

# MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



## A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

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### CHAPTER IX.

RELEASED FOR A PURPOSE. I JUMPED this cellar room to be at the north side of the house and a brief search along the walls of the shadowy interior revealed nothing that could aid me in any way. It was totally bare, bricked solidly to the floor beams above, the single entrance by a heavy oak door, evidently barred without, as I could discover no lock, and the only window, scarcely large enough to admit the body of a boy, secured by stout strips of iron, between which the daylight filtered weakly. Without tools of some kind the walls were impregnable, and there was absolutely nothing I could use as a wedge, lever or hammer. I dug at the bricks, tested the window strips and exercised my strength and ingenuity in every possible manner, driven to new expedients by recollection of my perilous position, but such efforts were all useless. Weary and heartsick, I had fallen back upon the blankets, when food was suddenly shoved through the quickly opened door. I caught merely a glimpse of a black hand and arm.

I had completed my meal and was sitting with head buried in my hands, my thoughts insensibly drifting to Jean Denslow. If I could only really understand her; if I could know how she felt toward me now under the shadow of this crime. Of course I was in her thought merely as a chance acquaintance, an enemy, indeed, so far as the uniform went, yet she had exhibited some interest and perhaps still retained a slight doubt of my guilt. I felt that she would stand for all she deemed to be right in face of them all. I was staring down at the bricks, so deeply immersed in gloomy conjectures as to be unconscious of all else; I heard no sound, and yet something told me of another presence. As my eyes lifted I saw her, standing alone just within the closed door, looking at me.

I stared at her as at an apparition, unable at the moment to dissociate her from the vision of my day dream. I even struggled to my feet without realizing that she actually stood there in the reality of flesh and blood. No doubt both look and action pictured my bewilderment, for her lips curved to a smile, and she spoke quickly.

"I am not a specter, Lieutenant King."

"It needed your voice to convince me," I returned, bowing and feeling the sudden release of blood in my veins. "I had been thinking of you, tried to hear your entrance, and then suddenly saw you standing there. It certainly startled me."

"You were thinking of me?" The tone was slightly curious.

"Yes; wondering if you believed me guilty; hoping you at least gave me the benefit of the doubt. Your appearance was like an answer to my query."

"I am only a girl, Lieutenant King, with no very wide experience in life, yet I cannot be mistaken altogether in your character. I not only believe you guiltless of this crime, but I trust you otherwise or I should not be here when you give me your word that I am right?"

"Before God, yes," earnestly. "I know nothing of the crime except what I told in the library."

"And I may trust you?"

"To the end of the world, Miss Denslow."

"Lieutenant King"—her words spoke slowly, yet with sufficient clearness—"I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am a daughter of the South, loyal to the interests of the Confederacy. While I believe you guiltless of this cruel murder, yet you have entered this house as a Yankee officer searching for one who is very dear to me, beyond all his claims upon my

controversy. The Danieles were the more numerous, the more ignorant, the more vindictive. Colonel Donald saw them kill his father and burn his own home to the ground. He sought earnestly to compromise, to make peace. The others laughed, thought him a coward, and finally burned his home for the second time, twenty of them. At midnight, Bill Daniels at their head, they left his seriously wounded and drove his wife and children into the night and storm. His wife and one child died from exposure. He lay for weeks in this house delirious with fever, and twice those fiends sought him even then. When he recovered he was another man—living for no other purpose than to clear this region of that scum. He was five years at it, night and day, tireless as a bloodhound. Bill Daniels was tried for murder and convicted. He escaped from jail two years ago and since then, until the war broke out, we have had peace. Now he has come back—come back with the Yankee army behind him—and and it is murder again!"

"You know this to be all true?"

The cellar was almost dark now, but I could see her straighten up, her hands clasped tightly together.

"Do I know? Oh, God, yes; I have been part of it. I have seen men shot down, I have covered in darkness and rain while flames destroyed the house I called home. All my childhood was a passion of fear."

"You say Calvert Dunn and his followers hold me to be one of Daniels' followers and would deal with me accordingly? How about Colonel Donald?"

"He believes you guilty of killing Lieutenant Navarre, but merely in an effort to escape. Otherwise he thinks you have told the truth and favors turning you over to the military authorities."

"They expect to return?"

"Yes, tonight, with a squad of Colonel Donald's men."

"And yet you ask me to remain Miss Denslow, to remain here voluntarily and wait for them?" I asked in despair of comprehending. "You open the door of my prison, yet ask me to wait the return of men who are undecided whether they will hang me outright or merely fling me into a southern prison? You really ask this?"

She took a step forward, her hands outstretched as though she would grasp mine.

"Yes, Lieutenant King, I do ask it. I ask it because I am afraid to be left here any longer alone. I ask it because I believe you are innocent, and I wish to give you an opportunity to prove it. I ask you to pledge me your word not to leave me until the other come. I believe the assassin is still in the house."

In complete amazement I heard these words, too surprised for the moment to utter a syllable. It was fear, then, that had driven her here. Yet this fact did not in any way lessen the act as proof of her confidence.

"You say the assassin is still here—in this house?" I questioned. "Are you sure?"

"No, not sure, but I have every reason to believe so. One of the servants caught a glimpse of him, and I have seen that which has aroused my own suspicions. I have not dreamed this, but I actually believe there is some presence in this house seeking evil. This house was built in time of feud and in a feud country. Judge Dunn was then on the bench and had made many dangerous enemies by his decisions. He always was a man to arouse animosity by his arbitrary manner and abrupt speech. As a girl I heard this house contained a hidden room and secret passages so arranged as to facilitate escape in time of peril or attack. Calvert Dunn has confessed as much, but he and his father alone know the secret. It would be useless to question the judge."

"Where is he now?"

"Where you saw him last, occupying his chair in the library, his body perfectly helpless, his mind apparently as active as ever, but more bitter than before because of his physical weakness. I do not think he has slept for two nights or that he has uttered a word except to curse the servants who brought him food."

I had the full picture of the situation clearly before me now—the superstitious, unwilling darkies, knowing just enough to be frightened at their own shadows; the characterless and colorless Lucille, suffering from a headache and locked safely away within her own room; that vindictive old man, seated helpless in his chair, his strange eyes glaring out across the library table, and Jean Denslow left alone in the big house to cope with its mystery, the night shadows closing in, instinctively I extended my hand, and in the sudden response of comradeship she slipped her own into my grasp.

"I—I believe I am actually afraid," she confessed. "This is so different from a real danger—this—this haunted feeling."

I do not recall what I said, but I know I retained her hand in mine and must have spoken words of encouragement, for when we emerged from that dark hole of a cellar into the narrow hallway, already lighted by a hanging lamp, her eyes were smiling and the clasp of her fingers had grown firm.

"I shall want weapons, Miss Denslow," I said, as we stood looking up and down the main hall, "for whoever this villain may prove he will be of flesh and blood and not impervious to a bullet. You can trust me armed?"

"Oh, yes; I will get your own revolvers. They are left in the library."

She was back in a moment, and I snapped the belt about my waist, feeling renewed confidence as I found

both weapons still loaded.

Lamp in hand, I explored every nook and corner, peering under furniture and into closet recesses, until I was absolutely convinced that not even a rat could have escaped my scrutiny. Having thus completed the lower floor, not even forgetting to test the walls in hope of thus locating the secret room, I was for following the same course above, had not she begged me to desist, her voice trembling, her face pathetic as she pleaded. Through the partially opened door I caught a glimpse of the judge at the library table, his head bowed forward as if he slept, but I did not venture to enter the room.

"Miss Denslow," I said at last, standing at the foot of the stairs, "if it is true that any one is hiding in the house, as you suspect, the fellow must be the murderer of Lieutenant Navarre. Naturally I wish to make that man prisoner. Are you willing to sit here in the dark, thus helping me to draw him into the trap?"

Her eyes lifted to mine in a single searching glance.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I know I am nervous, strangely so, yet I am not afraid."

I blew out the light, placed two chairs back in the denser shadow underneath the circular staircase and made her sit down in the one nearest the wall. Her hand was cold, trembling as I touched it, and I whispered a few words of courage into her ear but she made no effort to respond. Perhaps we had been sitting thus for ten minutes, in a stillness so profound as to be painful, when I felt the girl's hand steal along the arm of my chair and press my sleeve. The movement, unconsciously made perhaps, was eloquent of her distress of mind, and, obeying the first impulse, I clasped her fingers within my own. We sat thus in the dark, like two lovers, listening intently, neither venturing to speak.

Was she right or wrong in her suspicion? Had overstrained nerves caused her to believe the house haunted? Or had the assassin, dissatisfied with his previous work, returned to complete his task? I was not convinced either way, yet the fellow must be mad to run such risk of discovery. Still, if he understood the situation that the girl had been left alone, his venture would not be particularly dangerous; he had no reason to fear her or the negroes. Yet if he knew all this, he must also be aware that Colonel Donald and Calvert Dunn would soon return and that he must act quickly in order to escape. A great clock at the rear of the hall boomed out nine strokes, causing us both to start nervously at the first unexpected sound. I counted the strokes to make sure of the hour.

"Do you know when the others are expected back?" I asked in a low whisper, turning my face toward her barely perceptible outline.

"No; they were unable to say, but they surely must be here before morning."

"Perhaps it is cruel of me to insist upon your remaining here in the dark. You could go into one of the rooms with a lamp and lie down and rest."

"Oh, no," the clasp of her hand tightening; "I am far too nervous; I prefer being here with you."

(To Be Continued.)

Announcement!

Although for the present I am unable to be on Main street, it is my intention to continue writing Fire Insurance and Accident Insurance, and furnishing Bonds, as heretofore. I hope to retain the business which has been generously given to me in the past, and will be pleased to accept any new business in these lines which may be offered.

For the present I can be seen at my home with Mrs. Walter J. White on North Sixth street, and can be reached by Bell telephone No. F-412. J. E. Barwick.

Sheriff Quinton and Adam Kaffenberger, jr., went to Lincoln this morning to act as an escort for Frank Doud and George Lytle, the men charged with safe-blowing at Louisville on September 29, 1911. These men will be tried next week. Doud's trial will probably be begun Monday.

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## WAY OF DOCTORING MASONRY

Germans Adopt Method That Entirely Obviates Necessity of Tearing Down Cracked Walls.

Ingenuous Germans of Hamburg recently have adopted a method of doctoring masonry that entirely obviates the necessity of tearing down cracked and decaying walls.

In the city of Hamburg two crumbling railway bridges were used in the experiments. They were 51 feet in the arch spans, and cracks had appeared everywhere, so that the structures barely hung together. Holes were bored through the masonry to get to the depths of the cracks and a watery cement mortar was pumped in under a pressure of five atmospheres until all the crevices were filled. When this had hardened it was found that the bridges were as firm under all tests as new masonry, and were not even disfigured by the process.

To the antiquary as well as the practical engineer, this should appear as a boon, for ancient stone structures with historical associations, which become dangerously weak can be given a renewed youth without rebuilding or destroying any of the marks of venerable age. In this country more bridges and other stone structures are torn away because they no longer accommodate their needs, than because they are outworn, but there may come a time in America when we shall have occasion to do a little patching, and the German methods will serve excellently.

## PUNITY KNIFE IS IMPROVED

Scraper Attachment Leaves Blade Free for Spreading—Advantage Over Old Style.

Painters and glaziers will find a great convenience in the improved putty knife designed by a New York man. The invention is a small one



Improved Putty Knife.

and the need it fills could scarcely be called a crying one, but it has distinct advantages over the old-style knife. The new knife has a slot running across it near the end and in the slot a scraper blade is pivoted on a hinge. When not in use the scraper lies flat along the knife blade, but it can be opened to abut the blade at right angles. The putty is placed on the end of the knife and, with the thumb pressed against it, is laid along the edge of a window frame, or wherever it is to go, as in the old method in scraping off the superfluous putty, however, it is not necessary to remove that from the knife blade and use the edge of this blade, as was formerly the case. The scraper attachment on the new type does this work even more effectively and the end of the knife is kept clean.

Age of Fish.

Until within recent years there had been ascertained no trustworthy way of finding out the age of fish. It has been shown that mere size does not indicate the age. Reibisch, Heincke and others have discovered that many of the bones, scales and otoliths of fishes have annual age rings, resembling those in tree trunks.

INDUSTRIAL AND MECHANICAL NOTES

The art of manufacturing nails by machinery was first practiced in 1790. The cotton industry of England employs many more women than men.

Artificial wood for matches, made from straw, has been invented by a Frenchman.

The Amsterdam diamond trade is in the hands of ten firms employing ten thousand workmen.

A species of stiff grass which grows abundantly in that country is used for matca sticks in India.

The value of the Rand gold industry to South Africa is estimated at half a million dollars a day.

A room will look both larger and higher by the use of wall paper containing designs in vertical lines.

Rubber boots are now made with a leather inner heel which greatly increases the boot's period of usefulness.

In Austria, where the production of kerosene is a great industry, a large government refinery is under contemplation.

The manufacture of wood pulp paper involves 28 separate operations from cutting down the trees to sewing the product.

Nova Scotia claims to have the largest gypsum deposits in the world. They vary from a few feet to hundreds of feet in thickness.

## IS LIKE LITTLE KINGDOM

Family Life is Wholesome Because It Has Bracing Qualities of Commonwealth.

The modern writers who have suggested, in a more or less open manner, that the family is a bad institution, have generally confined themselves to suggesting, with much sharpness, bitterness, or pathos, that perhaps the family is a good institution because it is uncongenial. It is wholesome precisely because it contains so many divergencies and varieties. It is, as the sentimentalists say, like a little kingdom, and, like most other little kingdoms, it is generally in a state of something resembling anarchy. It is exactly because our brother George is not interested in our religious difficulties, but is interested in the Trocadero restaurant, that the family has some of the bracing qualities of the commonwealth. It is precisely because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity. The men and women who, for good reasons and bad, revolt against the family, are, for good reasons and bad, simply revolting against mankind. Aunt Elizabeth is unreasonable, like mankind. Papa is as excitable, like mankind. Our younger brother is mischievous, like mankind. Grandpa is stupid, like the world; he is old, like the world.—Gilbert Chesterton.

## IN PRAISE OF PUMPKIN PIE

Editor of Yonkers Statesman Pays Deserving Tribute to Great American Institution.

There is another Richmond in the pie field and the pie editor of the Ohio State Journal would do well to look to his hauberk and his laurels. The new knight is Edwin A. Oliver, editor of the Yonkers Statesman, father of the paragraphic joke, and he prances into the arena armed cap-a-pie, as it were, and with his pie knife couched.

Listen to his praise of the flaky crust with the pumpkin filler:

"When one takes a huge bit of it in his mouth and his happy thoughts unfold into a dream and he hears after the breaking waves dash high and a stern and rockbound coast, and the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed, one feels how happily related to a brave historic event is the modest pumpkin pie. It came when the conquerors came, and they shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer. This is cheer—the sunbeams imbued in pumpkin pie."

"Nother cutting, please.—Cleveland Leader.

Device of a Brandy Smuggler.

To conceal dutiable goods among free goods, in any importation, is the prime offense against the customs laws; yet the high rates of duty on some articles, such as tobacco and spirits, offer great temptation to illicit traders, who employ all sorts of artifices to smuggle—or evade the notice of the customs officers.

When silk was dutiable women were the chief offenders, and as they sometimes would the contraband article around their persons, under their ordinary clothes, it was found necessary to employ female searchers, now no longer brought into requisition. One of the latter, on one occasion, made a curious discovery.

A female smuggler had been constructed—but not for running silk contraband—an India rubber dress for wearing under her ordinary clothes. She appeared, when this contrivance was in operation, to be a very fat woman; in reality, she was abnormally thin. But the India rubber underwear was double and hollow, and the space between the skins, so to speak, was filled with brandy!

Early Anti-Trust Law.

An old statute has been unearthed by the Cincinnati Enquirer and applied to present conditions. If the law today were what it used to be in the early days of Kentucky and were carried out we might see Wall street dotted with men who had lost their ears for conspiring to restrain trade. A statute of some 363 years ago, which was intended to put a stop to the meat trust, the brewers' trust, the bread trust and the fruit trust of those days, makes the Sherman act look gentle. This statute became law in Virginia and therefore in Kentucky when Kentucky was formed out of Virginia. It is fair to point out that the statute of Edward VI. also went after any laborers who got together to keep up wages or limit the hours of work, so that it was markedly in opposition to the beliefs of our own day. Moreover, we violate no confidence in saying that it was enforced more violently against the laborers than against the dealers who kept up prices. Kentucky, it may be well to add, has since repealed the act.—Collier's.

Wit of Augustus Thomas.

"The trouble with amateur carry-ers," said Mr. Thomas, on one occasion, "is that the gravy so rarely matches the wall paper." A famous argument he characterized as "like a chorus girl's tights, which touch every point and cover nothing." When Mr. Thomas was rehearsing "The Witching Hour," one of the management stopped the players, and, turning to the author, remarked: "I think this would be a good place for some witty dialogue."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thomas. "As for instance?"—Channing Pollock in "The Footlights—Fore and Aft."