

# MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



## A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. C. McCLURG & CO.

### CHAPTER V.

#### NEWS FOR ROSECRANS.

**I** INTEND taking you upon my own horse as far as Fairview, and I will leave you there safe with your friends."

"And and then?" she asked anxiously.

"Then, of course, I propose riding at once for the lines of my own army."

"And do you imagine I will ever permit that?" she questioned fiercely. "I am a Southern girl, armed; I know what you mean to do, Mr. Spyn."

I stood up before her quietly in the gloom.

"You can certainly shoot me if you wish," I acknowledged soberly. "Perhaps you might be justified in such an act. I am not going to disarm you nor make any effort to prevent your doing as you desire. But if you do not shoot me I intend doing my very best to take you safely to Fairview."

I think we were there for a long moment, motionless, speechless, staring toward each other's dim shadow through the darkness.

"Come," I said at last, holding out my hand. "Every moment of delay only serves to increase your suffering."

She shrank back as though to avoid my touch, and, reckless of all consequences, I lifted her slight form in my arms. To my intense surprise she made no resistance, no struggle. Her head rested against my arm, with face averted, but I could feel a shudder run through her body.

"You will be compelled to ride man fashion," I announced quietly. "I doubt if you could sit the saddle in any other way."

Whether it was my calm insistence or merely her own sense of inability to resist longer I do not know, but for a single instant I felt the weight of her hand upon my shoulder, and then she had found seat in the saddle, her head bowed forward, her hands clasping the pommel, as if the pain and exertion had left her faint. Somewhere in the passage, the uplifting, the revolver had slipped from her fingers and fallen unnoticed into the blackness of the road. Without uttering a word I shortened the stirrup leather to meet her requirements, fastening the one opposite back so it could not dangle against her injured ankle. Then I wet a silk neckerchief discovered in the pocket of the jacket I wore, sousing the cloth with water from the canteen, and bound it securely about the aching, swollen foot.

"Had I better bind you into the saddle?"

"No," the voice barely audible. "I shall not fall. Are you going to walk—all the way?"

"Certainly."

I could plainly distinguish the sob of her rapid breathing.

"I—I thank you."

That was all, yet I cannot fully express the comfort, the encouragement, these few faltering spoken words brought to me. They were so unexpected, so significant of the final awakening of her more womanly nature, as to vibrate me instantly a fresh vision of the girl. She had recognized kindness, even in an enemy, and had proved fair minded enough to respond generously. Whatever might occur between us hereafter, she would never be able to remember me as before. Yet I did not flatter myself that this slight outburst of gratitude would long endure. But I wondered vaguely if she was not secretly glad to be saved from Cluvert Dunn even at so great a cost.

The return journey proved exceedingly slow, for the intense pain she suffered left her weak. Steady plodding brought us to the cleft in the rocks.

"This is the road, is it not?"

"Yes; it is not far now to Fairview."

The path led downward, but not steeply, winding somewhat crazily

among rocks and trees, until we finally emerged upon the smooth grass land of the lower valley. The silence here was profound, the brooding night seeming even more dense and lonely than upon the open ridge above. I felt my uncertainty way forward until the narrow road suddenly ended before a high gate. This I succeeded in opening without much difficulty, and we followed a gravelled driveway that led circling to the front of what appeared in the gloom to be a house of considerable size. It was wrapped in darkness. As I hesitated at the foot of the steps leading upward to the front door I felt her extended hand touch my shoulder.

"What are you going to say—how explain my being here alone with you?"

I glanced back toward her, wishing I could read the meaning of her eyes, the expression of her face.

"I was merely intending to name myself as a Confederate officer, a friend of Lieutenant Dunn, entrusted by him to bring you here for safety, owing to his having been suddenly ordered out on special duty."

"And—and my accident?"

"Your horse stumbled in the darkness and fell, in consequence of which I was compelled to convey you on my own."

She drew a deep breath of relief.

"Yes, that will do—that will be best now; they need never know the whole truth."

The expression of her face could not be seen, yet I knew she was leaning slightly forward, as though seeking vainly to decipher my features in the gloom.

"I feel that you have sufficient reason to dislike me," I began, anxious to uncover, if possible, her true feeling.

"I know I have, and yet I do not," she exclaimed impulsively and as though surprised at her own frankness. "I cannot explain why; I ought to hate you for what you have done. Yet in all this trouble you have proved your self kind, thoughtful, considerate, and I can only feel mortified, hurt and regretful at my present helplessness."

"It is very good of you to confess even that."

"I am simply accustomed to speaking the truth under all circumstances. It is an unpleasant habit acquired in childhood. You are nothing to me and never can be. I would do everything in my power to thwart your present purpose. I believe I could shoot you down if I were still armed, and I know I would denounce you here and now if there was any one at hand able to make you prisoner. We remain enemies, but—but in some unaccountable way I cannot personally hate you."

"You mean it is the Yankee and not the man you war against?"

"I am certainly enlisted against your cause. Nor have I any real reason to respect you otherwise."

"You consider me guilty, then, of deliberate treachery toward you?"

"What was it except treachery? You came to us falsely wearing that uniform which we respect; you came pretending to be another man; you obtained entrance to the sanctity of our home under an assumed name; you deliberately tricked me into a most unhappy and compromising position. Could any right minded woman ever forgive all this? Is what you have done justified even by Yankee ethics?"

"No," I acknowledged gravely. "All the rest might be justified by the necessities of war, but not the personal injury which I have done you. Yet I am going to make that wrong as easy to remedy as I possibly can. I am going away now the very moment I can feel assured you are in the care of friends. It is not at all probable we shall ever meet again. But first I desire to say this: You have appealed to me, have won my deepest admiration and respect. I cannot bear to feel,

however much it might be deserved, that you utterly despise me."

"I acknowledge I do not. I believe what you have told me—that you merely yielded to circumstances in the hope of saving yourself and thus gaining opportunity to perform what you consider an imperative duty."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for saying that. Before we finally part would you accept my hand?"

I knew she straightened stiffly back in the saddle, her hands pressed against the pommel.

"Oh, no; I could not do that. You have no right to ask such a thing; not while you continue to wear falsely that uniform; not while you intend riding directly away from here planning to do injury to my people."

I bowed and turned away, hat in hand, toward the steps. Her voice halted me.

"Be-before you knock," she questioned doubtfully, "would you tell me your name?"

"Certainly. You will need to know that; I had forgotten. I am Elbert King."

"An—an officer?"

"Not commissioned; merely a sergeant of artillery."

"I thank you; that was all."

I knocked twice before receiving any reply; then shuffling feet sounded within, and the voice of an aged man asked anxiously who was there.

"An officer of the Tenth Georgia cavalry," I replied readily. "I have a lady with me who has been injured by a fall from her horse."

I heard him unbar the heavy door, opening it barely wide enough to peer cautiously forth. The voice of the girl sounded from below.

"It is all right, Judge Dunn; I am Jean Denslow."

Our situation was explained in a few sentences, and the judge guiding me, I bore her awaiting into the broad hallway. "I am beginning to wish I might come back again," I said.

I heard no spoken word.

"You will answer nothing?"

"Only that I wish to forget this night utterly, utterly. If you are indeed a gentleman you will understand and go."

I heard the stiff rustle of a dress on the stairs and knew her friends were



I EXPECTED A SHOT BEFORE I COULD BEGIN EXPLANATIONS.

coming down. My own night's work yet remained unaccomplished and was urgent. I passed swiftly out and down the steps.

I felt perfectly safe, so far as Jean Denslow was concerned. She certainly could no longer ride, and, to the best of my knowledge, there was no one at Fairview who could be trusted to depart westward with any message of warning to the Confederate command. I intended following the east road at least as far as the ford at Coulter's Landing. Once safely beyond the river I could soon find my way into the protection of the Federal lines.

Her face was constantly before me as I leaned forward striving to peer into the shadows ahead. Frank, truthful, outspoken, warm hearted, she had made an impression upon me not easily forgotten. And this young woman was legally my wife! Somehow the thought sent the hot blood of youth rioting through my veins. Of course the relationship was no more than a mere name. It was, as I well knew, a condition achieved by fraud and despicable deceit, yet nevertheless the fact remained that there was now this tie existing between us. And she actually neither hated nor despised me for what I had done.

There was nothing whatever at Coulter's to obstruct my progress. Two hours later, still urging the tired steed remorselessly forward, I arrived at a crossroads and a Federal picket.

So sudden was the unexpected encounter that I barely halted within range of his gun, the startled fellow so convinced the enemy was upon him I expected a shot before I could begin explanations. He was a soldier of the Forty-second Illinois, Sheridan's division, and after five minutes of controversy the boyish looking corporal, who came running forward at the sentry's first call, consented to escort me in person to his regimental headquarters. From the colonel's tent I was very promptly passed beyond to where Sheridan was taking breakfast on the rude porch of a log house, several of his staff clustered about him.

Here I passed through some minutes of rapid questioning and was finally dispatched westward astride a fresh horse and accompanied by an aid. It was slightly after 8 o'clock when we arrived in the presence of Rosecrans. For a moment the general scanned the brief note handed him by the aid. Then he looked up, carefully scrutinizing my face with his quiet gray eyes.

"What is your name?"

"King, sir."

"You claim to have been a sergeant in Reynolds' battery. I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

He turned quickly to an officer at the end of the table.

"Morton, step outside and request Lieutenant McDermott to come here for a moment."

We waited in silence, the general nervously rustling some loose papers about on the table before him and whispering short, snappy sentences to a man in a major's uniform seated beside him. Perhaps ten minutes thus elapsed before Morton returned with his man. Rosecrans glanced up inquiringly at the latter and then over toward me.

"Lieutenant," he said quietly, "kindly inform us if you have ever seen this man before."

The officer thus addressed stepped over toward me, confused by the light as well as the Confederate uniform I wore; then his bronzed face broke into a smile, and he extended his hand.

"By heavens, King, but I am glad to see you alive and safe again. We had you marked down as killed or missing, and there are mighty few of us left."

"He belonged to you, then?" It was the voice of the general, breaking in impatiently upon our greeting.

"This man is Sergeant Elbert King of Reynolds' battery, sir," answered McDermott, turning instantly toward him, yet still retaining my hand clasped tightly within his own.

"Very well. Now, Sergeant King, we are prepared to listen to your story."

I told it swiftly, realizing the value of time and inspired by the interest I immediately perceived depicted in the faces clustered about. I related merely what they needed to know from the military viewpoint, leaving out all reference to the girl, except to mention that she was the cause of Lieutenant Dunn's night ride.

"You report," said the major, "that the plan, as you understood it, was to double the Confederate right wing to the rear past their center last night; then that during today, and under protection of those bluffs yonder, the center will also be moved to the left, thus massing their entire fighting force just back of Minersville soon after dark, with the intention of hurling it in solid mass against our unprepared right flank at daybreak tomorrow? Do I state this correctly?"

"That was my understanding, sir."

"Yet our pickets have reported no movement apparent in their front. Campfires were burning the full length of the Confederate lines from Minersville to Coulter's Landing all through the night."

"Then the most of them must have been dummy fires, sir, for I rode from Denslow's plantation to Coulter's without encountering a single man. I am positive that after midnight there was not a Confederate company left on duty east of Salter's creek. A few men may have been detailed to keep the fires going, but their regiments were certainly already on the march westward."

Rosecrans was leaning stiffly back in his chair, tapping on the table with the blunt end of a pencil, his keen eyes constantly studying my face. Suddenly he glanced over toward the group of officers standing clustered in the doorway.

(To Be Continued.)

### In Justice Court.

From Friday's Daily.

An interesting case pending before Judge Archer is one entitled Iron Stove Co. vs. Frank Svoboda, the Myard blacksmith, who departed for parts unknown some time ago. The suit is one in attachment and service was had publication, the action having been brought for plaintiff by Attorney D. O. Dwyer, for a claim of \$65. Property of the defendant to the value of \$80.13 has been seized by the plaintiff and would have been sold and the proceeds applied on the claim, but R. L. Propst, who claimed a lien on the goods of Svoboda for rent of the shop, intervened and objected to the plaintiff disposing of the goods. Attorney A. L. Tidd appeared for Mr. Propst and the cause was continued until January 15 for further trial.

### For Sale.

Pedigreed Duroc-Jersey male pigs. V. E. Jerry, Myard, Neb.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock Cockerels at \$1.00 each. Inquire of Mrs. John Yardley, Route 1, Plattsmouth, Neb., or call Murray 'phone 3-K. 1-4-31w.

Dr. Ransom and bride arrived from Farley, Ia., a week ago, where they had visited the doctor's parents, and after spending a week in this city, departed this morning for their home at Boleus, Neb.

## PACKERS' PROFIT BY BY-PRODUCTS

Miles Says Only 3 Per Cent of Gain Comes From Meat.

### PLAN INQUIRY INTO EVIDENCE.

Testimony of Former Manager of Armour Company Compared With That Before Grand Jury and Court May Be Asked to Act.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—By-products yield 97 per cent of the profits in the packing business, according to figures given by William D. Miles, formerly general manager of the Armour Packing company of Kansas City, who concluded his testimony in the trial of the ten Chicago packers charged with criminal violation of the Sherman law.

He gave the company's net profits for 1899 as \$202,875.18 in the dressed beef department, based on the slaughter of 204,820 animals.

An analysis of the figures given by the witness showed that the company made but 3 cents profit on dressed meat of each steer killed, while the fat of each animal yielded a profit of 42 cents. The profit on hides was 37 cents a head and 18 cents profit was obtained from the glue manufactured from the hoofs of each steer. The profit from the fat was fourteen times that yielded by the dressed beef and the profit from hides was nearly as much. The money made from glue in the hoofs was six times as much as that made from the sale of the fresh meats, according to Mr. Miles.

Special Counsel Sheehan spent several hours in an effort to compel the witness to admit that these figures were obtained by bookkeeping methods devised by the packers, but was unsuccessful.

### Plan Inquiry Into Evidence.

Witnesses for the government, if their testimony on the stand is in variance on material points with that given by them before the federal grand jury may themselves face an inquiry.

W. B. Miles, whose answers to certain questions have been unsatisfactory to the prosecution, testified against the packers before two federal grand juries. At least three other former officers and employees of packing firms who testified before the grand jury will be called as witnesses in the trial.

It was reported that counsel for the government would make a careful comparison of Miles' testimony in the trial with the statements he made before the grand juries and that if any important discrepancies are discovered may ask Judge Carpenter to act in the matter.

### ECKHOFF IS STAR WITNESS

Cincinnati Confidant of McNamara Is Guarded by Detectives.

Indianapolis, Jan. 5.—Frank Eckhoff of Cincinnati, intimate friend of John J. McNamara for years, appeared at the federal grand jury chamber. R. H. Johnson, manager of the street railway lines at Peoria, also came in answer to a subpoena, and both men are assumed to have related details of various dynamite explosions now being investigated by the government.

Eckhoff, confidant of John J. McNamara and a neighbor of the McNamara family in Cincinnati, for weeks has been guarded by Detective Burns' assistants against contact with persons alleged to be interested in sealing his lips. It is known he is one of the principal witnesses relied on by the government in its efforts to evince grounds of men in many cities charged with having furthered explosions against property of employers of nonunion iron workers.

### McManical Leaves El Paso.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 5.—Under the guardianship of two detectives and securely locked in the state room of a sleeper car attached to the Golden State limited Southern Pacific train, Orville McManical arrived here. His car was transferred to an El Paso and Southwestern Rock Island train and in a few minutes was being north. McManical is en route to Indianapolis.

### M'NCHUS TO RESUME FIGHT

Imperial Troops Ordered to Take Offensive Tomorrow.

Shanghai, China, Jan. 5.—The imperial government in Peking has sent orders to all the generals in command of the imperial troops that they are to resume hostilities at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, unless they receive notification in the meantime that the armistice between the two forces has been again renewed.

This step has been taken, it is assumed here as a result of the refusal of the revolutionaries to continue the negotiations with the Peking authorities by telegraph, in accordance with the demand of Premier Yuan Shi Kai.

### Four Men Freeze to Death.

Ness City, Kan., Jan. 5.—The mournful howling of a dog led to the discovery near this city of the body of E. Taylor, a farmer, who had fallen from his wagon on the way to market and frozen to death by the roadside. At least four persons are known to have frozen to death in this section of western Kansas since the heavy snow and cold wave came a week ago.

### HALLER WARNS STUDENTS

Says Social Side of University Life is Made Too Prominent.

Lincoln, Jan. 5.—Regent F. L. Haller of Omaha, in a speech before the university students, warned them against over-emphasis on the social side of university life, fraternity affiliations, athletics and the indulgence of sentimental affinities between sexes during school life.

Mr. Haller's address was a bitter arraignment of conditions which he believed existed at the state university to a considerable degree. He urged the students to turn away from such false gods and return to the ideal of scholarship as exemplified in the work of Dean Cessy.

He asserted that scholarship, not athletics, brings glory to the state institution and that an over-emphasis had been placed upon the by-products, such as social activities and fraternal organizations.

"I sometimes think that it would be a good thing," declared Regent Haller, "to confine the attendance at the university to students who have their own way through or perhaps to those who have to borrow money with which to secure an education. They who make no sacrifice have no realization of their opportunities. The ones who do are much less apt to run after false gods."

## WALL STREET CONTROL HAS BEEN REMOVED

Sponsors for Aldrich Bill Say Popular Control is Assured.

Washington, Jan. 5.—The monetary commission's plan for a national reserve association, when it goes to congress on Tuesday, will provide for an organization so constituted that the financial institutions of New York, the seat of the money power of the United States, will control less than 19 per cent of the total representation in the central association, although they possess fully 30 per cent of the banking capital, the sponsors for the bill say.

This was done to guard against so called Wall street control of the proposed institution which would largely supplant the United States treasury and perform the functions of a national fiscal agent.

The south, with about 10 per cent of the banking resources of the country, would control 23 per cent of the representation in the reserve association. New England, with 12 per cent of the banking capital, would have 8 per cent, the middle west, with 25 per cent of the banking capital, would have 36 per cent, and the far western and Pacific states, with about 13 per cent of the banking capital, would control approximately 25 per cent.

By prescribing such a method of organization, it is expected to remove completely the possibility of control of the reserve association from any single group or set of men.

Secretary MacVeagh wrote Chairman Aldrich that he thought it was of great importance that the commission's plan of reform should include the prohibition against one bank holding stock in another.

### HITCHCOCK HIS TREATY

Senator From Nebraska Fears Effect of Agreement With England.

Washington, Jan. 5.—Flatly charging that the administration was blundering into an entangling alliance with Great Britain, Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, on the floor of the senate, denounced the proposed arbitration treaty with that country. He declared the plan to permit the president to appoint commissioners to a high court of arbitration without the consent of the senate was revolutionary and dangerous. The proposed treaty, he said, would wipe out this nation's time-honored treaty making plan and result virtually in the adoption of the system practiced by the monarchial powers.

### Big Ranch in Red Willow County Sold.

McCook, Neb., Jan. 5.—Dr. John W. Conrad of Sumner, Mo., brought the big F. S. Wilcox ranch of 1,040 acres south of McCook, paying \$30 an acre for the land, a school lease for a section of land being included in the transaction. The doctor also purchased from Mr. Wilcox his quarter section of land in Dundly county at \$2,500. The sale aggregates \$31,200. Dr. Conrad will move here in the spring, as will a brother-in-law from Colorado, who will have charge of the ranch, which will be well stocked with cattle.

### Prunz Bound Over for Killing Gorey.

Fremont, Neb., Jan. 5.—At the close of a spirited fight for release on the ground that he shot in self defense, Allen Prunz who killed Michael Gorey in a saloon brawl at North Bend Christmas day, was bound over to the district court without bail. Judge Stinson in the county court presided. Thirty witnesses and others came from North Bend to the preliminary hearing.

### Young Engineer Killed by Explosion.

Fremont, Neb., Jan. 5.—Fred Klumb, aged twenty-two, a sophomore in the University of Wisconsin, who gave up his studies and came to Fremont two years ago to join the engineering forces for the Elkhorn valley drainage district, was instantly killed near Arlington by a premature explosion of a blast of dynamite used to break ice in the drainage work.