

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

Reassigned to be on Fort Sumter. Frank Haverill, General Haverill's scapegrace son, is hiding in Charleston.

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.

Bedloe is Frank Haverill. He is taken to Libby prison. Marie Mason finds her lover, Captain Cox.

Six Union officers selected as hostages to protect Confederate prisoners threatened with death are returned to Libby unharmed.

Bedloe escapes from Libby prison. Moore, Clellan, Burnside, Halleck and Hooker are successively beaten by Lee and Jackson.

"Stonewall" Jackson is killed. Grant takes supreme command of the Federal army, and Sheridan invades the valley of Virginia.

Gertrude loves West, but disappears before he reaches Belle Bosquet. West recognizes Bedloe as Frank Haverill.

(Continued from last week.)

"But surely time will be allowed us to say goodbye?" inquired Madeline anxiously.

"I can't help feeling worried at Gertrude not having returned last night, though Bob—that is, Colonel Ellingham—says she has stopped at the house of one of the neighbors down at the ford, where she and I have a class of school children."

"She may be home for breakfast," added Bob reassuringly.

"I hope she will," rejoined Jenny, "not only on our account, but because a certain officer here is just as good as hors de combat as a result of her absence. She knew Colonel West was coming, and it seems very funny for her not to be here to receive him if only as a sort of 'dearest foe,' you might say. Gertrude is no cold, cruel, marble hearted thing, you know."

When they reached the house they found Kerchival West already there, facing the veranda.

"Have you any word from Miss Ellingham?" he asked as soon as they came in sight.

"Not yet, Kerchival," replied Bob, "but my sister is as well able to take care of herself in these parts as you and I are, and she's sure to give a good account of herself before much longer. Depend upon it, Kerchival, old chap, she never left this house with any idea of being absent when you arrived."

"Colonel West," spoke up Jenny Buckthorn, "I understood my father to say that General Haverill was coming up from him to have a talk with you."

"Do you know if they have further orders for me that will take me away from here today?" asked Kerchival.

"Not that I heard of, Colonel. But they seem to be awfully worried about those signals from Three Top mountain and about that expedition just sent to try to get the key. I have had to let Heartseuse go out on the job too. It seems General Sheridan wants to run over to Washington, and we are afraid there's mischief brewing if he does."

At this moment General Haverill himself approached. He asked Colonel Ellingham about the latter's sister, Gertrude, and then immediately entered into such a serious conversation with Colonel West that the other young people discreetly withdrew.

"We have reason to expect a movement on the part of the enemy," began General Haverill, "and we must be able to read their signal dispatches if possible. Captain Lockwood of our own signal corps will report to you here with officers and men. In the meantime Colonel West"—Here the general took from his wallet a newspaper clipping and a letter envelope, which latter he hastily returned to his pocket. It bore the address of Colonel West in Mrs. Haverill's handwriting, being, in fact, the one which had inclosed the missive from Washington received the day before and shown to Frank, who in his eagerness had dropped the envelope on the rustic table on the veranda, where the general had chanced upon it and reserved it with-

out comment. Now he continued: "Perhaps you can help me in explaining a personal matter about which I am curious. Here is a paragraph copied in the Richmond Dispatch from a South Carolina paper which interests us both."

He handed the clipping to Kerchival, who read:

"Captain Edward Thornton of the Confederate secret service has been assigned to duty in the Shenandoah valley. Our gallant captain still bears upon his face the mark of his meeting in 1861 with Lieutenant (now Colonel) Kerchival West, who is also to serve in the valley with Sheridan's army. Another meeting of these two men would be one of the strange coincidences of the war, as they were at one time, if, indeed, they are not at present, interested in the same beautiful woman. The scandal connected with the name of the lovely wife of a northern officer at the opening of the war was of course overshadowed by the attack on Fort Sumter, but many Charlestonians will remember it. The lady in defense of whose good name Captain Thornton fought the duel is the wife of General Haverill, who will be Colonel West's immediate commander."

"General," exclaimed Kerchival, reddening and rising to his feet, "this is an abominable outrage. But I think we both know its source, and it is fortunate indeed that I have the opportunity to nail it now that the matter is raked up in such a scurrilous way. The article states the truth in one particular, however—I did strike Mr. Thornton after a personal quarrel."

"And what provoked the blow? Evidently there is something in this affair that has been concealed from me, yet which I have a right to know. I need hardly say that I refuse to accept the statement of this scandalous paragraph. At the same time I feel justified in asking you to tell me the whole story frankly as man to man."

"You are right, general. I shall be more than glad to tell you all as soon as we can be by ourselves for half an hour without interruption."

The latter proviso was occasioned by the abrupt appearance of Sergeant Barket, the body servant of General Buckthorn ever since the Mexican war. "Colonel West," he spluttered, "Adjutant Rollins wishes to report a prisoner just captured."

"For the present, colonel," said General Haverill, rising, "we both have

had proudly turned her back to him. "Will you be seated, madam?" said the young colonel, who had risen from the bench and now stood by rather bashfully, wondering how he should proceed.

CHAPTER XIV. The Colonel and the Lady.

THE lady drew herself up disdainfully, folded her arms and remained silent. Kerchival shrugged his shoulders and made a new start.

"I am very sorry, madam, but circumstances are such that I can take but one course consistently with my duty. You have been captured within the lines of this army, and there is reason to believe that you are the bearer of important despatches. If so, I must ask you to give them up. I trust that you will give me whatever you have at once. It would be of no advantage to you and extremely awkward for me if you were to compel me to adopt the extreme—the very disagreeable—course for both of us of having you—well, I hesitate to use the word as a seeming threat, madam, but the military law compels that you shall be—"

"Searched? Is that what you mean? If you dare, Colonel West!"

Here the prisoner turned upon him quickly enough, disclosing a flushed face and flashing eyes, framed in rebellious hair of warm bronzed color. One look at this splendid spirited picture and Kerchival West sprang forward with arms extended, exclaiming: "Gertrude, my dear Gertrude! is it possible?"

"Not 'dear Gertrude' to you—my jailer!" she retorted, drawing back. So this was their meeting! "Enemies" still, and drawn up in line of battle.

"Pardon me, Miss Ellingham," said Kerchival humbly. "I feel that I am your prisoner now."

"We must both face the painful realities of war," she answered coolly. "Believe me, Gertrude, my position is more—more regrettable than yours."

"Do not forget your paramount duty as a military officer on my account," she pursued tamely.

"Will you please hand me whatever despatches or other papers may be in your possession?"

"And if I don't choose to? You can threaten me with force, I suppose. I am only a woman, going about my business—my military duty, if you please—in defense of my home. I did not know, Colonel West—here her voice wavered a little, but she recovered herself instantly—"that you were coming in this threatening attitude. Well, I am in your power. Order in the guard! Call up your whole regiment! Beat the long roll and then see if I give up!"

"Hello! What's all this?" demanded a gruff voice as the imposing form of General Buckthorn loomed up behind them. "Is this your prisoner, Colonel West?"

"Yes, general," stammered Kerchival, who nevertheless felt relieved at the sight of his senior commander. "Jenny's father," gasped Gertrude. "I wonder if he will recognize me?"

"Fine young woman, eh?" said the old general in a hoarse whisper, at the same time giving Kerchival a side punch in the ribs. Then he turned and bowed gallantly, removing his hat, but as suddenly resumed his air of military sternness, held out his hand to Kerchival and demanded, "Let us see the despatches."

"She refuses to give them up," answered the young officer. "Oh, she does, does she? My dear young lady, kindly let us have those despatches without any further palavering."

"I have no despatches," replied Gertrude spiritedly, "and I would not give them to you if I had."

"What! You defy my authority? We'll see about that. Colonel West search the prisoner!"

Kerchival stood aghast. "General Buckthorn, I cannot obey that order."

"You—you refuse to obey my order?" "That is the woman I love, sir," whispered Kerchival aside to the general.

"Oh! Why didn't you say so? I'd have to take matters in my own hands."

"Don't do that, General Buckthorn," said the young officer, facing him with determination.

"Blast your eyes, sir! I'd court martial you if you did let me search her. But duty is duty. Consider yourself sworn at, sir. Young woman, Colonel West here has sacrificed his life to protect you."

"His life?" cried Gertrude. "I must have him shot for insubordination in front of the enemy," continued the general, giving Kerchival a huge wink.

"Oh, sir! General Buckthorn! I have told the truth. I have no despatches. I haven't a scrap of paper about me, except—"

"Ah, 'except.' Except what?" "Only this letter," taking the bosom of her riding habit. "It is, upon my honor, it is a—truly, it is."

General Buckthorn took the letter and glanced it over quickly. "Washington—ho, ho! I see—Colonel Kerchival West!"

"Don't read it aloud, general, please," interrupted Gertrude.

"Very well, I won't." He read on, aside, mumbling to himself—"had heard you say, as I did—m—m—you loved him with your whole heart—this is important—Signed, Constance Haverill—H'm—my dear Gertrude! Are you 'my dear Gertrude,' Miss Gertrude Ellingham?"

"Yes, general."

"Thunder and Mars! Then this is your house, and my daughter Jenny is



"Colonel West, search the prisoner!"

your guest?" "Why, of course! Jenny is here all right."

"Well, of all the dangerous little rebels! Here the general chuckled her under the chin before turning to Kerchival to say: "Colonel West, I leave this suspicious young person in your charge. If she attempts to escape or is untruthful in any way read this letter. Here, take it—but not till then."

"Oh, let me have it back. It's mine," pleaded Gertrude.

"I shall obey orders," said Kerchival, putting the letter into his pocket. Meanwhile a disturbance down the road had attracted the attention of the group. They now saw that it was caused by the approach of a squad of men bringing along a prisoner in disarrayed Confederate uniform and who evidently had not been captured without putting up a desperate resistance.

"It's Thornton, by"—was Kerchival's astounded exclamation.

"Then the little witch has been communicating with the enemy, after all," said General Buckthorn.

"I don't deny that," replied Gertrude calmly. "They are not my enemy. But I wish to say that when I went across the lines I did not know that the Confederate officer I was to meet would be Captain Thornton."

"Miss Ellingham," said Kerchival, "if you will give me your parole of honor until next we meet you may be excused now."

"You have my word. I am your prisoner," she replied, turning to cast one scornful glance upon the glowering Thornton as she entered the house.

"Now we shall probably find the despatches we have been looking for, general," said Kerchival.

Two of the guard held Thornton's arms, none too gently, while the cor-

poral threw open his coat and began a minute search. He found first a paper, which he handed to Kerchival, who gave it to his general.

"General Hesser will rejoin General Early with all the cavalry in his command," read the old warrior eagerly.

Here Corporal Dunn gave Kerchival a small packet, which, when unwrapped, proved to contain a miniature picture.

"A portrait of Mrs. Haverill!" muttered the young officer with a start. He motioned the corporal to retire and, taking his place, asked Thornton in a low voice, "How did this portrait come into your possession?"

"That is my affair, not yours."

"Anything else, Colonel?" called General Buckthorn, who had seated himself on the garden bench to pore over the second dispatch.

"No," answered Kerchival, putting the miniature carefully away in his breast pocket.

"Curse you, you'll give that back to me yet," hissed Thornton, "and we have an old score to settle before I'm through. Don't think you are going to escape me so easily as this!"

"Corporal, take away your prisoner," was Kerchival's only reply.

"Just as I thought," said General Buckthorn, reading. "The enemy has a big movement on foot. Listen to this: 'Watch for signal from Three Top mountain.'"

"We are still in hopes that we may be able to read that signal ourselves," said Kerchival.

"Yes, I know. It is pretty near time for Barket to be back with some tid-

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)

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