

**SHEANDOAH**

By  
**HENRY TYRRELL**

Founded on  
**BRONSON HOWARD'S**  
Great Play

**A Stirring Story of  
Military Adventure  
and of a Strange  
Wartime Wooing**

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Sons

**SYNOPSIS**

Beauregard is ready to fire on Fort Sumter. Frank Haverill, General Haverill's scapegrace son, is hiding in Charleston. Edward Thornton annoys Mrs. Haverill.

[Continued from last week.]

Here Thornton and Jenny Buckthorn came up.

"I'm glad the attack on Sumter is to be made at last," declared Thornton.

"I do not share your pleasure in that prospect," said a serious voice over Gertrude's shoulder. It was that of her brother, Lieutenant Robert Ellingham.

"And you a southern gentleman!" retorted Thornton, with the customary shade of insolence.

"And you a northern gentleman?"

With the reluctant accent Bob gave to the word "gentleman" it actually seemed to be in quotation marks with an interrogation point after it.

"I am a southerner by choice. I shall join the cause," said Thornton curtly.

"We can take care of our own rights, sir. They will be safe in our keeping even if you should not find it to your interest to run risks in our behalf."

"You'll find me ready for any risk you like," muttered Thornton, turning on his heel.

At the same moment Colonel Haverill who had not participated in the dancing, approached from the direction of his wife's apartment. He held in his hand a white silk handkerchief, which he immediately offered to Lieutenant West who took it, glanced at the initials his own—thanked his superior officer, and passed out to the veranda overlooking the lawn, where many colored lanterns twinkled. Here, almost as if by preconceived arrangement, Mrs. Haverill joined him a moment later.

"Madam," said the young man, with embarrassed solicitude, "I beg to tell you how happy I am to see that your indisposition has vanished also to offer humble apologies for my awkwardness and helplessness when I undertook to rush to your aid. You can always depend upon me to act the part of an idiot in such an emergency. Fortunately I was able to find Miss Gertrude and my sister and send them to you in time to be of real service. Colonel Haverill has just handed me back my handkerchief."

"Oh, thank you, lieutenant, for everything. I suppose my husband had been to my room looking for me. Some-



Charleston Was Preparing to Bombard Fort Sumter.

thing came up today that has upset us both a bit. And it is in regard to that matter that I wish to ask you to do me a favor—a great service. Will you?"

"Pray command me, Mrs. Haverill," answered Kerchival with his heart thumping in wild, wondering excitement.

"It is about the colonel's son, Frank. You know the trouble he has got into in New York. He has escaped arrest, and I have just received word that he is here in Charleston. I am the only one he can turn to. His father is stern and uncompromising in his humiliation. I want you to find Frank and arrange for me to meet him as soon as possible, if you can do it with safety. I shall give you a letter for him. I should like you to take it at daylight if possible. It is a sad errand, and I know of none but yourself whom I can trust with it."

Lieutenant Kerchival West bowed profoundly.

"I will get ready at once," he said. "I can change my clothes in five minutes."

How he welcomed this spur to ac-

tion! The ball had ended for him at the last words of Gertrude.

He kept his word within the five minutes specified and came back hooted and spurred to report to the colonel's wife. She was not where he had left her, but he heard her low, earnest voice at the other end of the shadowed veranda.

"If my husband knew," Mrs. Haverill's voice was saying, "he would kill you, Edward Thornton, unless you treacherously took advantage and shot him down without remorse. You know I am innocent. I never gave you any hint of encouragement, and the last I remember you were crouching before me like a whipped cur. But I have kept the secret, and you must avoid meeting Colonel Haverill before we leave Charleston."

"You have my apology," whispered Thornton.

"That is not what I have asked."

"Do you mean by that that you will not accept amends?"

"For my husband's sake," the woman pleaded.

"Ah, your anxiety on his account, madam, makes me feel that perhaps, after all, my offense is indeed unardonable. What an absurd blunder for a gentleman to make. If I hadn't supposed it was Lieutenant Kerchival West who was my rival!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"But instead it is your husband who stands between us."

"How dare you, sir!" cried the exasperated lady, now on the verge of hysterics. "Let me tell you that whatever I may wish to spare my husband he fears nothing for himself. But, no; I entreat of you do not let this horrible affair go any further."

Kerchival West, having no choice but to overhear, was of the same mind. He now stepped forward decisively, saying:

"Pardon me. I hope I am not interrupting. I believe, Mrs. Haverill, you have an errand for me?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Thank you so much. I will go and write the note immediately. Pray excuse me, Mr. Thornton."

Without another word she hastened away. The two men bowed and waited in silence until she was out of sight and hearing. Then Kerchival West drew himself up and said quietly:

"Thornton, you are a d—d scoundrel. Do I make myself plain?"

"You have made it plain all along that you are looking for a quarrel. I've no objection. Still, I prefer to pick my own adversaries."

"Colonel Haverill is my commander," said West, trembling with suppressed excitement. "He is beloved by every officer in the regiment."

"Well, what authority does that give you?"

"His honor is our honor. His wife!"

"Oho, that's it, eh? So you have a first class license to act as Mrs. Haverill's champion. I have heard that her favorite officer!"

Kerchival approached a step nearer.

"You dare to suggest?"

"If I accept your challenge," sneered the other, "I shall do so not because you are her protector or the protector of her husband's honor, but as my rival. We stand on even ground."

"Cur, you listen to me now!"—and Kerchival emphasized his words with a slash of his riding whip full in Thornton's face.

"I think you are entitled to my attention, sir," responded the other, recovering himself quickly.

"My time here is short, as you know," Kerchival said.

"Long enough for my purpose. I reckon. The bayou—the Ashley a mile or so—is a convenient place. In an hour from now it will be light enough to sight our weapons."

"I'll be there in half an hour with a friend!" cried Kerchival.

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Nobody in Charleston slept that night of April 11-12. At the Ellingham house, as at Pinckney's, and at many another home of luxury and pride there were festive or other gatherings which kept people up and about until long past midnight.

Then in the early hours of that fateful Friday an exchange of rocket signals between Forts Johnson and Moultrie began. Every one knew what that meant. The men, some of them without stopping to change their evening clothes, disappeared with strange, silent, ominous alacrity. The women huddled in whispering groups or brought spyglasses and from outdoor points of vantage watched intently across the dark waters to where the flagstaff of Sumter, like a warning finger, pointed solemnly to the stars in the balmy dusk of the southern spring-time sky.

The abrupt departure of Thornton and Lieutenants West and Ellingham, accompanied, as it appeared, by Dr. Ellingham and one of the young men in uniform, had not failed to attract attention and excite comment. Mrs. Haverill by discreet inquiry among the household servants, obtained a startling hint or two which she hastened to communicate in confidence to Gertrude—none else.

"There are tears in your eyes, Gertrude," said Mrs. Haverill sympathetically.

"They have no right there," returned the girl, with a pitiful flash of the old spirit that contrasted with the scared look on her unwontedly pale face.

"I am afraid I know—not what has happened to Lieutenant West in those last few minutes, but—forgive a woman who has had more experience than you have, dear, and who is fond of you—what happened between you and him when you were together for the last time, maybe, in—who knows how long? Let fate part you, if it must, but not a quarrel. What is pride or coquetry at such a moment?"

"Another rocket," cried Madeline

West, sitting from somewhere in the outer darkness. "Does any one know where Rob—I mean where Lieutenant Ellingham is? He excused himself for a minute and he has been gone an hour and a half. He promised to be here before!"

"So did Lieutenant West," Mrs. Haverill joined in with undisguised anxiety.

Boom, came a loud, sullen, reverberating report from over the bay.

"Look!" screamed Gertrude Ellingham, jumping up in a frenzy of excitement. "Did you see that line of fire against the sky. That was no rocket—that was a shell. It has struck the fort!"

At the same instant there was a loud clatter of horses' hoofs outside and Bob Ellingham dashed up the front steps.

"Ruffin has fired the shot!" he cried, throwing his cap into the air. "Hark! there goes another one. They have opened fire on Sumter, sure enough!"

"Where is Mr. West? Mr. Thornton? The doctor?" demanded the three women, all in a breath.

"They are—Anderson doesn't reply. That's what I rode back ahead to tell you. It's all right. The second shot hit Thornton, and Kerchival hasn't a scratch. He'll be along with the doctor directly. Ruffin swore he would fire the first!"

"For heaven's sake, Robert, what are you talking about?" pleaded Gertrude, seizing him by the arm. "Do try and compose yourself and tell us what has happened. You say that?"

"Kerchival and Thornton have had it out. I tell you, Beauregard has 3,000 or 4,000 men under arms, and it's a chance if Anderson can muster a hundred. Well, as I was saying, they met in the gardens down at the bayou. Sam Pinckney and myself loaded the weapons, a pair of regulation navy sixes. Then we tossed up a silver dollar for choice of position at ten paces, and Thornton won. But that made no difference, for the sun wasn't up yet!"

"Mercy! Was it a duel?" Mrs. Haverill interjected.

"It certainly was, madam. Kerchival scored at the second fire. His bullet plowed through Thornton's cheek, branding him, but nothing dangerous. The doctor is with him, and old Kerchival is all right and coming along after me any minute. Well, that trifling affair is over and well over. Something more important has started. I thought you'd all be anxious to know that!"

"Madam, I have to beg your pardon for my unexpectedly prolonged absence and to report for orders."

This last was the voice of Kerchival, looking uncommonly pale and animated, addressing himself to Mrs. Haverill.

She grasped his hand without speaking and drew him aside.

"I can only say God bless you, Lieutenant West," she said, with quivering lips. "Some happier day I hope to thank you adequately and so will the colonel. He knows even less than I do at the present moment. But he knows that Frank has taken refuge here, and he will not see him or allow me to do so. You will take care to the poor boy, won't you—this letter and this little packet? It is a sacred confidence, and I ask it, as I know you receive it freely."

Kerchival bowed profoundly and was off in a second.

Mrs. Haverill's envoy to her stepson Frank had cost her another poignant scene with the colonel. Before the ball had ended and the excitement of Sumter fairly began, husband and wife had met in the seclusion of the lady's apartment.

"My Desdemona," he had said in more than half serious bantering, "I picked up Cassio's handkerchief here, and I have returned it to its owner. That is all very well, my girl, but what is this I hear about you having



Colonel Anderson and Fort Sumter.

had a fainting spell or something earlier in the evening? You are trembling and excited even now."

"My husband, there is something I have to tell you—something very near to your heart. It is about your son!"

"About Frank? Again?"

"He is here in Charleston."

"He ought to be in prison. I suppose. But to me he is nowhere."

"I am sending word to him; I may see him later. Have you no word for him?"

"I have told you he and his unfortunate wife are provided for. Why should you see him? I shall not."

"At least I had thought to convey a warmer message than that from his father."

Here the colonel paused a moment in silence and made his peculiar ges-

ture of violently brushing something aside from before his face.

"Frank is a man now," he said at last. "I couldn't trust myself to see him—and, anyway, he must now stand on his own pins. We all must, for these are desperate days and rebellious boys are not the only concern by a long way. But, here"—the colonel carefully took something from his breast pocket—"I will send him something to make a man of him if anything can. He will understand. I know he loves you as if you were his own mother. Possibly he has some little tenderness for his father also. If he has I think he will look tenderly upon this picture and at the same time remember me."

"A miniature portrait of me?" gasped Mrs. Haverill as she received it from her husband's hands.

"Yes; the one you gave me before we were married. I have never been without it a single hour since. I have carried it through every campaign and in many a scene of danger on the plains. You see what a sentimental old ruffian I am now, don't you? Never mind. Frank is a fugitive from justice. God only knows what his future will be."

[Continued on page 7, Col. 1.]

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