

SECRET SERVICE BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865 THE PLAY BY WILLIAM GILLETTE; BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

CHAPTER I. The Battery Passes.

Outside, the softness of an April night; the verdure of tree and lawn, the climbing roses, already far advanced in that southern latitude, sweetly silvered in the moonlight. Within the great old house apparently an equal calm.

Yet, neither within nor without was the night absolutely soundless. Far away to the southward the cloudless horizon, easily visible from the slight eminence on which the house stood, was marked by quivering flashes of lurid light.

A group of women, with nervous hands and anxious faces, working while they talked, were picking lint, tearing linen and cotton for bandages. Their conversation was not the idle chatter of other days. They "told sad stories of the death of kings!" How "Tom" and "Charles" and "Allen" and "Page" and "Burton" had gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, whence they had not come back.

Upstairs from one of the front rooms the light shone dimly through a window partly covered by a half-drawn Venetian blind. One standing at the side of the house and listening would have heard out of the chamber low moanings, muttered words from feverish lips and delirious brain.

And now the gentle wind which swept softly through the trees bore a sudden sharper, stranger sound toward the old house in the garden. The tramp of a horse, the creak of wheels, the faint jingling of arms and sabers drew nearer and rose louder. Sudden words of command punctured the night.

No, those watchers did not cheer as the battery swept by on its way to the front. For one thing, a soldier lay upstairs dying; for another, they had passed the time when they cheered that tattered flag. Now they wept over it as one weeps as he beholds for the last time the face of a friend who dies.

The men did not cheer either. They were made of rougher stuff than the women, and the time would come when, in final action, they would burst forth into that strange, wild yell that struck terror to the hearts of the hearers. They could cheer even in the last ditch, even in the jaws of

death—face the end better for their cheering perhaps; but women are more silent in the crisis. They bear and give no tongue.

The officer in command saw the little group of women on the porch. The moonlight shone from the street side and high-lighted them, turning the rusty black of most of the gowns, home-dyed mourning—all that could be come at in those awful days in Richmond—into soft shadows, above which their faces shone angelic. He saw the woman's head in the window, too. He knew who lay upon the bed of death within the chamber. He had helped to bring him back from the front several days before. He bit his lips for a moment and then, ashamed of his emotion, his voice rang harsh.

With arm and saber the battery saluted the women and passed on, while from the window of the great drawing-room, opposite the room of the lint-pickers and bandage-tearers, a slender girl stared and stared after the disappearing guns, his eyes full of envy and vexatious tears as he stamped his foot in futile protest and disappointment.

The noise made by the passing cannon soon died away in the distance. Stillness supervened as before; workers whispered together, realizing that some of those passing upon whom they had looked would pass no more, and that they would look upon them never again. Upstairs the moans of the wounded man had died away; the only thing that persisted was the fearful thundering of the distant guns around beleaguered Petersburg.

With-in the drawing-room, the boy walked up and down restlessly, muttering to himself, evidently nerving himself to desperate resolution. "I won't do it," he said. "I won't stay here any longer."

The door at the other end was softly opened. The great room was but dimly lighted by candles in sconces on the wall; the great chandelier was not lighted for lack of tapers, but a more brilliant radiance was presently cast over the apartment by the advent of old Martha. She had been the boy's "Mammy" and the boy's father's

"Mammy" as well, and no one dared to speculate how much farther into the past she ran back. "Is dat you, Mars Wilfred?" said the old woman, waddling into the room, both hands extended, bearing two many-branched candlesticks, which she proceeded to deposit upon the handsome mahogany tables with which the long drawing-room was furnished.

"Yes, it is I, Aunt Martha. Did you see Benton's battery go by?" "Lawd lub you, chile, Ah done seed so many guns an' hosses an' soljars a-gwine by Ah don't tek no notice ob 'em no mo'. 'Peahs lak dey keep on a-passin' fo'ebah."

"Well, there won't be many more of them pass by," said the boy in a clear accent, but with that soft intonation which would have betrayed his Southern ancestry anywhere, "and before they are all gone, I would like to join one of them myself."

"Why, my po' lil' lamb!" exclaimed Martha, her arms akimbo. "dat Ah done nursed in dese ahms, is you gwine to de fight?" The boy's demeanor was anything

but lamb-like. He made a fierce step toward her. "Don't you call me 'lamb' any more," he said, "it's ridiculous and—"

"Peahs mo' lak a lion 'd be better," she admitted. "Where's mother?" asked the boy, dismissing the subject as unworthy of argument.

"I reckon she's upstahs wid Mars Howard, suh. Yo' bruddah—" "I want to see her right away," continued the boy impetuously.

"Mars Howard he's putty bad die ebenin'," returned Martha. "Ah bettah go an' tell her dat you want her, but Ah dunno's she'd want to leab him."

"Well, you tell her to come as soon as she can. I'm awfully sorry for Howard, but it's living men that the Confederacy needs most now."

"Yas, suh," returned the old nurse, with a quizzical look out of her black eyes at the slender boy before her. "Dey suah does need men," she continued, and as the youngster took a passionate step toward her, she deftly passed out of the room and closed the door behind her, and he could hear her ponderous footsteps slowly and heavily mounting the steps.

The boy went to the window again and stared into the night. In his pre-occupation he did not catch the sound of a gentler footfall upon the stairs, nor did he notice the opening of the door and the silent approach of a woman, the woman with white hair who had stood at the window. The mother of a son dead, a son dying, and a son living. No distinctive thing that in the Confederacy. Almost any mother who had more than one boy could have been justly so characterized. She stopped half-way down the room and looked lovingly and longingly at the slight, graceful figure of her youngest son. Her eyes filled with tears—for the dying or the living or both? Who can say? She went toward him, laid her hand on his shoulder. He turned instantly and at the sight of her tears burst out quickly.

"Howard isn't worse, is he?" for a moment forgetful of all else. The woman shook her head.

"I am afraid he is. The sound of that passing battery seemed to excite him so. He thought he was at the front again and wanted to get up."

"Poor old Howard!" "He's quieter now, perhaps—" "Mother, is there anything I can do for him?"

"No, my son," answered the woman with a sigh. "I don't think there is anything that anybody can do. We can only wait—and hope. He is in God's hands, not ours."

She lifted her face for a moment and saw beyond the room, through the night, and beyond the stars a Presence Divine, to whom thousands of other women in that dying Confederacy made daily, hourly, and momentary prayers. Less exalted, more human, less touched, the boy bowed his head, not without his own prayer, too.

"But you wanted to see me, Wilfred, Martha said," the woman presently began.

"Yes, mother, I—" The boy stopped and the woman was in no hurry to press him. She divined what was coming and would fain have avoided it all.

"I am thankful there is a lull in the cannonading," she said, listening. "I wonder why it has stopped?"

"It has not stopped," said Wilfred. "at least it has gone on all evening." "I don't hear it now."

"No, but you will—there!" "Yes, but compared to what it was yesterday—you know how it shook the house—and Howard suffered so through it."

"So did I," said the boy in a low voice fraught with passion. "You, my son?"

"Yes, mother, when I hear those guns and know that the fighting is going on, it fairly maddens me."

"Yes, yes," she said; "I know how you suffered—we all suffered, we—"

She turned away, sat down in a chair beside the table, leaned her head in her hands, and gave way to her emotions. "There has been nothing but suffering, suffering since this awful war began," she murmured.

"Mother," said Wilfred abruptly. "I want to speak to you. You don't like it, of course, but you have just got to listen this time."

Mrs. Varney lifted her head from her hands. Wilfred came nearer to her and dropped on his knees by her side. One hand she laid upon his shoulder, the other on his head. She stared down into his up-turned face.

"I know—I know, my boy—what you want."

"I can't stay here any longer," said the youth; "it is worse than being shot to pieces. I just have to chain myself to the floor whenever I hear a cannon-shot or see a soldier. When can I go?"

The woman stared at him. In him she saw faintly the face of the boy dying upstairs. In him she saw the white face of the boy who lay under the dew, dead at Seven Pines. In him she saw all her kith and kin, who, true to the traditions of that house, had given up their lives for a cause now

practically lost. She could not give up her last one. She drew him gently to her, but, boy-like, he disengaged himself and drew away with a shake of his head, not that he loved his mother the less, but honor—as he saw it—the more.

"Why don't you speak?" he whispered at last. "I don't know what to say to you, Wilfred," faltered his mother, although there was but one thing to say, and she knew that she must say it, yet she was fighting, woman-like, for time.

"I will tell you what to say," said the boy. "What?" "Say that you won't mind if I go down to Petersburg and enlist."

"But that would not be true, Wilfred," said his mother, smiling faintly. "True or not, mother, I can't stay here."

"Oh, Wilfred, Russell has gone, and Howard is going, and now you want to go and get killed."

"I don't want to be killed at all, mother."

"But you are so young, my boy." "Not younger than Tom Kittredge," answered the boy; "not younger than



Stared Down into His Upturned Face. Ell Stuart or Cousin Steven or hundreds of other boys down there. See, mother—they have called for all over eighteen, weeks ago; the seventeen call may be out any moment; the next one after that takes me. Do you want me to stay here until I am ordered out? I should think not. Where's your pride?"

"My pride? Ah, my son, it is on the battlefield, over at Seven Pines, and upstairs with Howard."

"Well, I don't care, mother," he persisted obstinately. "I love you and all that, you know it—but I can't stand this. I've got to go. I must go."

Mrs. Varney recognized from the ring of determination in the boy's voice that his mind was made up. She could no longer hold him. With or without her consent he would go, and why should she withhold it? Other boys as young as hers had gone and had not come back. Aye there was the rub; she had given one, the other trembled on the verge, and now the last one! Yes, he must go, too—to live or die as God pleased. If they wanted her to sacrifice everything on the altar of her country, she had her own pride, she would do it, as hundreds of other women had done. She rose from her chair and went toward her boy. He was a slender lad of sixteen but was quite as tall as she. As he stood there he looked strangely like his father, thought the woman.

"Well," she said at last, "I will write to your father and—"

"But," the boy interrupted in great disappointment, "that'll take forever. You never can tell where his brigade is from day to day. I can't wait for you to do that."

"Wilfred," said his mother, "I can't let you go without his consent. You must be patient. I will write the letter at once, and we will send it by a special messenger. You ought to hear by tomorrow."

The boy turned away impatiently and strode toward the door.

"Wilfred," said his mother gently. The tender appeal in her voice checked him. She came over to him and put her arm about his shoulders.

"Don't feel bad, my boy, that you have to stay another day with your mother. It may be many days, you know, before—"

"It isn't that," said Wilfred. "My darling boy—I know it. You want to fight for your country—and I'm proud of you. I want my sons to do their duty. But with your father at the front, one boy dead, and the other wounded, dying—"

She turned away. "You will write father tonight, won't you?" "Yes—yes!"

"I'll wait, then, until we have had time to get a reply," said the boy.

"Yes, and then you will go away. I know what your father's answer will be. The last of my boys—Oh, God, my boys!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Bradstreet's state of trade says: "Varying factors are presented by this week's reports; financial pessimism, plus apprehension over tariff changes, being in sharp contrast to very favorable returns as to actual current trade and as to crops. Better weather has improved distribution at retail, jobbers throughout a wide area of the country have enjoyed a good volume of business for prompt delivery and crop news is almost uniformly favorable.

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, nominal; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 100c f o b afloat. Corn—Spot firm; export, 66c nominal f o b afloat. Oats—Spot steady; ordinary clipped white, 45 1/2 @ 46 1/2 c. Butter—Easier; receipts, 13,845 tubs; creamery extras, 27 1/2 @ 27 3/4 c; firsts, 26 1/2 @ 27; seconds, 25 1/2 @ 26; state dairy, finest, 27; good to prime, 25 1/2 @ 26 1/2; common to fair, 23 1/2 @ 25; process extras, 25 1/2; firsts, 24 1/2 @ 25; imitation creamery firsts, 24 1/2 @ 25; factory firsts, 23 1/2. Dressed Poultry—Steady; fresh killed Western fowls, 16 @ 18 1/2 c; turkeys, 18 @ 19. Potatoes—Easy; Bermuda, new \$3.50 @ 4.50; Southern white, \$1.75 @ 3; Southern red, \$1.75 @ 2.75.

PHILADELPHIA.—Butter—Lower; Western creamery, extra, 28c; nearby prints, fancy, 31. Eggs—Nearby current receipts, f c, \$6.15 per case; Western firsts, f c, \$6.15 per case. Live Poultry—Firm; fowls, 18 @ 18 1/2 c. Wheat—Delaware winter wheat, on dock, at \$1; winter wheat for milling, at \$1.04 @ 1.06 per bu, and No. 1 Northern Duluth, in export elevator, at \$1.01 @ 1.02.

Corn—Car lots for local trade; No. 2 yellow, natural, 67 @ 67 1/2 c; steamer yellow, natural, 66 1/2 @ 67c; No. 3 yellow, natural, 65 1/2 @ 66c. Oats—No. 2 white, 46 @ 46 1/2 c; standard white, 45 1/2 @ 46c; No. 3 white, 44 1/2 @ 45c; No. 4, 41 @ 43c; sample, 39 @ 40c.

NEW YORK.—Dressed beef—Firm; native sides, 11 @ 13c; fancy beef, 13 1/2. Calves—Steady. Common to prime veals, \$8.50 @ 11.25; culls, \$6.50 @ 8; butterfisks and fed calves, \$7 @ 8; dressed calves easier; city dressed veals, 14 @ 17; country dressed, 13 @ 15.

Sheep and Lambs—Handy sheep, steady; heavy, weak; lambs easier to 15c lower; yearlings, steady. Sheep (ewes), \$3.75 @ 5.25; culls, \$2.50 @ 3.50; lambs, \$7 @ 9; yearlings, \$5.50 @ 7.35.

Hogs—Steady at \$9 @ 10; coarse Virginia hogs at \$8.80; roughs, \$7.75 @ 7.80.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red spot and June, 19c nominal; July, 93 1/2; August, 93 nominal. Corn—Contract, 62c; spot and June, 62c nominal. Oats—White—No. 2, 46c; standard white, 45 @ 45 1/2 c; No. 3, 41 1/2 sales.

Rye—Western Rye—No. 2, export, 86 @ 86 1/2 c; No. 3, 61 @ 62; No. 4, 60 @ 61. Bag lots nearby, as to quality, 60 @ 65c.

Hay—Timothy—No. 1, \$17.50 @ 18.00; standard, \$17.00; No. 2, \$16.00 @ 16.50; No. 3, \$12.00 @ 14.00. Mixed Clover—Light, \$15.00 @ 15.50. No. 1, \$14.50 @ 15.00; No. 2, \$11.00 @ 13.00; heavy, \$12.00 @ 13.00. Clover, No. 1, \$11.00 @ 12.00; do, No. 2, \$8.00 @ 10.00.

Straw—No. 1 straight rye, \$21.50 @ 22; No. 2, do, \$20 @ 21.50; No. 1 tangled rye, \$11 @ 12; No. 2, do, \$10 @ 11; No. 1 wheat, \$8; No. 2, do, \$7.50 @ 8; No. 1 oat, \$9 @ 10; No. 2, do, \$8 @ 8.50.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 30; creamery, choice, 28 @ 29; creamery, good, 26 @ 27; creamery, prints, 30 @ 31; creamery, blocks, 29 @ 30; ladies, 25 @ 27; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 21 @ 22. Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 16 @ 16 1/2 c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 19c; Western firsts, 18; West Virginia firsts, 19; Southern firsts, 18. Recrated and rebanded eggs 1/2 to 1c higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, 18c; do, old roosters and stags, 10 @ 11; do, spring, 1 1/2 lbs and over, 27; do, do, 1 1/4 lbs and under, 25 @ 26. Ducks, white Pekin, 15c; do, Muscovy, 13 @ 14; do, puddle, 13 @ 14; do, spring, 3 lbs. and over, 18.

Live Stock

KANSAS C.TY.—Hogs—Bulk, \$8.25 @ 8.45; heavy, \$8.25 @ 8.37 1/2; packers and butchers, \$8.30 @ 8.45; light, \$8.35 @ 8.45; pigs, \$7 @ 7.75. Cattle—Prime fed steers, \$8.35 @ 8.65; dressed beef steers, \$7.35 @ 8.60; stockers and feeders, \$6.50 @ 7.90; bulls, \$6 @ 7.25; calves, \$7 @ 10.50.

Sheep—Lambs, \$6 @ 8; yearlings, \$6 @ 6.50; wethers, \$4.25 @ 5.50; ewes, \$4 @ 5.

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PORCELAIN DUE TO ACCIDENT

How the Process of Enameling Was Discovered by Chinese Workers About 206 B. C.

Near the year 206 B. C., in the beginning of the dynasty of Han, some workers in earthenware set their pots in the oven to bake, and forgot them. When they remembered them and opened the oven doors they found that the pots were vitrified in shining spots in this way the enameling of

porcelain was discovered. When freed of its dross the substance grew lighter, became clear, and acquired a grain as fine and smooth as velvet and a thin, hard, translucent body that rang like a bell.

The art of monochromatic glazing was discovered in the time of the dynasty of Sung (960-1280 B. C.). Occasionally the action of the fire separated the pigments and produced excessive richness of color. The Mongol invasion checked the progress of ceramic art. In 1368 Tai-Tsu, the

son of a day laborer, dethroned the emperor and founded the dynasty of Ming, whose reign persisted until 1644. Tai-Tsu lost no time in restoring the imperial manufactures. He gave the national manufactory the monopoly of the work in porcelain, excepting nothing but the white pottery manufactured by the artisans of Tehva. Under the new impetus all the ancient methods were revived and perfected. The system of three-color and five-color decoration, after a preliminary firing, dates from the re-

naissance of art under the Ming dynasty—Harper's Weekly.

Chestnut for Poles. A writer in the Electrical Times recently stated that probably the best wood for poles is cedar, but chestnut also makes excellent, durable poles. Much depends, however, on the nature of the soil, and, generally speaking, native timber will be more durable than poles of otherwise equal quality grown under different conditions of soil and climate.