wm. Hohmann, 2764 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered with attacks of the bronchial tubes and had a terrible cough ever since a child. I would sit up in bed with pillows propped up behind me, but still the cough would not let me sleep. I thought and everybody else that I had consumption."

"So reading the papers about Peruna I decided to try, without the least bit of hope that it would do me any good. But after taking three bottles I noticed a change. My appetite got better, so I kept on. I was discouraged. Finally I seemed not to cough so much and the pains in my chest got better and I could rest at night."

"I am well now and cured of a chronic cough and sore throat. I cannot tell you how grateful I am, and I cannot thank Peruna enough. It has cured where doctors have failed and I talk Peruna wherever I go, recommend it to everybody. People who think they have consumption better give it a trial."

Bettie's Eye Salve It's Use Will Quickly End Weak, Sore Eyes



WHAT HE WAS DOING.

"Did you fall, my son?"
"Naw! Course I didn't! I'm jest takin' a mud bath by me doctor's orders!"

No Sale.
"Hill work?" replied the demonstrator, after Stiggins had inspected the new car carefully. "Hill work? Why that's our strong point, Mr. Stiggins. This car can climb a tree."
"Ha! hum!" demurred Stiggins. "Then I guess I'll look elsewhere. I never saw a car yet that climbed trees that was any good after hard."—Harper's Weekly.

Too Far for Business.
"I see King George's uncle is in New York."
"H'm! That's bad for George."
"Why so?"
"What will he do if he has occasion to go and see his uncle?"

Touch Preventer.
Howell—Why do you call your dog "Strike Breaker?"
Powell—I have done it ever since he grabbed a fellow who was about to strike me for money.

From Our Ovens To Your Table Untouched by human hands—

Post Toasties

—the aristocrat of Ready-to-Serve foods.

A table dainty, made of white Indian corn—presenting delicious flavor and wholesome nourishment in new and appetizing form.

The steadily increasing sale of this food speaks volumes in behalf of its excellence.

An order for a package of Post Toasties from your grocer will provide a treat for the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Michigan

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 Sgt. 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 the lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge man in a blue uniform, 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 to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Jed Bungay, who starts to reach Gen. Lee and the lady of the North penetrates to the ballroom, 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, hiding Edith adieu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Bungay; they reach the Lee camp and are sent with reinforcements to join Early. In the battle of Shenandoah the regiment is overwhelmed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Field Hospital, Sixth Corps.

My head ached so abominably when I first opened my eyes that I was compelled to close them again, merely realizing dimly that I looked up at something white above me, which appeared to sway as though blown gently by the wind. My groping hand, the only one I appeared able to move, told me I was lying upon a camp cot, with soft sheets about me, and that my head rested upon a pillow. Then I passed once more into unconsciousness, but this time it was asleep.

When I once more awakened the throbbing pain had largely left my hot temples, and I saw that the swaying white canopy composed the roof of a large tent, upon which the golden sunlight now lay in checkered masses, telling me the canvas had been erected among trees. A faint moan caused me to move my head slightly on the gratefully soft pillow, and I could perceive a long row of cots, exactly similar to the one I occupied, each apparently filled, stretching away toward an opening that looked forth into the open air. A man was moving slowly down the narrow aisle toward me, stopping here and there to bend over some sufferer with medicine or a cheery word. He wore a short white jacket, and was without a cap, his head of heavy red hair a most conspicuous object. As he approached I endeavored to speak, but for the moment my throat refused response to the effort. Then I managed to ask feebly: "Where am I?"

The blue eyes in the freckled, boyish face danced good-humoredly, and he laid a big red hand gently upon my forehead.

"Field hospital, Sixth Corps," he said, with a strong Irish accent. "An' how de ye loike it, Johnny?"

"Better than some others I've seen," I managed to articulate faintly. "Who won?"

"Divil a wan of us knows," he admitted frankly. "but your fellows did the retrainin'."

It was an old, old story to all of us by that time, and I closed my eyes wearily, content to ask no more.

I have no way of knowing how long I rested there motionless although awake, my eyes closed to keep out the painful glare, my sad thoughts busied with memory of those men whom I had seen reel and fall upon that stricken field who had battled so vainly to save. Once I wondered, with sudden start of fear, if I had lost a limb, if I was to be crippled for life, the one thing I dreaded above all else. Feeling feebly beneath my bed-clothing I tested, as best I could, each limb. All were apparently intact, although my left arm seemed useless and devoid of feeling, broken no doubt, and I heaved a sigh of genuine relief. Then I became partially aroused to my surroundings by a voice speaking from the cot next mine.

"You lazy Irish marine!" it cried potently. "that beef stew was to have been given me an hour ago."

"Sure, sor," was the soothing reply. "it wasn't to be given yer honor till two o'clock."

"Well, it's all of three now!"
"Wan-thirty, on me sowl, sor."

That first voice sounded oddly familiar, and I turned my face that way, but was unable to perceive the speaker.

"Is that Lieutenant Caton?" I asked doubtfully.

"Most assuredly it is," quickly.

"And who are you?"

"Captain Wayne of the Confederate Army."

trated. I would be all right if that lazy Irish scamp would only give me half enough to eat. By the way, Wayne, of course I never got the straight of it, for there are half-a-dozen stories about the affair flying around, and those most interested will not talk, but one of your special friends, and to my notion a most charming young woman, will be in here to see me sometime this afternoon. She will be delighted to meet you again, I'm sure."

"One of my friends?" I questioned incredulously, yet instantly thinking of Edith Brennan. "A young woman?"

"Sure; at least she has confessed enough to me regarding that night's work to make me strongly suspicious that Captain Wayne, of the Confederate Army, and Colonel Curran, late of Major-General Halleck's staff, are one and the same person. A mighty neat trick, by Jove, and it would have done you good to see Sheridan's face when they told him. But about the young lady—she claims great friendship with the gallant Colonel of light artillery and her description of his appearance at the ball is assuredly a masterpiece of romantic fiction. Come, Captain, surely you are not the kind of man to forget a pretty face like that? I can assure you, you made a deep impression. There are times when I am almost jealous of you."

"But," I protested, my heart beating rapidly, "I met several that evening, and you have mentioned 'no name.'"

"Well, to me it changes there is but one worthy of mention," he said earnestly, "and that one is Celia Minor."

"Miss Minor!" I felt a strange sense of disappointment. "Does she come alone?"

"Most certainly; do you suppose she would expose me in my present weak state to the fascinations of any one else?"

"Oh, so the wind lies in that quarter, does it, old fellow? I congratulate you, I'm sure."

My recollection of Miss Minor was certainly a most pleasant one, and I recalled to memory the attractive picture of her glossy black hair and flashing brown eyes, yet I felt exceedingly small interest in again meeting her. Indeed I was asleep when she finally entered, and it was the sound of Caton's voice that aroused me and made me conscious of the presence of others.

"I shall share these grapes with my cot-mate over yonder," he said laughingly. "By the way, Celia, his voice sounded strangely familiar to me a short time ago. Just glance over there and see if he is any one you know."

I heard the soft rustle of skirts, and, without a smile, looked up into her dark eyes. There was a sudden start of pleased surprise.

"Why," she exclaimed eagerly, "it is Colonel Curran! Edith, dear, here is the Rebel who pretended to be Myrtle Curran's brother."

How the hot blood leaped within my veins at mention of that name; but before I could lift my head she had swept across the narrow aisle, and was standing beside me. Wife, or what, there was that within her eyes which told me a wondrous story. For the instant, in her surprise and agitation, she forgot herself, and lost that marvellous self-restraint which had held us so far apart.

"Captain Wayne!" she cried, and her loved hands fell instantly upon my own, where it rested without the coverlet. "You here, and wounded?"

I smiled up at her, feeling now that my injuries were indeed trivial.

"Somewhat weakened by loss of blood, Mrs. Brennan, but not dangerously hurt." Then I could not forbear asking softly, "is it possible you can feel regret over injuries inflicted upon a Rebel?"

Her cheeks flamed, and the audacious words served to recall her to our surroundings.

"Even although I love my country, and sincerely hope for the downfall of her enemies," she answered soberly, "I do not delight in suffering. Were you in that terrible cavalry charge? They tell me scarcely a man among them survived."

"I rode with my regiment."

"I knew it was your regiment—the name was upon every lip, and even our own men unite in declaring it a magnificent sacrifice, a most gallant deed. You must know I thought instantly of you when I was told it was the act of the 4th Virginia."

There were tears in my eyes, I know, as I listened to her, and my heart warmed at this frank confession of her remembrance.

"I am glad you cared sufficiently for me," I said gravely, "to hold me in your thought as such a time. Our command merely performed the work given it, but the necessity has cost us dearly. You are yet at General Sheridan's headquarters?"

of Lieutenant Caton's permanent recovery. He was most severely wounded, and of course I could not well leave her here alone. Indeed I am her guest, as we depart tomorrow for her home, to remain indefinitely."

"But Miss Minor is, I understand, a native of this State?"

"Her home is in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, along the valley of the Cowskin—a most delightful old Southern mansion. I passed the summer there when a mere girl, previous to the war."

"But will it prove safe for you now?"

"Oh, indeed, yes; everybody says so. It is entirely out of the track of both armies, and has completely escaped despoliation. But you, Captain Wayne; surely you have already risked enough?"

"There is much suffering upon both sides, but surely even you would not wish me to be other than true to what I look upon as a duty?"

"No; I—I think I—I respect you the more."

I clasped her hand close within my own.

"Your words encourage me greatly," I said earnestly. "I have done so much to bring you trouble and sorrow that I have been fearful lest it had cost me what I value more highly than you can ever know."

These words were unfortunate, and instantly brought back to her a memory which seemed a barrier between us. I read the change in her averted face.

"That can never be, Captain Wayne," she returned calmly, yet ris-

ingly even as she spoke. "You have come into my life under circumstances so peculiar as to make me always your friend. Celia, and she turned toward the others, "is it not time we were going? I am very sure the doctor said you were to remain with Lieutenant Caton but a brief time."

"Why, Edith," retorted the other, gayly, "I have been ready for half an hour—haven't I, Arthur—but you were so deeply engrossed with your Rebel I hadn't the heart to interrupt."

I could see the quick color as it mounted over Mrs. Brennan's throat.

"Nonsense," she answered; "we have not been here that length of time."

"Did the Major emerge from out the late entanglement unhurt?" It was Caton's voice that spoke.

"Much to his regret, I believe, he was not even under fire. The tone was cool and collected again. "I will say good-bye, Lieutenant; doubtless we shall see you at Mountain View so soon as you are able to take the journey. And, Captain Wayne, I trust I shall soon learn of your complete recovery."

My eyes followed them down the long aisle. At the entrance she glanced back, and I lifted my hand. Whether she marked the gesture I do not know, for the next instant both ladies had disappeared without.

The night drew slowly down, and as it darkened, only a miserable lamp shed its dim rays throughout the great tent; nurses moved noiselessly from cot to cot, and I learned something of the nature of my own injuries from the gruff old surgeon who dressed the wound in my chest and re-fastened the splints along my arm.

It must have been midnight, pos-

sibly even later, when a number of rapid shots fired outside the tent aroused me, and I heard many voices shouting, mingled with the tread of horses' feet. The night-watch had already disappeared, and the startled inmates of the tent were in a state of intense confusion. As I lifted myself slightly, dazed by the sudden uproar and eager to learn its cause, the tent flap, which had been lowered to exclude the cold night air, was hastily jerked aside, and a man stepped within, casting one rapid glance about that dim interior. The flaring lamp overhead revealed to me a short, heavy-set figure, clad in a gray uniform.

"No one here need feel alarm," he said quietly. "We are not making war upon the wounded. Are there any Confederates present able to travel?"

A dozen eager voices answered him, and men began to crawl out of their cots onto the floor.

"We can be burdened with no helpless or badly wounded men," he said sternly. "Only those able to ride. No, my man, you are in too bad shape to travel. Very sorry, my boy, but it can't be done. Only your left arm, you say? Very well, move out in front there. No, lad, it would be the death of you, for we must ride fast and hard."

He came to a pause a half-dozen cots away from me, and seemed about to retrace his steps. Dim as the light was, I felt convinced I had formerly seen that short figure and stern face with its closely cropped beard.

"Mosby," I called out, resolved to risk his remembrance. "Colonel Mosby, isn't it possible to take me?"



"Captain Wayne!" She cried.

was rather to dash down upon some outpost or poorly guarded wagon train, and retreat with a rapidly rendering pursuit hopeless. It was partisan warfare, and appealed to many ill-adapted to abide the stricter discipline of regular service. These border rangers would rendezvous under some chosen leader, strike an unexpected blow where weakness had been discovered, then disappear as quickly as they came, oftentimes scattering widely until the call went forth for some fresh assault. It was service not dissimilar to that performed during the Revolutionary struggle by Sumter and Marion in the Carolinas, and added in the aggregate many a day to the contest of the Confederacy.

Among these wild, rough riders between the lines no leader was more favorably known of our army, nor more dreaded by the enemy, than Mosby. Daring to the point of recklessness, yet wary as a fox, counting opposing numbers nothing when weighed against the advantage of surprise, tireless in saddle, audacious in resource, quick to plan and equally quick to execute, he was always where least expected, and it was seldom he failed to win reward for those who rode at his back. Possessing regular rank in the Confederate Army, making report of his operations to the commander-in-chief, his peculiar talent as a partisan leader had won him what was practically an independent command. Knowing him as I did, I was not surprised that he should now have swept suddenly out of the black night upon the very verge of the battle to drive his irritating sting into the hard-earned Federal victory.

An empty army wagon, the "U. S. A." yet conspicuous upon its canvas cover, had been overturned and fixed in front of the hospital tent to give light to the raiders. Grouped about beneath the trees, and within the glow of the flames, was a picturesque squad of horsemen, hardy, tough-looking fellows the most of them, their clothing an odd mixture of uniforms, but every man heavily armed and admirably equipped for service. Some remained mounted, lounging carelessly in their saddles, but far the larger number were on foot, their bridle-reins wound about their wrists. All alike appeared alert and ready for any emergency. How many composed the party I was unable to judge with accuracy, as they constantly came and went from out the shadows beyond the circumference of the fire. As all sounds of firing had ceased, I concluded that the work planned had been already accomplished. Undoubtedly, surprised as they were, the small Federal force left to guard this point had been quickly overwhelmed and scattered.

The excitement attendant upon my release had left me for the time being utterly forgetful as to the pain of my wounds, so that weakness alone held me to the blanket upon which I had been left. The night was exceedingly chilly, yet I had scarcely begun to feel its discomfort, when a man strode forward from out of the nearer group and stood looking down upon me. He was a young fellow, wearing a gray artillery jacket, with high cavalry boots coming above the knees. I noticed his firmly set jaw, and a pearl-handled revolver stuck carelessly in his belt, but observed no symbol of rank about him.

"Is this Captain Wayne?" he asked, not unpleasantly.

I answered by an inclination of the head, and he turned at once toward the others.

"Cass, bring three men over here, and carry this officer to the same wagon you did the others," he commanded briefly. "Fix him comfortably, but be in a hurry about it."

They lifted me in the blanket, one holding tightly at either corner, and bore me tenderly out into the night. Once one of them tripped over a projecting root, and the sudden jar of his stumble shot a spasm of pain through me, which caused me to cry out even through my clinched teeth.

"Pardon me, lads," I panted, ashamed of the weakness, "but it slipped out before I could help it."

"Don't be after a mention'ly' as it yer honor," returned a rich brogue. "Sure an me feet got so mixed up that I wonder I didn't drap ye entirely."

"If ye had, Clency," said the man named Cass, grimly, "I reckon as how the Colonel would have drapped you."

At the foot of a narrow ravine, leading forth into the broader valley, we came to a covered army wagon, to which four mules had been already attached. The canyas was drawn aside, and I was lifted up and carefully deposited in the hay that thickly covered the bottom. It was so intensely dark within I could see nothing of my immediate surroundings, but a low moan told me there must be at least one other wounded man present. Outside I heard the tread of horses' hoofs, and then the sound of Mosby's voice.

"Jake," he said, "drive rapidly, but with as much care as possible. Take the lower road after you cross the bridge, and you will meet with no patrols. We will ride beside you for a couple of miles."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Night Ride of the Wounded.

It was a wild, rude scene without, yet in its way typical of a little-understood chapter of Civil War. Moreover it was one with which I was not entirely unacquainted. Years of cavalry scouting, bearing me beyond the patrol lines of the two great armies, had frequently brought me into contact with those various independent, irregular forces which, co-operating with us, often rendered most efficient service by preying on the scattered Federal camps and piercing their lines of communication. Seldom risking an engagement in the open, their policy