

out, what does he say?"

"What have you done with him?"

"Strung him up three times, and-

"By midnight," answered Arrels-

"There is no proof to have," per-

"I will show it to you at the tele-

"Dare! I will go anywhere, even

"I will call for you in half an hour,

"Wait," interrupted Edith; "what

"I am going to let him get this pa-

per," said Arrelsford, coming back to

the table. "He will know what they

want him to do, and then we'll see

"You are going to spy on him, are

"I am going to prove what he is."

is shameful to let such a suspicion

rest upon an honorable man. Let

"Then do something, something, but

do it now!" cried the girl. "You will

soon know that he is innocent, you

to face, then you can see whether-"

Arrelsford; "when do you suggest-"

"I am willing to try it, but it de-

"It won't take more than half an

hour. Be out there on the veranda.

When I tap on the glass bring him

into this room and leave him alone.

And I can rely upon you to give him

stepped swiftly toward her, looking at

Arrelsford gazed at them a minute

"Mamma, mamma!" moaned the

"Mamma," she repeated in an-

to use the telegraph to betray us."

"He said that it was for me that he

no hint or sign that we suspect-"

he impossible for either of them.

passed out of the room.

this afternoon-"

her mother.

couldn't take it."

swered Mrs. Varney.

added witheringly.

him come in here, and-"

"It is impossible."

bring that man here."

"What?"

here?"

"Yes."

escape?"

"Now."

"Exactly."

Thorne here?"

"I can."

"Then prove it openly at once. It

then," said Arrelsford, going toward

graph office, if you dare to go with

ford, "you shall have all the proof-"

"Nothing, sir."

enough without it."

sisted the girl.

with you, for that-"

are you going to do?"

him 'zy to do it."

tersely.

the door.

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 get the commission, but is prevented by the arrival of Caroline Mitford, Wilfred's sweetheart. Mr. Arrelsford of the Con-federate secret service, a rejected suitor of Edith's, 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-what 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 wound-

ed in the service, while you-" Arrelsford made a violent effort to control himself under this bitter jibing and goading, and to his credit succeeded in part.

"We are not so sure of that, Miss Varney," he said more coolly. "But I am sure," answered the girl. "Why, he brought us letters from

Stonewall Jackson himself." "Has it occurred to you that General Jackson was dead before his letters were presented?" asked Arrelsford quickly.

"What does that signify if he wrote hem before he was killed? "Nothing certainly," assented the

other, "if he wrote them." "The signatures and the letters were

verified." "They may have been written for some one else and this Thorne may have possessed himself of them by fraud, or-"

"Mr. Arrelsford," cried the girl, more and more angry, "if you mean-"My dear child," said Mrs. Varney, "you don't understand. They have proofs of a conspiracy. The Yankees are going to try to break through our lines tonight, some one is going to use the telegraph, and two men in the northern secret service have been sent here to do this work. One is in Libby prison. Our faithful Jonas has been corrupted. He went there today and took a message from one and brought it here to deliver to the other.



"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, appar- it." ently entirely unconvinced.

"No; these are facts. We had Jonas in here," answered her mother; "caught him off his guard, and found words, but Mrs. Varney shook off her it might be necessary for the woman is anything any of us could do for you. the incriminating paper on him." "But he has not said it was for-"

persisted Edith desperately. "Not yet," whispered Mr. Arrels-

ford, "but he will. You may be sure her. Why was it that her faith was patiently for old Martha to bring the runaway?" Peck-"Yes, I eloped with of that; we have means to-Oh, Cor not more substantially based and en- altered uniform, over which Caroline the woman who is now my wife."

hand.

she wailed, "it can't be." She buried and then tore them away and conmamma?" she asked plaintively. "I other eyes than those of old Martha must get-"

daughter's bent head.

Left alone, the girl took the commising She folded it up again, and for old Martha's welcoming voice, walked slowly over to one of the front listened for she knew not what. There poral," he broke off eagerly, looking moved rapidly away from the window toward the door where the corporal stood, his hand at salute. "Well, speak framed the figure of Captain Thorne. He entered fearlessly, but when his "Well, string him up again," snarled Arrelsford. "If he won't speak, shoot so strained about her attitude that a it out of him, kill the dog. We don't need his evidence anyway, there's "There is nothing," said Edith her and took her hand.

"Miss Varney," he said. Edith watched his approach fascinated, as a bird by a serpent. His the same fate awaiting the latter that touch awakened her to action. She snatched her hand away and shrank back.

"No; don't touch me!" she cried. He looked at her in amazement. The spark of suspicion burst into flame, but she recovered herself instantly.

"Oh, it was you," she faltered. She forced a smile to her lips. "How perfectly absurd I am. I am sure I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come. let's go out on the veranda. I want to talk to you about so many things. There's-there's half an hour-yet before we must go to Caroline's."

She had possessed herself of his hand again as she spoke. She now stepped swiftly toward the window. He followed her reluctantly until they reached the opening. She stepped through it and archly looked back at him, still in the room.

"How lovely is the night," she said with tender persuasiveness. "Come with me."

The man looked around him hastily. Every moment was precious to him. Did Miss Varney know? If so, what must know it. Wait! You say the prisoner in Libby is his brotherdid she know? What was to be gained or lost by half an hour's delay on his that's what you said-his brother. bring him here. Go to the prison and part? He drew out his watch and glanced at it swiftly. There was time. He would never see her again. "Let them meet. Bring them face He might say he would possibly never see anyone again after the hazards of this night. He was entitled to one "You mean bring them together brief moment of happiness. How long had she said? Half an hour. He would take it.

"As if the prisoner were trying to "Aren't you coming, Captain Thorne?" cried the girl from the "There is something in that," said porch, all the coquettish witchery of youth and the South in her voice.

> "I am coming," answered the officer. deliberately stepping through the win-

CHAPTER VII.

Wilfred Writes a Letter.

the girl, laughing.

Half an hour is a short or a long time, depending upon the individual "Mr. Arrelsford!" said the girl, inmood or the exigencies of the moment. It was a short half hour to dignant and haughty, and her mother him contemptuously, as if he should him the name by which he was commonly known-out in the moonlight have known that such an action would and the rose garden with Edith Varney. It was short to him because he loved her and because he realized or two, smiled triumphantly, and into the long future, it might be into door. girl, her eyes shut, her hand extendthe eternal future!

It was short to Edith Varney, in "I am here, Edith dear; I am here," part at least for the same reason, but batch of bandages." said Mrs. Varney, coming toward her it was shorter to him than to her, for and taking her tenderly in her arms at the end of that period the guilt "Do you think-do you think-that or innocence of the man she loved and he-he could be what they say?" Her who loved her would be established hand fell upon the commission in her beyond peradventure; either he was belt. "This commission I got for him the brave, devoted, self-sacrificing at the bandages, they say that that is "The commission, you know, from of a Virginia family, although West the President, for the telegraph sery. Virginia had separated from the Old thing in the elder woman's face and ice-why, he refused to take it," her Dominion, she coupled the word spy voice rose and rang triumphantly with that of traitor. Either or both in her mind. She stopped, turned, and through the room; "he refused to take would be enough to condemn him. came back. "You look troubled, Mrs. it! That doesn't look as if he wanted Fighting against suspicion, she would Varney," she began. "Do you want fain have postponed the moment of anything?" revelation, of decision, therefore too "Refused! That's impossible!" said quickly passed the flying moments.

It was a short half hour to Thorne, because he might see her no more. It "For you! Then it is true," an was a short half hour to Edith because she might see him no more, and it ing dismally. "No, no," said the girl; "don't say might be possible that she could not even allow herself to dream upon "Yes," said her mother; "the infa- him in his absence in the future. The mous-" The girl tried to stifle with recollection of the woman would ever her hand upon her mother's lips the be sweet and sacred to the man, but "The spy, the traitor," she to blot out utterly the remembrance of you would certainly tell me." the man.

"No, no!" cried the girl, but as she It was a short half hour to young spoke, conviction seemed to come to Wilfred in his own room, waiting im-

during? she asked herself. "Mamma," was busily working in the large oldfashioned kitchen. She had chosen her face in her hands for a moment that odd haven of refuge because there she was the least likely to be fronted her mother boldly. "Won't interrupted and could pursue her task you leave me alone for a little while, without fear of observation by any

Now that Wilfred had taken the "I will go to Howard: I will be back plunge, his impatience to go was at in a short time, my dear," said her fever heat. He could not wait he felt, mother, gently laying her hand on her for another moment. He had spent some of his half hour in composing a letter with great care. It was a short sion from her belt, opened it, letter and therefore was soon finished. smoothed it out, and read it through. and he was now pacing up and down as if bewildered and uncomprehend his room with uneasy steps waiting

It was a long half hour for little windows, drew aside the curtains, and Caroline Mitford, busily sewing away pushed it open. All was still. She in the kitchen. It seemed to her that she was taking forever to turn up the was a footstep from the far end of bottoms of the trouser legs and make the walk leading from the summer- a "hem" on each, as she expressed it. house, a footstep she knew. Edith She was not very skillful at such rough needlework and her eyes were to the table and stood by it, her hand not so very clear as she played at resting upon it, her knees fairly trem. tailoring. This is no reflection upon bling in her emotion, as she waited. their natural clarity and brightness. The next moment the open space but they were quite often dimmed with tears, which once or twice brimmed over and dropped upon the eye fell upon her there was something coarse fabric of the garment upon which she worked. She had known spark of suspicion was kindled in his the man who had worn them last, he soul. Yet his action was prompt had been a friend of hers, and she He came instantly toward 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 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 pends upon you. Can you keep dow, "for just half an hour," he added. suggestion, to see that no one from "That will be time enough," replied 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 semp-Captain Thorne-to continue to give stresses 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 that in that brief space must be the back of the house, and presently packed experience enough to last him entered the drawing-room by the far

"Well," she began, seeing Mrs. Varney, "we have just sent off another

"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 Confederate soldier she thought him, what they need most. So long as we or he was a spy; and since he came have any linen left we will work at it." She turned to go away, but somemanner awakened a slight suspicion

> "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 fall-

"Is it Howard?" persisted the other, anxious to be of service. "He seems to be a little better," re-

turned the woman. "I am glad to hear it, and if there (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heck-"Were you ever injured in a

STATE NEWS

SNAPSHOTS AT

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 30 to October 3.

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

Drinking carbolic 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.

foot of John Sullivan, a Mauch Chunk Jersey Central brakeman. The Bucks County Commissioners have decided to rebuild California

An exploding torpedo lacerated a

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 ner comarbone

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 to 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

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Superlative Degree and the Loud Pedal Should Be Held Somewhat in Check.

There are few things so fine as enthusiasm, and the world wants all it iato a febrile ecstasy about every But there is a difference between

sentimentality known by the uglier quence. and shorter word "gush." Every girl has her "gush" period

perfect."

It is fine, in a way; we should be careful how we check the exuberance small thing that comes our way and nee idois.

It takes experience to hold in check instance, a liking for ice cream or

GUSHING GIRL IS OBNOXIOUS when everything is "adorable" and pedal for the proper time and the, deserving object.

But caution in the direction of not being too intense should not be with to be too intense. of the girlish nature. At the same held from the young. "Adorable" is time caution must be exercised against | too strong an adjective to be indisletting the habit be formed of flying criminately bestowed on poodles. china cups, opera singers, and mati-

making as much of it as though it "Love" is another strong word that of that fine old town. With the new healthy enthusiasm and that effusive were an affair of the largest sonse needs all its strength to keep from invention a speed of several blocks worn out by its use to express, for per hour is easily attained, the car the superlative degree and the loud delight in a week end invitation,

It is not necessary to explode into raptures to prove one's self well pleased. Nor is it physically good

New Idea In Street Cars. An articulated, snake-jointed street car has been invented in Boston, adapted to use in the crooked streets clinging to the track around the most tortuous curves.