

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.

Thornton escapes, captures Lieutenant Bedloe and takes from him Mrs. Haverill's miniature.

(Continued from last week.)

"All I can say is, Lord bless this 'ere pie"—then, as an expression of horror and disgust overspread his homely face—"and the Lord help us after we've eaten it! Why, darn my skin, if they ain't gone and put an upper crust on a pumpkin pie! And the pumpkin cut into hunks as big as your flat, without no milk nor sugar, and not half baked, neither."

"The devil! Those Virginia darkeys are good cooks, but they don't know what pumpkin pie is."

Deacon Hart carved the pie and distributed slabs all around, remarking philosophically:

"The blacks must be freed and educated. Think of a whole race in such benighted ignorance as this!"

The attack had scarcely begun when Captain Warner once more appeared at the door, making a sign which all the imprisoned officers instantly understood.

"Stir up the animals, boys!" whispered Hart. "Visitors coming."

"Petticoats, too," added Cox, looking out.

A pretty, vivacious young woman, escorted by a sinister looking Confederate officer, who singled out Lieutenant Bedloe with a malicious sneer and received a flashing look of silent scorn and defiance in return, were shown in by the commissary.

"This is the Potomac room, Miss Mason. Gentlemen, a southern lady pays you the honor of a visit."

Captain Cox bowed courteously, while all his comrades stood in the background.

"Madam, be assured of our grateful appreciation. It is a long time since we have seen a woman's face. We are not exactly fixed up for company, but—" At this point he looked into her shining eyes and in sudden overwhelming recognition exclaimed: "Grent heavens! Marie—Miss Mason—I am not mistaken?"

"No, Tom," she answered sweetly, "you are not mistaken. Oh, what a horrid place!"

"Yes, you find us at a disadvantage. I say 'us,' for, as you see, Ralph is here too."

"Oh, dear! how terrible! You poor, foolish boys! And how is it with you, Ralph?"

"Thank you—not much worse than when I parted from you at Lexington."

"What a pair of rash, headstrong boys! Why did you desert the south?"

"Wasn't it the south that did the deserting? Oh, but don't let us talk politics."

"It just breaks my heart to see you here, both of you—yes, all of you," said the young woman, looking around sympathetically. Then she took from under her cloak a clear box and a couple of bottles wrapped in a newspaper and set them on the table beside the sorry looking wreck of the pumpkin pie.

"I've brought you a few cigars and things to cheer you up. Wasn't I thoughtful?"

"Bless your pretty face and gentle heart, miss," Deacon Hart said fervently. "What a pity you're secesh!"

"Well, she seems to lean toward the Union side anyway," whispered Colonel Cogswell, as Captain Cox and the fair visitor conversed in low, earnest tones, with their heads very close together.

The Union men had gradually dropped behind the screen of a wooden partition at the far end of the room, while Captain Warner and the other Confederate officer stood just outside the door.

"Why, they have all gone," said the young woman, blushing slightly.

"Yes, we do that when any one has a visitor. Marie, we are alone for a moment."

She buried her face in her handkerchief and began to weep.

"To think we should meet again like this!"

"You didn't come here just to say that, Marie. You are sickle, but not deliberately cruel."

"It is you who are cruel, when you talk like that. Oh, Tom! You know I love you."

"Do I? How?"

"I have come here to save you."

"To save me?"

"Yes—or to tell you how you can be saved. I think. General Winder is coming."

"General Winder, the provost marshal of Richmond? You say he is coming here to Libby prison?"

"Yes, right now—this evening. I coaxed him to get me permission for

sponding rank, chosen from among the prisoners at present in our hands here in Richmond as hostages, to be dealt with in the same manner as Mr. Lincoln shall decide to deal with those of our compatriots now in his power."

"My requisition calls for six officers out of perhaps four times that number from this division. Are there six among you who, knowing the gravity of the situation—and I do not deceive you as to its import—are willing to offer themselves as hostages?"

Every Union man in the room stepped forward, including Ralph Hunt, who arose feebly from his couch.

General Winder was visibly affected at the manifestation, but he pretended to be only perplexed and annoyed.

"What! All of you? But I only asked for six. I see that some definite plan of selection will have to be followed. You shall draw lots."

He took out his notebook, tore some slips of paper from it and directed Captain Warner to pass them around and have each man write his name on one. The slips were then all placed in a hat, from which Captain Cox was unanimously chosen to draw out six names. He did so, one at a time, handing each slip to Captain Warner with out looking at it. Warner read the names aloud, and the general repeated them after him, at the same time writing them down in his notebook. They were as follows:

"Major Paul Revere, Thirtieth Massachusetts."

"Colonel Alfred Wood, Fourteenth New York."

"Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, Pennsylvania."

"Colonel Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New York."

"Captain Alfred Ely, Thirty-seventh New York."

"Captain Ralph Hunt, Tenth Kentucky."

Instantly upon the completion of this list Captain Cox spoke up and said:

"General, the last name I have drawn by an unhappy fatality is that of my old friend and comrade, Captain Ralph Hunt. He is a sick man

this little visit first. You know he is an old friend of father's, and he wouldn't refuse me anything."

"Then, there's something in the wind?"

"It's an exchange of prisoners, I think. Anyway, I heard some talk about selecting six officers from your room here. It must be for exchange. You shall be one of the six, Tom."

"And Hunt?"

"Yes, poor Ralph too. That's what I told General Winder. He shook his head and looked very serious, but I know he won't refuse me this, especially as it makes no difference to him whom he selects."

"Good for you, Marie! What can I say to you, now?"

"Hush, they are coming!" she said, pointing to the door.

"Then, goodby, Marie! God bless you!"

"I'm sorry," interrupted Captain Warner, "but the time is up."

The girl smiled faintly through her tears.

"Oh, dear! Goodby, Tom. Goodby, Ralph. Gentlemen, goodby, all of you. I'm so sorry! But you'll try and make the best of it, won't you?"

"Of course we will, bless your kind little heart," responded Colonel Cogswell, coming forward again. "And let me tell you, mademoiselle, you've completed the Johnnies' work—by capturing our hearts."

"Three cheers for the American girl, anyhow!" proposed Hart.

They were given with a will, and Marie Mason, going out with honors, was rejoined by Captain Edward

CHAPTER IX. A Bold Escape.

"YOU shall not do it, Tom!" she cried. "It is not to freedom, but to death, they would take you. Don't go, Tom!"

The lots decided it fairly, and your name was not drawn. You shall not!"

Here the silent Confederate officer, Captain Thornton, who had followed closely after her, caught her in his arms as she sank back fainting and, at a sign from the general, carried her, with the assistance of Warner, out of the room. Then, turning to Captain Cox, General Winder said:

"Your proposition is out of order, sir, and I cannot consider it. The six men whose names have been drawn will report at once in the commissary's room."

The general and his staff officers retired, while Captain Warner and the guard took up their positions at either side of the doorway.

Hunt, the sick man, who had been helped by Lieutenant Bedloe to a chair, now got up again and grasped Captain Cox's hand, saying:

"Tom, you are the better man of us two—you have proved it in every way I'm glad Winder wouldn't take you, as it is far better that I should go. All the same, you meant it, old fellow, and it was sublime."

"Why, Ralph," said Cox chokingly, "we are comrades—old comrades. Say no more, but I wish to heaven I could go in your place."

"Attention! Fall in!" commanded Warner.

The six doomed men fell into line, after silently shaking hands with those left behind. Hunt leaning on the arm of young Bedloe, and followed Warner into the outer darkness, for night had fallen and the fitful glare of a couple of lanterns intensified rather than dispelled the surrounding gloom.

Cox paced up and down the forelorn room, with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back, for full fifteen minutes in the awed silence. Then he muttered:

"This is the last blow Deacon, do you ever despair of what they call Providence?"

"Never did yet," protested the sturdy Hoosier. "I can't and won't believe they are going to sacrifice those boys in cold blood. Such things ain't in the bounds of civilization."

"I don't know. How about war itself? Here you have it, the deadliest kind—brother against brother. I tell you, Hart, we haven't seen the worst yet, though God knows there's enough to make the angels in heaven weep already."

"Well, one thing is certain—these hostages won't be sacrificed unless the Confederate prisoners are executed first—so our side will have the first move anyhow."

"What sort of consolation is that to the fellows who get shot or hung?"

Here another violent commotion interrupted, Marie Mason entered—a lone, disheveled, bright eyed apparition.

"Oh, Tom!" she gasped breathlessly. "What—you poor child, are you still here?" Cox exclaimed, this time gathering her unreservedly into his arms. "You must leave this accursed place or you will go mad—if you don't drive us so."

"I've come back to tell you there's more news."

"Of what? Of whom?"

"From Washington—the Confederate prisoners. General Winder has just received a dispatch."

"Great Jehosophat!" ejaculated Hart. "Didn't I tell you so?"

"What does the dispatch say?" asked Cox.

"I don't know, but it is favorable. I am sure—that is, there aren't going to be any executions. I heard the general say that much."

"Here comes the commissary," announced Hart.

"For God's sake, Captain Warner," said Cox, as that official reappeared, "don't keep us in this horrible suspense another minute! What's the latest news?"

"There's a woman about—what more do you want?" replied Warner. "She overheard a secret about a minute ago and as a natural result it's all over the place by this time."

"I beg of you, cap, on my bended knees," pleaded Hart, snuffing the action to the word.

"Well," said the commissary captain, very deliberately taking a paper from his pocket, "I suppose you-uns may as well be put out of your misery. Here's a copy of the dispatch General Winder has got from Abe Lincoln. I thought the Washington government would back down."

He handed the paper to Cox, who read eagerly aloud:

President learns from New York trial of Confederate cruiser prisoners resulted in disagreement of jury. Leniency to be shown. Proposed holding of Union hostages in captivity at Richmond unnecessary. Question of exchange referred to separate negotiations pending on that subject.

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

"You see, I was right this time," said Marie triumphantly.

"Hooryay! Here come the boys back!" cried Deacon Hart. "What did I say about faith in Providence? This is going to be a blessed Thanksgiving, even if we ain't exchanged yet."

"Oh, Tom, this is your last chance," whispered Marie as the tramp of approaching footsteps was heard outside.

"Last chance for what?" asked Captain Cox, with exasperating stupidity.

"Why, to kiss me."

Such was life, as it wore along in the Libby warehouse prisons. Sometimes, as in the instance just related, the emotions of years were crowded into a single hour. Ordinarily the heavy days dragged so that each one seemed a weary lifetime. The hope of exchange was ever hope deferred. Plots and plans of escape served to beguile

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"Colonel Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New York."

and not in condition to go as hostage. With your permission, general, I will go in his place."

While General Winder was deliberating his reply a woman's scream was heard outside the door, and Marie Mason rushed wildly in.

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