

MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XI. THE TABLES TURNED.

THE girl came between us, her face uplifted, her eyes shining.

"Lieutenant King is my prisoner, not yours!" she cried indignantly. "He gave me his parole, and I returned to him his revolver. He will keep his word to me."

"She held out her hands, and, scarcely realizing what I did, impelled to action by the expression of her face, I unclasped the belt and extended it to her."

"Miss Denslow is right," I said quietly. "I am her prisoner on parole, and I keep my pledge to her."

"Great as the sacrifice was, the quick flash of her eyes repaid me fully, and I looked beyond her shoulder into Colonel Donald's stern set face."

"I am helpless to resist, for you are armed and I am not," I said firmly. "But I appeal to you as a soldier to deal fairly with me. I pledge you my word not to attempt an escape, but I wish the privilege of searching the house for evidence to clear me of this charge of murder. You are an honorable man. Give me an opportunity to prove that I am one also."

He scarcely hesitated.

"And if you fail you will accompany me to the Confederate lines without resistance?"

"Yes. Whether I succeed or fail, I am a prisoner of war. I understand that clearly. But I am not a murderer."

It is hard to say what influence worked with me, but the stern lines of Donald's face relaxed, his hand falling to his side.

"Lieutenant King," he acknowledged quietly, "it seems impossible for me not to believe you. I have always felt I was a judge of men, and I am going to trust you now. Perhaps it is for your sake, and perhaps it is because I feel Jean wishes me to—"

"I do wish it," she interposed softly. "I am informed," I began finally, "that this house contains a hidden room and a secret passage leading without."

The colonel's glance dropped to the face of the girl.

"You little traitress!"

"Don't say that," the depths of the gray blue eyes dark with indignation. "I told him that because I trusted him and believed he ought to know what I suspected."

"But who told you?"

"Calvert Dunn. But that was all he told—merely that such things existed."

"Even that was enough to ruin their usefulness when repeated to a Yankee."

"Miss Denslow gave me no information of value," I hastened to explain. "The mere knowledge that such a place exists means nothing so long as I am unable to trace it. I have asked her nothing, but I do ask you—there is such a hidden entry, such a secret room, and may I search them?"

The man and the soldier seemed warring in his mind before he could reply, but the man won.

"Yes, they exist: built with the house, for protection against feudists, and with no thought of war. But they can be of no service to you, as I came that way entering the house and met an one. How could any one who is an enemy to the occupants of this house have discovered the passage?"

"That I do not know, but some one certainly has been here tonight. Whoever it was, he came by way of none of the ordinary entrances. You must acknowledge that. If I am not the guilty man, and I swear in the presence of God I am not, then the assassin must have come by the way of the secret passage. He may have found it by accident, but it has served his purpose, and a search of it might give us his trail. I plead with you for this opportunity to vindicate myself."

What he saw in the countenance of the girl as his eyes fell from mine to

her face I could not tell, but his expression softened perceptibly, a slight smile curling his lips.

"You have an advocate here, lieutenant, who does not need to speak in order to influence me. The secret is mine merely in trust, but I will deal fairly with you. I am going to leave you here with Jean while I take a light and make a careful exploration. Is this satisfactory?"

I bowed in silence, fully aware I had no right to expect more. He stepped back, drew an afghan up over the motionless body lying on the lounge and advanced to the door.

"You will not attempt to leave this room until I return," he said, pausing to glance back at us.

"I will not, Colonel Donald."

"I may be doing wrong," he admitted, as if arguing the matter with himself, "but I seem to have imbibed some of Jean's faith."

We heard his steps in the hall; then our ears followed his movements as he went up the stairs. Our eyes met.

"Your confidence in me is more than I have any right to expect," I ventured, feeling I must speak.

"Perhaps it is woman's intuition," she replied quietly, "although in his heart I believe Colonel Donald is equally convinced of your innocence. Had he not been he would never have left you alone to my guarding."

"He is a strong man mentally and physically. I don't think I ever saw a nobler face. It is difficult for me to think of him as a leader of guerrillas."

"Nor is he in the sense you mean. He commands irregulars, it is true, but he is doing a real service for the Confederacy and protecting life and property in this region. No man could be more humane, more merciful. Yet he has done you Yankees greater harm than some division commanders."

"You are evidently a good friend to Colonel Donald?"

"I am more than that," soberly, her eyes on mine; "I am nearer to him than any one else."

She made the confession as though it were the most natural thing in the world, without embarrassment. It was true, then, as I suspected—her love for Donald was the real obstacle between her and Calvert Dunn.

"I do not understand, Miss Denslow, the feeling in my voice rendering it tremulous, "this relationship between you and Colonel Donald?"

"Nor can I explain to you, a stranger. Indeed, I may have said too much already. But what is that?"

There was no doubt as to what it was—the pounding of horses' hoofs on the ash hardened driveway without. Young Dunn, no doubt, with a squad of Confederate troopers, come to carry me off as prisoner. I was first to find my voice.

"I am a prisoner; you had better ask what they want."

She advanced to the door, calling through the wood to the impatient man without.

"What is it? Who are you?"

"A squad of Federal cavalry. Open the door before we break it down!"

She shrank back, gasping as though for breath, her hands pressed against her heart, and I caught her arm, thinking she would fall. With the first throeb of delight I made my own decision.

"Don't fear, Miss Denslow; let me treat with them," I whispered swiftly. "I will not betray you. Run upstairs to him and remain quiet until we ride away."

Her eyes, bright with gratitude, flashed into mine. I felt the pressure of her hand, and the next instant she was flying up the steps, casting one swift glance backward as she disappeared. Again the man without hammered at the door, this time with the butt of a carbine. I flung it wide open and faced him. My first glance fell upon a cavalry sergeant, a stockily built fellow with a businesslike air,

who took a hasty step back at my sudden appearance, his carbine thrust viciously forward.

I stepped out of the light, dimly perceiving a group of men and horses below, with an indistinct smudge of forms on the veranda.

"Was that you spoke, O'Brien?" I questioned sharply.

"It's niver a wan else," and he thrust himself toward me, his round, impudent face becoming visible.

"Who have you with you?"

"A squad of the Third Ohio, sor. They was the first bluecoats I came across when I struck the loines."

"What has become of Daniels?" I asked.

"Well, I don't exactly know, sor. After we'd hunted for you for about three hours or more we decided you must have got into some sort of a trap, an' the two of us rode back to the loines so soon as it was dark enough to travel. We got word in to Rosy, an' he ordered Daniels to headquarters an' sent me out huntin' you. That's the last I saw of Bill."

"Who was with you, then, all the time until you got back to the loines?"

"We niver got twenty feet away, sor."

"It was not Daniels, then—not Daniels. I glanced back into the lighted hall, oppressed by the mystery, all my previous theories shattered. The secret broke in, anxious to expedite matters."

"I'd like to have the straight of this thing, sir, and get my men back into camp. Is there anything to be done here?"

"No; there are only two women in the house," I replied, making up my mind quickly what I should tell.

"When I first got in here Big Donald and two other Confederate officers were present and I was made captive by a trick. Later I was left under guard of the women while the men went after a squad to take me into the rebel lines. In the meanwhile there were some strange happenings here. Two men were mysteriously killed."

"Killed? How?"

"By a knife thrust in the throat. In fear for their own lives the ladies released me, but we have searched the house without finding trace of the murderer. One body was removed, but the other lies yonder in the library."

I was outside on the porch, my eyes by this time somewhat accustomed to the darkness. The sergeant and O'Brien were facing me, while a number of the troopers had left their horses to be held by comrades and were grouped together on the lower steps, the rays of the hall light illuminating their faces. I could perceive the sweep of the ash covered driveway, the thick fringe of bushes beyond. Suddenly they turned to flame before my eyes; there was a roar, a blaze of light, a rearing of horses, the stamping of hoofs, a wild shriek, frightened voices yelling, strangely distorted forms outlined in the glare. I saw the group on the steps fall apart as if cleaved by a tongue of flame; O'Brien leaped back into the shadow, and the sergeant fell like a stone, striking me as he went down and driving me back against the frame of the door. An instant I was dazed, stupefied. Then I heard the mad yell of the Confederacy and knew the truth. We were attacked, ambushed, routed; our only hope the getting under cover.

"To the house, men, the house!" I shouted, my voice louder than the tumult. "Leave your horses and make for the house!"

They came with the rush of terror, leaping, stumbling up the steps and struggling into the hall. How many came, how many remained behind I could not tell; two fell on the porch and one still alive, but helpless, blocked the doorway. There was a crash of shots, a smudge of figures below; O'Brien grasped the fellow and flung him within, and I slammed the door, sliding the heavy bolt into its socket.

Bullets crashed into the door. There were yells without and the sound of feet on the porch.

"Into the rooms, men, and return the fire from the windows!" I commanded. "O'Brien, take charge at the right! Here, you fellows, come with me!"

I saw O'Brien dive into the black parlor, a dozen troopers following, and I leaped through the open library door, blowing out the light upon the table, then flinging myself on the floor as I crept to the front windows. How many were with me I was unable to determine, yet I could hear them as they stumbled forward through the darkness. Nor were we in position a moment too soon. Already hands without were wrenching aside the shutter, and the butt of a carbine sent a shower of shattered glass into my face. There was a dim figure visible, and I fired, the fellow staggering back with an oath, his gun clattering on the porch. There followed a sharp spitting of carbines on either side, the fellows shooting recklessly, the light of discharge revealing retreating figures without, the heavy smoke choking us.

An occasional shot, fired apparently from some distance, chugged against the front door, but as this was of solid oak little damage was being done, and there was no need for extinguishing the dim light still burning at the rear of the hall. I found just inside the door the bodies of two dead soldiers and four men wounded, one so seriously so as to be helpless. As their comrades crawled forth from the rooms on either side I counted fourteen fit for duty. This number should prove sufficient for the defense of the lower story, and I hastily assigned them, two by two, to points where it seemed to me they might prove most useful, giving them careful instruction and making them realize that their lives depended on vigilance.

For the first time since the crash of that opening volley I now had a moment for reflection and sat down on the stairs, my mind busied in an endeavor to comprehend the situation. Those who had attacked us would be either Dunn's squad of Confederates or Donald's irregulars, perhaps both.

If Dunn was in command without I did not anticipate anything in the nature of a reckless attack. Nothing I had yet seen of Calvert Dunn had impressed me with either his courage or his capacity, and the almost total cessation of firing told of weakness either in numbers or command. It seemed to me an energetic leadership would have stormed the house before we could have arranged for its defense. I drew my breath quickly, suddenly possessed by a new fear. What about Big Donald? What about the secret passage? If he had escaped it would put a new face on everything.

Donald might still be in the house, but I had less fear of his resistance than of sudden, murderous attack by the mysterious assassin who already had taken two lives and escaped unscathed. Revolver in hand and determined to search every nook and corner, I began with the front chambers, sounding their walls, testing the floors and feeling my way about until convinced I had left no inch unexplored. Miss Dunn was in the third room I visited, calling out in hysterical voice to my rap, begging to know what I wanted, yet urging me to leave her alone. She was so thoroughly frightened that, after finding her door locked, I endeavored to reassure her, but heard nothing in return except the girl's sobs. I left her to her misery.

(To Be Continued.)

Public Auction

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his farm, five miles northwest of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5th,

The following described property, to wit:

Thirteen Head of Horses and Mules.

One team draft horses, weight 2,800.

One team mules, weight 2,400.

One team mares, weight 2,500.

One black horse colt, coming 3 years old, weight 1,400.

One team of black mares, weight 2,400.

One driving horse, weight 1,000.

One colt, coming 3 years, weight 1,400.

Two bay colts, coming 2 years old.

One mule, coming 2 years old.

Fifty Head of Cattle.

Thirty head of cows and heifers.

Two registered Galloway bulls.

One registered bull calf.

Three registered Galloway cows.

Two registered Galloway heifers.

Two full blooded Holstein bulls.

Two full blooded Holstein heifers.

Ten head of Calves.

Thirty head of Hogs.

Farm Implements.

Three lumber wagons.

Two buggies.

One spring wagon.

Two mowers.

Two walking plows.

One combined lister.

Three cultivators.

Two hay rakes.

Two harrows.

One disc.

One corn planter.

One seeder.

One hay loader.

One side delivery rake.

One Clover Leaf manure spreader.

Five sets of work harness.

One set of buggy harness.

One bob-sled.

Two steel water tanks.

21 bushels of timothy and clover seed mixed.

Other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale:

All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand; over \$10, a credit of twelve months will be given, the purchaser giving good bankable paper bearing interest at 8 per cent. No property to leave the premises until settled for. Free lunch will be served. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock, a. m.

J. P. FALTER,
Rob't. Wilkinson, Auctioneer.

Murray Dancing Club.

The Murray Dancing Club will give another dance in the Jenkins' hall in Murray on Saturday evening, February 10. The music will be furnished by the popular Jacobs' orchestra of Omaha. You know there is a good time in store for you, so do not make any other date.

For Sale.

Pedigreed Duroc-Jersey male pigs.

V. E. Perry,
Mynard, Neb.

For Typewriter ribbons call at the Journal office.

SEVEN STATES JOIN IOWA

Work of Checking New Freight Schedules Under Way.

POLICE DEPARTMENT CLEARED

Des Moines Offered Big Sum for City Property, but Wants More to Build Market House—Grand Jury to Indict Clairvoyant.

Des Moines, Jan. 27.—Seven states have joined with Iowa in the work of checking the new freight schedules of the western classification committee and appearing with the complaint before the interstate commerce commission at Chicago, Jan. 29. Rate experts from the state boards of railroad commissioners of Minnesota, Texas, Missouri, Oklahoma, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas and Iowa are now at work making the check in Kansas City. Clifford Thorne of the Iowa board, who initiated the movement, returned from Kansas City.

Moon Law Test.

Nels J. Lee, special counsel in the office of the attorney general, went to Davenport to aid in the Moon law test case, which is being tried in the district court before Judge Theophilus. The suit is brought to determine whether the Moon law affects special charter cities. If the law is held valid in charter cities, Davenport will lose 150 saloons.

Good Price for City Property.

The city of Des Moines undertook to sell two pieces of property and to use the proceeds in constructing a market house and received an offer of \$24,000 for the property, but in the belief that this was not enough the offer was rejected. As soon as the city can sell the property the construction will be commenced.

Police Department Cleared.

The city council made an investigation of the charges made against members of that body and decided they were not well founded. The accusations were made by Judge Van Liew, who is a candidate for member of the council. The investigation resulted in a complete exoneration of the police department from having given protection to vice.

To Indict Clairvoyant.

Mrs. Anna Webster, clairvoyant, charged with having swindled Mrs. Johanna Aschen, an aged woman, out of \$1,200, will be indicted by the grand jury. It is alleged the Webster woman beguiled her aged client into the belief that by planting her savings she could make them grow into \$1,000,000. Mrs. Webster, it is stated, secured \$1,200 from Mrs. Aschen by this false representation.

To Examine Iowa City Books.

M. F. Cox, municipal accountant, has been sent to Iowa City to examine the accounts of the city. Fifty citizens of Iowa City sent a petition to John L. Bleakly, state auditor, asking that Mr. Cox be sent to examine the books, as they believe the city's funds have been wrongfully handled.

STRAW VOTE IS TAKEN

Scott County Farmers Favor Nomination of Roosevelt.

Eldridge, Ia., Jan. 27.—The result of a straw vote taken at the session of the Scott county farmers' institute showed Roosevelt first, with 77 votes for the Republican nomination; Cummings second, with 10; La Follette, 6; Taft, 5, and Root, 1.

Champ Clark led the Democratic vote with 13; Harmon had 8; Wilson, 4, and Hearst, 1.

Charles D. Wilson Dead.

Mason City, Ia., Jan. 27.—Charles D. Wilson died at his home in this city from pneumonia. He had been sick but a few days, but he had heart complications, which rendered his condition almost hopeless from the first. He had done more for Mason City in its magnificent buildings than any other man.

Death From Unusual Cause.

Clemons, Ia., Jan. 27.—George Ford, a well known farmer living near here, is dead, as the result of a broken leg sustained several days ago. According to physicians, some marrow of the fracture was carried into his blood and had formed a clot on the brain.

Fourteen Cars Fall Into Ravine.

Ackley, Ia., Jan. 27.—Fourteen cars of a Minneapolis and St. Louis rail way northbound freight plunged through a bridge one mile north of here, 250 feet to the bottom of a ravine. They carried part of the structure with them. None was hurt.

Atherton Buys Clear Lake Mirror.

Mason City, Ia., Jan. 27.—Tom Atherton of the Osage News has purchased the Clear Lake Mirror of Y. D. Wallace. The Mirror was formerly owned by the late William Gray.

Morgan Will Bring Art Treasures.

New York, Jan. 27.—J. P. Morgan is withdrawing a large part of his collections from the Victoria and Albert museum in London simply because he wants them in this country and not because of any dissatisfaction with the museum management. This was made plain in a statement given out by J. P. Morgan, Jr.

DEFENDS HIGH PRICE OF PINE

Dealer Attempts to Show Equal Rise in Other Things.

Kansas City, Jan. 27.—Further testimony tending to show that the price of yellow pine lumber has not increased more rapidly in the last ten years than dozens of other commodities was given by Charles S. Keith of this city at the hearing of the state's oyster suit against twenty-six lumber companies, charged with violation of the anti-trust law. Mr. Keith testified that corn, oats, rye, potatoes and cattle had increased in price at a far more rapid rate than lumber.

"You base your opinion that there is no combination among the lumber dealers upon your belief that all farm products have fluctuated in price in about the same proportion as has yellow pine, do you not?" asked Assistant Attorney General Atkinson, in cross examining Mr. Keith.

"No, not entirely, that is one reason for my opinion. The principal cause, why there is no lumber combine among the members of the Yellow Pine Manufacturers' association is that competition from lumbermen not members of the association and from other building materials is too lively to make it possible."

"Then the evidence you have given here about the fluctuations in the prices of different products of the farm does not, in fact, prove anything?"

"Only that they, like yellow pine, are governed by the law of supply and demand."

RAG BABIES IN SEED CORN CAMPAIGN

Will Help State Save Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Omaha, Jan. 27.—"Rag doll babies" are going to help Nebraska save \$50,000,000 the coming year, according to Bert Hall of Chicago, secretary of the crop improvement committee of the North American Grain exchange. The rag baby referred to is a new method of testing seed corn certain to attract attention of school boys everywhere. It was explained in detail at a meeting at the Commercial club.

The rag baby is a strip of cloth with a dozen squares marked off and numbered. Kernels of corn from as many ears are selected and placed on the squares, after the cloth has been dampened a string tied around each end of the roll and it is deposited in a box of dump sawdust so as not to dry out and placed in a warm place to germinate.

The ears of corn, from which the kernels are taken to be tested, are to be brought to the school room and the testing is to be done by the teacher in the presence of other pupils. It is thought the results will be certain to make every farmer sit up and take notice.

TARBELL RAPS DISOLUTION

Thinks Small Oil Companies Should Be Permitted to Combine.

New York, Jan. 27.—The dissolution of the Standard Oil company was a mistake, according to W. W. Tarbell, treasurer of the Pure Oil company, an independent concern operating in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, who testified before the interstate commerce commission in its inquiry to determine to what extent pipe lines should be regulated as common carriers.

A witness said that if the Standard Oil had remained as one company it could be watched.

Mr. Tarbell said that if instead of dissolving the United States Steel corporation the government could allow small steel companies to combine, a competition would be created that would result in fairness to all interests. The government would then be in a position to regulate the competitors.

KINKAID HITS GAIN OPTIONS

Sixth District Representative Introduces Bill to Stop Operations.

Washington, Jan. 27.—Representative Kinkaid introduced a bill designed to put a stop to gambling in options on cotton, grain and other farm products. Transmission of telegraphic messages to consummate trades of farm products which cannot be actually delivered on contract time are prohibited, and all persons and parties to such contracts or who send such messages are made criminally liable and subjected to heavy fine or imprisonment, or both.

Mr. Kinkaid said in discussing the measure that it was of wide interest to the farmers of the country.

Flames Destroy Business Houses.

Bridgeport, Neb., Jan. 27.—Fire which broke out in the warehouse in the rear of W. H. Tracy's general store destroyed the building and stock