

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

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, detects Jonas, Mrs. Varney's butler, carrying a note from a prisoner in Libby prison. Arrelsford suspects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan 3. Use Telegraph." Arrelsford declares Thorne is Lewis Dumont of the Federal secret service and that his brother Henry is a prisoner in Libby.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"His character! Where did he come from—that is he?" "For that matter," said Edith intensely, "where did you come from, and what are you?" "That is not the question," was the abrupt reply. "Neither," said the girl, "is it the question who he is. If it were, I'd answer it—I'd tell you that he is a soldier who has fought and been wounded in the service, while you—"



"Where Did You Come From, and What Are You?"

out there to tell who— Our country, our cause, is at stake. "Is this Mr. Arrelsford's story?" asked the daughter stubbornly, apparently entirely unconvinced. "No; these are facts. We had Jonas in here," answered her mother; "caught him off his guard, and found the incriminating paper on him."

pedal," he broke off eagerly, looking toward the door where the corporal stood, his hand at salute. "Well, speak out, what does he say?" "Nothing, sir." "What have you done with him?" "Strung him up three times, and—"

"By midnight," answered Arrelsford, "you shall have all the proof—" "There is no proof to have," persisted the girl. "I will show it to you at the telegraph office, if you dare to go with me."

"Dare! I will go anywhere, even with you, for that—" "I will call for you in half an hour, then," said Arrelsford, going toward the door. "Wait," interrupted Edith; "what are you going to do?" "I am going to let him get this paper," said Arrelsford, coming back to the table. "He will know what they want him to do, and then we'll see him try to do it."

"It is impossible." "Then do something, something, but do it now!" cried the girl. "You will soon know that he is innocent, you must know it. Wait! You say the prisoner in Libby is his brother—that's what you said—his brother, bring him here. Go to the prison and bring that man here."

"What?" "Let them meet. Bring them face to face, then you can see whether—" "You mean bring them together here?" "Yes." "As if the prisoner were trying to escape?" "Exactly."

"I am here, Edith dear; I am here," said Mrs. Varney, coming toward her and taking her tenderly in her arms. "Do you think—do you think—that he—he could be what they say?" Her hand fell upon the commission in her belt. "This commission I got for him this afternoon—" "Yes?" "The commission, you know, from the President, for the telegraph service—why, he refused to take it," her voice rose and rang triumphantly through the room; "he refused to take it! That doesn't look as if he wanted to use the telegraph to betray us."

when everything is "adorable" and "perfect." It is fine, in a way; we should be careful how we check the exuberance of the girlish nature. At the same time caution must be exercised against letting the habit be formed of flying into a febrile ecstasy about every small thing that comes our way and making as much of it as though it were an affair of the largest consequence. It takes experience to hold in check the superlative degree and the loud

during? she asked herself. "Mamma," she wailed, "it can't be." She buried her face in her hands for a moment and then tore them away and confronted her mother boldly. "Won't you leave me alone for a little while, mamma?" she asked plaintively. "I must get—"

"I will go to Howard; I will be back in a short time, my dear," said her mother, gently laying her hand on her daughter's bent head. Left alone, the girl took the commission from her belt, opened it, smoothed it out, and read it through, as if bewildered and uncomprehending. She folded it up again, and walked slowly over to one of the front windows, drew aside the curtains, and pushed it open. All was still. She listened for she knew not what. There was a footstep from the far end of the walk leading from the summer-house, a footstep she knew. Edith moved rapidly away from the window to the table and stood by it, her hand resting upon it, her knees fairly trembling in her emotion, as she waited.

"There is nothing," said Edith tersely. "By midnight," answered Arrelsford, "you shall have all the proof—" "There is no proof to have," persisted the girl. "I will show it to you at the telegraph office, if you dare to go with me."

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"Refused! That's impossible!" said her mother. "He said that it was for me that he couldn't take it." "For you! Then it is true," answered Mrs. Varney. "No, no," said the girl; "don't say it."

"Yes," said her mother; "the infamous—" The girl tried to stifle with her hand upon her mother's lips the words, but Mrs. Varney shook off her hand. "The spy, the traitor," she added witheringly. "No, no!" cried the girl, but as she spoke, conviction seemed to come to her. Why was it that her faith was not more substantially based and en-

pedal for the proper time and the deserving object. But caution in the direction of not being too intense should not be withheld from the young. "Adorable" is too strong an adjective to be indiscriminately bestowed on poodles, china cups, opera singers, and matinee idols. "Love" is another strong word that needs all its strength to keep from worn out by its use to express, for instance, a liking for ice cream or delight in a week end invitation,

was busily working in the large old-fashioned kitchen. She had chosen that odd haven of refuge because there she was the least likely to be interrupted and could pursue her task without fear of observation by any other eyes than those of old Martha.

Now that Wilfred had taken the plunge, his impatience to go was at fever heat. He could not wait, he felt, for another moment. He had spent some of his half hour in composing a letter with great care. It was a short letter and therefore was soon finished, and he was now pacing up and down his room with uneasy steps, waiting for old Martha's welcoming voice.

It was a long half hour for little Caroline Mitford, busily sewing away in the kitchen. It seemed to her that she was taking forever to turn up the bottoms of the trouser legs and make a "hem" on each, as she expressed it. She was not very skillful at such rough needlework and her eyes were not so very clear as she played at tailoring. This is no reflection upon their natural clarity and brightness, but they were quite often dimmed with tears, which once or twice brimmed over and dropped upon the coarse fabric of the garment upon which she worked. She had known the man who had worn them last, he had been a friend of hers, and she knew the boy who was going to wear them next. If she could translate the emotions of her girlish heart, the new wearer was more than a friend. Was the same fate awaiting the latter that the former had met?

The half hour was very long to Jonas, the old butler, trembling with fright, suffering from his rough usage and terror-stricken with anticipation of the further punishment that awaited him. The half hour was longest of all to Mrs. Varney. After her visit to How-



She Had Possessed Herself of His Hand.

ard, who had enjoyed one of his lucid moments and who seemed to be a little better, she had come down to the drawing-room, at Mr. Arrelsford's suggestion, to see that no one from the house who might have observed, or divined, or learned, in any way what was going on within should go out into the garden and disturb the young couple, or give an alarm to the man who was the object of so much interest and suspicion, so much love and hatred.

About the only people who took no note of the time were the busy sempstresses in the room across the hall, and the first sign of life came from that room. Miss Kittridge, who appeared to have been constituted the messenger of the workers, came out of the room, went down the hall to the back of the house, and presently entered the drawing-room by the far door.

"Well," she began, seeing Mrs. Varney, "we have just sent off another batch of bandages." "Did the same man come for them?" asked the mistress of the house. "No, they sent another one." "Did you have much?" "Yes, quite a lot. We have all been at the bandages, they say that that is what they need most. So long as we have any linen left we will work at it." She turned to go away, but something in the elder woman's face and manner awakened a slight suspicion in her mind. She stopped, turned, and came back. "You look troubled, Mrs. Varney," she began. "Do you want anything?" "No, nothing, thank you." "Is there anything I can do or anything any of us can do?" "Not a thing, my dear," answered Mrs. Varney, trying to smile and falling dismally. "Is it Howard?" persisted the other, anxious to be of service. "He seems to be a little better," returned the woman. "I am glad to hear it, and if there is anything any of us could do for you, you would certainly tell me." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heck—"Were you ever injured in a runaway?" Peck—"Yes, I eloped with the woman who is now my wife."

SNAPSHOTS AT STATE NEWS

All Pennsylvania Gleaned for Items of Interest.

REPORTS ABOUT CROPS GOOD Farmers Busy in Every Locality—Churches Raising Funds for Many Worthy Objects—Items of Business and Pleasure that Interest.

Carbon County's fair has been set for September 29 to October 3.

Lightning struck and killed a cow belonging to Jacob Betz, of Solebury.

Drinking carbonic acid, James Scully, a Corry cigar manufacturer, committed suicide.

Breaking his neck in a fall down stairs, Stanley Gong, Summit Hill, died instantly.

Rebecca Bradley has been elected a substitute teacher at Mauch Chunk at \$40 a month.

Q. A. Kuehner has been elected vice principal of the Tamaqua schools at a salary of \$1,250.

Marcus Hook Council failed to override the Market street paving veto of Chief Burgess Lewis.

An exploding torpedo lacerated a foot of John Sullivan, a Mauch Chunk Jersey Central brakeman.

The Bucks County Commissioners have decided to rebuild California bridge, Richard township.

Falling between cars, Forest E. Feiro, a brakeman of Warren, was ground to pieces at Kinzua.

The first coat of paint is being given 30 dwellings at Parryville by the Carbon Iron and Steel Company.

William J. King, Sr., seriously ill for some time from the effects of injuries sustained at a Chester textile plant, died.

Falling from bed at the home of her uncle, Harry Wilkinson, of Lahaska, Margaret Kirk, of Wycombe, broke her collarbone.

Homeless and exhausted, David Yost, a man of 75, found by a trolley crew near Danboro, has been sent to the Bucks County Home.

Charged with beating his brother, William W. Finney Lewis, of Hartsville, was held for trial by Justice Nightingale, of Doylestown.

From bullet wounds self inflicted while mentally deranged, Barney Matthews, a Berwyn coachman, died in Lancaster General Hospital.

Charged with taking money and a watch from the women with whom he boarded, Mike Marzinko, of Bristol, was lodged in Bucks county prison.

Three men advertising for wives are making life miserable for clerks of the Danville, Espey and Bloomsburg post offices, which may have to be moved up a class because of increased business.

Thomas J. Lynch, executive clerk of Governor Tener, it is said, will resign before the end of the term of the present Governor to take up the practice of law. Mr. Lynch is a member of the Bar in Dauphin county. He entered the State service in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and was made executive clerk by Governor Pennypacker, being continued by Governors Stuart and Tener. He is also secretary of the State Water Supply Commission and one of the best posted men on State affairs on Capitol Hill. He was from Bethlehem and began the study of law after going to Harrisburg.

"Don," the big dog at the Chester County Prison, is the firmest friend possessed by Policeman Jacob Farra, of the West Chester borough force. Every morning the animal lies in wait for the policeman, and when he appears grabs his mace from his hand and insists upon carrying it during the regular morning outing it takes in company with the policeman. The dog is a close companion during these walks, and will not even stop to combat if attacked by another animal, simply passing with a haughty stare. No other dog or person may interfere in this enjoyable promenade, and Miss Mabel James is the only person who can coax the dog away when it is on these walks with the policeman.

Their horse plunging over a steep embankment at Rahn's hill, near Pottstown, Mrs. Herbert Pike and Mrs. C. W. Haas leaped from the carriage, then ran down and caught the horse after the vehicle had been wrecked.

Charged with stealing clothing belonging to Moses Anderson, of Boothwyn, Charles Gardener, colored, was committed for court by Justice Gill of Linwood Heights, after Anderson had identified the negro's raiment as his property.

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