

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. 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 B. 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. Caroline and Wilfred collaborate on a letter to join the army. An order comes to carry out on once. Edith is forced to carry out her part in the test of Thorne. She gives him the message taken from Jonas, which he reads without betraying himself. He suspects that he is being watched. The prisoner is taken to the room alone with Thorne, who recognizes him as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. They put up a fake fight and Henry accidentally kills himself.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Not at first comprehending exactly what had happened, Thorne rose to his feet, took the revolver from the other's hand, and stood over the body of his mortally wounded brother, the awful anguish of his heart in his face. "Harry!" he whispered. "My God, you have shot yourself!" But Henry Dumont was past speaking. He simply smiled at his brother, and closed his eyes. The next instant the room was filled with light and sound. From every window and door people poured in; the soldiers from the porches, from the hall, Mrs. Varney, Arrolford and Edith; from the other side of the hall a hubbub of screams and cries rose from behind the locked door where the sewing women sat. Martha brought up the rear with lights, which Arrolford took from her and set on the table. The room was again brightly illuminated. As they crowded through the various entrances, their eyes fell upon Thorne. He was leaning nonchalantly against the table, his revolver in his hand, a look of absolute indifference upon his face. His acting was superb had they but known it. He could not betray himself now and make vain his brother's sublime act of self-sacrifice for the cause. There was a tumult of shouts and sudden cries: "Where is he? What has he done? This way now!" Most of those who entered had eyes only for the man lying upon the floor, blood welling darkly through his gray shirt exposed by the opening of his coat which had been torn apart in the struggle. Three people had eyes only for Thorne, the man who hated him, the girl who loved him, and the woman who suspected him. Thorne did not glance once at the girl who loved him, or at the man who hated him, or at the woman who suspected him. He fixed his eyes upon the corporal of the guard. "There's your prisoner, corporal," he said calmly, without a break in his voice, although such anguish possessed him as he had never before experienced and lived through, but his control was absolutely perfect. And his quiet words and quiet demeanor increased the hate of one man, and the love and admiration of the other. "There's your prisoner," he said, slipping his revolver slowly back into its holster. "We had a bit of a struggle and I had to shoot him. Look out for him."

CHAPTER X.

Caroline Mitford Writes a Dispatch. The war department telegraph office had once been a handsome apartment, one of those old-fashioned, heavily corniced, marble-manteled, low-windowed, double-doored rooms in a public building. It was now in a state of extreme dilapidation, the neglected and forlorn condition somehow being significant of the moribund Confederacy in which practically everything was either dead or dying but the men and women. A large double door in one corner

gave entrance to a corridor. The doors were of handsome mahogany, but they had been kicked and battered until varnish and polish had both disappeared and they looked as dilapidated as the cob-webbed corners and the broken moldings. On the other side of the room, three long French windows gave entrance to a shallow balcony of cast iron fantastically molded, which hung against the outer wall. Beyond this the observer peering through the dusty panes could discern the large white pillars of the huge porch which overhung the front of the building. Further away beyond the shadow of the porch were visible the lights of the sleeping town, seen dimly in the bright moonlight.

The handsome furniture which the room had probably once contained, had been long since displaced by the rude telegraph equipment and the heavy plaster cornices and moldings were sadly marred by telegraph wires which ran down the walls to the tables, rough pine affairs, which carried the instruments. There were two of these tables, each with a telegraph key at either end. One of them stood near the center of the room, and the other up against the fine old marble mantel, chipped, battered, ruined like the rest of the room. For the rest, the apartment contained a desk, shelves with the batteries on them, and half a dozen chairs of the commonest and cheapest variety. The floor was bare, dusty, and tobacco stained. The sole remnant of the ancient glory of the room was a large handsome old clock on the wall above the mantel, the hands of which pointed to the hour of ten.

But if the room itself was in a dingy and even dirty condition, the occupants were very much alive. One young man, Lieutenant Allison, sat at the table under the clock, and another, Lieutenant Foray, at the table in the center of the room. Both were busy sending or receiving messages. The instruments kept up a continuous clicking, heard distinctly above the buzz of conversation which came from half a dozen youngsters, scarcely more than boys, grouped together at the opposite side of the room, waiting to take to the various offices of the department, or to the several officials of the government, the messages which were constantly being handed out to them by the two military operators. In the midst of this busy activity there came the noise of drums, faintly at first, but presently growing clearer and louder, while the tramp of many feet sounded in the street below. "What's that?" asked one messenger of the other. "I don't know," was the answer, "troops of some kind. I'll look out and see."

He stepped to one of the long windows, opened it, and went out on the balcony. The other young fellows clustered at his back or peered through the other windows. "It's the Richmond Grays," said the observer outside. "Yes, that's what they are. You can see their uniforms. They must be sending them down to the lines at Petersburg," said another. "Well, I don't believe they would send the Grays out unless there was something going on tonight," observed a third.

"Tonight, why, by heavens, it's as quiet as a tomb," broke in a fourth. "I don't hear a sound from the front." "That's probably what's worrying them. It is so damn unusual," returned the first messenger. "Things have come to a pretty pass if the grandfathers of the home guard have got to go to the front," remarked another. "Following in the footsteps of their grandsons" said the first. "I wish I could go. I hate this business of carrying telegrams and—"

"Messenger here!" cried Lieutenant Foray, folding up a message and inserting it in its envelope. The nearest youngster detached himself from the group while all of them turned away from the windows, stepped to the side of the officer, and saluted. "War department," said Foray tersely. "Tell the secretary it's from General Lee, and here's a duplicate which you are to give to the president." "Very good, sir," said the messenger, taking the message and turning away.

As he passed out of the door, an orderly entered the room, stepped to the side of Lieutenant Foray, the senior of the two officers on duty, clicked his heels together and saluted. "Secretary's compliments, sir, and he wants to know if there is anything from General Lee," he said. "My compliments to the secretary," returned the lieutenant. "I have just sent a message to his office with a duplicate for the president." "The president's with the cabinet yet, sir," returned the orderly. "He didn't go home. The secretary's there, too. They want an operator right quick to take down some cipher telegrams." Lieutenant Foray looked over to his subordinate. "Got anything on, Charlie?" he called out. "Not right now," answered Lieutenant Allison.

"Well, go over with the orderly to the cabinet room and take down their ciphers. Hurry back though," said Foray as Allison slipped on his coat—both officers had been working in their shirt sleeves—"we need you here. We are so short-handed in the office now that I don't know how we are going to get through tonight. I can't handle four instruments, and—"

"I will do my best," said Allison, turning away rapidly. He bowed as he did so to a little party which at that moment entered the room through the door, obstructing his passage. There were two very spick and span young officers with Miss Caroline Mitford between them, while just behind loomed the ponderous figure of old Martha. "You wait in the hall right here, Martha; I won't be long," said Caroline, pausing a moment to let the others precede her. The two young men stopped on either side of the door and waited for her. "Miss Mitford," said the elder, "this is the department telegraph office."

"Thank you," said Caroline, entering the room with only the briefest of acknowledgments of the profound bows of her escorts. She was evidently very much agitated and troubled over what she was about to attempt. The two young men followed her as she stepped down the long room. "I am afraid you have gone back on the army, Miss Mitford," said one of them pleasantly. "Gone back on the army, why?" asked Caroline mystified. "Seems like we should have a salute as you went by."

"Oh, yes," said the girl. She raised her hand and saluted in a perfunctory and absent-minded manner, then turned away from them. She nodded to the messengers, some of whom she knew. One of them, who knew her best, stepped forward. "Good evening, Miss Mitford, could we do anything in the office for you tonight?" he asked. "Oh, yes—you can. I want to send a telegram."

The other of the young officers who

had escorted her, who had remained silent, now entered the conversation. "Have you been receiving some bad news, Miss Mitford?" he asked sympathetically. "Oh, no." "Maybe some friend of yours has gone to the front, and—" interposed the first officer. "Well, supposing he had," said Caroline, "would you call that bad news?" "I don't know as you would exactly like to—"

"Let me tell you," said Caroline, "as you don't seem to know, that all my friends have gone to the front." There was an emphasis on the pronoun which should have warned the young soldier what was about to occur, but he rushed blindly to his doom. "I hope not all, Miss Mitford," he replied. "Yes, all," rejoined Caroline, making the "all" very emphatic, "for if they did not they wouldn't be my friends." "But some of us are obliged to stay here to take care of you, you know," contributed the other young man. "Well, there are altogether too many of you trying to take care of me," said Caroline saucily, with some

return of her usual lightness, "and you are all discharged." "Do you mean that, Miss Mitford?" "I certainly do." "Well, I suppose if we are really discharged, we will have to go," returned the other. "Yes," said his companion regretfully, "but we are mighty sorry to see you in such low spirits."

"Would you like to put me in real good spirits, you two?" asked Caroline, resolved to read these young dandies who were staying at home a lesson. "Wouldn't we?" they both cried together. "There's nothing we would like better."

"Well, I will tell you just what to do then," returned the girl gravely and with deep meaning. Everybody in the room, with the exception of Lieutenant Foray, was now listening intently. "Start right out this very night," said the girl, "and don't stop till you get to where my real friends are, lying in trenches and ditches and earthworks between us and the Yankee guns."

"But really, Miss Mitford," began one, his face flushing at her severe rebuke, "you don't absolutely mean that." "So far as we are concerned," said one of the messengers, including his companions with a sweep of his hand, "we'd like nothing better, but they won't let us go, and—"

"I know they won't," said Caroline, "but so far as you two gentlemen are concerned, I really mean it. Go and fight the Yankees a few days and lie in ditches a few nights until those uniforms you've got on look as if they might have been of some use to somebody. If you are so anxious to do something for me, that is what you can do. It is the only thing I want, it is the only thing anybody wants."

"Messenger here!" cried Lieutenant Foray as the two young officers, humiliated beyond expression by the taunts of the impudent young maiden, backed away and finally managed to make an ungraceful exit through the open door, followed by the titters of the messengers, who took advantage of the presence of the young girl to indulge in this grave breach of discipline. "Messenger!" cried Foray impatiently. "Here, sir," came the answer. "Commissioner general's office!" was the injunction with which Foray handed the man the telegram. He looked up at the same time, and with a great start of surprise caught sight of Caroline at the far end of the long room. "I beg your pardon, Miss Mitford," said the operator, scrambling to his feet and making a frantic effort to get into his coat. "I heard some one come in, but I was busy with an important message and didn't appreciate that—"

"No, never mind, don't put on your coat," said Caroline. "I came on business, and—"

"You want to send a telegram?" asked the Lieutenant. "Yes." "I am afraid we can't do anything for you here, Miss Mitford, this is a War Department Official Telegraph Office, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Caroline, "but it is the only way to send it where I want it to go, and I—"

At that moment the clicking of a key called Lieutenant Foray away. "Excuse me," he said, stepping quickly to his table. Miss Mitford, who had never before been in a telegraph office, was much mystified by the peremptory manner in which the officer had cut her short, but she had nothing to do but wait. Presently the message was transcribed and another messenger was called.

"Over to the Department, quick as you can go. They are waiting for it," said Foray. "Now, what was it you wanted me to do, Miss Mitford?" "Just to—send a telegram," faltered Caroline. "It's private business, is it not?" said Foray. "Yes, it is strictly private."

"Then you will have to get an order from—"

"That is what I thought," said Caroline, "so here it is."

"Why didn't you tell me before," returned Foray, taking the paper. "Oh—Major Selwin—"

"Yes, he—he's one of my friends."

"It's all right then," interposed the lieutenant, who was naturally very businesslike and peremptory. He pushed a chair to the other side of the table, placed a small sheet of paper on the table in front of her, and showed the pen and ink conveniently to hand. "You can write there, Miss Mitford," he said. "Thank you," said Caroline, looking rather ruefully at the tiny piece of paper which had been provided for her. Paper was a scarce article then, and every scrap was precious. She decided that such a piece was not sufficient for her purposes, and when Lieutenant Foray's back was turned she took a larger piece of paper of sufficient capacity to contain her important message, to the composition of which she proceeded with much difficulty and many pauses and sighs. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's Review says: "Evidences of reviving commercial and industrial activity steadily multiply and business optimism is becoming widespread. This spirit of confidence finds a reflection in the more general anticipation of future requirements, and since merchandise stocks at all leading points must be replenished, prospects are encouraging for a satisfactory fall and winter season."

Bradstreet's says: "In some respects trade reports suggest somewhat more irregularity. Western advices indicate conservative buying, presumably a reflex of reports of reduced crop yields, but at the same time they proclaim that trade is equal to or in excess of that done at this time last year, when operations certainly were growing. On the other hand, the more important Eastern markets, particularly those having to do with textiles, display more vim, house trade has enlarged and mills instead of making concessions are insisting upon higher prices."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot easier; No. 2 red, 95½¢; elevator, New York export basis, and 97 f o b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 98½ f o b afloat. Corn—Spot easier; export, 83¢ nominal f o b afloat. Butter—Creamery extras, 29½¢; 29¢; firsts, 27¢; seconds, 25½¢; 25¢; state dairy, finest, 28¢; process, firsts, 24½¢; seconds, 23¢; 23½¢; factory, current make, firsts, 23½¢; seconds, 23¢. Live Poultry—Firm; chickens, 20¢; 21¢; fowls, 17¢; turkeys, 15¢. Dressed, irregular; fresh-killed Western chickens, 17¢; fowls, 15¢; turkeys, 18¢; 20¢.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat car lots, in export elevator and August: No. 2 red, spot and August, 89¢; 89½¢; steamer, 87¢; 87½¢; No. 3 red, 86¢; 86½¢; rejected, "in," 83¢; 83½¢; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 99½¢; \$1.00½. Corn—Car lots for local trade, as to location: No. 2 yellow, natural, 84½¢; 85¢; steamer yellow, natural, 84¢; 84½¢. Oats—No. 2 white, old, 48½¢; 49¢; do, new, 46½¢; 47¢; standard white, old, 47½¢; 48¢; do, new, 45½¢; 46¢; No. 3 white, old, 46½¢; 47¢; do, new, 44½¢; 45¢; No. 4, new, 42½¢; 43½¢; sample, new, 39¢; 41¢. Live Poultry—Fowls, as to size and quality, 16¢; 17¢; brooding chickens, as to quality, 15¢; 17½¢; old roosters, 12¢; 12½¢; ducks, 14¢; 15¢; pigeons, old, per pair, 23¢; 25¢; do, young, per pair, 18¢; 20¢.

Butter—Western, solid-packed creamery, fancy specials, 32¢; extra, 29½¢; 30¢; extra firsts, 28½¢; 29¢; firsts, 27¢; 28¢; seconds, 25¢; 26¢; near-by prints, fancy, 33¢; extra, 31¢; 32¢; firsts, 30¢; 31¢; seconds, 27¢; 28¢; jobbing sales of fancy prints, 36¢; 39¢. Eggs—Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, free cases, \$8.70; Pennsylvania and nearby current receipts, free cases, \$8.80; Pennsylvania and nearby seconds, \$6.30; 6.90; Western, extra firsts, \$8.40; seconds, \$6.20; candied and recrated, fresh eggs, jobbing at 32¢; 36¢ per dozen; cold storage eggs, per case, extra, \$7.50; firsts, \$7.50; seconds, \$6.60; 7.20.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red spot and September, 91¢; October, 91½¢. Corn—Quote car loads prime near-by yellow on spot at \$4.10; 4.20 per barrel. Oats—No. 2 white, new, 46¢; Standard white, new, 45½¢; old, 47½¢; asked; No. 3 white, new, 44½¢; old, 46½¢; asked; No. 4 white, new, 43¢; 44¢. Rye—No. 1 Western, domestic, new, 74¢; No. 2, do, 70¢; 72¢; bag lots, near-by, as to quality, new, 69¢; 70¢. Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$17.50; 18.00; standard timothy, \$17; No. 2 timothy, \$16.50; No. 3 timothy, \$14.00; 15.50; light clover mixed, \$16.00; 15.50; No. 1 clover mixed, \$15.50; 16.00; No. 2 clover mixed, \$14.00; 15.50; heavy clover mixed, \$15.50; 16; No. 1 clover, \$15.50; 16.00; No. 2 clover, \$13.50; 15.00.

Straw—No. 1 straight rye, new, \$14.00; 14.50; No. 2 straight rye, new, \$14.00; No. 1 tangled rye, \$10.00; 11.00; No. 2 tangled rye, \$9.00; 10.00; No. 1 wheat, \$7.50; No. 2 wheat, \$7.00; No. 1 oat, \$8.00; 9.00; No. 2 oat, \$7.00; 8.00. Butter—Creamery, fancy, 29½¢; do, choice, 28¢; 29¢; do, good, 26¢; 27¢; do, prints, 29¢; 31¢; do, blocks, 28¢; 30¢; lard, 22¢; 23¢; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 21¢; 23¢; Ohio, rolls, 21¢; 22¢; West Virginia, rolls, 21¢; stone-packed, 21¢; Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, dairy prints, 21¢; process butter, 24¢; 26¢. Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb., 17¢; 18¢. Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 25¢; Western firsts, 25¢; West Virginia firsts, 24¢; 25¢; Southern firsts, 23¢. Recrated and rehandled eggs, 1¢ to 1¢ higher. Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, heavy, 16¢; do, small to medium, 15¢; do, old roosters, 10¢; do, spring, large, 19¢; do, small to medium, 19¢. Ducks, old, 13¢; do, spring, three-pounds and over, 13¢; do, smaller, 12¢. Pigeons, young, per pair, 20¢; do, old, 25¢. Guinea fowl, old, each, 30¢; do, young, 1½ lbs and over, 55¢; do, smaller, 35¢; 45¢.

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DEEP BREATHING BEFORE BED

English Physician Gives Some Simple Rules That Will Aid Seekers After Health. A correspondent of the Medical Times sends an interesting note on deep breathing. The best time (he says) seems to be immediately before retiring to bed, as doing nothing more before lying down, the habit continues and becomes fixed; the window, of course, should be open more or less

After breathing in as much as possible through the nose (out, anyhow, either mouth or nose), the nose should be held by the thumb and forefinger with a handkerchief for about fifteen seconds to prevent the escape of air, and thereby force the constituents of the air over the system. This should be repeated from four to eight times at intervals of about half a minute. The particular proof of this being more effective than other methods is seen in the following experience:

After following the above method I notice that at the heaviest meal of the day my pulse quickens the same whether I take fish or a strong meat, such as beef or mutton; before observing the above points in deep breathing as to time and holding the nose my pulse quickened much more after strong meat than after fish. Orange Blossom Anaesthetic. A Baltimore surgeon has discovered a new anaesthetic in orange blossoms which he has found may be em-

ployed most happily in etherizing his women patients. No, this doesn't show that the ruling passion is strong in death. But it is a real discovery since it promises to lead to a greater discovery, and this is that woman does not think with her brain, after all; that neither are her sensory nerves located in the supposed seat of intelligence, her mind. All the roads that lead to Rome in her case, touching sensation and emotion, register upon the switchboard of her heart.