

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'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 2. Use Telegraph." Arrelsford 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. Caroline and Wilfred collaborate on a letter to the general asking permission for Wilfred to join the army.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Wilfred regarded her dubiously. He felt as an author does when he sees his pet periods marked out by the blue pencil of the ruthless editor. "You might leave that out," he began, cutting valiantly at his most cherished and admired phrase.

"No," protested Caroline vehemently. "Certainly not! That is the best thing in the whole letter."

"That 'damn' is going to cost us seven dollars, you know."

"It is worth it," said Caroline. "It is the best thing you have written. Your father is a general in the army. He'll understand that kind of language. What's next? I know there's something now."

"Tom Kitzbridge has gone. He was killed yesterday at Cold Harbor."

"Leave out that about"—she caught her breath, and her eyes fixed themselves once more on that little round hole in the breast of his jacket—"about his being killed."

"But he was killed and so was Johny Sheldon—I have his uniform, you know."

"I know he was, but you don't have to tell your father," said Caroline, choking up. "you don't have to telegraph him the news, do you?"

"No, of course not, but—"

"That's all there is to the letter except the end."

"Why, that leaves it just the same except the part about—"

"Yes," said Caroline in despair. "and after all the work we have done."

"Let's try it again," said Wilfred.

"No," said Caroline, "there is no use. Everything else has got to stay."

"Well, then, we can't telegraph it. It would cost hundreds of dollars."

"Yes, we can telegraph it," said

"What's the reason he won't?" asked the girl.

"Because he won't."

"What do you care so long as he sends it?"

"Well, I do care and that's enough. I'm not going to have you making eyes at Dug Foray on my account."

"Oh, well," said the girl, blushing.

"Of course if you feel that way about it, I—"

"That's the way I feel all right. But you won't give up the idea of helping me, will you, because I feel like that?"

"No," answered Caroline softly. "I'll help you all I can—about that letter, do you mean?"

"Yes, about that letter and about other things, too."

"Give it to me," said the girl. "I will go over it again."

She sat down at the desk, and as she scanned it, Wilfred watched her anxiously. To them Mrs. Varney entered. She had an open letter in one hand and a cap and belt in the other. She stopped in the doorway and motioned for some one in the hall to follow her, and an orderly entered the room. His uniform was covered with dust, his sunburned, grim face was covered with sweat and dust also. He stood in the doorway with the ease of a veteran soldier, that is without the painful effort to be precise or formal which marks the young aspirant for military honors.

"Wilfred," said Mrs. Varney, quickly approaching him, "here is a letter from your father." She extended the paper. "He sent it by his orderly."

Wilfred stepped closer to the older woman while Caroline slowly rose from her chair, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Varney.

"What does he say, mother?" asked Wilfred.

"He says—" answered his mother with measured quietness, and controlling herself with the greatest difficulty, "he tells me that—that you—"

"In spite of her tremendous effort, her voice faltered. "Read it yourself, my boy," she whispered pitifully.

The letter was evidently exceedingly brief. A moment put Wilfred in possession of its contents. His mother stood with head averted. Caroline stared with trembling lips, a pale face, and a heaving bosom. It was to the orderly that Wilfred addressed himself.

"I am going back with you?"

"General's orders, sir," answered the soldier, saluting, "to enter the service. God knows we need everybody now."

"When do we start?" asked Wilfred eagerly, his face flushing as he realized that his fondest desire was now to be gratified.

"As soon as you are ready, sir. I am waiting."

"I am ready now," said Wilfred. He turned to his mother. "You won't mind, mother," he said, his own lips trembling a little for the first time at the sight of her grief.

Mrs. Varney shook her head. She stepped nearer to him, smoothed the hair back from his forehead, and stretched out her arms to him as if she faint would embrace him, but she controlled herself and handed him the cap and belt.

"Your brother," she said slowly, "seems to be a little better. He wants you to take his cap and belt. I told him your father had sent for you, and I knew you would wish to go to the front at once."

Wilfred took the belt from her trembling hands, and buckled it about him. His mother handed him the cap.

"Howard says he can get another belt when he wants it, and you are to have his blankets, too. I will go and get them."

She turned and left the room. She was nearly at the end of her resisting power, and but for the welcome diversion incident to her departure, she could not have controlled herself longer. The last one! One taken, one trembling, and now Wilfred!

The boy entered into none of the emotions of his mother. He clapped the cap on his head and threw it back.

"Fit me just as if it were made for me," he said, settling the cap firmly in place. "Orderly, I will be with you in a jiffy."

Caroline stood still near the table, her eyes on the floor.

"We won't have to send it now, will we?" he pointed to the letter.

Caroline, with a long, deep sigh, shook her head, and slowly handed the letter to him. Wilfred took it mechanically, his eyes fixed on the girl, who had suddenly grown very white of face, trembly of lip, and teary of eye-lashes.

"You are very good," he said, tearing the letter into pieces, "to help me like you did."

"It was nothing," whispered the girl. "You can help me again, if you want to."

Caroline lifted her eyes to his face, and he saw within their depths that which encouraged him.

"I can fight twice as well, if—"

Poor little Caroline couldn't trust herself to speak. She nodded through her tears.

"Good-bye," said Wilfred, "you will write to me about helping me to fight twice as well, won't you. You know what I mean?"

Caroline nodded again.

"I wouldn't mind if you telegraphed me that you would."

What might have happened further will never be determined, for at this juncture Mrs. Varney came back with an old faded blanket tied in a roll. She handed it to the boy without speaking. Wilfred threw it over his shoulder, and kissed his mother hurriedly.

"You won't mind much, will you, mother. I will soon be back. Orderly!" he cried.

"Sir."

"I am ready," said Wilfred.

He threw one long, meaning look at Caroline, and followed the soldier out of the door and across the hall. The opening and closing of an outside door was heard, and then all was still. Mrs. Varney held her hand to her heart, and long, shuddering breaths came from her. He might soon be back, but how? She knew all about the famous injunction of the Spartan woman, "With your shield or on it," but somehow she had no idea of the full significance until it came to her last boy, and for a moment she was forgetful of poor, little Caroline until she saw the girl wavering toward the door, and there was no disguise about the real tears in her eyes now.

"Are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Varney, forcing herself to speak.

Caroline nodded her head as before.

"Oh, yes," continued the older woman, "your party, you have to be there. At that the girl found voice, and without looking back she murmured: "There won't be any party tonight."

"I Don't Want Too Much Light in Here."

there," he said. "We can close these curtains, can't we?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Varney, opening the rear door and drawing the heavy portieres, but leaving space between them so that anyone in the dark hall could see through them but not be seen from the room.

"I don't want too much light in here, either," said Arrelsford. As he spoke he blew out the candles in the two candelabra which had been placed on the different tables, and left the large, long room but dimly illuminated by the candles in the sconces on the walls.

Mrs. Varney watched him with fascinated awe. In spite of herself there still lingered a hope that Arrelsford might be mistaken. Thorne had enlisted her interest, and he might under other conditions have aroused her matronly affections, and she was hoping against hope that he might yet prove himself innocent, not only because of his personality but as well because the thought that she might have entertained a spy was repugnant to the Dumont family, which was one of the oldest and most important ones in the western hills of the Old Dominion.

Arrelsford meantime completed his preparations by moving the couch which Caroline Mitford had placed before the window back to the wall.

"Now, Mrs. Varney," he said, stepping far back out of sight of the window, "will you open the curtains? Do it casually, carelessly, please, so as not to awaken any suspicion if you are seen."

"But your soldiers, won't they—"

"They are all at the back of the house. They came in the back way, and the field in front is absolutely clear, although I have men concealed in the street to stop anyone who may attempt to escape, that way."

Mrs. Varney walked over to the window and drew back the curtains. She stood for a moment looking out into the clear, peaceful quietness of a soft spring night. The moon was full, and being somewhat low shone through the long windows and into the room, the candle light not being bright enough to dim its radiance. Her task being completed, she turned, and once more the man who was in command pointed across the hall toward the room on the other side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beautiful Nerve.

Yeast—According to a Berlin nerve specialist knitting in bed is an excellent antidote for tired nerves.

Crimsonbeak—Well, I should say that the fellow who spent any time knitting in bed would have a beautiful nerve.

made them know.—From Charles Kingsley's Address on Human Soot.

A New Face.

Mrs. Platt and her little son Tommy frequently went to St. John's church and the little boy had become familiar with the minister's face. One Sunday morning another minister was filling the pulpit. Tommy seemed rather troubled. Finally he leaned over to his mother and in a very audible whisper said: "Mother, what's become of St. John's?"

PATHETIC PLEA FOR CHILDREN

Words of Charles Kingsley Worth Heeding by Every Man and Woman of Any Worth.

Do not deceive yourselves about the little dirty, offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you, they are not to him that made them. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father which

is in heaven." Is there not in every one of them, as in you, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? And know you not who that light is, and what he said of little children? Then take heed, I say, lest you despise one of these little ones. Listen not to the Pharisee when he says: "Except the little child be converted, and become as I am, he shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven. But listen to the voice of him who knew what is in man, when he said: "Except ye be converted, ye

shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough and fresh enough to shame anyone who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt of what we miscall civilization. But take them to the pure stream, strip off the ugly, shapeless rags, wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and lithe, graceful and capable—capable of how much God alone who

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's Review says:

"Confidence still holds sway in business circles. Optimism in the West and South has been tempered somewhat by the damage to corn, although it is the opinion that much of the loss in that cereal will be offset by the gain in wheat. Generally considered, agricultural prospects continue promising, and the purchasing power of the farming community will be enhanced by abundant harvests and remunerative prices for the leading staples. Current trade reflects the usual summer quietness, yet encouraging reports outnumber those of an opposite character. Most statistics indicate expansion, foreign commerce being larger than a year ago, and railroad earnings for July exceeding 1912.

"A slight increase in the volume of new orders is apparent in iron and steel, but consumers are buying cautiously. Preparations are being made for fall business in dry goods.

"Failures numbered 255 in the United States, against 255 last year, and 31 in Canada compared with 20 a year ago."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot easy; No. 2 red, 93c; if New York export basis, prompt, and 95c f o b afloat to arrive; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 97½c f o b afloat.

Corn—Spot steady; export 78½c nominal f o b afloat.

Eggs—Fresh gathered, dirties, No. 1, 15½@16c; No. 2 and poorer, 9@15c; fresh gathered, checks good to choice dry, 13@15c; checks, undergrades, per case, \$1.00@3.60.

Live Poultry—Chickens, 21c; fowls, 15½@16c; turkeys, 13c; Dressed quiet; fresh killed, Western chickens, 18@20c; fowls, 16½@19½c; turkeys, 18@19c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat—No. 2 red, spot and August, 88@89½c; steamer, 86@87½c; No. 3 red, 85@85½c; rejected "in," 82@82½c; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 98½@99½c.

Corn—No. 2 yellow, natural, 78@79c; steamer yellow, natural, 77½@78c; No. 3, natural, 77@77½c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 48½@49c; standard white, 47½@48c; No. 3 white, 47@47½c; No. 4, 43½@44c; sample, 41@42c.

Live Poultry—Fowls, 17@17½; broiling chickens, 18@22c. Ducks—Old, 14@15c; do spring, 15@16c; old roosters, 12@13c.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red and August, 89½c; September, 90½c.

Corn—Quite fresh shelled yellow corn, on track, for domestic delivery, at 76c per bushel (sales) for car lots on spot.

Oats—Standard white, per bushel, 47½@48c; No. 3 white, 46½@47c.

Rye—Western—No. 2, export, 66½@67c; No. 3, 64@65c; No. 4, 63@64c. Bar lots, nearby, as to quality, new, 60@70c.

Hay—Timothy—No. 1, \$17.50@18; standard, \$16.50@17; No. 2, \$16@16.50; No. 3, \$13@14.50. Clover Mixed—Light, \$15.50@16; No. 1, \$15@15.50; No. 2, \$12@13; heavy, \$13@14. Clover—No. 1, \$13@13.50; No. 2, \$9@10.

Straw—Straight rye (new)—No. 1, \$14.50@15; No. 2, \$13.50@14. Tangled rye—No. 1, \$11@12; No. 2, \$10@11.

Wheat—No. 1, \$7.50; No. 2, \$7. Oat—No. 1, \$9@10; No. 2, \$8@8.50.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 28@28½; creamery, choice, 27@27½; creamery, good, 25@28; creamery, prints, 24@30; creamery, blocks, 23@29; ladies, 21@22; Maryland and Pennsylvania, rolls, 20@21.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 16½@17c.

Eggs—Maryland and Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 21c; Western firsts, 21; West Virginia firsts, 21; Southern firsts, 20. Recrated and rehandled eggs, 1½c to 1c higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, 16c; spring, large, 21; do, small to medium, 20. Ducks, old, 12c; do, spring, 3 pounds and over, 14@15; do, smaller, 12@13. Pigeons, young, 25c; do, old, 25c. Guinea fowl, old, each, 25c; do, young, 60c.

Live Stock

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Hogs—Bulk of sales, \$8.40@8.70; heavy, \$8.35@8.55; packers and butchers, \$8.40@8.75; light, \$8.40@8.80; pigs, \$6.50@7.50.

Cattle—Stock cattle, 25@75c. Higher than Tuesday. Prime fed steers, \$8.35@8.75; dressed beef steers, \$7.25@8.25; Southern steers, \$4.75@6.75; cows, \$3.50@6.50; heifers, \$4.75@5.60; stockers and feeders, \$5@7.90; bulls, \$4.75@6.25; calves, \$5@8.50.

Sheep—Lambs, \$5.75@7.30; yearlings, \$4.50@5.50; wethers, \$4@4.75; ewes, \$3.50@4.25; stockers and feeders, \$2.50@4.25.

CHICAGO.—Hogs—Active; 5c higher; bulk of sales, \$8.10@8.80. Light, \$8.70@9.15; mixed, \$7.95@9.10; heavy, \$7.65@8.75; rough, \$7.65@7.85; pigs, \$5.00@8.40.

Cattle—Steady to 10c higher. Beeves, \$7.10@9.10; Texas steers, \$6.75@7.80; Western steers, \$6.25@7.65; stockers and feeders, \$5.30@7.75; cows and heifers, \$3.60@8.40; calves, \$8.25@11.25.

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