

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
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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. Arrolford 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. Arrolford suspects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan 3. Use telegraph." Arrolford declares Thorne is Lewis Dumont of the Federal secret service and that his brother Henry is a prisoner in Libby. Edith refuses to believe and suggests that Thorne be confronted with the prisoner as a test. Edith detains Thorne while the prisoner is sent for.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The elder woman nodded and Miss Kittredge turned decisively away and stepped briskly toward the door. On second thought, there was something she could do, reflect Mrs. Varney, and so she rose, stepped to the door in turn, and called her back. "Perhaps it would be just as well," she said, "if any of the ladies want to go to let them out the other way. You can open the door into the back hall. We're expecting some one here on important business, you know, and we—"

"I understand," said Miss Kittredge. "And you will see to this?"

"Certainly; trust me."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Varney turned with a little sigh of relief and went back to her place by the table, where her work basket sat near to hand. No woman in Richmond was without a work basket with work in it for any length of time during those days. The needle was second only to the bayonet in the support of the dying Confederacy! She glanced at it, but, sure evidence of the tremendous strain under which she labored, she made no motion to take it up. Instead, after a moment of reflection, she crossed to the wall and pulled the bell rope. In a short time, considering her bulk and unwillingness, old Martha appeared at the far door.

"Did you ring, ma'am?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "Has Miss Caroline gone yet?"

"No, ma'am," answered Martha, smilingly displaying a glorious set of white teeth. "She's been out in de kitchen fo' a wile."

"In the kitchen?"

"Yas'm. Ah took her out dere. She didn't want to be seed by no one."

"And what is she doing there?"

"She's been most sewin' an' be-



"I am Not Running Away From Her,"

habin' mighty strange about sumfin a gre' deal ob de time. She's a-suffin' an' a-weepin', but Ah belieb she's gittin' ready to gwine home now."

"Very well," said Mrs. Varney, "will you please ask her to come in here a moment before she goes."

"Yas'm, deed Ah will," said old Martha, turning and going out of the door through which, presently, Caroline herself appeared.

She looked very demure and the air

of innocence, partly natural but largely assumed, well became her although it did not deceive Mrs. Varney for a moment, or would not have deceived her if she had had any special interest in Caroline's actions or emotions.

"Caroline, dear," she began immediately, "are you in a great hurry to go home?"

"No, ma'am, not particularly, especially if I can do anything for you here," answered the girl readily, somewhat surprised.

"It happens that you can," said Mrs. Varney; "if you can stay here a few minutes while I go upstairs to Howard it will be a great help to me."

"You want me just to wait here, is that it?" asked the girl, somewhat mystified.

"Why on earth anybody should be required to wait in a vacant room was something which Caroline could not understand, but Mrs. Varney's next words sought to explain it.

"I don't want you merely to wait here but—well, in fact, I don't want anybody to go out on the veranda, or into the garden, from the front of the house, under any circumstances."

Caroline's eyes opened in great amazement. She did not in the least understand what it was all about until Mrs. Varney explained further.

"You see Edith's there with—"

"Oh, yes," laughed the girl, at last, as she thought, comprehending, "you want them to be left alone. I know how that is, whenever I am—when some—that is of course I will see to it," she ended rather lamely and in great confusion.

"Just a few minutes, dear," said Mrs. Varney, smiling faintly at the girl's blushing cheeks and not thinking it worth while to correct the misapprehension, "I won't be long." She stepped across the room, but turned in the doorway for her final injunction, "Do be careful, won't you?"

"Careful!" said Caroline to herself. "I should think I would be careful. As if I didn't know enough for that. I can guess what is going on out there in the moonlight. I wouldn't have them disturbed for the world. Why, if I were out there with—with—Wil—with anybody, I wouldn't—"

She stopped in great dismay at her own admissions and stood staring toward the front windows, over which Mrs. Varney had most carefully drawn the heavy hangings.

Presently her curiosity got the better of her sense of propriety. She went to the nearest window, pulled the curtains apart a little, and peered eagerly out. She saw nothing, nothing but the trees in the moonlight, that is; Edith and Captain Thorne were not within view nor were they within earshot. She turned to the other window. Now that she had made the plunge, she determined to see what was going on if she could. She drew the couch up before the window and knelt down upon it, and parting the curtains, looked out, but with the same results as before. In this questionable position she was unfortunately caught by Wilfred Varney.

He was dressed in the gray jacket and the trousers which she had repaired. She had not made a skilful job of her tailoring but it would serve. The whole suit was worn, ill-fitting, and soiled; but it was whole. That was more than could be said of ninety-nine per cent. of the uniforms commonly seen round about Richmond. Measured by these, Wilfred was sumptuously, even luxuriously, dressed, and the pride expressed in his port and bearing was as complete as it was naive. He walked softly up the long room, intending to surprise the girl, but, by like, he stumbled over a stool on his way forward, and the young lady turned about quickly and confronted him with an exclamation. Wilfred came close to her and spoke in a low, fierce whisper.

"Mother isn't anywhere about, is she?"

"No," said Caroline in the same tone, "she's just gone upstairs to see Howard, but she is coming back in a few minutes, she said."

"Well," returned Wilfred, throwing his chest out impressively, "I am not running away from her, but if she saw me with these on she might feel funny."

"I don't think," returned Caroline quickly, "that she would feel very funny."

"Well, you know what I mean," said

Wilfred, flushing a little. "You know how it is with a fellow's mother." Caroline nodded gravely.

"Yes, I have learned how it is with mothers," she said, thinking of the mothers she had known since the war began, young though she was.

"Other people don't care," said Wilfred, "but mothers are different."

"Some other people don't care," answered Caroline softly, fighting hard to keep back a rush of tears.

In spite of herself her eyes would focus themselves upon that little round blood-stained hole in the left breast of the jacket. She had not realized before how straight that bullet had gone to the heart of the other wearer. There was something terribly ominous about it. But Wilfred blundered blindly on, unconscious of this emotion or of its cause. He drew from the pocket in his blouse a paper. He sat down at the table, beckoning Caroline as he did so. The girl came closer and looked over his shoulder as he unfolded the paper.

"I have written that letter," he said. "to the general, my father, that is. Here it is. I have got to send it to him in some way. It is all written but the last words and I am not sure about them. I'm not going to say 'your loving son' or anything of that kind. This is a man's letter, a soldier's letter. I love him, of course, but this is not the time or the place to put that sort of a thing in. I have been telling him—"

He happened to glance up as he spoke and discovered to his great surprise that Caroline had turned away from him and was no longer looking at him.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing, nothing," answered the girl, forcing herself to face him once more.

"I thought you wanted to help me," he continued.

"Oh, yes! I do, I do."

"Well, you can't help me my way off there," said Wilfred. "Come closer."

He spoke like a soldier already, thought the girl, but she meekly, for her, obeyed the imperious command. He stared at her, as yet unconscious but strangely agitated nevertheless. The silence was soon insupportable, and Caroline herself broke it.

"The—the—" she pointed at the trousers, "are they how you wanted them?"

"Fine," replied Wilfred; "they are just perfect. There isn't a girl in Richmond who could have done them better. Now about the letter. I want your advice on it; what do you think?"

"Tell me what you said."

"You want to hear it?" asked Wilfred.

"I've got to, haven't I? How could I help you if I didn't know what it was all about?"

"You're a pretty good girl, Caroline. You will help me, won't you?"

Her hand rested on the table as she bent over him, and he laid his own hand upon it and squeezed it warmly.

"Yes, I will help you," she said. "But about the letter? You will have to hurry. I am sure your mother will be here in a short time."

"Well, that letter is mighty important, you know. Everything depends upon it, much more than on mother's letter, I am sure."

"I should think so," said the girl. She drew a chair up to the table and sat down by the side of the boy.

"I am just going to give it to him strong," said Wilfred.

"That's the way to give it to him," said Caroline. "He's a soldier and he's accustomed to such things."

"You can't fool much with father. He means business," said Wilfred; "but he will find that I mean business, too."

"That's right," assented Caroline slyly, "everybody has got to mean business now. What did you say to him?"

"I said this," answered the youngster, reading slowly and with great pride: "General Ransom Varney, commanding division, army of Northern Virginia, Dear Papa—"

"I wouldn't say 'dear papa' to a general," interrupted Caroline decisively.

"No? What would you say?"

"I would say 'Sir,' of course; that is much more businesslike and soldiers are always so awfully abrupt."

"You are right," said the boy, beginning again, "General Ransom Varney, commanding division, Army of Northern Virginia, Sir—that sounds fine, doesn't it?"

"Splendid," said the girl, "go on."

"This is to notify you that I want you to let me join the army right now. If you don't, I will enlist anyway, that's all. The seventeen call is out and I am not going to wait for the sixteen. Do you think I am a damned coward?"

Wilfred paused and looked apprehensively at Caroline, who nodded with eyes sparkling brightly.

"That's fine," she said.

"I thought it sounded like a soldier."

"It does; you ought to have heard the Third Virginia swear—"

"Oh," said Wilfred, who did not quite relish that experience; but he went on after a little pause. "Tom Kittredge has gone; he was killed yesterday at Cold Harbor. Billie Fisher has gone and so has Cousin Stephen. He is not sixteen, he lied about his age, but I don't want to do that unless you

make me. I will, though, if you do answer this right now or not at all."

"I think that is the finest letter I have ever heard," said Caroline proudly, as Wilfred stopped, laid the paper down, and stared at her.

"Do you really think so?"

"It is the best letter I—"

"I am glad you are pleased with it. Now the next thing is how to end it."

"Why, just end it."

"But how?"

"Sign your name, of course."

"Nothing else?"

"What else is there?"

"Just Wilfred?"

"No, Wilfred Varney."

"That's the thing." He took up a pen from the table and scrawled his name at the bottom of this interesting and historical document. "And you think the rest of it will do?"

"I should think it would," she assented heartily. "I wish your father had it now."

"So do I," said Wilfred. "Maybe it will take two or three days to get it to him and I just can't wait that long."

Caroline rose to her feet suddenly under the stimulus of a bright idea that came into her mind.

"I'll tell you what we can do."

"What?"

"We can telegraph him," she exclaimed.

"Good idea," cried Wilfred, more and more impressed with Caroline's wonderful resourcefulness, but a disquieting thought immediately struck

him. "Where am I going to get the money?" he asked dubiously.

"It won't take very much."

"It won't? Do you know what they are charging now? Over seven dollars a word only to Petersburg?"

"Well, let them charge it," said Caroline calmly, "we can cut it down to only a few words and the address won't cost anything."

"Won't it?"

"No, they never charge for that," continued the girl. "That's a heap of money saved, and then we can use what we save on the address for the rest."

Wilfred stared at her as if this problem in economics was not quite clear to his youthful brain, but she gave him no time to question her ingenious calculations.

"What comes after the address?" she asked in her most businesslike manner.

"Sir."

"Leave that out."

Wilfred swept his pen through it.

"He knows it already," said Caroline. "What's next?"

"This is to notify you that I want you to let me come right now."

"We could leave out that last 'to,'" said Caroline.

Wilfred checked it off, and then read, "I want you—let me come right now." That doesn't sound right, and anyway it is such a little word."

"Yes, but it costs seven dollars just the same as a big word," observed Caroline.

"But it doesn't sound right without it," argued the boy; "we have got to leave it in. What comes after that?"

Caroline in turn took up the note and read:

"If you don't, I'll come anyhow, that's all."

"You might leave out 'that's all,'" said Wilfred.

"No, don't leave that out. It's very important. It doesn't seem to be so important, but it is. It shows—well—it shows that that's all there is about it. That one thing might convince him."

"Yes, but we've got to leave out something."

"Not that, though. Perhaps there is something else. The seventeen call is out—that's got to stay."

"Yes," said Wilfred.

"The sixteen comes next. That's just got to stay."

"Of course. Now, what follows?"

"I'm not going to wait for it," read Caroline.

"We can't cut that out," said Wilfred; "we don't seem to be making much progress, do we?"

"Well, we will find something in a moment. Do you think I am—"

She hesitated a moment, "a damned coward," she read with a delicious thrill at her rash, precarious wickedness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

them together in the cart, so that lumps of coal cannot be abstracted from the sacks, nor can any single sack be emptied between the wharf and the cellar.

Six brass eye-balls are inserted in each sack. Through these a thin strong chain is threaded. The interwoven chain closes the mouth of each sack, and also joins all the sacks together in the cart. The ends of the chain are fastened in the cart with a lead seal bearing the imprint of the association.—London Mail.

Sealing the Coal Cart.

Householders in future may hope to escape the loss and annoyance caused by receiving short weight coal. The Associated Coal Consumers, Limited, have patented a device for effectually closing all coal sacks and linking

only one idea in his mind

French Bookworm Traveled 360 Miles in Gown and Slippers to Buy Prized Volume.

None of the deeper human passions is more absorbing than the blameworthy one that a book-lover feels for the inanimate object of his affection. A French paper illustrates this fact in psychology by the following story:

A bookworm living at Bordeaux, while glancing through the catalogue

of a Paris bookseller, saw the title of a book that he had greatly desired for 50 years. He looked at the clock and found that there was just time to catch a train for Paris. He seized some money from his cash box, rushed off to the station, and arrived at the bookshop in time to secure the prize. As the shopman wrapped up the book, he remarked:

"I suppose you live in this street, monsieur?"

"No, I have just come from Bordeaux," was the reply.

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GOVERNOR MAKES APPOINTMENTS

Tener Names Members of Various Commissions

WILL STUDY ALL ACCIDENTS

Legislation—David A. Reed Chairman of Important Committee.

(Special Harrisburg Correspondence.) Harrisburg.—Numerous appointments of members of commissions, State boards and boards of various institutions under the direction of the State were announced by Governor Tener, one of the most important being the reappointment of the members of the Industrial Accidents Commission, which had charge of the study of the proposed workmen's compensation law. This commission, which is to report bills to the next Legislature, is composed of David A. Reed, Pittsburgh, chairman; J. Barry Colahan and Morris Williams, Philadelphia; George C. Hetzel, Chester; Francis Feehan, Pittsburgh; John J. Cushing, Monessen, and Francis H. Bohlen, Philadelphia.

Other reappointments announced were: State Board of Education—William Lauder, Riddlesburg; John S. Rilling, Erie; Dr. George M. Phillips, West Chester; David B. Oliver, Pittsburgh, and Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, Philadelphia. Construction of Building Commission—John T. Windrim, Charles A. Hexamer, Philadelphia; Edgar A. Welmer, Lebanon; James L. Stuart, Sewickley, and Freas Syer, Norris-town. Advisory Board of the Department of Health—Drs. Adolph Koenig, Pittsburgh; Charles B. Penrose, Philadelphia; Lee Masterton, Johnstown; George W. Guthrie, Wilkes-Barre, and B. Harry Warren, West Chester. Board of Public Charities—Francis J. Torrence, Samuel E. Gill, Pittsburgh, and Howard B. French, Philadelphia.

Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Training School at Morgantown—Charles Henderson Ogden, Pittsburgh. Commission for the Promotion of Uniforming of Legislation in the United States—Robert Snodgrass, Harrisburg; Judge William H. Staake, Walter George Smith, Philadelphia. Trustees of the State Institution for the Feeble Minded at Poik—O. D. Bleakley, Franklin, and Marvin F. Scaife, Pittsburgh. Commissioners of Valley Forge—William H. Sayen, Wayne; John W. Jordan, Philadelphia, and John T. Windrim, Devon.

Advisory Commission for the Preservation of Public Records—Herman V. Ames, John W. Jordan, Julius F. Sachse, Philadelphia; Ethan Allen Weaver, Germantown; Frank R. Diefenderfer, Lancaster, and Boyd Crumrine, Washington. Board of Trustees of the Thaddeus Stevens Industrial School of Pennsylvania—Charles F. Miller, Lancaster, and Henry S. Williamson, Lancaster. Board of Trustees of the State Institution for Feeble Minded at Spring City—Representative Samuel A. Whitaker, Phoenixville; George W. French, Pottstown; J. C. Hall, West Chester; T. C. Detwiler, Lancaster; John O. Gilmore, Philadelphia; Colonel Fred Taylor Pusey, Media; L. Y. Smith, Bridgeport; John B. Lober, Philadelphia, and John P. Crozer, Upland.

Practically every cold storage warehouse in the State is to be inspected by chemists attached to the State Dairy and Food Commissioner's office within the next fortnight. This work has been started under the cold storage act passed by the last Legislature and which will go into effect on August 14. The chemists making the inspections are all men familiar with tests and methods of handling foods, and reports from them are necessary before licenses are issued.

Under the terms of the act foods which have been in storage longer than periods prescribed in the act for them will be declared outlawed on the day the act goes into effect and a license will be required of every plant storing any foodstuff longer than 30 days.

All hospitals and charitable institutions having cold storage plants have been informed by Commissioner Foust that if they store goods for more than 30 days they will come under the State license provisions. Some of the larger institutions have claimed exemptions.

It is estimated that there are about 7,000 cold storage plants in the State of which considerably over half are attached to hotels, hospitals or institutions storing for their own needs, and which it is believed do not store for more than 30 days. All others, if storing for more than 30 days, must be licensed.

Three Campers Drowned. Three members of a camping party on their way back to camp along the Conodogunit Creek, near this city, were drowned late at night by the filling of their boat in a deep part of the creek. Frank Hart, Lewis Stapf, Addison H. Landis and John Hood were in the boat, and Hood was the only one who could swim. He saved his own life with difficulty in the cold water of the creek. The others sank with the boat and were drowned there being no one near at that hour to offer assistance.

ATTORNEYS.

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DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY, VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones. Oct. 1, 1912.