

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 COPYRIGHT 1912 BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and another is dying from wounds. She reluctantly gives her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army if his father consents. The federals are making their last assault in an effort to capture Richmond. Edith Varney secures from President Davis a commission for Capt. Thorne, who is just recovering from wounds, as chief of the telegraph at Richmond. Capt. Thorne tells Edith he has been ordered away. She declares he must not go and tells him of the commission from the president. He is strangely agitated and declares he cannot accept. Thorne decides to escape while Edith leaves the room to get the commission, but is prevented by the arrival of Caroline Mitford, Wilfred's sweetheart. Mr. Arrelsford of the Confederate secret service, a rejected suitor of Edith's, detects Jonas, Mrs. Varney's butler, carrying a note from a prisoner in Libby prison.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Jonas," said Mrs. Varney, her voice low and level in spite of her agitation. "Yes'm." "Have you any idea why I sent for you?" "Ah heard you was gwine send me to de hospice, ma'am."

"Oh, then Martha told you," said Mrs. Varney. While the little dialogue was taking place, Mr. Arrelsford had made a signal, and the corporal and two men had entered the room silently, and now swiftly advanced to the side of the still unobserving negro.

"She didn't exactly say what you—" he began. The next instant the two men fell upon him. He might have made some struggle, although it would have been useless. The windows were instantly filled with men, and an order would have called them into the room. He was an old man, and the two soldiers that seized him were young. He was too surprised to fight, and stood as helpless as a lamb about to be slaughtered, his face fairly gray with sudden terror. The corporal flung open the door, and the men entered by a search, and knowing what the result would be, struggled furiously, but the men soon mastered him, and the corporal, continuing his search, presently drew from an inside pocket a small folded paper.

"Jonas, Jonas!" said Mrs. Varney, in bitter disappointment; "how could you?"

"I told you so," said Mr. Arrelsford truthfully, triumphantly, and most aggravatingly under the circumstances, taking the folded paper. "Corporal," he added, "while I read this, see if he has got anything more."

A further search, however, revealed nothing. Arrelsford had scarcely completed the reading of the brief note when the corporal reported: "That is all he has, sir."

Arrelsford nodded. The men had released Jonas, but stood by his side, and the secret service agent now approached him. "Who was this for?" he asked sharply and tensely. The negro stared at him stolidly and silently, his face ashen with fright. "Look here," continued the other, "if you don't tell me it is going to make it pretty bad for you."

The words apparently made no further impression upon the servant. Arrelsford tried another tack. He turned to Mrs. Varney, who was completely dismayed at this breach of trust by one who had been attached

to the family fortunes for so many years. "I am right sorry, ma'am," he said very distinctly, "but it looks like we have got to shoot him." "Oh!" cried Mrs. Varney at that. "Jonas, speak!" But even to that appeal he remained silent. Arrelsford waited a moment and then: "Corporal," he said; "take him outside and get it out of him. String him up until he talks. But don't let him yell or give any alarm; gag him until he's ready to tell. You understand?"

The corporal nodded and turned toward the hall door. "Not that way," said Arrelsford; "take him to the back of the house and keep him quiet, whatever you do. Nobody must know about this, not a soul."

"Very good, sir," said the corporal, saluting. He gave an order to the men, and they marched—Jonas off, swiftly and silently. Nothing that had been said or done had disturbed the women across the hall. Mrs. Varney glanced up at the unfolded piece of paper in Mr. Arrelsford's hand. He was smiling triumphantly. "Was there anything in that?" she asked.

"Yes, there was. We know the trick they meant to play." "But not the man who was to play it?" "I didn't say that, ma'am."

"Does it give you a clue to it?" "It does." "Will it answer?" "It will." "Then you know—" "As plain as if we had his name." "Thank God for that," exclaimed the woman. "May I see it?" Arrelsford hesitated.

"I see no reason why you should not."

He extended his hand toward her, and she glanced at the paper. "Attack tonight. Plan 3. Use telegraph," she read. She looked up. "What does it mean?" she asked tremulously.

"They are to attack tonight, and the place where they are to strike is indicated by Plan 3." "Plan 3?" the woman questioned.

"But I can see something." "What? Where?" "In the words, 'Use telegraph.' We know every man on the telegraph service, and every one of them is true. There is some one who will try to get into that service if the game is carried out, and—" "Then he will be the man," said Mrs. Varney.

"Yes; there aren't so many men in Richmond that can do that. It isn't every man that's expert enough—Mrs. Varney, Jonas brought this paper to your house, and—" "To my house?" exclaimed the woman in great astonishment, and then she stopped, appalled by a sudden thought which came to her. "At the same time," said Arrelsford, "your daughter has been trying to get an appointment for some one on the telegraph service. Perhaps she could give us some idea, and—" Mrs. Varney rose and stood as if rooted to the spot. "You mean—?" "Captain Thorne," said Arrelsford impressively.

CHAPTER VI.

The Confidence of Edith Varney. Mrs. Varney had, of course, divined toward whom Arrelsford's suspicion pointed. She had been entirely certain before he had mentioned the name that the alleged spy or traitor could be none other than her daughter's friend; indeed, it would not be

stretching the truth to say that Thorne was her friend as well as her daughter's, and her keen mother's wit was not without suspicion that if he were left to himself, or if he were permitted to follow his own inclinations, the relation between himself and the two women might have been a nearer one still and a dearer one, yet, nevertheless, the shocking announcement came to her with sudden, sharp surprise.

We may be perfectly certain, absolutely sure, of a coming event, but when it does occur its shock is felt in spite of previous assurance. We may watch the dying and pray for death to end anguish, and know that it is coming, but when the last low breath has gone, it is as much of a shock to us as if it had not been expected, or even dreamed of.

The announcement of the name was shattering to her composure. She knew very well what Arrelsford would rejoice to find Thorne guilty of anything, and she would have discounted any ordinary accusation that he brought against him, but the train of the circumstances was so complete in this case and the coincidences so unexplainable upon any other theory, the evidence so convincing, that she was forced to admit that Arrelsford was fully justified in his suspicion, and that without regard to the fact that he was a rejected suitor of her daughter's.

Surprise, horror and conviction lodged in her soul, and were mirrored in her face. Arrelsford saw and divined what was passing in her mind, and, eager to strike while the iron was hot, bent forward open-mouthed to continue his line of reasoning and denunciation, but Mrs. Varney checked him. She laid her finger upon her lips and pointed with the other hand to the front of the house.

"What!" exclaimed the Confederate secret service agent; "is he there?" Mrs. Varney nodded. "He may be. He went out to the summer-house some time ago to wait for Edith; they were going over to Caroline Mitford's later on. I saw him go down the walk."

"Do you suppose my men could have alarmed him?" asked Arrelsford, greatly perturbed at this unexpected development. "I don't know. They were all at the back windows. They didn't seem to make much noise. I suppose not. You have a description of the man for whom the letter was intended?" "Yes, at the office; but I remember it perfectly."

"Does it fit this—this Captain Thorne?" "You might as well know sooner or later, Mrs. Varney, that there is no Captain Thorne. This is an assumed name, and the man you have in your house is Lewis Dumont."

"Do you mean he came here to—" "He came to this town, to this house," said Arrelsford indignantly, his voice still subdued but full of fury, "knowing your position, the influence of your name, your husband's rank and service, for the sole purpose of getting recognized as a reputable person, so that he would be less likely to be suspected. He has corrupted your servants—you saw old Jonas—and he has contrived to enlist the powerful support of your daughter. His aim is the war department telegraph office. He is friendly with the men at that office. What else he hasn't done or what he has, the Lord only knows. But Washington is not the only place where they have a secret service; we have one at Richmond. Whatever game he plays, it is one that two can play, and now it is my play."

The patter of light footsteps was heard on the stairs, a flash of white seen through the open door into the hall dimly lighted, and Edith Varney came rapidly, almost breathlessly, into the room. She had changed her dress, and if Caroline Mitford had been there, she would have known certainly from the little air of festivity about her clean but faded and darned, sprinkled and flowered white muslin frock that she was going to accept the invitation. In one hand she held her hat, which she swung carelessly by its long faded ribbons, and in the other that official envelope which had come to her from the President of the Confederacy. She called to her mother as she ran down.

"Mamma!" Her face was white and her voice was pitched high, fraught with excited intensity. "Under my window, in the rosebushes, at the back of the house! They're hurting somebody frightfully, I am sure!" She burst into the room with the last word. Mrs. Varney stared at her, understanding fully how, in all probability, was being roughly dealt with a terrible effect such disclosures—as she had listened to would produce upon the mind of the girl. "Come," said Edith, turning rapidly toward the rear window; "we must stop it."

Mrs. Varney stood as if rooted to the floor. "Well," said the girl, in great surprise, "if you aren't coming, I will go myself." These words awakened her mother to action. "Wait, Edith," she said. Now, and for the first time, Edith

noticed Mr. Arrelsford, who had stepped back and away from her mother. She replied to his salutation with a cold and distant bow. The man's face flushed; he turned away. "But mamma, the men outside," persisted the girl. "Wait, my dear," said her mother, taking her gently by the arm; "I must tell you something. It will be a great shock to you, I am afraid."

"What is it, mamma? Has father or—" "No, no, not that," said Mrs. Varney. "A man we have trusted as a friend has shown himself a conspirator, a spy, a traitor."

"Who is it?" cried the girl, at the same time instinctively divining—how or why she could not tell, and that thought smote her afterward—to whom the reference was being made. Mrs. Varney naturally hesitated to say the name. Arrelsford, carried away by his passion for the girl and his hatred for Thorne, was not so reticent. He stepped toward her.

"It is the gentleman, Miss Varney, whose attentions you have been pleased to accept in the place of mine," he burst out bitterly. His manner and his meaning were unmistakable. The girl stared at him with a white, haughty face, in spite of her trembling lips. Mechanically she thrust the envelope with the commission into her belt, and confronted the man who loved her and whom she did not love, who accused of this hateful thing the man whom, in the twinkling of an eye, she realized she did love.



"Attack Tonight. Plan 3. Use Telegraph," She Read.

Then the daughter turned to her mother. "Is it Mr. Arrelsford who makes this accusation?" she asked. "Yes," said Arrelsford, again answering for Mrs. Varney, "since you wish to know. From the first I have had my suspicions about this—"

But Edith did not wait for him to finish his sentence. She turned away from him with loathing, and moved rapidly toward the front window. "Where are you going?" asked Arrelsford. "For Captain Thorne." "Not now," he said peremptorily. The color flamed in the girl's cheek again.

"Mr. Arrelsford, you have said something to me about Captain Thorne. Are you afraid to say it to him?" "Miss Varney," answered Arrelsford hotly, "if you—if you—" "Edith," said Mrs. Varney, "Mr. Arrelsford has good reasons for not meeting Captain Thorne now."

"I should think he had," returned the girl swiftly; "for a man who made such a charge to his face would not live to make it again." "My dear, my dear," said her mother, gently but firmly, "you don't understand, you don't—" "Mamma," said the girl, "this man has left his desk in the war department so that he can have the pleasure of persecuting me."

Both the mother and the rejected suitor noticed her identification of herself with Captain Thorne in the pronoun "me," one with sinking heart and the other with suppressed fury. "He has never attempted anything active in the service before," continued Edith, "and when I asked him to face the man he accuses, he turns like a coward!" "Mrs. Varney, if she thinks—" "I think nothing," said the girl furiously; "I know that Captain Thorne's character is above suspicion." Arrelsford sneered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's Review says: "The trend of business is still in the right direction, even though progress is slow. This is ordinarily a dull season and various restraining factors curtail activity, yet encouraging features are manifest and cheerful views predominate. In the great crop producing regions optimism is general, owing to the prospect of another prosperous year on the farms."

"Sentiment responded to the agreement to arbitrate the railway labor controversy and the offering of foreign funds at this centre, both of which tended to offset the developments in the Mexican situation. Changes in strictly commercial and industrial conditions are mainly favorable, with improvement in some instances being quite pronounced."

"Traffic returns indicate a continued gain in railroad gross earnings over last year—the increase during the first week of July being 4.4 per cent.—but bank exchanges this week declined 5.3 per cent, owing mainly to the dullness in speculative channels. There was, however, a slight improvement of 4 per cent, as compared with 1911. "Commercial failures this week in the United States were 272, against 359 the corresponding week last year. Failures in Canada number 36, against 37 last year."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot steady; No. 2 red, 94c; No. 1 New York, export basis, July shipment, and 95c; f o b aboard, to arrive; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 100 1/2 f o b aboard.

Corn—Spot firm; export, 69 1/2 nominal, f o b aboard. Oats—Spot easy; standard white, 42 1/2 @ 44c; elevator, No. 2, 44; No. 3, 42 1/2; No. 4, 42 @ 42 1/2; ordinary clipped white, 42 1/2 @ 44; fancy clipped white, 44 1/2 @ 46.

Butter—Creamery extra, 26 3/4 @ 27 1/4. Cheese—State whole milk, fresh white and pale, specials, 14 1/2 @ 14 5/8; state whole milk, fresh, colored, average fancy, 14; do, fresh white and pale average fancy, 14; state whole milk, fresh, undergrades, 12 @ 13 1/4.

Poultry—Live easy; Western broilers, 22c; fowls, 18 1/2; turkeys, 18. Dressed firm; fresh killed Western chickens, 25 @ 27c; fowls, 16 1/2 @ 17; turkeys, 18 @ 18.

Live Poultry—Firm; fowls, 18 1/2 @ 19 1/2; spring chickens, 18 @ 23. PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat—Car lots in export elevator, No. 2 red, 99 @ 99 1/2; No. 3 red, 85 1/2 @ 86 1/2; No. 3 red, 87 @ 87 1/2; rejected "in," 84 @ 84 1/2; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 99 1/2 @ \$1.

Corn—Car lots for local trade, as to location, No. 2 yellow natural, 70 @ 71c; steamer yellow natural, 69 1/2 @ 70c; No. 3 yellow natural, 69 @ 69 1/2c. Oats—No. 2 white, 45 1/2 @ 46c; standard white, 44 1/2 @ 45c; No. 3 white, 43 1/2 @ 44c; No. 4, 41 @ 43c; sample, 38 1/2 @ 39 1/2c.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 89c; No. 3 red, 87 1/2; special No. 2 steamer No. 3 red, 85 1/2; stock steamer No. 2 red, 84 1/2; rejected stock, 79 1/2; drier rejected, 74 1/2. Corn—Contract, 66c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 45c asked; standard white, 44 1/2 @ 44 1/2; No. 3 white, 43 1/2 @ 44. Rye—No. 2 rye, Western, car lots, export, 65 1/2 @ 66; No. 3 rye, Western, car lots, 63 1/2 @ 64; No. 4 rye, Western, car lots, 62 1/2 @ 63; bag lots nearby, as to quality, new, 55 @ 72.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$17.50; standard timothy, \$17; No. 2 timothy, \$15.50 @ 16; No. 3 do, \$12.50 @ 14; light clover mixed, \$15 @ 15.50; No. 1 do, \$14.50 @ 15; No. 2 do, \$11 @ 12; heavy do, \$12 @ 13; No. 1 clover, \$12 @ 12.50; No. 2 do, \$9 @ 10; no established, \$7 @ 11; sample grade, as to kind, quality and condition, \$5 @ 10.

Straw—No. 1 tangled, \$11 @ 12; No. 2 do, \$10 @ 11; No. 1 wheat, \$8; No. 3 do, \$7.50; No. 1 oat, \$9 @ 10; No. 2 do, \$8 @ 8.50. Butter—Creamery, fancy, 28; creamery, choice, 26 @ 27; creamery, good, 24 @ 25; creamery, prints, 28 @ 29; creamery, blocks, 27 @ 28; ladies, 21 @ 22; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 20.

Cheese—Jobbing lots per lb, 17 @ 17 1/2c. Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 20c; Western firsts, 20; Western Virginia firsts, 20; Southern firsts, 19. Recrated and rehandled eggs 1/2c higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 18c; do, small to medium, 18; old roosters and stags, 10 @ 11; springs, 1 1/2 lbs and over, 21; 1 1/4 lbs and under, 20. Ducks—Old, 12 @ 14c; do, spring, 13 lbs and over, 15 @ 16; do, smaller, 12 @ 13. Pigeons—Young, per pair, 25c; old, do, 25.

Live Stock

KANSAS CITY.—Hogs—Bulk, \$9 @ 9.10; heavy, \$9 @ 9.05; packers and butchers, \$8.95 @ 9.12 1/2; light, \$9.05 @ 9.12 1/2; pigs, \$7.50 @ 8.50. Cattle—Prime fed steers, \$8.50 @ 8.90; dressed beef steers, \$7.10 @ 8.50; Southern steers, \$5.10 @ 7.50; cows, \$4.10 @ 6.75; heifers, \$5.50 @ 8.75; stockers and feeders, \$4.50 @ 7.35; bulls, \$4.50 @ 7; calves, \$6 @ 9.50.

Sheep—Lambs, \$6.50 @ 8; yearlings, \$4.75 @ 6.75; wethers, \$4.25 @ 5.25; ewes, \$3.50 @ 4.50.

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HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS TOY Bright Stone With Which Boer Children Were Playing Led to Diamond Field Discovery.

What is the most famous toy in history? We would give the palm not to any elaborate mechanical contrivance or lifelike doll, but to the simple, bright stone that in 1867 a Dutch farmer found some Boer children using as a plaything. For the farmer sent the stone to

the Cape for examination and the result was the discovery of the diamond fields of South Africa. And the child's plaything found its way to the Paris exhibition, where it sold for £500. According to a Japanese belief, dolls sometimes come alive, acquiring a soul in process of being played with by successive generations of children. Food is provided for them and they are treated with great care, lest neglect should bring trouble upon the household. One pretty story tells how a childless husband and wife borrowed

a doll that had gained a soul, fed and clothed it, and deservedly prospered thereafter. All this is in utter contrast with the unpleasant theory of Varro about dolls. He held that the dolls given to little Romans at Christmas—that is to say, at the Saturnalia—represented original sacrifices of human beings to the infernal god.—London Chronicle. Lightning Uncovers Lead Mine. Lightning recently uncovered a lead mine on the farm of William Thack-

er in Baxter county, Ark. The bolt struck a hickory tree, ran into the ground, and then divided into six branches, digging ditches about three feet deep and eighteen inches wide. The longest ditch is 150 feet in length, and the others vary from twenty to forty-nine feet. At the end of the longest ditch is a hole two feet in diameter and two feet deep from which a considerable quantity of lead ore was thrown out, one piece weighing four pounds.—Kansas City Journal.