

SHENANDOAH

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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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. Lieutenant Kerchival West protects her and wounds Thornton in a duel. Fort Sumter is fired upon. Haverill unjustly suspects West. He sends Frank a miniature of Mrs. Haverill to help reform him. Frank enlists in the Union army. Captain Robert Ellingham, Confederate, loves Madeline West. Lieutenant West, Union soldier, loves Gertrude Ellingham. The Union army is routed at Bull Run. Ellingham is with "Stonewall" Jackson in the valley of Virginia. Gertrude decides to return to the Ellingham home at Belle Bosquet, in the valley. She gets through the Union lines accompanied by Belle Boyd, a Confederate spy. They meet Thornton, who is a prisoner.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VI. Shenandoah's Daughter.

PRESENTLY an orderly came in with a telegram from General Fisher to General Kelly. Its purport was that the ladies had been sent south at their own request, and no further intervention would be practicable.

"A pretty plight we're in!" exclaimed Gertrude, more loudly than she was aware. "We can't go south, we can't return north, and we can't remain here."

"I'll tell you how you can get sent on," said one of the Federal guard. "You jest holler for Jeff Davis, and you'll get sent on quick enough."

"Hurrah for the Confederate flag!" cried Belle Boyd in shrill, sheer bravado. Then, as nobody came in response, she led the way back to General Kelly's office.

"It was just as I feared, ladies," said that officer gallantly. "Now, the only thing I can suggest is that maybe you would be willing to take the oath of allegiance. That would simplify matters. What do you say?"

They said nothing, but followed the general into an adjoining room, where a couple of staff officers sat at a writing desk. Federal soldiers were lounging all about, smoking and noise making. A man at the desk started to read the oath aloud. Before he had finished the first sentence Belle Boyd cried out: "Great saints! It's the 'ironclad'!" "We won't listen to it!" declared Gertrude promptly.

With that the two turned and marched out of the room. A loud roar of laughter went up, in which General Kelly joined.

"Just as I expected," said he. "I thought you were sane." "Now, what next, general?" asked Belle Boyd cheerily. "If we must be hung, please notify us," added Gertrude.

"Another alternative presents itself," the general went on, seriously enough now. "Strange to say, there appears to be a Washington end to this affair, and I am expecting shortly to get word from headquarters. In any event, you will have to stop here over night. So if you will make yourselves as comfortable as circumstances permit we will hope for the best and await developments."

It was late in the evening when next they saw General Kelly. He handed them a telegram which he had just received from Washington. It read: "Miss Page and Mrs. Smith are friends of mine. See them through if you can. If not, will send on an officer to Harpers Ferry tonight. BUCKTHORN."

"It is from Major General Buckthorn," explained General Kelly. "And here is a copy of my answer to him: 'Will see them through. You need not send. KELLY.'"

As soon as they were alone together Belle Boyd asked Gertrude: "Who on earth is Major General Buckthorn? I have never heard of him."

"I have," replied Gertrude, "and he is an influential Federal commander, as you may well believe. But how he ever knew of my being here in a scrape at Harpers Ferry and why he comes to my rescue as a friend in time of need, seeing we have never met personally, I can't for the life of me understand—unless, unless—Oh, I wonder? But, tell me—I am dying of curiosity about that Confederate prisoner who spoke to us—Captain Thornton, was it not?" "Yes. You know him?" "The Edward Thornton whom I knew in Charleston did not have that horrid scar on his face."

"It comes in very well as a disguise, then," laughed Belle Boyd. "For Captain Thornton is in the secret service. He is a comrade of mine, and I am going to help him. This meeting has changed my plans, so you won't mind going on alone from Berryville, will you, dear? I mean Miss Page."

"No, except that I shall miss your companionship and the confidence you inspire in me—Mrs. Smith." Here General Kelly's orderly came to announce that an ambulance would be ready to take the ladies at day-break, and would they mind sharing their room for the night with a lady and her three children on their way to Charleston?

The remainder of Gertrude's journey was comparatively uneventful, though it did seem odd at one point to have the Federal cavalrymen who escorted the ambulance called into requisition to protect her against southern stragglers as they neared the lines. She was still nominally a Federal prisoner. Nearing Winchester, a sentry demanded the young lady's papers. "I have no papers and need none," she answered. "I am at home now. I am Miss Ellingham, and I am going to Belle Bosquet. My brother is in General Jackson's first brigade."

The Federal captain who had escorted her opened his eyes at this and said: "I am sorry to release you, Miss What's-your-name. You might have more chance for enjoyment if you were to remain north. I mean," he added, catching a dangerous gleam in Gertrude's eye, "that you must find it dull in the south, with no beaux nor nothing."

"Our beaux are in the field, where they belong, sir," retorted the girl haughtily. The captain bowed gallantly and made his adieu. Then Gertrude asked the gray parbed sentry where General Jackson's army was located at the moment. "Lawd bless you, miss, nobody knows. He might be in Richmond by now or he might be in Washington. They do say as how a letter came along once address to 'General Jackson, Somewhere,' and he got it at Woodstock. But that was 'way back two weeks ago."

Mrs. Haverill, the colonel's wife, had an anxious and busy time of it in Washington. Seeing little of her husband and that little at moments when he was overworked and morose, she found congenial distraction in the companionship of Edith Haverill, Frank's wife, for what the fugitive had told Kerchival West at Charleston was confirmed when the elder Mrs. Haverill went to New York and found the unfortunate young woman suffering in silence, full of loyalty, courage and gratitude, but in reality knowing no more about Frank's whereabouts than any one else did.

At the warm insistence of the Haverills, Edith came on to Washington and took up her home with them. Here her baby boy was born and they christened him after his father, so that the name of Frank Haverill should still be familiarly spoken in the household.

Then the two women, like so many others both of gentle birth and of lowly station, but above all sisters in affliction, engaged in the work of ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers who filled the wards of the improvised hospitals in the patent office building and elsewhere.

At irregular intervals during the year Edith had received sums of money from an anonymous source, carefully concealed, but somewhere in the army. She knew it was from her husband, but the only time any word accompanied the envoy was shortly after the birth of her baby, when a brief loving message filled the young mother's heart with joy and gratitude. This communication afforded no tangible clue as to the writer's whereabouts, but it was the means of setting on foot a systematic search on the part of Colonel Haverill, who beneath the mask of Spartan indifference had in reality rejoiced at hearing of his son's resolution to make atonement by enlisting as a soldier, as reported by Kerchival West after the farwell secret interview at Charleston a year ago.

Knowing that Columbia college, New York city, had furnished a large number of recruits to the local volunteer regiments at the first call of President Lincoln, Colonel Haverill directed his inquiries among such of Frank's former classmates as he could locate in the army. He was successful to the extent of ascertaining that his son had taken special pains, in enlisting, to avoid any possible comradeship with those who knew of his disgrace. Under an assumed name he had in all probability gone south and joined the Union army of the Missouri.

With sinking heart Colonel Haverill thought of the unknown dead of the great battle of Shiloh, on the far Tennessee. And then, remembering that all evidences of his son's existence in so far as the anxious young wife and mother in Washington were concerned, had ceased some months back, he only shook his head when Edith and Mrs. Haverill asked him daily if he had learned any tidings.

The colonel and his wife were none the less fond of their southern wards, Gertrude and Robert Ellingham, now that of necessity they no longer stood toward them in loco parentis. Whatever stern military aloofness the Federal military officer may have felt obligatory upon him was compensated by a new tenderness on the part of Mrs. Haverill, particularly toward Gertrude, whom she regarded as the innocent victim of a most unfortunate political misunderstanding. This feeling Gertrude reciprocated and equally without a suspicion of resentment.

Mrs. Haverill and Gertrude, as has been intimated, maintained a practically continuous correspondence. Gertrude wrote regularly to her Confederate brother, Robert Ellingham. Madeline West, on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line, also wrote to Robert, her "rebel" sweetheart, in a nonpartisan way, which also was quite different from sisterly. Of course, Bob wrote to both the girls, and it would have been highly embarrassing if he had ever got the epistles mixed. Madeline answered the copious letters and inquiries of her brother, Kerchival West, as best she could.

Jenny Buckthorn was heard to remark that Captain Heartsease's pen was mightier than his sword, so there must have been some epistolary interchange between these two also when the captain was away from Washington. As for General Buckthorn, still at home slowly recovering from his wound, and Colonel Haverill, preoccupied with active military responsibilities, these two old soldiers stuck doggedly to their respective duties and kept their own counsel.

Such was the complicated, unorganized system of "krapvine telegraph" which in civil war time practically did the service of what in latter days would be called the wireless.

Gertrude had been home in the valley perhaps a fortnight when she received the following illuminative epistle from her brother, Kerchival West.

Charlotteville, June 15. Dearest Sister—We have left the valley I suppose to join in the defense of Richmond. You know what that means under Jackson. This is the first moment I have found to write to you since you decided to quit for home. I know what you have passed through, but do you know how it came about that you got through as luckily as you did? No, I probably will tell you. It was all very well for the Richmond department to send you in certain company by way of Baltimore, but when it came to the pinch at Harpers Ferry influence at Washington had to be brought to bear. Whose influence? General Buckthorn's. General Buckthorn told me who is now back again in the Confederate service. What is to come of it all I don't know, but, sis, be careful. Keep this closely to yourself and never forget it.

When you will next hear from me and what you will hear no mortal can provide—except that I shall be found in the line of duty. May heaven bless and keep you all in the constant prayer of your errant brother. BOB.

CHAPTER VII. "He's a Yankee Spy!" WHILE Gertrude Ellingham read and reread and pondered and cried over this letter and kissed it fervently, as if in concealment from her very self, the five army corps of McClellan, having encountered the defensive Confederate

forces now under direct command of General Robert E. Lee, had fought the indecisive battle of Fair Oaks, otherwise called Seven Pines, and were lined up along the Chickahominy stream, almost within gunshot of Richmond.

They thought Lee had detached a corps and sent it westward to reinforce Jackson in the valley. Instead, Jackson was sweeping eastward to join Lee, who more than a year after the commencement of the war was at last to take active command of a large army in the field.

General McClellan on the threshold of his grand opportunity at the gates of Richmond opened his assault upon Lee's lines of defense at Beaver dam, near Mechanicsville, on the Chickahominy. It was the first of the Seven Days' battles, soon to go into history. There was fierce fighting every day that week—at Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, Glendale, all through the dark and desolate White Oak swamp and along the sluggish, noisome Chickahominy. Jackson, in his old time fighting form again, in the field with Lee, Stuart and Longstreet, strove to make up for lost time and did his full share in forcing the enemy steadily back from Richmond. But that enemy was McClellan, a foe of different caliber from any the Virginians hitherto had faced.

McClellan was indeed doggedly falling back toward the James river, but as soon as he got into communication with the Federal gunboats on that stream he concentrated his artillery on Malvern hill and made a stand which demonstrated that his so-called "change of base" from the York to the James river, whatever necessity may have dictated it, was a military movement executed in masterly fashion.

Amid the horrors of that retreat—in which were included thousands of sick and wounded who could not have stirred but for the dread of the tobacco warehouses in which the southerners penned their prisoners of war—a young lieutenant clad in the remnants of a blue uniform which at first opportunity he exchanged with a dead soldier for a suit of dingy gray, crept off into the thickets of the Willis Church road along the slope of the hill.

Parched with fever and crippled with a wounded foot, he lay there all night in the feverish damps, then pressed on at daybreak in what he thought to be the direction in which the Federal troops had moved off the night before.

As he drew near what looked like a deserted cabin in a lonely glade, an old, dilapidated looking negro ran out, and, glancing at the fugitive's uniform, implored him to "jest send a 'patch to Charleston that old marster

He drew near what looked like a deserted cabin. He was sick and los' in de wilderness, an' den mebbe somebody would send or come to git him."

The young wayfarer would have been glad to get off a dispatch somewhere else in his own behalf, but that signified nothing. He followed the gaunt old negro into the cabin. There, on a bed of juniper boughs, lay gasping and choking a Confederate soldier with a ghastly bullet hole in his forehead, and the stamp of death on his livid face. An elderly, gray haired man, evidently a surgeon, knelt on the ground and made feeble efforts to minister to the comfort of the dying one, while his own teeth chattered and his hands shook with ague.

"Dat's Dr. Ellingham," the negro whispered, "and he's one of de richest men in Charleston, when he's home. But we ain't got no money now, and here's poor Sam Pinckney shot—I reckon de doctor's a little bit out of his haid, too, on 'count of de fever, but he reckoned he'd stick to Sam, an' of cou'se I sticks to de doctor."

"Pete," said Dr. Ellingham in his dazed way, "you might ask the gentleman if he has anything besides water in his canteen."

The young man drew a small wicker flask from his pocket and handed it over. The surgeon reached out a shaking hand, then said: "You had better give him a little; you are staidier than I am."

Here the wounded man made a sound as if choking. "Mebbe it's phlegm in his throat," said the faithful old slave. He poked a black finger into the poor fellow's mouth and pulled out a quid of tobacco that must have been there ever since Sam was shot. Then a small quantity of liquor was poured between the pallid lips, but the case seemed hopeless.

At that instant loud voices were heard outside, and then a Confederate captain and two soldiers rushed into the cabin.

"Ah, here they are!" shouted the captain. "Major Ellingham, I've been been searching for you everywhere. You shouldn't have left the ambulance in your condition. Pete, you black scoundrel, is that the way you take care of your master?" "I am glad you have come, Captain Thornton," said Dr. Ellingham, feebly. "Here is Sam Pinckney, in very bad shape."

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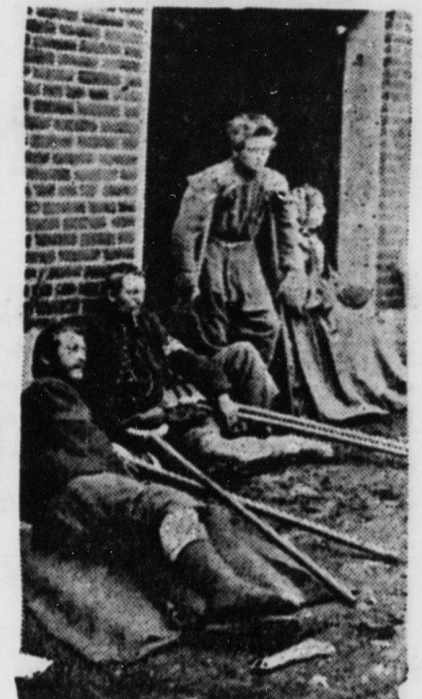
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