

My LADY of DOUBT

By RANDALL PARRISH
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"My Lady of the North," etc
Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, went on a picnic with the family to Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform Lawrence arrived in the city by a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over a walk, and Lawrence is urged by the captain, Mortimer, to make his escape. Lawrence is discovered by Captain Grant of the British Army, who agrees to a duel. The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the captive is thrust into a strong cell. For a moment Lawrence attempts to escape as "some one" would send for him. Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances. Lawrence again meets the lady of the Blended House, who tells him that she is in her house, and that she is in command of the party that captured him. The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber when Captain Grant begins a search of the premises. After detecting his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidence of a battle and a dead man across the threshold. Col. Mortimer, father of the lady of the Blended House, finds his home in ruins. Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up as a spy. Miss Mortimer appears, explains the mystery and Lawrence escapes through plans arranged by the lady and sees Grant attack Miss Mortimer. Grant is knocked out, Lawrence comes to Miss Mortimer's relief and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII.

I Uncover Captain Grant.

The thicket was sufficiently dense to conceal us from the man, who remained standing at the foot of the steps. He was but a mere dark shadow, and I could not even distinguish that he was a soldier, yet the danger of his presence was sufficiently great, for should he advance to the right he would come upon Grant's unconscious form, and in that silence the slightest noise might arouse suspicion. Mistress Claire still clung to my hand, but only to whisper a sentence of instruction. "Go straight north, major, until you reach the hedge; follow the shadow of that beyond the orchard, and then take the road running westward. Don't mount until you reach there—goodby."

"Goodby, you will not forget me?" "I—I am afraid not, but—but you must go!"

I left her standing there, a faint gleam of white against the dark shrubbery, motionless. There is no incident of that night's ride which I recall distinctly. I merely pushed on steadily through the darkness, leaving my mount to choose his own course, confident we were headed toward the river. I was sufficiently acquainted with the valley of the Delaware, when daylight came, to decide upon the nearest ford. As to the British patrols, I must run the risk of adding these, but felt safe from such an encounter for several hours. In truth I met no one, having no occasion to even draw rein, although we passed through two small villages, and by a number of farms. I could not even determine that these houses were occupied; they were dark and silent, even the galloping hoofs of my horse failing to awaken response.

It was already daylight when I drew up on the bluff summit to gaze down into the river valley. In the middle distance small villages faced each other across the stream, and toward these most of the roads converged—proof of the existence of a ford. I could not be mistaken as to the town—Burlington on the Jersey shore, and opposite Bristol on the Maryland side. I had enough in the latter, even if we had no outpost stationed there. I knew homes along those shaded streets, where food would be forthcoming, and

where I could probably procure a fresh horse. It was the nearer town, nestled on the Jersey bank, that I studied with the greatest care, but, so far as I could see, the single street was deserted. To the south, certainly two miles away, a squadron of horse were riding slowly, surrounded by cloud of dust. Without doubt this was the British patrol that had left the village at daybreak.

It was a hot, close morning, and the padded Ranger's coat heavy and tight-fitting. I took it off, flinging it across the saddle pommel. As I did so a folded paper came into view, and I drew it forth, curiously. My eye caught the signature at the bottom of a brief note, and I stared at it in surprise. Fagin! How came Fagin to be writing to Captain Grant? He pretended to be a Tory to be sure, yet both armies knew him as a rascally spy, a scoundrel, a traitor and a patriot alike. There came to me a memory of Farrell's chance remark that Grant had some connection with this fellow's

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reading, I had not seriously considered it then, but now—why, possibly it was true. I read the lines almost at a glance, scarcely comprehending at first, and then suddenly realized the base villainy revealed.

"Have the money and papers, but the girl got away. Will wait for you at Lone Tree tonight. Don't fail, for the whole country will be after me as soon as the news gets out about Elmhurst. FAGIN."

So that was the reason for this raid—Grant's personal affair. He had returned to Elmhurst, leaving his men to trudge on into Philadelphia under their Hessian officers so that he might communicate with Fagin. What a pity it was I had failed to kill the fellow, instead of leaving him unconscious.

The papers! Perhaps they were in the coat also. Surely Grant had no time to change or destroy them, as he must have ridden directly to Elmhurst. I searched the pockets of the garment hastily, finding a note or two, his orders to escort Delavan, and a small packet tied securely by a cord. I felt no hesitancy in opening this, and ascertaining its contents. The lines I read hastily seemed to blur before my eyes; I could barely comprehend their purport. Little by little I grasped the meaning of it all, and then my mind leaped to recognition of Grant's purpose. They were notes of instruction, brief orders, suggestions, memoranda, such as might be issued to a secret agent entrusted.

These were addressed simply "Mortimer," many unsigned, others marked by initials, but I instantly recognized the handwriting of Washington, Hamilton and Lee. Without question this packet was the property of Eric Mortimer, but why had the boy preserved these private instructions, covering months of operations, I should judge, although scarcely one was dated? And what caused them to be of value to Captain Grant?

The answer came in a flash of suspicion—the colonel. He could be threatened with them, blackmailed, disgraced before Sir Henry Clinton, driven from his command. They were addressed simply "Mortimer," discovered at Elmhurst, and were sufficient to convict of treason. It was a devilish plot, well conceived, and Grant was fully capable of carrying it out to the end. I could realize what the possession of these papers meant to him—military advancement, a distribution of the Mortimer estate in which he would doubtless share, and a fresh hold on Claire whereby he could terrify the girl into accepting them.

I stood there in uncertainty, turning these papers over and over in my hands, striving to determine my duty. Should I return to Elmhurst? To do so would only bring me into renewed peril, and would apparently benefit no one. Without this packet Grant was helpless to injure Colonel Mortimer. As to Claire, Seldon would protect her for the present, and as soon as the father returned, he would doubtless compel her to accompany him back to Philadelphia. The best service I could render was to destroy these notes, and then seek out Eric Mortimer, in Lee's camp, and tell him the whole story. All that anyone could do now was to warn the Mortimers against Grant, to let them know his treachery, and this could be best accomplished through Eric. Although in different armies, striving against each other in the field, there must still exist some means of communication between father and son, or, if not, then between brother and sister.

With flint and steel I built a small fire of leaves in a cleft beside the road, and fed to the flames one by one the papers from the packet, glancing over each one again to make sure of its contents; all were addressed alike, simply "Mortimer," but upon two I found the word "Elmhurst." It was easy to see how the discovery of such communications would tempt an unscrupulous scoundrel like Grant to use them to injure another, and win his own end, but why had that young Eric failed to destroy them as soon as received?

When the last paper had been reduced to ashes, I stamped out the embers of fire under my boot heel, and with lighter heart, rode down the hill toward the ford.

coming movement of troops held me steady to duty. Word came to us early in June that Count d'Estaing, with a powerful French fleet, was approaching the coast. This surely meant that Clinton would be compelled to retreat across the Jerseys, and a portion of our troops were advanced so as to be within easy striking distance of the city the moment the evacuation took place. The remaining commands pressed farther north, near convenient crossings of the Delaware, prepared for a forced march across the British line of retreat. Maxwell's brigade, with which I was connected, even crossed the river in advance, co-operating with General Dickinson and his New Jersey militia. All was excitement, commotion, apparently disorder, yet even amid that turmoil of approaching battle, Hamilton recalled my request, and granted me two days' leave. His brief note reached me at Corryell's Ferry, and, an hour later, I was riding swiftly across the country to where Lee had headquarters.

Not once during all those days and nights had the memory of Claire left me. Over and over in my mind I had reviewed all that had ever occurred between us, striving in vain to guess the riddle. Now I would see and talk with her brother, and perhaps obtain the explanation needed. Yet I have gone into battle with less trepidation than when I rode into Lee's headquarters, and asked his chief-of-staff for Eric Mortimer. He looked at me strangely, as I put the question.

"I should be very glad to oblige you, Major Lawrence," he replied gravely, "but unfortunately I have no present knowledge of the young man."

"But he was attached to General Lee's staff?"

"Only in a way—he was useful to us as a scout because of his intimate knowledge of the Jerseys. His home, I understand, was near Mount Holly."

"What has become of him?"

"All I know is, he was sent out on a special mission, by Washington's own orders, nearly a month ago. We have not directly heard from him since. An Indian brought a partial report of his operations up to that time; since then we have received nothing."

"An Indian?" I exclaimed. "The same who brought in my notes?"

"I believe so, now that I recall the matter. I had no opportunity to question the fellow; he simply left the papers with the orderly, and disappeared."

"And you have heard nothing from young Mortimer since?"

"Not a word."

"He must be dead, or a prisoner." The chief smiled rather grimly.

"Or deserted," he added sharply. "I am more inclined toward that theory. He was a reckless young devil, attracted to our service more, it seemed to me, by a spirit of dare-devilry than patriotism. Lee thought well of him, but I was always suspicious. He belonged to a family of loyalists, his father a colonel of Queen's Rangers. Did you know him, Lawrence?"

"The father, not the son. But I am not willing to believe evil of the boy. I cannot conceive that treachery is in the Mortimer blood, sir, and shall have to be convinced before I condemn the lad. When did he leave here last?"

"About the middle of May."

"Would you mind telling me his mission? Where he was sent?"

The officer glanced keenly into my face; then ran hastily over a package of papers taken from an open trunk.

"I can see no harm in doing so now, major. He was sent to communicate with a British officer, a prominent Tory—who has associations with Red Fagin, and others in Monmouth county. This officer has in the past, for a consideration, furnished us with valuable information, generally through young Mortimer, who knew him. He had written us that he had more to sell."

"Where were they to meet?"

"At a rendezvous known as the Lone Tree, not far from Medford."

"Was the Tory officer named Grant?"

"He stared at me in surprise. 'I am not at liberty to answer.'"

"Oh, very well; however, I understand the situation even better than you do probably. Only advise you one thing—don't condemn the boy until you learn the truth. Grant is an unmitigated, cold-blooded scoundrel, and the treachery is his. You'll learn that, if you wait long enough. Mortimer is either dead, or in Fagin's hands. Good night."

hidden for nearly a month. Claire would know, but she was probably long ago back in Philadelphia in the heart of the British garrison. And if I were, I was tied hand and foot by discipline; helpless to turn aside from duty now in the face of this new campaign. Every man was needed, and no personal consideration would excuse my leaving the ranks even for a day. It was with heavy heart I rode into the camp of my regiment, and lay down on the bare ground, with head pillowed upon the saddle, knowing the drums would sound in a few short hours.

It was hard to work through the routine of the next few days, although some excitement was given us by Maxwell's brigade by scouting details across the valley to observe the movements of the British patrols. On such duty I passed the greater portion of two days in the saddle, and, by chance, met both Farrell and Duval, who were with the Jersey militiamen, now rapidly coming in to aid us, as the rumors of an impending battle spread across country. Farrell came at the head of fifty men, rough looking, raggedly dressed fellows, but well armed, and I had a word with him while pointing out where Dickinson's troops were camped. Unfortunately he knew little of value to me. Mortimer's column of Queen's Rangers had passed his place on their return to Philadelphia two days after my escape. Grant was not with them, but Claire was, while Peter had been left behind at Elmhurst. Fagin had not been overtaken, although the Rangers had engaged in a skirmish with some of his followers, losing two men. Colonel Mortimer had been wounded slightly. As to Eric he knew nothing—no one had even mentioned the lad's name.

It was thus clearly evident I could do nothing, although I now possessed a well defined theory of just what had occurred. To my mind Eric was in the hands of Fagin, either hidden securely away among the sand caves for some purpose connected with Grant's treachery, or else with the intention of claiming the reward for his capture offered by Howe. The former probability seemed most likely in view of Grant's failure to return to Philadelphia with Colonel Mortimer, yet there was no reason why, the conspirators should not wreak vengeance, and win the reward also. But did Claire know, or suspect the predicament of her brother? If she did, then she was seeking to conceal the truth from her father, but would never remain long inactive in the city. I knew the girl's real spirit too well to believe

she would fall for long in learning the boy's fate.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Forcing Clinton to Battle.
I was left behind at Corryell's Ferry, for the purpose of hastening forward any supplementary orders from Washington, when Maxwell, and the Jersey militiamen, pressed forward in an effort to retard the march of the enemy. From the reports of scouts we began to understand what was occurring. Before dawn on the eighteenth of June the British army began leaving the city, crossing the Delaware at Gloucester point, and by evening the motley host, comprising Regulars, Hessians, Loyalists, and a swarm of camp followers, were halted near Haddenfield, five miles southeast of Camden.

The moment this knowledge reached Washington, he acted. In spite of opposition from some of his leading officers, his own purpose remained steadfast, and every preparation had already been carefully made for energetic pursuit. Our troops fit for service numbered less than five thousand men, many of these hastily gathered militia, some of whom had never been under fire, but the warmth and comfort of the summer time, together with the good news from France, had inspired all with fresh courage. Whatever of dissension existed was only among the coterie of general officers, the men in the ranks being eager for battle, even though the odds were strong against us. There was no delay, no hitch in the promptness of advance. The department of the Quartermaster-General had every plan worked out in detail, and, within two days, the entire army had crossed the river, and pushed forward to within a few miles of Trenton. Morgan, with six hundred men, was hurried forward to the reinforcement of Maxwell, and, relieved from my duties at the ferry, I was permitted to join his column.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

By Camel Across the Sahara.
N. le Moro, a Frenchman, 24 years old, has just completed a journey by camel across the Sahara from A-



Farrell Came at the Head of Fifty Men, Well Armed, and I Had a Word With Him.

ably seemed most likely in view of Grant's failure to return to Philadelphia with Colonel Mortimer, yet there was no reason why, the conspirators should not wreak vengeance, and win the reward also. But did Claire know, or suspect the predicament of her brother? If she did, then she was seeking to conceal the truth from her father, but would never remain long inactive in the city. I knew the girl's real spirit too well to believe

Man and the Mammoth

The skeleton of a mammoth discovered in the department of Pas de Calais, France, measures 49 1/2 feet in length. The head is well preserved, with finely enameled molars of the true Siberian type, thus furnishing one more proof that the whole country was once a land of ice and snow. At a dinner given recently on a sand-bar in the Danube an attempt was made to convey an idea of the food consumed by man in the time of the mammoth. Cabbage soup cooked over hot stones, horse ham, roast pork with boiled millet, and turnips cooked in hot ashes composed the bill of fare. The dessert was dried pears and honey.—Harper's Weekly.

Sounds Like Good Logic.
Recently, several educators came to the conclusion, after a lot of argument and discussion, that it is useless to teach girls higher mathematics and logic and that the time should be devoted to giving the girls a more practical training that will fit them to be housewives and mothers. It is much better, say the educators, to teach

cooking, housekeeping and nursing. So far as logic is concerned, the educators point out that the minds of young women can be disciplined just as much, if not more so, by putting them through rigorous courses in what will be of practical benefit to them in life. It further is argued that mathematics and such studies do not help a woman to be a better companion to her husband, for he uses those things only in his business, and a woman rather should study things that can be of help to him in his hours of relaxation.

Emotions and the Senses.
Pleasurable sensations arouse pleasant emotions. The sunshine is always enlivening to some people, and the gloom always depressing—men have despaired in darkness and taken their lives because of an oppression due to the dark. We can to a degree choose what our sensations shall be, and to some extent determine our emotions, but the mere gratification of sense is nearly always followed by depressing emotions.

One Way to Live.
The Godly put on a great many veils for people of limited means. "Why shouldn't they? Their means may be limited, but their credit is quite extensive."

HUNTING DR. GREGG

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

Godfrey Gynn, artist, was an athlete. That in, he was going to be some day. In his studio in the city he swung Indian clubs and lifted weights, and down at his brother's farm, where he passed most of his Sundays, he did more.

He rose with the lark to tramp around in the dew and breathe through his nose. The rest of the family growled about it, and the lark put him down as an eccentric. He felled trees to get shoulder muscles, and as he wasn't particular as to whose trees they were, old Farmer Hobbs made him pay five dollars each for them.

He lifted 50-pound stones over fences, climbed trees, ran up and down hills, and did so many other things that seemed curious to the farmers around that the report got abroad that he was a little touched in the head.

All this wouldn't amount to shucks had not an accident happened to Mr. Gynn one morning as he was jumping a fence. He caught his toe on the top rail as he went over and fell in such a way that he broke the thumb on his right hand. This was on a morning when he had risen with the lark, and long before anybody else was astr.

A broken thumb needs more attention than a broken neck. There must be a visit to the doctor's and some bandaging.

With a rag tied about the aching thumb, Mr. Godfrey Gynn started off down the highway at a fast walk. He had made two-thirds of the distance when a young lady came out of a manor house just ahead of him and took the highway. Her jaw was tied up with a cloth, and she seemed in a hurry to get somewhere.

"It's dollars to cents it's a case of toothache," said Mr. Gynn to himself, and the idea almost comforted him.

Mr. Gynn was right about the toothache. Miss Hope Thornton was visiting a married cousin at the manor house. At midnight she was aroused by a tooth trying to jump out of her mouth, and then to early morn she groaned and wept and vowed that if she lived a thousand years she would never do any more wading in brooks. It was an hour after daybreak when she woke her cousin to ask what could be done.

The jaw was bandaged up and Miss Hope started out. She saw Mr. Gynn coming, and later on heard his footsteps behind her.

Mr. Gynn didn't mean to overtake the girl, as the pain of his thumb kept him gritting his teeth, but somehow or other he presently found himself keeping step with her and asking: "Toothache?"

"Yum."

"Yum."

"Going to Dr. Gregg's?"

"Yum."

"Then this must be the place, for here is his sign."

They both turned in at the gate, and a frosty-haired man said: "The doctor ain't in."

"Where is he?"

"Out in the fields somewhere to kill a rabbit for breakfast."

"I'll go find him. This young lady has a bad case of toothache."

"She can come in and wait, but he won't do anything. Early as it is, he's half-light."

"I'll try and sober him up."

Mr. Gynn nodded to the girl to go in and wait, and after much peering and considerable tramping he got sight of the doctor with a gun on his shoulder.

"Patient?" queried the medical man.

"Young lady with the toothache."

"Let her ache."

"Thump."

"Broken, eh? Well, go to town."

NO SLEEPING BAG FOR THEM

Laplante Preferred the Snow and the Open Air, and So Had a Comfortable Night.

Sir Henry Lucy tells in the Cornhill Magazine a good story that he had from Nansen, the explorer. It amusingly illustrates the hardy health of the Laplanders.

Part of Nansen's equipment for his trip across Greenland consisted of two sleeping-bags made of undressed skins. On the first night of the journey Nansen and his two Norwegian companions got into one of the bags, pulled the mouth tight across their necks, and so slept in the snow with only their heads out.

Before retiring for rest, Nansen saw the three Laplanders he had engaged for the expedition cozily tucked into the other sleeping-bag. When he awoke in the morning, almost numb with cold, he observed that the bag in which he had tied up the Laplanders was empty, and that they were nowhere in sight. He was afraid they had deserted him, and scrambling out of the bag, went in search of them. He found the three men fast asleep behind a hillock of snow that they had scraped together as a protection against the wind.

"Ah, master," they said, when asked to explain this extraordinary conduct, "we couldn't sleep in that thing. It was too hot, so we got out and have had a comfortable night here."

Truth About Old Age.
George F. Baer, the famous Philadelphia railroad man, said on his seventieth birthday:

"I agree with Professor Metchnikoff about the wisdom of the old. Professor Oster made it fashionable to decay gray hairs, but my experience has been that the old not only possess wisdom, but they seek it also."

With a smile Mr. Baer added: "The only people who think they are too old to learn are those who really are too young."

Political arguments lose us more friends than they gain votes.

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