Aemocratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 30, 1928

TAD LINCOLN'S SPY.

Tad's father and mother talked in a worried way at the breakfast table about an aunt who was visiting them. Colonel Baker, the police detective, had notified them that she was smuggling quinine through the Rebel lines into Richmond.

"I'm terribly humiliated!" said his mother. "She must go home to Ken-tucky, at once. I wish," with a little us all out." smile, "that it was one of your rela-tives, Abr'am, instead of mine! The country's so sure that I'm a Southern sympathizer that if this gets out it'll settle me in their minds, for good and all."

"Well," said Tad's father, "they've said so many worse things about me. that being called a Rebel sympathizer would seem like a kindness. And I reckon I wouldn't feel too much hu-miliated, if I were you. Postmaster-General Blair's sister-in-law was put in the Old Capital Prison yesterday for the same offense. Blair's in an awful stew about it." "What!" ejaculated his mother.

"Miss-" she interrupted herself with a glance at Tad, who was devouring pancakes and molasses and missing not a word of the conversation. "What! Miss L. B. B.?" she went on.

"The same," replied Tad's father, "and she's sick or pretending to be and Blair's insisting that I do something. And, of course, whatever I do for her, I'll have to do for aunty, and vice versa. Miss B refuses to make any promises so I can't parole her. That complicates the disposing of aunty

"I'm very fond of Miss B," said Tad's mother, "and I think she is of me, though these days one never knows." She fell into a troubled silence.

Tad racked his eight-year-old brain to think of something cheerful to say. Somehow since Willie's death in February, the meals had been uncomfortable. He was a little confused as to whether it was the loss of his brother or the war growing worse that in-creased the feeling of sadness with which he left the table each day. There was a new worry for each meal. Last night it had been General McClellan's slowness in capturing Richmond.

Yet in spite of knowing that some-thing horrid would be sure to come up at breakfast, he had come down that morning almost happy. In place of his black suit, his mother had allowed him to put on his Zouave uniform with baggy red flannel pants and a bright blue coat. Also there was sunshine: the happy sunshine of a May morning after a week of rain. The family dining-room, so dreary when it rained, was flooded with morning light and gay with yellow tulips from his mother's gardens. The room did not seem so large when there were no shadows around the huge sideboards.

Tad obligingly opened his mouth and the little girl scrutinized the interior thus exposed. "I don't see anything in particular,"

she reported in a disappointed way. 'What's your name?"

"Thomas. But eva-body calls me Tad because when I was a baby Papa called me Tadpole. What's you name?'

"Rose. Is your mother going to stay in prison?" "Nope. She just went in to call on anotha lady—a fwiend that's been giving medicine to the webels. My

little boy. "Oh, I just visit around," answered Rose vaguely. "Where 'bouts do you

"At the White House. My fatha's Pwesident!" tossing his head. "Shucks! What a lie!" taking up

her stick and preparing to roll the hoop. "It's not!" shouted Tad, catching

the hoop and holding it fast.

"Leave go this hoop. I can't play with strange boys, 'specially boys that tell silly whoppers." more followed "You just come along with me and

I'll show you, shouted Tad. Rose hesitated for a moment. Then

she said, "Well, I'm sick of this old park day after day, so I guess I just as soon come, just to prove you're a like y big liar," with a switch of her head John.' that sent her bright hair over either

shoulder. Tad stamped his foot and shouting at the guard, "You tell my motha' I've gone home," started off at a run. Rose followed, trundling the hoop.

The White House gardens were a blazing glory of tulips and reeling-sweet with lilac and magnolia. Taa led the way through the turnstile gate from the Treasury grounds and paus-ing before one of the beds flung his

arm wide. "All this ga'den is my motha's." Rose permitted herself to look mild-

ly interested but she said, "Anybody could come into this garden and say that." Tad seized her hand-she was only

a little taller than he—and said fierce-ly, "You come with me!" He led her to the iron steps before

the beautiful south portico. Here Rose paused. "I'm not going in where Abe Lincoln lives," she de-clared. "He murders children. My mother says so."

Tad gave a look commingled of an-guish and wrath, lifted a grimy little hand and slapped her mouth. Then he burst into tears. "He wouldn't kill a wo'm!" he sobbed.

Rose dropped her hoop and then scratched Tad's cheeks with a pair of practised little paws. Then she, too. began to cry. James, the colored houseman who was sweeping the portico, hastened to separate them.

"What for did you hit this little gal, Marse Taddie?" he inquired, holding each sobbing child by the arm. ""Mother! Now, Mother, listen! Abe

"What's politics got to do with it turned inward, did not observe the in the next lew days—whether well old Stonewall Jackson could get took and end the wa'." the child?" demanded Tad's father. She placed a delicate hand on his knee. "My father was killed by the Yanks at Bull Run." Yanks at Bull Run." "What's the name of that place of the mother's asked Rose. "What's the name of that place of the mother's lose a few hundred or many thousands of poor fellows." "Tad went to sleep thinking of his last statement. After Bull Run and after Antietam and Fredericksburg, "Fredericksburg! Was the mark lew the mother is a height be were hereinping to the mother's lose a few hundred or many thousands and end the wa'." "If the Yanks took Stonewall Jack-Son or Robert E. Lee or Mr. Jefferson Davis, they'd hang 'em, my mother after Antietam and Fredericksburg, says." Rose spoke in a hesitating to a hesitating to the mother's lose a few hundred or many thousands of poor fellows."

Tad's father put his other arm about Rose's waist. "What a pity—" A great roar from the man beside the Cabinet table interrupted—his spectacled face was purple. "Is this a pursew nemetually?

"Is this a nursery, perpetually? I tell you what, Mr. Lincoln, I'm not coming here again. You come to the anotha lauy—a truthe webels. My aunt's been doing it too. Maybe they'll put us all in jail just for that. Then I'll kill all the gua-ds and get us all out." Rose sniffed but looked at Tad a triffe less disdainfully. triffe less disdainfully. triffe less disdainfully. triffe less disdainfully. not go by water as McClellan sug-gests. It takes too long." "Water would be better," grunted Stanton, "even if slower."

"Speed is important," insisted Tad's father. "Those Rebels are like so much quicksilver. I believe General awful war, dear. All you have to do Banks will be able to keep that fellow they call Stonewall Jackson off McClellan's back for a while—"

"Come on, Wose, let's go," mur-mured Tad. "I'll show you my day

Tad paused in the hall to stamp his foot at her. "A day goat, I said; like you begin a letta' my day Uncle

"Oh! you mean dear. Then your father is Papa dear." Rose giggled and Tad's blue eyes flashed, then softened as the little girl added, "But I think dear just suits your father. If my mother'll let me, I'm coming here again."

As it turned out, Rose's mother was entirely willing. Rose, after a very satisfactory morning with Tad and "day" Nanny, trundled her hoop back through the May sunshine to the old Capitol prison and asked the guard at the door to let her see her mother. The guard turned her over to the matron. The matron examined her to see that she was not concealing something contraband in her clothing, then led her down the corridor to a room that overlooked the top of a budding horse-chestnut.

A noble-looking woman, a mature replica of Rose, sat by the window. The room, which had been a committee room of the old Capitol, was large and not uncomfortably furnished with mahogany that had seen much service in the early days. And while it was not much of a boudoir it still could be used. The liquor buffet made a bu-reau and dressing-table. The Empire sofa made a day-bed. The book-case made a wardrobe.

Rose's mother, who sat in a mahogany rocker writing on a little lap-desk, looked up with a start of pleas-

ure as the child burst in. "Well, Rose, I thought not to see

"She said my fatha' killed chil- taken, if you don't mind saying so,

"What's politics got to do with it turned inward, did not observe the in the next few days-whether we'll old Stonewall Jackson could get took.

"Yes! And that's all. We went to play with the goat then," the child nodded. Her mother clapped her hands. Glorious! Glorious! Now listen, little The mulee' for the blood drip, drip. Her mother clapped her hands. Her mulee' follows work and was a sub the say about him."

daughter. Don't you want to help Mr.

help him lick the Yankees, he can come and get me out of prison and take us back to Richmond where we can be happy together." The shild set with wide gaze on her the spid set with wide gaze on her

have a wonderful chance to end this is to play round Tad's father and tell

she said, "I can bear even that. Go up to the White House every day, play nicely with the little boy and don't let them know who I am nor where I am." would be sure to call attention to a small boy's maneuvering. The men-tioning of Stonewall Jackson's name by his father brought him out of his

own affairs for a moment.

next morning met Rose, all smiles. know not where. If they are able to "I made your father a present, last reinforce Stonewall Jackson, who is lic hall. They both were drawing picnight," she announced, displaying in the palm of her fine small hand a said to have twenty thousand, then Banks is in real peril. Is that the pocket pin-ball shaped like a boot. Tad tied day Nannie to the iron fence rail which she immediately beworst you have for me, this morning, Mr. Stanton?" "No! No!" Stanton's voice shook. "Jackson fell on Banks' depleted forces yesterday at Front Royal and licked hell out of them. At present,

longed to Willie-he again led the Banks can retreat into Winchester way to his father's office. faster than Jackson can drive them. The same gray suit. The same tired And McClellan sits before Richmond

doing nothing but yell for more men! If the Rebels take Washington, Mc-Clellan's to blame. We've actually tle secessionist? . . . I wish I could woo them all as easily as I have you, little Rose." He drew her to him and placed this city in jeopardy to allay his cowardice. Why doesn't he fight with what he has—double the Rebels' kissed her cheek. "What are you two force?"

ing The tired face suddenly was flushed. "This never could have happened had "Take a drive with you," replied Tad promptly. "That is, if you do go

said his father. "You may go if you

his vest pocket, nodded absent-mind-edly and turned to his desk.

hunt the Indian. It was a glorious they can capture him and his entire guard, laughing, barred the door with game requiring the noiseless pursuit force. It can be done if"—very em-

"Fredericksburg! Was the man's last year, there had been a bloody manner, as if she were beginning to name General McDowell?" path up Seventh Street from the doubt some of her mother's facts

rible to watch the blood drip, drip. The mules' fetlocks were gummy black with it . . . Tad began to cry into his nillow. stop fighting. Let's not play in the house, today. Let's stay in the ga'father was going to catch Stonewall house Jackson and make him stop the war. Rose sniffed and said that the Yanks Ros

Rose nodded, then shook her head

Creeping along the dark private passage which led from the sitting room to the President's office, he guarde, got a newspaper from the pop-stand man, then eyed the jumble glance, got a newspaper from the of mule teams and marching soldiers protruding from behind the great war map that had been hung across an quarreling with Rose and seizing his father's hand tried to jerk him away. Rose with a quick look of intelligence asked him to observe her new shoes. He turned as she bade him but looked with sick eyes on the small feet. Rose clasped his clenched hand to her little breast and began to sob.

Tad stamped his foot. "I neva' did see such a place as Washington," hescolded. "Somebody's always boo-hoo-

"A force of Rebels of about fifteen thousand in front of Fredericksburg broke up Saturday night and went we know not where. If they are able to the was off li' rmy courier. rmy courier. in the pubtures at the Cabinet table when Tad's father came in. He did not look at the children but dropped into his seat before the pigeonholed desk and stared at his hand knotted on the blotter before him.

"What's the matter, Tad?" whispered Rose.

"Old Stonewall Jackson's got away and now about a million men will have to die. Somebody told Stone-wall what Papa day planned and he-

got away." Rose, blue eyes on the still, agon-ized face before the desk, wrung her hands. "Does he feel that bad about it?" she murmured.

"He feels worse than that," whispered Tad.

The little girl sat for what seemed to Tad an endless length of time, watching his father. At last, without a word or a sound, she ran from the room. Tad, after a moment of re-sentful surprise, followed her and the two hound dogs followed Tad. He followed her all the way to the old the floor, ran his fingers through his black hair till it stood on end, then took his place before the war map. Capitol prison, wondering why she was always hanging round that place. You must recall McDowell. Have Just as he entered the little park, he saw her speak to the guard and disappear through the door.

"If she can, I can!" panted Tad as he rushed up the steps. But the

"I can if that gal can!" shouted

Abe?" increduously. Rose's mother was thoughtful, then the said, "I can bear even that. Go ap to the White House every day, again was talking to his father and

where I am." "Well," sighed Rose, her dimple showing, "for once I don't mind doing what I'm told."

Thus Tad driving Nannie over the gravel walks of the garden early the

gan to chew on in a meditative way. "He loves pwesents. Let's go up now!" exclaimed Tad. Followed by his two hound dogs-one that beit's a race to see whether or not

face. The same lovely smile. He looked down at the pin-ball in his

wide palm. "This for me from a lit-

little rareripes going to do this morn-

Fremont obeyed my explicit orders!" he cried. "We shall have to call McDowell off the Richmond expedi-tion to go to Banks' aid—" He paced on one." "I may go out to inspect hospitals,"

are around. But I can't promise to hunt you up." "Wel'I play sentwy out in the hall and watch fo' you," said Tad. His father slipped the pin-ball into his yest pocket, nodded absent mind

him send twenty thousand men to Banks. You must have him send a force here," a long finger on the map, The sentry play in the hall was "and here and here, sufficient to draw changed to a game invented by Rose, Stonewall Jackson back. So disposed

game requiring the noiseless pursuit force. It can be done if"—very em-of one another on hands and knees or flat on one's little belly, regardless of hagging Zouave pants or a crinoline movement is planned. Thus we can and my secretaries, knows that the movement is planned. Thus we can and turn what threatens to be a catastrophe into a decisive blow at the Rebels." "You're right—quite right!" ejac-ulated Stanton. "I'll do the telegraph-"Is Wose's motha' in he'?" "She is! She's Mrs. Greenhow, the "She is! She's on the message to the Rebels.' places away with snorts and barks of delight and had to be locked up. Down the halls, under chairs and tables, through the reception-rooms and the President's office, into the private secretary's sanctum-Nicolay shooed them out of that-and into the Presi-"I'll bring them to your office myself, within an hour," said Tad's father. dent's room where Rose hid under a Stanton hurried out. A group of sofa until Tad pulled her out by the men in long black coats came in. Tad crawled unnoticed around the wall ankle. A wonderful game! so absorbing that most of the time Rose forgot and pinched Rose's leg behind the her mother's orders. But not all the war They did not get their ride. Tad's A little later Tad's mother took them for a long drive out to the Soldiers' Home where they were to mother put a stop to that. The car-riage had to be used to send aunty have a cottage for the summer. She and Miss L. B. B. somewhere. And questioned Rose about herself until anyhow, she had said, looking at Rose the little girl in her struggle to con-ceal her identity began to cry. Then with a smile, this little girl's mother might be worried about her; perhaps Tad's mother petted her and sang caught his arm. she had better not come again until funny songs until they both were the mothers had met. hugging her in fits of laughter. She told them that children during the This "perhaps" was uttered in the sitting-room, adjacent to the Presi-dent's office. Tad, who had stood up war had special need for laughter. When they retured from this trip, Tad's mother sent them to bring his well under the loss of the ride, uttered a howl at the "perhaps" that set the father for tea in the sitting-room. hounds to barking. Also aunty at the He was, remarkable to relate, alone same moment entered the room in in his office. He pulled both children to his knees and inquired in a ferosuch an obvious state of indignation

mother, absorbing this idea. "You, just a little girl like you, caught sight of a bit of black dimity me all you hear. I can do the rest." map that had been hung across an "You mean you'll let me like old unused doorway. Rose's crinoline was Abe?" increduously. alweys her weak point in this game.

Tad could think of no way to put these thoughts into words that would divert the conversation, so he deliberately poured a flood of molasses over his pancakes. But his mother did not protest and his father did not wink at him. The silence was horrible.

Suddenly his father broke it. "If it's nothing worse than contraband! But news is going steadily to Rich-mond from here. Cabinet news, as well as war plans. Does aunty know Miss B?"

"They've met at tea here," replied his mother. "My dear, I wish you'd let me go visit Miss B."

"Miss L. B. B.," appended Tad with his mouth full.

"Taddie, you repeat anything you hear at this table and I'll smack you." said his mother sharply.

His father was looking at her very thoughfully. "Might not be a bad idea," he said, "I mean the visit!" with a wink at Tad.

"Why?" shrilled Tad indignantly. "Because," replied his mother, with finality.

Thus it happened that very soon after breakfast, a pretty, rather plump known Tad for over a year, he made little lady, with black silk skirts bil- no further attempt to waylay the chillowing over a crinoline so huge that dren. the small boy in a Zouave uniform seemed no more than the gay tassel to a parasol, made their way up the path to the door of the old Capitol, ginia. General Jackson scowled from now used as a war prison.

The guard at the entrance stared at Tad, who whimpered when his mother again refused to allow him a loose gray suit, his black hair rumpto enter with her and left him on the

"I don't like gals," growled Tad, turning to stare, nevertheless.

A small park planted with trees lay before the prison. On a bench under a tiny magnolia sat a child holding a hoop and staring at Tad. holding a hoop and staring at Tad. Oh, how can they, Papa day!" sud-She was a handsome little girl with denly flinging his arms about his fathlong, fair hair worn tight back from her forehead under a round comb. Tad, pushing his kepi over his ear,

For a full moment neither child spoke-then the little girl remarked: "Well, Mr. Smarty, what are you looking at?"

"On a boy, they's dwa's. I don't know what gals call 'em."

"Dwa-a-s! You talk like a baby; and you look like one too," taking in with scornful eyes of blue the round cherubic face, the soft violet eyes and the delicate mouth of the little boy.

something unda' my tongue. I'm eight. How old a' you?" "Ten. Let's see what's under your

old tongue."

ordered Rose, with a sudden cessation of tears.

> James freed her, saying in a dignified tone, "I reckon the best thing to do with this here Reb, Massa Tad, is to show her to Massa Lincum."

Rose turned pale and would have run away had Tad not clung to her black skirts. "You got to see him and tell the Webs how kind he is..." Then between set teeth, as Rose continued to struggle: "Cowa'day cat, 'fwaid of a wat, 'fwaid of a bat. 'fwaid of a slat, 'fwaid of a — All Webs a' 'fwaidy cats." "They're not. I'll come," said the little girl stiffing a sob

little girl stiffling a sob. They crossed the portico and entered the state dining-room where Rose stared at the great crystal chandelier. They picked their way up

office. Billy Stoddard, the young secer." retary who sat at the desk in the re-

ception-room, said warningly, "Your father's very busy, Tad," but having no further attempt to waylay the chil-

The President's office faced south with great windows that framed the Potomac and the fairy hills of Vira gilt frame over the mantel down upon the huge old Cabinet table. A a great service and our enemies imwith interest at the pair and smiled tall desk of many pigeonholes stood prisoned me for it. But you mustn't near one of the windows. A man in led, sat before this desk, talking to

"There's a little girl yonder that you can play with," the guard sug-gested. a peculiar streak of silver at the chin.

Dragging the shrinking Rose, Tad pushed between the two men. "Papa day-this gal believes you kill chil-

dwen. You tell he', you show he'-er and, with a great sob, kissing him. His father put a long arm around Tad and smiled at Rose. He had sauntered toward her. He came to a strong white teeth and a smile of ex-pause not a foot from the bench and traordinary beauty. At the sight of "Why did he bellow?" smoot

dimity skirts. Girls' clothes were to queer.

prove I'm a murderer, I hope." A faint dimple stirred in Rose's cheek. ·A Whose little girl are you, my dear?"

"I'm not allowed to tell, sir," replied Rose in a voice so small that Tad looked at her with astonishment.

"He' name is Wose and she lives awound with he' kin-folks like some

teered Tad.

"I'm no baby," protested Tad an-grily. "But I won't be able to say the letta' that comes befo's still they cut with blue eyes and yellow hair."

Rose edged a little nearer. "Sup-posing the little girl was a secession-ist?" she asked.

dwen," shrieked Tad. "You leave go Mother. He was so kind to me, Mothdwen," shrieked Tad. "You leave go of me, James. I'm going to make he'go up and look at Papa day." "Take your hand off me, nigger", with lots of sugar in it." Rose stopped just like a little pepper-pot, Mother, with lots of sugar in it." Rose stopped for breath, staring pleadingly at her mother as though altogether uncertain how her news would be received. Rose's mother frowned a little. "Get your breath, daughter and tell me clearly. Is it possible that you've been playing with Tad Lincoln, the Yankee President's son?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have." Rose's lips quivered. "And he doesn't look like a Yank. He looks like a human boy, he does, Mother."

The frown deepened. "Where did you meet him, daughter?" Rose swallowed hard. "Now, it was

time.

away-"Dear me, you talk like a nigger,"

from Rose's mother. "It was this way. I was in front of here and so was he, waiting for his mother. She was visiting some-one. And I told him he was a big "I'm going too," announced Tad. "I want to see how a pwison looks." "If you come, you'll only see the outside of it," declared his mother. "I'm going too," announced Tad. "I want to see how a pwison looks." "If you come, you'll only see the outside of it," declared his mother.

> "Did you tell the little boy or any of them who you are?" asked her mother.

> "No! No! I'm ashamed to tell that!" replied Rose, flushing. Her mother moved the litle desk to

the window-ledge and drew Rose to sit on her lap. "My dear little daugh-ter," she said gently, "you don't un-derstand yet that I'm proud to be here. I did our glorious Confederacy forget that while they scorn me in Washington they love me in Richmond. And that the Confederate President, a greater man than the dreadful ogre in the White House"-Rose wiggled uncomfortably-"h a s written me a letter thanking me for striking a great blow for liberty. We refuse to be tyrannized over by this northern scum."

"Tad's not scum, Mother, really.

Even his goat's nice." "Hush, Rose! Now tell me, did you really see Abe Lincoln?" Rose nodded. "I saw him, and a

man with a beard and a voice like our old bull was there, and Mr. Lincoln was just going to hug me when the

the expression of eager interest on her mother's face.

"Because he wanted to talk about the war and Mr. Lincoln was busy telling me I'm pretty. And the beard-ed man said if the President wanted to talk to him he'd have to come to his office where there weren't any children." him.

"That must be old Stanton, the War ered Tad. "If she were kin to me," said Tad's did old Abe say to that sauce?"

"He said"-the child scowled in an effort of memory—"that somebody was to help take Richmond. And they was to go on their own legs, not on water.'

"Who was to go, dear? Try to re-call the name." The child, her mind

that Tad's mother hurriedly said to let it go for a few days, and the children went on with the game. A few days later Tad, wandering

into his father's bedroom across from his own to say good night, found both his parents standing with worried expressions beside the window.

"But I thought General Banks," his mother was saying, "was quite able to keep Stonewall Jackson from bothering anyone seriously." "So he was, if Stonewall Jackson

hadn't found out somehow that part of Bank's men were going with Mc-Dowell to work on Richmond," replied his father. "With that knowledge, Jackson's rushing up the Shenandoah valley to attack Banks. I reckon dom!"

Banks can handle him though, especially as I've called Fremont over from West Virginia to help him. If nobody interferes with McDowell's joining McClellan, we'll take Richmond this spring and the rebellion's

spine is broken." "What'll you do with old Jeff Davfather's back.

"Oh, Ill turn him over to you and Wose," replied his father, kissing the boy repeatedly. "A little Yank and a little Web ought to work out something pretty fair for that gentleman."

"Is Stonewall Jackson your worst worry at the moment?" asked Tad's mother, eying her husband's face with the tender anxiety she nearly always wore nowadays when she looked at

"Well, yes. His 'swifts' and McClelan's 'slows' are serious worries for the Union, I can tell you, Mary." He swung Tad around to his shoulders and started for the boy's bedroom. Tad's mother followed. "Tad must take his tonic. Just how serious, Abr'am?

cious voice which one required to be eaten first. Then without waiting for a decision he began to gnaw at Rose's dimity elbow while she shrieked with I." In the midst of this, Joy Hay, joy. one of the private secretaries, came rushing in.

Tad watched his father anxiously.

"General Banks' army's in complete rout! They're trying to cross the Potomac before the Rebels do. It looks as if Washington really is in serious danger!" His eyes were blaz-

Tad's father leaned his head for a moment against Rose's little shoulder and the children heard him whisper, "Almighty God, give me wisdom, wis-

Rose touched his cheek gently with her delicate fingers, then with a queer sound like a puppy's whine, slid from

ious bits of talk, he would have known by the anxious looks about the White "What'll you do with old Jeff Day-is?" asked Tad, swarming up his father's and Stanton's plans had been a failure. It was a beautiful day of sunshine but the house felt as if there were a dreadful thunderstorm raging. After breakfast Tad couldn't stand it another minute. He went out to the pop-stand on Fifteenth street to

cheer himself. Dust lay deep on everything. The ruts in the street were simply magnificent but they were almost obscured by its yellow drifts. And down the middle, as he could see through the jolting lines of gun-carriages, army supply wagons, and-yes, of course, ambulances-ran a broad red path of blood. He was staring at this, his mouth full of taffy, which somehow

he couldn't swallow, when Rose joined him. He pointed the red line out to her and spit out the candy to say: "The decision of whether we'll have a short or a long war will be made "If Papa day sees that he'll cwy. I hope he won't go out of the house-today. Lots of days he don't. I wish

"That 'gal' went to see her mother and I reckon your mother'll never be shut up here in spite of all some folks' whispering," declared the guard

woman that sent the message to the Rebels last year that gave 'em warning of the Battle of Bull Run, so's we lost. They say she got old Stonewall Jackson on the job there."

Tad blinked and backed slowly downs the steps to seat himself on the bench. What would his mother say if she discovered he was playing with a spy's daughter? Still, she didn't seem to hate aunty or Miss L. B. B. Perhaps she wouldn't care what Rose's mother was as long as Rose was so nice. His father wouldn't care. That was sure. He charged up the steps like a naval tug but the guard

"None of that, my boy!" he said crossly.

"I want to play with Wose!" he shouted

"Well, you can't play with Wose. She's about as safe for the Presi-dent's son to play with as a can of powder." The guard's voice was grim. But Tad was inured to grim voices. "She plays with me evewy day at my house and with my fatha' and motha' too. They like he' and so do I." He shrilled this indignantly. "We didn't know who he' old motha' was. But anyhow, my motho' and fatha' don't mind spies. We have lots of 'em awound."

"Whereabouts at your house does she play?" asked the guard in a

strange voice. "Wight up in Papa day's office. So!" triumphantly.

"Humph! Good gosh! Guess I've been making a slip!" ejaculated the soldier. "You run along home, Tad. You can't come in here if you wait a week."

Tad swung his foot and studied the guard's face. Then he called to the hound dogs and snailed home for a: drive with day Nanny.

Rose, rushing into her mother's room, after her inspection by the matron, saw Tad's little retreating figure from the window.

Mrs. Greenhow, who was tatting this time, looked up with a smile. "Well, little daughter!"

Rose ran to her mother's knee, her throat working. "Mother, I can't do it any more. It makes me feel too bad.

"Him? Whom?" asked her mother

soberly: "Tad's father. His face-Oh, Mother, his face, his face!'

Mrs. Greenhow laid aside her tatting and took both child's fluttering hands in hers. "Tell me quietly, dear." Rose tried to tell her; tried to put

into words the look in the eyes of

Tad's father and to a degree succeed

ed, for Mrs. Greenhow patted the lit-

tle hands tenderly and her face was

not triumphant but infinitely sad as

"Yes! Yes! He must suffer! But he

(Continued on page 7, Col. 6)

she said: