

SHEANDOAH

By HENRY TYRELL
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. 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 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. McClellan, Burnside, Halleck and Hooker are successively beaten by Lee and Jackson. "Stonewall" Jackson is killed. Grant takes supreme command of the Federal armies, and Sheridan invades the valley of Virginia. Gertrude loves West, but disappears before he reaches Belle Bosquet. West recognizes Bedloe as Frank Haverill. General Haverill, not knowing Bedloe is his son, sends him on a dangerous mission. Gertrude is captured by West's soldiers. West takes Mrs. Haverill's miniature from Thornton. Bedloe is wounded and captured. Haverill plans to exchange Ellingham for Bedloe. Thornton stabs West. Haverill finds the miniature on West's person. Gertrude tells West she loves him. The Union army at Winchester is surprised and driven back. Bedloe returns, dying. Haverill places West under arrest. (Continued from last week.) Kerchival and Gertrude took the path up the elevation to where the big cottonwood tree overlooked the valley. Jenny and Madeline lingered on the veranda. "Go on, go on!" muttered Kerchival. Inactively feeling for his sword and looking loweringly in the direction from which came the roar of the guns. "Fight to a finish and have it over. Keep the battle to yourselves. I'm out of it." "Kerchival!" said Gertrude. "Your sister Madeline says that now she must pray for the man she loves, enemy or no enemy." "And she is right. Anything else would be worse than treason. I can't pray. Can you, Gertrude?" "Yes. Ah, Kerchival!" He leaned against the tree, his hand clutching at his breast again. "Your wound! Let me call the surgeon, Kerchival!" "Wound! I have no wound to bother about now. You love me?" "Look! There are soldiers running through the woods. Oh, what shall we do?" The firing, very close now, was faster and more furious than ever. It seemed to have given Kerchival West new breath of life. "Never mind that!" he cried deliriously. "It's only a battle! Say that you love me!" "Be quiet, Kerchival, dear. I do love you. I said so last night before every one, only you didn't hear me. I said the same thing at Charleston when first we met. And some one I find wrote it in a letter—that letter which General Buckthorn gave you and told you not to read unless I became unwell. I am not unwell, am I, dear?" "No, my precious girl! Nothing can separate us now. That letter—he searched in his pockets, but could not find it. 'Ah, I remember! They must have taken it when I was laid out by Thornton's dagger. And—a miniature I had—that's gone too!' Josephus Orangeblossom on a mule without saddle dashed up from the direction of the pike, shouting: "Miss Gertrude, Marse Bob he done get a yard aroun' dis house, but 'tain't no use now, for de Yanks is runnin' away. We's got 'em licked, missy; we sho' has!" "Begob, the naygur's right," confirmed Sergeant Barket. "The gray-back divils have sprung up out of the ground. They're pourin' over our lift flank like Noah's own flood. Our camp is wiped out, an' they've got our guns an' wagons an' wounded an' prisoners, an' the whole Union army is a-startin' to beat it down the pike for

Winchester, worse luck! Colonel West yonder is your own regiment in full retreat!" "My regiment!" roared Kerchival, jumping up. "Great God, no! Get my horse, Barket! I'll stop that or—"

CHAPTER XVI

Tell how I died, not how I lived." BUT before the events of the preceding chapter—before the avowal of Kerchival's love and his dash into the battle—had ensued a scene which threatened to change several lives, a scene which made West's rash deed rank insubordination against his commanding officer. Bright and early the morning after the exciting combination of events at Belle Bosquet—the reading of the signals, the exchange of Colonel Robert Ellingham for the wounded Lieutenant Bedloe and the murderous attack of Captain Edward Thornton of the Confederate secret service upon Colonel Kerchival West—a turmoil of action manifested itself in the Union regimental camp at that point. As a result of the night's conference of Gen-



Wartime Photograph of General George A. Custer.

erals Buckthorn and Haverill with General Wright Colonel West's regiment had been ordered to the front. "Ah, Haverill," said General Buckthorn as that officer came out on the veranda, "maybe Sheridan is right, after all. The reconnoissances this morning show no hostile force on our right, and Crook reports that Early is retreating up the valley. But General Wright is making some changes in our line this afternoon, and in the meantime I want to warn you to order General McCuen to go into camp on the right of Meador brook, with the Second division. Jenny, girl, don't bother me about heartsease now. Order the Third brigade of cavalry, under Colonel Lowell, to occupy the left of the pike. We'd better hold Custer on the second line at Old Forge road, until further instructions. That is all for the present. Goodby, Jenny, my darling. General, I bid you good day." General Haverill, who had carefully written the foregoing orders in his notebook, watched General Buckthorn off, then asked Jenny as she re-entered the house if she would send Gertrude to him. "Gertrude, my child," he said with unwonted gravity, "the surgeons tell me that Kerchival West will get on well enough if he remains quiet; otherwise not." "That is what is worrying me, general," Gertrude replied. "Colonel West insists upon preparing to join his regiment at the front. I hope you will order him to remain here—compel him to be prudent." "He should not look for the honor of death on the field under present circumstances," muttered the general, with peculiar significance. "What do you mean, sir?" inquired Gertrude uneasily. "You have a right to ask me that as your father's old friend, once your own guardian. Gertrude, child, you have a warm, true heart. I could not bear to see your happiness destroyed through your loyalty to your heart's affection. Listen. Last night I saw you kneeling beside Kerchival West, speaking to him, ministering to him with all the tender passion of a southern woman. You told him that you loved him. But those fateful words fell upon unconscious ears. Tell me, has he ever heard those words from your own lips? Have you ever confessed your love to him before?" "Never—since you ask me. But why, General Haverill, do you ask?" "Never mind. Only do not repeat it. Keep your heart to yourself, my girl." "But, general, at a moment like this, when his life—"

"Leave that to me—hush!" The voice of Colonel West himself, heard outside, giving orders to a sergeant to get his horse ready, silenced them. He then came up in full uniform and wearing his sword and saluted. His face was pale, but he presented a brave front.

"Are there any orders, general, for my regiment?" he asked, "beyond those given to Major Williams in my absence this morning? I am going to the front to resume my command."

"It is my wish, colonel, that you remain here under the surgeon's care," said the general quietly.

"Oh, my wound is a mere trifle. I could not rest here. I must be with my men at this perhaps critical moment in the campaign."

"I have told you my wish is to the contrary," repeated General Haverill. Kerchival knew only too well that ominous, quiet reserve. He knew the inflexibility of that proud, intolerant mood. He could not wholly fathom its cause, but a troublesome recollection suddenly occurred to him.

"General," he said, with grievous earnestness, "after looking around to see that Gertrude had silently with drawn, 'I was unable to keep my appointment with you last night for an unforeseen reason, which you know. I am ready and willing to explain certain matters, as you requested me to do yesterday. But meanwhile a crisis has developed, and whatever there may be between us personally you are now in the position of interfering with my duty and my privilege as a soldier. It is my right to be at the head of my regiment so long as I am physically able.'"

"You have my positive order, sir!" "Then I protest!" "You are under arrest, sir!" said the general without changing his tone.

Kerchival started as if he had been shot. Then in a deliberate, dazed way he unclasped his belt and offered his sword.

"No; keep your sword. I have no desire to humiliate you," the general continued in a low voice. "But you will hold yourself subject to further orders from me."

With these inexorable words he turned away, while Kerchival, as if suddenly a sick man again, started to enter the house. He met Gertrude at the door, all gentleness and commiseration.

"Did you hear what the general said?" he asked feebly.

"No matter what he said or what any one says now, Kerchival," was her impulsive response. "You have my perfect faith—there! Now you must go to your room and rest until the surgeon comes again."

He obeyed in silence. What words could he find? Looking out from her window a few minutes later, Gertrude was startled to see a number of men emerging from the woods by the path leading up from the ford. Then she perceived that they were Confederate soldiers under a flag of truce, following an escort of Union troops and carrying some burden. It proved to be a stretcher, on which lay the unconscious form of a young man, evidently a wounded Federal officer. A surgeon walked beside the stretcher, giving directions to the bearers, who rested a short distance from the veranda steps. Gertrude ran to the door, followed by Madeline West and Jenny Buckthorn. Sergeant Barket also stood, wonder struck, on a sort of improvised sentry guard.

"I am Major Hardwick of the Confederate service," said the surgeon, but in hand and losing no time. "Is General Haverill here?"

"He left but a moment ago." "He's just after mounting his horse, put in Barket, 'an' I can cut across an' stop him for ye."

"Please say to him that we come from Colonel Robert Ellingham, who instructed me to bring this young officer in exchange for himself, as agreed upon between them last evening."

"Is he unconscious or sleeping, sir?" asked Gertrude, looking with tender solicitude upon the pallid face on the rude rustic litter.

"He is between life and death. I fear the removal has been too much for him, yet it seemed for the best under the circumstances. He was so anxious—ah, he is waking! Here we are, my boy," placing his canteen to the lips of poor Lieutenant Bedloe, for he it was in such grievous plight. "We have reached the end of our journey."

"My father!" gasped Frank.

"He is thinking of his home," said Major Hardwick.

"I have obeyed General Haverill's orders," murmured the young man faintly, "and I have a report to make."

"He will be here in a moment," answered Gertrude.

"Is not this—Miss Gertrude Ellingham?" he asked, looking wistfully into her face.

"Yes, yes! You have seen me before!"

"Long ago. You know Mrs. Haverill, the general's wife?" "She is one of my dearest friends on earth."

"Then you can give her a message for me, to my poor little wife. She will know. Will the general be here soon? I—somehow I feel that I note not much time left. Doctor, my notebook!"

Still General Haverill did not arrive. "Please write," Frank whispered to Gertrude. "To—my wife—Edith. Tell our little son, when he is old enough to know, how his father died, not how he lived. And tell her who was a mother to me that my father's portrait of her, which she gave to me in Charleston, helped me to be a better man. And—don't forget to tell them—I haven't it with me now—it was taken away from me while I was a



Tell our little son how his father died."

prisoner in Richmond by Captain Edward Thornton—Confederate secret service. Let—me—sign—that—"

Gertrude, with tears streaming down her cheeks, held the poor boy's hand while he made a feeble scrawl on the page, then fell back lifeless. The surgeon gently laid the fold of the blanket over his face. He was dead.

"Present arms! Carry arms!" commanded the officer of the Federal guard as General Haverill came up, returning the salute as he passed.

"Am I too late?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, general," replied the Confederate surgeon. "His one thought, as we brought him through the lines, was to see you before he passed away."

"Poor boy—brave boy," muttered the general, turning back the fold of the blanket a moment to gaze upon the calm, sleeping face. "I am in the place of your father today. We will carry him to his comrades at the front. He shall have a soldier's burial in the shadow of the mountain where he sacrificed his young life in the purest valor of patriotism. Yonder mountain shall be his monument."

The Confederate soldiers stood in embarrassed silence for a little space. Then Major Hardwick said: "Pardon me, general. We Virginians are your enemies—in the field. But you cannot mourn or honor this gallant young soldier more than we do. If you will allow us the privilege, now that we are here, we will carry him and accompany you to his last resting place."

General Haverill bowed his assent in recognition of the touching tribute. Then, with bared head, he knelt on the ground beside the bier for a minute or two in profound silence. Rising again, with his old military mask of stolid self-possession and with reversed sword, he made a sign to the officer of the Federal guard.

"Left face! Forward—march!" commanded the lieutenant. The Confederate soldiers again gently lifted their burden, and the pitiful cortege moved off slowly in the direction of the lengthening shadow of Three Top mountain.

Not a man in the whole army would have ventured a word to General Haverill, either at that moment or later, when he wrote a dispatch to the government, which was carried throughout the length and breadth of the land and enrolled in deathless history. And the name he wrote was that of "Lieutenant Frank Bedloe."

"The moment upon which our immediate hopes of success in this campaign have been founded," he declared, "would have been impossible without the bravery and sacrifice of this young officer. His name must take its place forever on the roll of fame which his countrymen are proud to honor."

CHAPTER XVII At the Eleventh Hour.

SMALL boy hanging about in front of the Logan House in Winchester watched for General Sheridan to make his appearance and then asked:

"Please tell me, general, for my grandma, where you are going?" With his mind full of the trouble caused by Confederate spies and in former, Sheridan replied gravely:

"Tell her that I am going to Richmond or Petersburg or heaven or hell." The boy ran away, but came back half an hour later and called out from the sidewalk:

"General Sheridan, my grandma says you can't go to Richmond because General Lee is there, and you can't go to Petersburg because General Beauregard is there, and you can't go to Jackson because General 'Stonewall' Jackson is there!"

It was the evening of Oct. 18. Sheridan, on his way back from Washington via Martinsburg to rejoin the Federal army at Cedar Creek, had arrived in Winchester late that afternoon.

The couriers who came up from the front to meet the general reported everything quiet at Cedar Creek and the adjacent Fisher's Hill and, furthermore, that General Haverill's brigade of the Nineteenth corps was to make a reconnaissance on the right early next

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)

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