## THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



## SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and another is him of the commission from the presi-gying from wounds. She reluctantly gives ner consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to here the back of the man was overwhelming when it once broke loose, and he felt that he must tell her or die. 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 dent. He is strangely agitated and de-clares he cannot accept. Thorne decides Thorne decides tent. He is strangery agracted and 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 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 Tele-graph." Arrelsford declares Thorne is Lewis Dumon' of the Federal secret service, and that his brother Henry is a prisoner in Libby. Edith refuses to be-lieve and suggests that Thorne be con-fronted with the prisoner as a test. Caroline and Wilfred collaborate on a let-ter to the general asking permission for ter to the general asking permission for Wilfred to join the army. An order comes from General Varney for Wilfred to re-port to the front at once. Edith is forced to carry out her part in the test of Thorne. She gives him the message taken from Jonss, which he reads without betraying himself. He suspects that he is being watched.

## CHAPTER IX. The Shot That Killed.

showed Captain Thorne that the yard ly powerful or telling to prevent her beyond, which had been empty all eve- from returning love for love, kiss for ning, was now full of armed men. The kiss. But did she love him in spite corporal had gone out through the hall of her knowledge and suspicion? The door back of the house whence he had problem was too great for his soluentered. There was no doubt but that tion then. the back windows would be equally These things passed through his well guarded. The house was sur- mind as he stood there by the window, rounded, no escape was possible. He with his hand on his revolver, waitwas trapped, virtually a prisoner, al- ing. It was all he could do. Somethough, for the time being, they had times even to the most fiery and the left him a certain liberty-the liberty most alert of soldiers comes the conof that one large room! It was quite viction that there is nothing to do but evident to him that he was the object wait. And if he thinks of it he will

blame her or to reproach her for that; but the flerce, impetuous temperament

the southern night wind, the proximity of the girl, her eyes shining like stars out of the shadows in which they stood, the pallor of her face, the rise and fall of her bosom, the fluttering of her hand as unwittingly or wittingly, who knows, she touched him, had intoxicated him, and his love and passion had broken all bounds, and he had spoken to her and she had answered. She loved him. What did that mean to him now?

Sometimes woman's love makes duty easy, sometimes it makes it hard. Sometimes it is the crown which victors wear, and sometimes it is the pall that overshadows defeat.

What Edith Varney knew or suspected concerning him, he could not tell. That she knew something, that she suspected something, had been evident, but whatever her knowledge A glance through the window and suspicion, they were not sufficient-

of their suspicions, and he more than sympathize with the women who are

tieres of the window he was guarding, was his duty to struggle. The minds not completely concealing himself but of the two were made up instantly. sufficiently hid as to be unobserved With a quick movement Dumont except by careful scrutiny in the dim sought to pass his brother, but with light. Once more he clutched the butt a movement equally rapid Thorne of his revolver swinging at his waist. leaped upon him, shouting again: He bent his body slightly, and even

the thought of Edith Varney passed from his mind. He stood ready, powfronting an almost certain enemy with the fierce heart and envenomed Thorne was the stronger, but this adglance of the fighter at bay.

and a man was thrust violently first. It was a fierce, desperate grapthrough into the room. At the first ple in which they met. As they strugglance Thorne, as yet unseen, recog- gled, both by a common impulse, nized the newcomer as his elder broth- reeled toward that part of the room famous brothers of the parable, these away from doors or windows, and two loved each other.

still clutched the butt of his revolver, observed. As they fought together, he was still alert, but here was not Thorne called out again: an enemy. He began at once to fathom something at least of the plan and man! Corporal of the guard, what hand to mouth has stripped shelves, the purpose of the people who had are you doing?" trapped him. In a flash he perceived that his enemies were not yet in possession of all the facts which would mantel with a fearful smash, and a warrant them in laying hands upon chair that stood by was overturned him. He was suspected, but the final by a quick movement on the part of evidence upon which to turn suspicion Henry Dumont, who did not know his into certainty was evidently lacking. brother had already received the im-Out there in the moonlight in the He could feel, although he could not portant message. In the confusion of 1912. see them, that every door and window had eyes solely for him, and that he was closely watched for some false move which would betray him. The plan for which he had ventured so much was still possible; he had not yet failed. His heart leaped in his breast. The clouds around his horizon lifted a little. . There was yet a possibility that he could succeed, that he could carry out his part of the cunningly devised and desperate undertaking, the series of events of which this night and the telegraph office were to be the culmination.

A less cautious and a less resourceful man might have evinced some emotion, might have gone forward or spoken to the newcomer, would have at least done something to have attracted his attention, but save for that relaxation of the tension, which no one could by any possibility observe, Thorne stood motionless, silent, waiting; just as he might have stood and waited had he been what he seemed and the newcomer been utterly unknown and indifferent to him.

Henry Dumont had been thrust viooutside. He had been captured, as Arrelsford had said, earlier in the taken. He had been thrust into Libby | ear: prison with dozens of prisoners taken "Attack tonight, plan 3, use telein the same sortie. He had not been graph! Did you get that?" searched, but then none of the others "Yes," returned Thorne, still keephad been; had he been selected for ing up the struggle. that unwonted immunity alone it

"Halt, I say!" The two men instantly grappled. It was no mimic struggle that they enerful, concentrated, determined, con- gaged in, either. They were of about equal height and weight; if anything,

vantage was offset by the fact that he He had scarcely assumed this post- had been recently ill, and the two er, Henry Dumont. Unlike the two near the mantel which was farthest where they would be the least likely Thorne's muscles relaxed, his hand to be overheard or to be more closely

"Corporal of the guard, here is your

At that instant the two reeling





Bradstreet's says:

"Optimism concurrent with good buying furnish the keynotes for this week's trade report. Visiting buyers tion when the window was opened, fought therefore on equal terms at have held sway in most of the country's leading markets, and while those from parts of the drought-afflicted Southwest have operated rather conservatively, the general run have bought with more or less liberality. In consequence, house trade, especially in dry goods and allied lines has broadened perceptibly.

"Taken by and large, the situation is encouraging, and it is patent that the prolonged policy of buying from as the result of which a reaction toward rather extensive buying has set bodies struck the wall next to the in. Advices from textile mill centres indicate that idle machinery is starting up and at the same time complaints of slow deliveries abound.

"Business failures for the week were 278, which compares with 264 in

"Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week aggregate 7,032,587 bushels, against 3,338,569 bushels last year."

## Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK .- Wheat -- Spot steady ; No. 2 red, 94% c c i f export basis prompt and 95% f o b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, \$1.00% f o b afloat. Corn - Spot firm; export, 841/4 nominal f o b afloat.

Butter-Steady! packing stock, cur rent make, No. 1, 211/2c; No. 2, 19@ 201/2.

Cheese-Firm; receipts, 1,949 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh, white and colored, specials, 151/4; do, average fancy, 14% @15; undergrades, 11@14%.

Eggs-Fresh gathered, dirties, No. 2 and poorer, 10@171/2: refrigerator, seconds, 22@231/2; do, lower grades, 19@21.

Dressed Poultry-Weak; fresh-killed Western chickens, 17@221/2; fowls, 16@19½; turkeys, 18@20.

PHILADELPHIA .- Wheat -- No. 2 red, spot and August, 88%@89c; steamer, 861/2@87c; No. 3 red, 851/2@ 86c; rejected, "in," 821/2@83c; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 99c@\$1.

Corn-Cor lots for local trade, as to location: No. 2 yellow, natural, 84 @ 85c; steamer yellow natural, 831/2 @

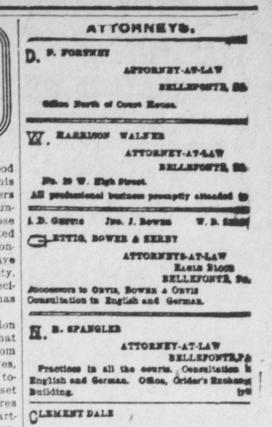
red, 91%; steamer, No. 2 red. 90%.

84c per bushel for car lots on spot.

No. 2 do. \$12@14.

pound, 16%@17c.

\$9@10: No. 2 do. \$8@8.50.



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feared that his real affiliations had left behind in times of war, who have been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would evidently result in failure, as so many previous plans had resulted, because he would not be able to send the orders that would weaken the position. The best he could hope for, in all probability, was the short shrift of a spy. He had staked his life on the game and it appeared that he had lost.

Nay, more than life had been wagered, honor. He knew the contempt in which the spy was held; he knew that even the gallantry and intrepidity of Andre and Hale had not saved them from opprobrium and disgrace.

And there was even more than honor upon the board. His love! Not the remotest idea of succumbing to the attractions of Edith Varney ever entered his head when he attempted the desperate, the fatal role. At first he had regarded the Varney house and herself as a chessboard and a pawn in the game. The strength of character which had enabled him to assume the unenviable part he played, because of his country's need, for his country's good, and which would have carried him through the obloquy and scorn that were sure to be visited upon him -with death at the end-did not stand him in good stead when it came to thoughts of her. Until he yielded to his passion, and broke his self-imposed vow of silence, he had fought a good fight. Now he realized that the woman who should accept his affections would compromise herself forever in the eyes of everything she held dear, even if he succeeded and lived, which was unlikely.

He had never, so he fancied, in the was nothing left but one great battle least and remotest way given her any in that room unless they shot him the curtain and stepped out into the evidence that he loved ber. In reality, from behind door or window or porshe had read him like an open book, tiere, giving him no chance. If they as women always do. He had come did confront him openly he would from Jonas, and then to bid her good- secret service and the life of a spy he bye forever, without disclosing the could fight and die like a man and a called out: state of his affections. If he succeed- soldier. He held some lives within ed in manipulating the telegraph and the chamber of his revolver, and they carrying out his end of the project, he should pay did they give him but a could see no chance of escape. Ulti- chance. mate detection and execution appeared In the very midst of these crowding they were expected to betray relation- down together with a crash in the make adequate resistance.

little to do but wait.

The room had suddenly become his world, the walls his horizon, the ceiling his sky. At any exit he would find the way barred. Why had they left him in the room, free, armed, his revolver in his hand?

None but the bravest would have entered upon such a career as he had chosen. His nerves were like steel in the presence of danger. He had trembled before the woman in the garden a moment since; the stone walls of the house were no more rigidly composed than he in the drawing-



but the Confederates had made a show of great haste in disposing of Thorne.

when by previous arrangement he most suspicious. made his daily visit to the prison. He had been greatly surprised, when about a quarter to nine o'clock a squad of soldiers had taken him from through the streets with which he was him to the residence section of the city, and had halted at the back of prisoner!"

a big house. He had asked no questions, and no explanations had been vouchsafed to him. He was more surup to the porch, the window was me the revolver!" opened, and he was thrust violently into a room, so violently that he stagering his balance.

He made a quick inspection of the room. Thorne, in the deeper shadows at the farther end of the room was invisible to him. He stood motionless save for the turning of his head as he looked around him. He moved a few steps toward the end of the room, opposite his entrance, passed by the far door opening into the back hall which was covered with portieres, and went swiftly toward the near door into the front hall The door was slightly ajar, and as he came within range of the opening he saw in the shadows of the hall, crossed bayonets and men. No escape that way!

He went on past the door toward the large windows at the front of the house and in another moment would have been at the front window where room now. It came to him that there room

For the thousandth part of a second the two brothers stared at each other. there that night to get the message show them that if he had chosen the and then, in a fiercely intense voice, Thorne, playing his part, desperately

"Halt! You are a prisoner!"

both knew that they were under the credible swiftness. Thorne leaped at closest observation, both realized that his brother, and the two figures went

certain, and any avowal would there and tumultuous thoughts which ran ship, which would incriminate both, midst of which rang out the sharp refore be useless. But he had counted through his mind in far, far less time and probably result fatally for one and port of the heavy weapon. Instead of without her. She had shown her feel- than it has taken to record them, certainly ruin the plan. Thorne's cue shooting himself harmlessly in the ings, and he had fallen. To the tempta- he heard a noise at the window at the was to regard his brother as the pris- side, in the struggle Dumont had untion of her presence and her artless farther side of the room, as if some oner whom it was important to arrest. fortunately shot himself through the disclosure, he had not been able to one fumbled at the catch. Instantly and Dumont's cue was to regard his lung. Thorne shrank back behind the por- brother as an enemy with whom it

84c would have awakened his suspicions, watching us. Shoot me in the leg" "No, I can't do it," whispered do, new, 48@481/2c; standard white,

old, 48@481/2c; do, new, 47@471/2c; No. their prisoners, and had promised to All the while the two men were reel- 2 white, old, 47@4714c; do, new, 45@ search them in the morning. There- ing and staggering and struggling 45c; No. 4, new, 43@44c; sample, new, fore Henry Dumont had retained the against the wall and furniture. The 39@42c. paper which later he had given Jonas, encounter would have deceived the

'Shoot, shoot," said the elder. "I can't shoot my brother," the

younger panted out. "It is the only way to throw them the prison, had marched him hurriedly off the scent," persisted Dumont. "I won't do it," answered Thorne,

entirely unfamiliar, and had taken and then he shouted again: "Corporal of the guard, I have your | 4416.

"Let me go, damn you!" roared Dumont furiously, making another desperate effort-"if you don't do it. I 6314: No. 4 do do. 62@6214: bag lots prised than ever when he was taken will," he added under his breath. "Give nearby, as to quality, new, 60@70. "No, no, Harry," was the whispered

reply, and "Surrender, curse you!" gered and had some difficulty in recov- the shouted answer. "You'll hurt yourself," he pleaded.

"I don't care," muttered Dumont. "Let me have it."

His hands slipped down from Thorne's shoulders and grasped the butt of the revolver. The two grappled fiercely, but the struggle was beginning to tell on Thgrne, who was not yet in full possession of his physical vitality. His long illness had choice, 27%@28; good, 26@27; prints, sapped his strength.

"Don't, don't, for God's sake!" he whispered, and then shouted desperately: "Here's your man, corporal, what's the matter with you?" dairy prints 21c.

"Give me that gun," said Dumont. and in spite of himself his voice rose again. There was nothing suspicious in the words, it was what he might have said had the battle been a real one; as he spoke by a more violent Thorne stood. The latter dropped effort he wrenched the weapon from the holster and away from Thorne's detaining hand. The latter sought desperately to repossess himself of it. "Look out, Harry! You'll hurt yourself." he implored, but the next moment by a superhuman effort Dumont to medium. 17@18c. Ducks, old. 12c; Both brothers were quick witted, himself. Recovering himself/ with in-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BYRON FOND OF CHILDREN days. The house is far too small even of him. He bore their distracting in- | come to the marriage bringing all for the company it contained. Lord trusion into his room with imperturb their possessions. When the daugh-Frances Lady Shelley Describes the Byron was there. Mrs. Leigh told me able good humor. Mrs. Leigh has ter of the seigneur of Covey married. that he spent most of the night writ- evidently great moral influence over her trousseaux, or "trousses," including a poem which is to be called "The her brother, who listens with a sort ed "nine servitors, thirty liegemen, a She Saw Him. Corsair." As he did not leave his of playful acquiescence. But I doubt chaplain, and an astrologist." The Frances Lady Shelley, who knew room until after midday our inter- the permanence of their effect upon customs of the seigneurs evolved most of the celebrated people be course was restricted. his wayward nature." popular "fashions," and, high and low, tween the dates 1787 and 1817, gives "He is decidedly handsome and the women multiplied their garments a description of Lord Byron as she can be very agreeable. He seems to Trousseaux. and the fashions of them. In ancient Greece the trousseau Under the empire the trousseau be easily put out by trifles and at "From Althorp we went to Colonel times looks terribly savage. He was were made by all the women of the was composed of jewels, lace, five up-Leigh's, near Newmarket, for the very patient with Mrs. Leigh's chil. bride's house. Later the Merovingian derwear, bonnets, and veils .-- Harper's

nearby firsts, 24c; Western firsts, 24; West Virginia firsts, 24; Southern firsts, 23. Live Poultry .- Chickens, old hens, heavy, 16c; do, small to medium, 16; do, old roosters, 10@11; do, spring, large, 18; do, small to medium, 10@ 11; do, spring, large, 17@18; do, small

threw him back. As Thorne stag- do, spring 3 pounds and over, 14; do, gered. Dumont turned the pistol on smaller, 12.

> \$7.80@8.50; light, \$8.35@9; mixed, \$7.50@9; heavy, \$7.40@8.70; rough, \$7.40@7.65; pigs, \$4.25@8.25. Cattle - Beeves, \$7@9.15; Texas

steers, \$6.75@7.70; stockers and feeders. \$5.45@7.90; cows and heifers, \$3.60 @ 8.40.

> Calves, \$8@11.50. Sheep and lambs, 10@20c higher; native, \$3.75@4.75; yearlings, \$5@6; native lambs, \$5.60@8.10.

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\$4.75@6; wethers, \$4.50@5; ewes, \$2.50 @4.75; stockers and fooders, \$2.50@ 4.50.

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first saw him in 1813:

shooting. We stayed there a few dren, who are not in the least in awe chiefs exacted that their brides should Weekly.