

# MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



## A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

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### CHAPTER IV. CAUGHT IN THE TRAP.

**S**UDDENLY she brought the end upon herself, reining up her mare so sharply that when I also came to a halt we were facing each other, my horse rearing from the heavy pressure on his bit.

"What is it? Did you see something?"

"Nothing but that dead pine yonder," pointing toward the left. "We have ridden beyond the cutoff."

"Beyond?"

"Yes, a quarter of a mile beyond. What can be the matter with you tonight? Have you forgotten the way to your own home?"

There was a vague touch of suspicion in the voice, and she was leaning forward, evidently striving in vain to distinguish my features in the dark fess. An instant I hesitated, no satisfactory excuse coming to my lips. She touched her mare lightly with the whip, forcing her forward.

"Why does it take you so long to answer? You are not usually so dumb."

"I was surprised at having ridden beyond the turn. I—I must have been dreaming," I ventured.

"You—you are not Calvert Dunn," she ejaculated swiftly. "Your voice is unlike his. Tell me the truth! Who—who are you?" The girl's voice faltered and broke.

I was compelled to speak now, rapidly, my voice full of a sympathy and earnestness I made no effort to conceal.

"Don't draw back," I said quickly. "Don't be afraid. I pledge you the word and honor of a soldier that no unfriendly hand shall touch you, no word be spoken to which you need object. It is true I am not Lieutenant Dunn, but you are personally as safe with me as you would be riding this road with him. I mean to take you to his people at Fairview and leave you there entirely unharmed by this night's adventure."

"But—but who are you?"

"A soldier left wounded on the field, who, seeking to escape from capture, was compelled to assume this uniform."

"A—Yankee!" the voice expressive of horror.

"Yes, as you use the term," I admitted. "I am from the west, but belong to the Federal army. Are you so bitterly prejudiced as to believe all northerners are unworthy? Can you not forget the color of the uniform for a single hour and trust me to act justly?"

She straightened up instantly, gripping the saddle pommel and staring toward me through the night.

"But—but," she sobbed, "we have been married! O father of mercy—married to a Yankee!"

Better a confession of the whole truth now, except that I durst not trust her with the news I hoped to bear across the river.

"I beg you listen to me—listen to all I have to say. If you fully comprehend the situation you may not condemn me so completely. I know I have done wrong, have been guilty of a cowardly act, yet it is not beyond remedy, and I have been driven to it for the preservation of life. I am in the northern army because I am a northerner, because I have been educated in the principles of that section of the country, and have been drilled upon to fight to sustain them. Surely you cannot despise me for that alone. That would not be just nor womanly. Forget that I was born north and you south of Mason and Dixon's line and judge my actions from a fairer standard. I know you can and will. You have the face and eyes of a woman to be trusted, to be confided in."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I saw you yesterday, while

you were talking with the negro, Joe, in the tool shed."

"You—you were there? You overheard?"

"Yes," I confessed unwillingly, for her tone was a rebuke. I was there in concealment and had fallen asleep. Your voices awoke me. I was a member of Reynolds' battery, having enlisted from Illinois." Then I told her of my wound and consequent plight.

She did not change her posture, yet as I paused I could plainly hear her rapid breathing.

"But—but it was not the orderly you attacked," she exclaimed. "It was Calvert Dunn."

"Yes, it was Lieutenant Dunn, but I assure you he was left unhurt. What followed I think you already know, how I was discovered by Joe and your brother, how in the gloom they very naturally mistook me for Dunn, how they insisted upon my coming up to the house. I was compelled to yield to their insistence, or else fight them. I never thought at that moment of Dunn's special mission; it merely seemed as if the mistake in identity gave me an opportunity for escape. You realize how all the rest was forced upon me. There appeared no possible way to avoid what happened."

I paused in vain; there was no sound, no movement.

"I knew how you decided that marriage with Calvert Dunn."

"And," she burst forth, "did you imagine I would prefer one with you?"

"Certainly not, but it saved you from him and from what might have proved a lifetime of misery. You need never see me again, and any court would immediately grant you a divorce on the ground of fraud. I even doubt if such a marriage would be held legal."

"But—but you do not understand," her words almost sobbed. "I have ridden away with you. I am here alone with you now."

"My purpose is to leave you at Fairview. It will require no more than two hours from the time we left your people before we arrive there. No one need ever know the truth, excepting those anxious to protect your good name. You may trust me implicitly."

"Trust you—you! What, after all this? After your lies, your eavesdropping, your spying, your tricking of me into this awful situation? God forgive me! Married to a Yankee: release my rein!"

I hesitated, the fierce flaming up of her anger so suddenly paralyzing my senses. There was a swift uplifting of her arm to a level with my head.

"I mean it. You thought me helpless and—in your power, but I am not. You drop that rein or I'll fire. Oh, I can do it, you—your miserable Yankee spy! I hate and despise you!"

She drew back her horse, wheeling the animal about, yet turning in the saddle herself so as to keep me in view.

"I do not know why I do not kill you!" she exclaimed, her voice growing bitter with anger. "It is what I should do. You deserve it by your own confession, and the one shot would release me. Married to a Yankee!" every syllable blessing from her lips.

"The very thought crazes me and puts murder in my heart. I am going to Fairview alone—alone! Do you hear that? If you dare attempt to follow me I will shoot you in your tracks as I would a dog, you low down Yankee cur!"

With a single swift leap forward both horse and rider disappeared in the gloom.

Surprised I certainly was by this unexpected outburst. Scarcely realizing previously the indomitable spirit of the girl, before the sound of her mare's flying hoofs had ceased to echo along the hard road I had given my rein and was spurring speedily after. We were between the lines of two hostile armies, in a debatable country, where bands of irresponsible

guerrillas, deserters and fleeing conscripts roamed unchecked by authority, where no woman alone in the night could be considered safe for an instant.

It seemed to me we must have fully covered that quarter of a mile back to where she had indicated the branch road as leading down toward Fairview, yet there was no turning or pause in the swift pace. There was an opening between the walls of rocks to my left, visible even in that darkness, and I drew up the rein sharply, swinging myself instantly to the ground and feeling about hastily with my feet for the ruts of a traveled roadway. There could be no other road branching off at this point. Yet the girl was riding directly westward, riding at full speed, her horse's hoofs sounding fainter each moment.

I stood there an instant, puzzled, uncertain. Then the truth came to me in a flash. She suspected I had overheard more than I had confessed; that I knew of the projected movement of the gray army and that it was now my purpose to warn the line. That was why she had called me "spy;" that was why she was now riding straight on at top speed, desperately, through the night, bearing a message of warning to Johnston. With a single bound I was back in the saddle, bent forward over the rein's neck and driving in the spur. I must overtake her, and I could do it. I was astride of far the better horse, stronger, longer limbed, and I must ride as recklessly as she. Slowly, steadily, remorselessly, I began drawing in on the chase. I could see nothing, but my ears gave evidence. That she also realized what was occurring behind became sufficiently clear a moment later. Out of that shrouding blackness in my front winked two red spots of fire, and I heard a bullet whistle shrilly as it zipped past my

or make any attempt to follow me."

I was aware she held the revolver in her hand and realized she was keyed to the point of using it, yet I was not silenced.

"Where do you intend going?"

"That is no affair of yours. On foot I am helpless to thwart you, Mr. Spy, so now you can let me alone."

"Then it is true that you were attempting to ride for the Confederate lines?"

She did not answer, but endeavored to struggle weakly to her feet. Scarcely was her slender figure erect when she uttered a sharp cry of anguish and sank limply back again, both hands clasped about her ankle.

"What is it?"

"My—my ankle; oh, it pains me so!"

The pain and helplessness of her position had made a woman of her again. Doubtless she realized the utter futility of further resistance, for she silently permitted me to unlace the shoe and run my hand softly over the injured ankle.

"It is merely a sprain," I announced at last. "However, the injury is certainly bad enough and precludes any thought of walking."

(To Be Continued.)

## VERIFY IT

The Proof Is in Plattsmouth Almost at Your Door.

The public statement of a Plattsmouth citizen is in itself strong proof for Plattsmouth people, but confirmation strengthens the evidence.

Here is a Plattsmouth citizen who testified years ago that Doan's Kidney Pills relieved sick kidneys and now states the cure was permanent. Can any sufferer from kidney ills ask better proof? You can investigate. The case is right at home.

Herman Tiekotter, Ninth and Day streets, Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "I never used another medicine that brought as great benefit as Doan's Kidney Pills. My kidneys were disordered and there was a dull, tired ache across the small of my back that distressed me a great deal. If I stood my back pained me severely and in the morning when I arose I felt as tired as when I went to bed. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly praised, I procured a box at Ry-nott & Co.'s Drug Store and I was not long before I was entirely relieved." (Statement given June 8, 1906.)

**NO TROUBLE SINCE.**

On December 29, 1908, Mr. Tiekotter said: "I cheerfully confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have had no trouble from my kidneys since this remedy cured me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 20 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

### Fire Narrowly Averted.

The destruction of St. Luke's church by fire Sunday morning was narrowly averted, and only the presence of mind of a number of the men present prevented such a catastrophe. The service was being read by H. S. Austin and the end of the service nearly reached when the woodwork in the floor above the hot air radiator was discovered to be smoking. An odor of burning wood had pervaded the atmosphere in the room for some minutes and when the smoke began to issue from the floor one or two ladies arose and quickly left the room. The next instant the congregation arose and hurriedly departed. Robert Sherwood, sr., and others proceeded to take up the linoleum and a few pails of water were brought and poured on the over-heated woodwork. It was the prompt work of the men of the congregation which saved the structure, and it was fortunate that the incident occurred when it did, or the church would no doubt have been in ruins.

### Miss Moore Returns.

From Wednesday's Date.

Miss Ada Moore, the young lady who recently found her parents from whom she had been separated since she was a small babe, returned from Centerville, Iowa, yesterday, where she had spent two months with her parents. Miss Moore was met at the train by a large delegation on her arrival at Centerville and accorded a warm reception; but after all she did not feel quite at home. She left last evening on the Schuyler for Cedar Creek to visit her adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nesson, for a short time, after which she expects to be married.

"Am—am I hurt?" she questioned, her voice tremulous, her mind apparently still dazed from the shock.

"You have had an ugly fall and was rendered unconscious, but I do not think you are severely injured."

"And my horse?"

"The mare broke her neck."

In an awkward effort at comfort I placed my hand gently upon her shoulder.

"How dare you touch me," she exclaimed. "I do not wish either your help or sympathy, you despicable Yankee spy."

"But listen first!"

"No, I will not listen; your words, your very presence, is an insult. I would have killed you if I could; I will kill you now if you speak to me again



## MARKETING by TELEPHONE

If your dealer is progressive he will call you up and take your orders. When he has some special groceries in which he thinks you might be interested, he will solicit your patronage by telephone.

Nowadays comparative few women leave home to do their shopping. They have Bell telephones and they use them. They have found that it saves time and trouble and is just as satisfactory.



Nebraska Telephone Company

M. E. BRANTNER, Plattsmouth Manager.

## OF INTEREST TO CHICKEN RAISERS

Joseph Peters Has Invented Fireless Chicken Brooder—Will Apply for Patent.

Our fellow townsman, Joe Peters, has invented a fireless chicken brooder which promises to revolutionize the chicken raising business. Without an additional expense for fuel above the lamp, which heats the incubator, Mr. Peters has invented a brooder which can be raised to a temperature of 90 degrees, and has applied for a patent on it.

The brooder is so constructed, resting on top of the incubator, with a double floor with the heat from the incubator lamp circulating under the floor in which the chicks stand or sit. All of the odor from the lamp is passed above a flannel cloth, which acts as a canopy over the chicks, and the disagreeable smell passes out of the brooder, never having been in contact with the chicks.

In an adjoining compartment the feed for the chicks and sand for them to scratch in is placed, and the doorway between the brooder and the feeding compartment is covered with a flannel cloth under which the chicks can creep at will, both in and out of the heated portion of the brooder.

Mr. Peters will make these brooders for sale in three sizes, one having a capacity of thirty, one of fifty and one of seventy-five chicks. Those thinking of raising chickens the coming spring would do well to have a talk with Mr. Peters. He has used his brooder for two seasons and knows all of the points in which it excels all others. One of the strong points is the warm floor for the chicks' feet; in all others the heat is circulated above instead of under the floor.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Live Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

## CERTIFICATE OF RE-EXTENDING CHARTER.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

Washington, D. C., December 12, 1911. WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

The First National Bank of Plattsmouth, located in the City of Plattsmouth in the County of Cass and State of Nebraska, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress, "to enable national banking associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12, 1882, as amended by the Act, approved April 12, 1902;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Thomas F. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Plattsmouth," located in the City of Plattsmouth, in the County of Cass and State of Nebraska, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association; namely, until close of business on December 12, 1931.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and seal of office, this 12th day of December, 1911.

(SEAL) T. F. KANE, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

Charter No. 1914. Extension No. 1074.

### A Suspicion.

In older persons a sudden weakness, without any apparent cause, should always arouse the suspicion of some malady of the stomach calling for immediate relief. Give them at once Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine. This remedy will drive out all impurities from the digestive canal. The advantage of it above other remedies is that it is made of pure red wine, a natural tonic and invigorator, which does not allow the body to collapse after the cleaning-out. It creates energy because it stimulates the organs of the body to a greater activity. You will enjoy a good appetite, a sound sleep and new vitality. Both old and young persons should use this remedy in diseases of the stomach, the bowels, the liver and the nerves. It also brings decided relief in many cases of rheumatic and neuralgic pains, in constipation, in wind-colic, in cramps and many ailments of women. At drug stores. Jos. Triner, 1333-1339 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

When buying a cough medicine for children bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effectual for colds, croup and whooping cough and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

## -IF YOU WINTER IN CALIFORNIA-

You can go there over a very attractive route—one of sunshine, low latitudes and mild climate. You can go Burlington-Santa Fe, via Denver to Pasadena and Los Angeles in personally conducted tourist sleepers, leaving Omaha every Tuesday night, train No. 9; and Denver every Wednesday evening. Experienced conductors are in charge of these excursions; you will enjoy your ride to California over these two first-class railroads. If not convenient to connect with No. 9 en-route through Nebraska, use any of the Burlington trains into Denver, and let me secure a through berth for you, to be taken at Denver.

Then there is the scenic way to California via Denver, Colorado, and Salt Lake, with standard and tourist sleepers via Denver and from Denver to the Coast.

### NATIONAL WESTERN STOCK SHOW.

This is held at Denver January 15th to 20th. Everyone going will receive a big welcome in Denver—the city of sunshine and hospitality.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets to the Big Horn Basin, also to the West, South and Southeast. Winter tourist rates to Southern and California Resorts, Cities, etc.



R. W. CLEMENT, Ticket Agent

L. W. WAKELY, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb