

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.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. "Are those women in there yet?" he asked peremptorily.

"Where is the key?" Mrs. Varney left the room and went to the door.

"It is on this side," she said. "Will you lock it, please?"

The woman softly turned the key in the lock, and returned to the drawing room without a sound.

Edith looked at Arrelsford's set face, with his bitter words, the truth of which she was too just not to acknowledge, ringing in her ears.

"Mamma!" Mrs. Varney hurried toward her and caught her outstretched hand.

"I want to speak to you," whispered the girl.

"We can't wait," said Arrelsford, stepping forward.

"You must," persisted the girl. She turned to her mother again, "I can't do it, I can't! Oh, let me go!"

"But, my dear," said her mother, "you were the one who suggested that—"

"But I was sure then, and now—" "Has he confessed?" asked Mrs. Varney.

"No, no," answered the girl with a glance of fear and apprehension toward Arrelsford, who stood staring menacingly at her elbow.

"Don't speak so loud," whispered the secret service agent.

"Edith," said her mother soothingly, "what is it that has changed you?"

She waited for an answer, but none came. The girl's face had been very pale, but it now flushed suddenly with color.

"Dear," said her mother, "you must tell me."

Edith motioned Mr. Arrelsford away. He went with ill-concealed impatience to the far side of the room and waited nervously to give the signal, anxious lest something should miscarry because of this unfortunate unwillingness of the girl to play her part.

"What is it, dear?" whispered her mother.

"Mamma," said Edith, she forced the words out, "he—he—loves me."

"Impossible!" returned Mrs. Varney, controlling her voice so that the other occupant of the room could not hear.

"Yes," faltered the girl, "and I—some one else must do it."

"You don't mean," said Mrs. Varney, "that you return—"

But Mr. Arrelsford's patience had been strained to the breaking point. He did not know what interchange was going on between the two women, but it must be stopped. He came forward resolutely. The girl saw his determination in his face.

"No, no," she whispered, "not that, not now!"

She shrank away from him as she spoke.

"But, Edith," said Mrs. Varney, "more reason now than ever."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Mr. Arrelsford, "but we must go on."

"But why—why are you doing this?" asked Edith, pleading desperately.

"Because I please," snapped out the secret service agent, and it was quite

evident that he was pleased. Some of his satisfaction was due to the fact that he had by his own efforts at last succeeded in unearthing a desperate plot, and had his hands on the plotters. That he was thereby serving his country and demonstrating his fitness for his position of responsibility and trust also added to his satisfaction, but this was greatly enhanced by the fact that Thorne was his rival, and he could make a guess that he was a successful rival in love as well as in war.

"You have never pleased before," persisted Edith. "Hundreds of suspicious cases have come up—hundreds of men have been run down—but you preferred to sit at your desk in the war department, until—"

"Edith! Edith!" interposed her mother.

"I can't discuss that now," said Arrelsford.

"No, we will not discuss it. I will have nothing more to do with the affair."

"You won't," whispered Arrelsford threateningly.

"Don't say that," urged Mrs. Varney.

"Nothing, nothing, at all," said Edith.

"At your own suggestion, Miss Varney," persisted the secret service agent vehemently, "I agreed to accept a plan by which we could criminate this friend of yours or establish his innocence. When everything is ready you propose to withdraw and make the experiment a failure, perhaps allowing him to escape altogether and being a party to treason against your own country."

Edith looked from Arrelsford's set face, with his bitter words, the truth of which she was too just not to acknowledge, ringing in her ears, to the face of her mother. It was a sweet face, full of sympathy and love, but it was set in the same way as the man's. The patriotism of the woman was aroused. The kind of help that Edith wanted in her mother's look she did not find there.

"You mustn't do this, Edith; you must do your part," said Mrs. Varney.

The resolution of the girl gave way. "He is there," she faltered piteously, "he is there at the further end of the veranda. What more do you want of me?" Her voice rose in spite of her efforts to control herself.

"Call him to the room, and do it naturally. If anyone else should do it he would suspect something immediately and be on his guard."

"Very well," said the girl helplessly.

"I will call him."

She turned toward the window.

"Wait," said Arrelsford, "one thing more. I want him to have this paper." He handed Edith the communication which had been taken from Jonas earlier in the evening.

"What am I to do with this?" asked the girl, taking it.

"Give it to him, and tell him where it came from. Tell him old Jonas got it from a prisoner at Libby prison and brought it to you."

"But why am I to do this?" asked the girl.

"Why not? If he is innocent, what's the harm? If not, if he is in the plot and we can't catch him otherwise, the message on the paper will send him to the telegraph office tonight, and that's where we want him."

"But I never promised that," said the girl with obvious reluctance to do anything not only that might tend to harm the suspected, but that might work to the furtherance of Arrelsford's designs.

"Do you still believe him innocent?" sneered the man.

Edith lifted her head and for the first time she looked Arrelsford full in the face.

"I still believe him innocent," answered the girl slowly and with deliberate emphasis.

"Then why are you afraid to give him the paper?" asked Arrelsford, directly with cunning adroitness.

The girl, thus entrapped, clasped the paper to her breast, and turned toward the window. Her mind was made up, but it was not necessary for her to call. Her ear, tuned to every sound he made, caught the noise of his footfall on the porch. She turned her head and spoke to the other two.

"Captain Thorne is coming," she whispered expressionlessly, "unless you want to be seen, you had better go."

"Here, this way, Mrs. Varney," said Arrelsford, taking that lady by the arm and going down to the far end to the door covered by the portieres.

The two disappeared, and it was impossible for a soul to see them in the darkness of the hall, although they could see clearly enough, even in the dimly lighted drawing room, everything that would happen. Edith stood as if rooted to the floor, the paper still in her hand, when Thorne opened the sash which she had closed behind her and entered in his turn the window through which she had come a short time before. He stepped eagerly toward her.

"You were so long," he whispered, "coming for me, that—" He stopped abruptly and looked at her face, "is anything the matter?"

"No."

"You had been away such a long time that I thought—"

"Only a few minutes."

"Only a few years," said the man passionately. His voice was low and gently modulated, not because he had anything to conceal but because of the softness of the moonlight and the few candles dimly flickering upon the walls of the great room, the look in the girl's eyes, and the feeling in his heart. A few minutes, the girl had said—Ah, it was indeed a few years to him.

"If it was a few years to you," returned the girl with a violent effort at lightness, although her heart was torn to pieces with the emotions of the moment, "what a lot of time there is."

"No," said Thorne, "there is only tonight."

Edith threw out her hand to check what she would have heard, but Thorne caught it. He came closer to her.

"There's only tonight, and you in the world," he said.

"You overwhelm me."

"I can't help myself. I came here determined not to tell you how I loved you, and for the last half hour I have been telling you nothing else. I could tell you all my life and never finish. Ah, my darling, my darling—there's only tonight and you."

Edith swayed toward him for a moment, completely influenced by his ardor, but then drew back.

"No, no," she faltered. "You mustn't." She glanced around the room apprehensively. "No, no, not now!"

"You are right," said the man. She dragged herself away from him. He would not retain her against her will, and without a struggle he released her hand. "You are right. Don't mind what I said, Miss Varney. I have forgotten myself, believe me." He drew further away from her. "I came to make a brief call, to say good-bye and—"

He turned and walked toward the hall door, after making her a low bow, and it was not without a feeling of joy that she noticed that he walked unsteadily, blindly.

"Oh, Captain Thorne," she said, just as he reached the door, "I—"

He stopped and looked back.

"Before you go I want to ask your advice about something."

"My advice?"

"Yes, it seems to be a military matter, and—"

"What is it?" asked Thorne, turning back.

"What do you think this means?"

"Prisoner, Sir, Broke Out of Libby."

said the girl, handing him the folded dispatch.

She had intended to look him full in the face as he took it, but at the last moment her courage failed her. She looked away and did not see the instant but quickly mastered start of surprise. She was only conscious that Thorne had possessed himself of the document.

"What is it?" asked Thorne, holding it in his hand.

"That is what I want you to tell me," said the girl.

"Oh, don't you know?" said Thorne, now entirely master of himself.

"No," answered the girl, but there was something in her voice which now fully aroused the suspicions of the man.

"It appears to be a note from some

one," he said casually, "but it is so dark in here. With your permission, I will light some of the candles on the table, and then we can see what it is."

He took one of the candles from the candelabra that stood on the nearest table. Holding the paper near the light, he glanced around rapidly, and then read it, giving no outward evidence of his surprise and alarm, although the girl was now watching him narrowly. He glanced at her and then looked at the paper again, and slowly read aloud its message.

"Attack tonight," he said very deliberately. "Umph, 'Plan 3? Attack tonight, plan 3?' This seems to be in some code, Miss Varney, or a puzzle."

"It was taken from a Yankee prisoner."

"From a Yankee prisoner!" he exclaimed in brilliantly assumed surprise.

"Yes, one captured today. He is down at Libby now. He gave it to one of our servants, old Jonas, and—"

"That's a little different," said Thorne, examining the paper again. "It puts another face on the matter. This may be something important. 'Attack tonight,'" he read again, "'Plan 3, use telegraph!'" This sounds important to me, Miss Varney. It looks to me like a plot to use the department telegraph lines. To whom did Jonas give it?"

"To no one."

"Well, how did you—"

"We took it away from him," answered Edith.

This was a very different statement from her original intention, but for the moment the girl forgot her part.

"Oh," said Thorne, "I think that was a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"You should have let him deliver it, but it is too late now. Never mind." He turned toward the door.

Edith caught him by the arm. Was he going out to certain death or what?

"What are you going to do?" she asked breathlessly.

"Find Jonas, and make him tell for whom this paper was intended. He is the man we want."

The girl released him, and caught her throat with her hand.

"Captain Thorne," she choked out, and there was joy and triumph in her face, "they have lied about you."

Thorne turned to her quickly.

"Lied about me!" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean?"

He caught the girl's hands in his and bent over her.

"Don't be angry," pleaded Edith, "I didn't think it would be like this."

"Yes, yes, but what do you mean?" Edith sought to draw her hands away from him, but Thorne would not be denied.

"I must know," he said.

"Let me go," pleaded the girl, "don't you understand—"

But what she might have said further was interrupted by the sharp, stern voice of the corporal outside. He spoke loud and clearly, there was no necessity for precaution now.

"This way! Look out for that side, will you?"

Thorne released the hands of the woman he loved and stood listening. Edith Varney took advantage of such a diversion to dart through the upper door, the nearer one, into the hall.

"I don't want to be here now," she said, as she flew away.

Thorne's hand went to his revolver which hung at his belt. He had not time to draw it before the corporal and the two men burst through the door. There were evidently others outside. Thorne's hand fell away from his revolver, and his position was one of charming nonchalance.

"Out here!" cried the corporal to one of the soldiers. "Look out there!" pointing to the doorway through which the two men instantly disappeared.

"What is it, corporal?" asked Thorne composedly.

The corporal turned and saluted.

"Prisoner, sir, broke out of Libby! We've run him down the street, and he turned in here somewhere. If he comes in that way, would you be good enough to let us know?"

"Go on, corporal," said Thorne coolly. "I'll look out for this window."

He stepped down the long room toward the far window, drew the curtains, and with his hand on his revolver, peered out into the trees beyond the front of the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Difference in Men. One man will settle down into the routine of his calling, digging the ruts deeper each day, until he loses power to see out from them. Another, in the same vocation, shows an ability to make each day's work a source of new growth in power and in appreciation. So, one person will rest passively on the fact of some well-established love or friendship, and thus lose, after a time, the beauty of the relationship and the meaning it once possessed for his life; while another actively weds the love of his friend every day, and so finds a deep, ever opening below deep in the relationship, with an ever fresh realization of the truth and wonder of life.—Edward Howard Griggs.



"Prisoner, Sir, Broke Out of Libby."

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's Review says:

"Current distribution of merchandise continues in normal volume, while steady preparations are being made for an active fall and winter business. Conservatism has been accentuated somewhat by the damage to corn, yet in a broad sense crop conditions are still promising and, with remunerative prices prevailing, another prosperous year is assured. The heavy movement of agricultural products to market contributes liberally to transportation revenues, while the exports of grain and other commodities add materially to credit balances abroad.

"Domestic monetary considerations have become a matter of less concern, and political developments in Europe also made for an easier situation there. Changes in strictly mercantile and industrial conditions are of a mixed character, with favorable features predominating.

"Failures numbered 272 in the United States, against 238 last year, and 38 in Canada, compared with 33 a year ago."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 93 1/2 c i f, New York export basis, prompt, and 95 1/2 f o b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 93 1/2 f o b afloat.

Corn—Spot steady; export, 81 1/2 nominal f o b afloat.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat—Car lots in export elevator and August No. 2 red, spot and August, 88 1/2 @ 89 c; steamer, 86 1/2 @ 87 c; No. 3 red, 85 1/2 @ 86 c; rejected "in," 82 1/2 @ 83 c; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 92 1/2 @ 93 1/2 c.

Corn—Car lots for local trade, as to location: No. 2 yellow, natural, 81 @ 81 1/2 c; steamer yellow, natural 80 1/2 @ 81 c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 48 1/2 @ 49 c; standard white, 47 1/2 @ 48 c; No. 3 white, 46 @ 47 c; No. 4, 44 1/2 @ 45 1/2 c; sample, 42 @ 43 c.

Butter—Higher; Western creamery, extra, 28 @ 28 1/2 c; nearby prints, fancy, 32.

Cheese—Higher; New York full cream, 14 1/2 @ 15 1/2 c.

Live Poultry—Weaker; broiling chickens, 17 @ 31 c.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red Western, 93 1/2; No. 2 red, 91 1/2; No. 3 red, 89 1/2; steamer No. 2 red, 88 1/2 c.

Corn—Fresh-shelled yellow corn, on track, for domestic delivery, at 79c per bu for car lots on spot.

Oats—White—Standard, old, 47 1/2 c; do, new, 45; No. 3, old, 46 1/2 @ 47; do, new, 44 1/2 @ 45.

Rye—Western—No. 1, domestic, 71 @ 72 c; No. 2, export, 66 @ 66 1/2; No. 3, do, 64 @ 64 1/2; No. 4, do, 63 @ 63 1/2; Bar lots, nearby, as to quality, new, 60 @ 70 c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$17.50 @ 18; Standard timothy, \$17; No. 2 timothy, \$16.50; No. 3, do, \$13.50 @ 15; light clover mixed, \$16 @ 16.50; No. 1 do, \$15.50 @ 16; No. 2 do, \$13.50 @ 14; heavy, \$14.50 @ 15; No. 1 clover, \$14 @ 14.50; No. 2 do, \$10 @ 11.

Straw—No. 1 straight rye, new, \$14; No. 2 do, new, \$13; No. 1 tangled, \$11 @ 12; No. 2 do, \$10 @ 11; No. 1 wheat, \$7.50; No. 2 do, \$7; No. 1 oat, \$9 @ 10; No. 2 do, \$8 @ 8.50.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 28 @ 28 1/2 c; do, choice, 27 @ 27 1/2 c; do, good, 25 @ 26 c; do, prints, 29 @ 30 c; do, blocks, 28 @ 29 c; ladies, 21 @ 22 c; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 21 @ 22 c; Ohio rolls, 20 @ 21 c; West Virginia rolls, 20 @ 21 c; store-packed, 20 @ 21 c; Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 20 @ 21 c; process butter, 24 @ 25 c.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 16 1/2 @ 17 1/2 c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 23c; Western firsts, 23; West Virginia firsts, 21; Southern firsts, 22. Recrated and rehandled eggs 15c to 16c higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, heavy, 16c; do, old hens, small to medium, 15c; do, old roosters, 10 @ 11; do, spring, large, 18; do, small to medium, 15; ducks, old, 12; do, spring 3 lbs and over, 14; do, do, smaller, 12.

Live Stock

CHICAGO.—Hogs—Bulk of sales, \$7.70 @ 8.25; light, \$8.20 @ 8.75; mixed, \$7.55 @ 8.65; heavy, \$7.20 @ 8.35; roughs, \$7.20 @ 7.45; pigs, \$4 @ 7.55.

Cattle—Calves 25c lower. Beves, \$7 @ 9; Texas steers, \$6.75 @ 7.70; stockers and feeders, \$5.45 @ 7.90; cows and heifers, \$3.80 @ 8.30; calves, \$8 @ 11.

Sheep—Native, \$2.70 @ 4.75; yearlings, \$4.85 @ 5.75; native lambs, \$5.25 @ 7.50.

NEW YORK.—Beves, dressed, 12 @ 13 1/2 c.

Calves—Culls, \$8; city-dressed veals, 15 @ 18 1/2 c; country dressed, 13 @ 17.

Sheep and Lambs—Culls, \$2 @ 2.50; lambs, \$6.50 @ 7.90; culls, \$5.

Hogs—Pennsylvania, \$9.40.

PITTSBURGH.—Cattle, choice, \$8.70 @ 9; prime, \$8.30 @ 8.60.

Sheep—Prime wethers, \$5 @ 5.25; lambs, \$5 @ 7.65; veal calves, \$11 @ 11.50.

Hogs—Prime heavies, \$8.85 @ 8.90; mediums, \$9.40 @ 9.50; heavy Yorkers, \$9.50 @ 9.55; light Yorkers, \$9.55 @ 9.60; pigs, \$9.55 @ 9.60; roughs, \$7.50 @ 7.75.

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SLUM Society Can Not Ignore Its Share of Blame When the Facts Are Brought to Light of Day.

Children work out their destiny along the lines of environment. If two infants, one born in a slum hovel and the other in a palace, were exchanged on the day of birth, each would work out his destiny in accordance with his surroundings. The child of the hovel would grow up to

the palace. The child of the palace would remain on the level of the slum hovel.

While a noted physician was making these statements before a body of learned colleagues, a jury in Chicago found three boys, aged consecutively seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years, guilty of murder and convicted them to long terms in prison. The slayers were all slum products. Their youth saved them from hanging.

Society cannot afford to wax sentimental over a murderer because of his

youth. Its duty, in self-preservation, is to inflict punishment. A part of this self-preservation duty, however, is to prevent the growth of murderers. In so far as society allows slums to exist and other degrading influences to be fostered, it is not without responsibility for the criminal.

Strange Guests at St. Bernard. An enormous flock of swallows was overtaken by a heavy snowstorm near the famous Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps last winter. When the good

monks saw the birds, they opened the doors and windows of their building that the little feathered strangers might have shelter.

All the rooms were crowded with them, thousands remaining until sunrise. The next day proved fine and the guests pursued their way toward Italy. This is very pleasant to learn, but it saddens one to know that a vast number of less fortunate birds failed to reach the Hospice and were found dead in the snow by the tenderhearted brothers.

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