

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 just one son and another is dying from wounds. She reluctantly gives her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army of his father's enemies. 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. 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. An order comes from General Varney for Wilfred to report to the front at once. Edith is forced to carry out her part in the test of Thorne. The prisoner is thrust into the room along with Thorne who recognizes him as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. They put up a fake fight and Henry accidentally kills himself. Caroline goes to the war department telegraph office to send a message to Wilfred.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Arrelsford again interposes. Nobody had any time to devote to Miss Mitford just then, for a perfect rain of messages came and went as she slowly composed her own dispatch. Messengers constantly came in while others went out. The lines were evidently busy that night. Finally there came a pause in the dispatches coming and going, and Foray remembering her, looked over toward the other end of the table where she sat. "Is that message of yours ready yet, Miss Mitford?" he asked. "Yes," said Caroline, rising and folding it. "Of course you have got to take it." "Certainly," returned the operator smiling. "If it's to be sent, I have to send it." "Well, here it is then," said the girl, extending the folded paper which Lieutenant Foray took and unceremoniously opened. "Oh!" exclaimed Caroline, quickly snatching the paper from his hand. "I didn't tell you you could read it." Foray stared at her in amazement. "What do you want me to do with it?" "I want you to send it." "Well, how am I going to send it if I don't read it?" "Do you mean to say that—" began



"I Didn't Tell You You Could Read It." the girl, who had evidently forgotten—if she had ever known—how telegrams were sent. "I mean to say that I have got to spell out every word on the key. Didn't you know that?" "Oh, I did, of course—but I had forgotten," said Caroline, dismayed by this unexpected development. "Is there any harm in my reading the message that I have to send?" "Why I wouldn't have you see it for the world! My gracious!" "Is it as bad as that, Miss Mitford?" he said laughing. "Bad! It isn't bad at all, but I wouldn't have it get all over town for anything." "It will never get out of this office,

Miss Mitford," returned Foray composedly. "We are not allowed to mention anything that goes on in here." "You wouldn't mention it?" "Certainly not. All sorts of private messages go through here, and—" "Do they?" "Every day. Now if that telegram is important—" "Important, well I should think it was. It is the most important—" "Then I reckon you had better trust it to me," said Lieutenant Foray. "Yes," said Caroline, blushing a vivid crimson. "I reckon I had." She handed him the telegram. He opened it, glanced at it, bit his lips to control his emotion, and then his hands reached for the key. "Oh, stop!" cried Caroline. Foray looked at her, his eyes full of amusement, his whole body shaking with suppressed laughter, which she was too wrought up to perceive.

"Wait till—I don't want to be here while you spell out every word—I couldn't stand that." Caroline had evidently forgotten that the spelling would be in the Morse code, and that it would be about as intelligible to her as Sanskrit. The lieutenant humored her, and waited while Caroline turned toward the door and summoned Martha to her. She did not leave the room, however, for her way was barred by a young private in a gray uniform. The newcomer looked hastily at her and the old negress, stopped by them, and asked them very respectfully to wait a moment. He then approached Foray, who impatiently waited until he could send the message. He saluted him and handed him a written order, and then crossed to the other side of the room. A glance put Foray in possession of the contents of this order. He rose to his feet and approached Caroline still standing by the door. "Miss Mitford," he said. "Yes."

"I don't understand this, but here is an order that has just come from the secret service department directing me to hold up any dispatch you may try to send." "Hold back my telegram?" "Yes, Miss Mitford," and Foray looked very embarrassed as she stared again at the order and then from the young girl to the orderly, "and that isn't the worst of it." "What else is there?" asked the girl, her eyes big with apprehension. "Why, this man has orders to take back your message with him to the secret service office." "Take back my message!" cried Caroline. "There must be some mistake," answered Foray, "but that's what the order says."

"To whom does it say to take it back?" asked the girl, growing more and more indignant. "To Mr. Arrelsford." "Do you mean to tell me that that order is for that man to take my dispatch back to Mr. Arrelsford?" "Yes, Miss Mitford," returned Lieutenant Foray. "And does it say anything in there about what I am going to do in the meantime?" asked the girl indignantly. "Nothing." "Well, that is too bad," returned Caroline ominously. "I am sorry this has occurred, Miss Mitford," said the lieutenant earnestly, "but the orders are signed by the head of the secret service department, and you will see that I have no choice."

"Don't worry about it, Lieutenant Foray," said Caroline calmly, "there is no need of your feeling sorry, because it hasn't occurred, beside that, it is not going to occur. When it does, you can go around being sorry all you like. Have you the faintest idea that I am going to let him take my telegram away with him and show it to the man? Do you suppose—" She was too indignant to finish her sentence and old Martha valiantly entered the fray. "No, sub," she cried, in her deepest and most indignant voice. "You all ain't gwine to do it, you kin be right suah you ain't." "But what can I do?" persisted Foray, greatly distressed. "You can hand it back to me, that's what you can do." "Yes, sub, dat's de vohy best thing you kin do," said old Martha stoutly, "an' de soonah you do it de quickah

it'll be done—Ah kin tell you dat right now, sub." "But this man has come here with orders for me to—" began Foray, endeavoring to explain. He realized that there was some mistake somewhere. The girl's message had nothing whatever to do with military matters, and he quite understood that she would not want this communication read by every Tom, Dick or Harry in the secret service department. Besides all this, as she stood before him, her face flushed with emotion, she was a sufficiently pleading figure to make him most willing to help her. In addition, the portly figure of old Martha, whose cheeks doubtless would have been flushed with the same feeling had they not been black, were more than disconcerting.

"This man," said Caroline, shaking her finger at helpless Private Eddinger, who also found his position most unpleasant, "can go straight back where he came from and report to Mr. Arrelsford that he could not carry out his orders. That's what he can do." Martha, now thoroughly aroused to a sense of the role she was to play, turned and confronted the abashed private. "Jes' let him try to tek it. Let him tek it if he wants it so pow'ful bad! Jes' let de other one dare gib it to him—an' den see him try an' git out thu dis yeah do, wid it! Ah wants to see him go by," she said. "Ah'm jes' waitin' fur de sight ob him git-in' pas' dis do." Dat's what Ah's waitin' fo'. Ah'd lak to know what dey s'pose it was. Ah comed around yeah fo' anyway—dese men wid dese ordahs afusen' an'—"

"Miss Mitford," said Foray earnestly, "if I were to give this dispatch back to you it would get me in a heap of trouble." "What kind of trouble?" asked Caroline dubiously. "I might be put in prison, I might be shot." "Do you mean that they would—" "Sure to do one thing or another." "Just for giving it back to me when it is my message." "Just for that." "Then you will have to keep it, I suppose," said Caroline faltering. "Thank you, Miss Mitford." "Very well," said Caroline, "it is understood. You don't give it back to me, and you can't give it back to him, so nobody's disobeying any orders at all. And that's the way it stands. I reckon I can stay as long as he can, and I haven't very much to do and probably he has."

"But, Miss Mitford—" began Foray. "There isn't any good talking any longer. If you have got any telegraphing to do you had better do it I won't disturb you. But don't you give it to him." Foray stared at her helplessly. What might have resulted it is impossible to say, for there entered at that opportune moment Mr. Arrelsford himself, relieving Mr. Foray of the further conduct of the intricate case. His glance took in all the occupants of the room. It was to his own messenger that he first addressed himself. "Eddinger!" "Yes, Mr. Arrelsford." "Didn't you get here in time?" "Yes, sir." "Then why—" "I beg your pardon," said Foray, "are you Mr. Arrelsford of the secret service department?" "Yes. Are you holding back a dispatch?" "Yes, sir." "Why didn't Eddinger bring it to me?" "Well, you see—" began Foray, hesitating. "Miss Mitford—" Arrelsford instantly comprehended. "Eddinger," he said. "Yes, sir."

"Report back to Corporal Matson and tell him to send a surgeon to the prisoner who was wounded at General Varney's house, if he isn't dead by this time. Now let me see that dispatch," he continued, as the orderly saluted and ran rapidly from the room. But again Miss Mitford interposed. She stepped quickly between Arrelsford and Foray, both of whom fell back from her. "I expect," she said impudently, "that you think you are going to get my telegram and read it?" "I certainly intend to do so," was the curt answer. "Well, there's a great disappointment looming up in front of you," returned Caroline defiantly. "So!" said Arrelsford, with growing suspicion. "You have been trying to send out something that you don't want us to see."

"What if I have, sir?" "Just this," said Arrelsford determinedly. "You won't send it out and I will see it. This is a case—" "This is a case where nobody is going to read my private writing," persisted Caroline. The young girl confronted him with blazing eyes and a man like a small fury. Arrelsford looked at her with ill-concealed yet somewhat vexatious amusement. "Lieutenant Foray, you have an or-

der to give me that dispatch. Bring it to me at once," he said. Although it was quite evident that Foray greatly disliked the role he was compelled to play, his orders were plain, and he had no option. He stepped slowly toward the secret service agent, only to be confronted by old Martha, who again interrupted. "Dat Lieutenant kin stay jes' whah he is," said the old negress defiantly. A struggle with her would have been an unseemly spectacle indeed, thought both men. "Is that Miss Mitford's dispatch you have in your hand?" asked Arrelsford. "Yes, sir." "Since you can't hand it to me, read it."

Caroline turned to him with a gasp of horror. Martha gave way, and Foray stood surprised. "Read it out! Don't you hear me?" repeated Arrelsford peremptorily. "I don't dare to do such a thing," cried Caroline, "you have no right to read a private telegram."

"No, sub! He ain't got no business to read her lettahs, none whatsoomebaw!" urged Martha. "Silence!" roared Arrelsford, his patience at an end. "If either of you interfere any further with the business of this office I will have you both put under arrest. Read that dispatch instantly, Lieutenant Foray."

The game was up, so far as the women were concerned. Caroline's head sank on Martha's shoulder and she sobbed passionately, while Lieutenant Foray read the following astonishing and incriminating message. "Forgive me, Wilfred, darling, please forgive me and I will help you all I can." It was harmless, as harmless as it was foolish, that message, but it evidently impressed Mr. Arrelsford as containing some deep, some hidden, some sinister meaning.



"That dispatch can't go," he said shortly. "That dispatch can go," said Caroline, stopping her sobbing as suddenly as she had begun. "And that dispatch will go. I know some one whose orders even you are bound to respect, and some one who will come here with me and see that you do it." "It may be," answered Arrelsford composedly. "I have a good and sufficient reason—" "Then you will have to show him, I can tell you that, Mr. Arrelsford." "I shall be glad to give my reason to my superiors, Miss Mitford, not to you."

"Then you will have to go around giving them to every body in Richmond, Mr. Arrelsford," said the girl, as she swept petulantly through the door, followed by old Martha, both of whom were very much disturbed by what had occurred. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Perfection in Shipbuilding. The giant liner Imperator, which is rapidly approaching completion at Hamburg, was recently subjected to rigid tests to determine the strength of her bulkheads, which proved that the vessel would withstand the experience which befell the Titanic. New and efficient mechanism is being installed for launching lifeboats under unfavorable conditions. Anti-rolling tanks in the vessel will remove the danger of the lifeboats being crushed against the sides of the ship while being lowered. One of the lifeboats is equipped with a wireless telegraph system having a range of 200 miles, the antennae being a telescopic mast. This lifeboat will serve as the flagship of the feet of life boats in case of a wreck.

Proud of Them. We can no longer think, with Pericles, that good report for a woman means a minimum of any kind of report about her, whether for good, or evil, nor with Dr. Johnson that when she speaks in public she is "like a pig standing on its hind legs; it is not that she does it well, but you are surprised she can do it at all." We are as proud of our famous women as we are of our famous men, and some of the very best speakers in the world today are women.—University Magazine.

Safety Devices. Redd—I understand the French government has offered a prize of \$80,000 for a device that will make aeroplanes safe. Greene—Why, don't they at the same time offer a prize for a device that will make falling out of a tenth-story window safe?

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Man She Wanted. "Will you marry me?" he asked. She paused for a moment before she replied. Then she said: "Listen carefully, please. You are a man of ordinary abilities and perfectly conventional ideas. You haven't the slightest conception of the new world movement which is now taking place. You are intensely blind to all of its radicalism, intensely unoriginal, satisfied to be an intellectual nonentity, engrossed in that horrible, stagnating thing known as business, and a mental slave to the opinions put forth by your daily paper. I am a true feminist, an individual searcher, bound by no ties, seeking the highest self-expression in advance art forms—acknowledging no preconceived standards. Will I marry you? Of course I will. You're just the man I want."—Life.

What Can Be Done About This? "Here's an item," observed Rivers, who was looking over the newspapers, "to the effect that the king of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm." "I suppose he uses them," suggested Brooks. "To drive his Stockholm." After which the rattle of the typewriters broke out afresh with great violence.—Stray Stories.

Obvious. "You can't hang up your hat in this house, let me tell you." "Not very well while you are sitting on it."

Predisposed. "Dobbs says his wife drove him to drink." "It is my opinion that he naturally gravitated in that direction."

A Fact. "My dear, those high-heeled shoes were a blunder on your part." "I guess I did put my foot in it."

Efficiency. The modern method of accomplishing two things at once in the performance of a man's household duties was recently illustrated by a North Cambridge young man. This young man was industriously mowing the large lawn in front of his house by pushing a mower in front of him with the same industry he was giving his baby a ride by dragging the baby carriage behind him with the other hand.—Boston Journal.

Better Than Trees. Her Father—Have you a family tree? Her Lover—No; but I have 10,000 acres of pine timber. Her Father—Great! Have a drink, a good cigar and the girl!—New York Post.

Perfectly Safe. "Better lap up that spill milk," said the first cat. "If the missus sees the mess you'll catch fits." "Not me," said the second feline. "The woman I live with blames everything on her husband."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Their Office. "Whales must be the peacemakers of the ocean." "How do you make that out?" "Don't they pour oil upon the waters?"

Everything Relative. Madge—This summer seems to be much cooler than last. Marjorie—You must remember, dear, that you're not wearing so many clothes.—Judge.

Lightly Clad. "Don't you think she dresses in good taste?" "Perhaps so, but not in good measure." After the husband goes shopping the wife goes swapping.



A Suggestion for Digestion

Many persons suffer more or less from headache, dizziness, biliousness, and symptoms common to indigestion. There are various causes, such as over-starchy or greasy foods, improper mastication, or bad cooking.

Grape-Nuts

Solves the digestion problem.

This food, made from prime whole wheat and barley, is perfectly baked until the starch cells are either converted into easily digested grape sugar, or thoroughly broken down for quick digestion—generally in about one hour.

There is no animal fat in Grape-Nuts. The crisp granules of Grape-Nuts come to your table ready-to-eat direct from package, invite thorough mastication and have a peculiarly sweet, nut-like flavor.

Grape-Nuts, containing all the rich elements of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts, is a perfectly balanced food for building muscle, bone, brain and nerve.

Grape-Nuts is probably the longest baked, the best balanced, and the most easily digested of all cereal foods. Wonderfully appetizing with cream and sugar.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

GIVING THE PLUG HIS DUE

Steadygoing, Sensible Qualities Are Not Always Accorded the Recognition That They Deserve.

Don't make fun of the plug. He may be slow and awkward and never get to the stable until dark, but he is the fellow who in the end will bring home the coin, says a Kansas City writer. The plug horse that pulls the litter all day in the field puts more money in the bank for the honest farmer

than the race horse that goes out and turns a half in 0:50 flat and then loafs for two weeks waiting for another race to be matched. The old plug goes out in sunshine and storm and pulls in a few dollars every week, but the race horse waits for the day when the track is good and then generally loses more than he wins. The steady old plug keeps the wolf from the door, while the race horse causes the mortgage to be foreclosed. Just so with the man. Pin your faith to the plug who keeps eternally

at it; the fellow who gets up every morning and does so much and is ready to do it again next day. He lays up more shining dollars in the bank than the swift sport who lies around all summer waiting for luck to come along and turn a stream of silver into his pocket. One cackling Plymouth Rock hen is worth a dozen screaming eagles when it comes to paying off the mortgage. The plug is the fellow who steadies the ship and acts as ballast when the boat begins to rock. The plug is the fellow

who lives contentedly and long and when he passes away the local paper says, "He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances."

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