

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 confederates. 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 'Z' as 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. Thorne 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. Arrelsford suspects a double meaning and refuses to let it go through. He and Edith secretly themselves to watch Thorne, whose arrival Arrelsford expects.

CHAPTER XII.

Thorne Takes Charge of the Telegraph Office.

Arrelsford stared after the departing figures with a mixture of amusement, contempt and annoyance in his glance. So soon as the door had closed behind them he turned to Lieutenant Foray, who was regarding him with ill-concealed aversion.

"Let me have that dispatch," he began in his usual peremptory manner.

"You said you had an order, sir," returned Foray sulkily.

"Yes, yes," replied the secret service agent impatiently, throwing an order on the table, "there it is, don't waste time."

But Lieutenant Foray was not satisfied, principally because he did not wish to be. He scrutinized the order carefully, and with great distaste at its contents. It was quite evident that if he could have found a possible pretext for refusing obedience he would gladly have done so. His sympathies were entirely with Miss Mitford.

"I suppose you are Mr. Benton Arrelsford, all right?" he began deliberately, fingering the paper.

"Certainly I am," returned Arrelsford haughtily.

"We have to be very careful now—"

"I am greatly obliged to you, Miss Varney," returned Arrelsford with deferential courtesy. "As a matter of justice to me it was—"

"I didn't come to oblige you," answered Edith haughtily.

She had never liked Mr. Arrelsford. His addresses had been most unpleasant and unwelcome to her, and now she not only hated him but she loathed him.

"I came here," she continued, as Arrelsford attempted to speak, "to see that no more—her voice broke for a moment—murders are committed here—to satisfy your singular curiosity."

"Murders!" exclaimed Arrelsford, flushing deeply.

The girl nodded.

"The Union soldier who escaped from prison—"

"Is the man dead?" interrupted Arrelsford.

"The man is dead."

"It is a curious thing, Miss Varney," continued the other with cutting emphasis, "that one Yankee prisoner more or less should make so much difference to you, isn't it? They are dying down in Libby by the hundreds."

"At least they are not being killed in our houses, in our drawing-rooms, before our very eyes?"

She confronted Arrelsford with a bitterly reproachful glance, before which his eyes for a moment fell, and he was glad indeed to turn to another orderly who had just entered the room.

"Have you kept track of him?" he asked in a low voice.

"He's coming down the street to the department now, sir."

"Where has he been since he left Mrs. Varney's house?"

"He went to his quarters on Carey street. We got in the next room and watched him through a transom."

"What was he doing?"

"Working on some papers or documents."

"But that dispatch is to young Varney, a mere boy, the general's son," urged the lieutenant.

"I didn't know he had gone to the front. So much the worse. It's one of the ugliest affairs we have ever had. I had them put on it, and I have got it pretty close. We have had some checks, but we will end it right here in this office inside of thirty minutes."

There was a slight tap on the door at this juncture. Arrelsford turned to the door, opened it, and found himself face to face with a soldier, who saluted and stood at attention.

"Well, what is it?"

"The lady's here, sir," said the soldier.

"Where is she?" asked Arrelsford.

"Waiting down below at the front entrance."

"Did she come alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show her up here at once. I suppose you have a revolver here," continued the secret service man, turning to Lieutenant Foray, who had listened with much interest.

"Certainly," answered Foray, "we are always armed in the telegraph office."

From a drawer in the table he drew forth a revolver which he laid on the top of the table.

"Good," said Arrelsford, "while I want to handle this thing myself, I may call you. Be ready, that's all."

"Very well."

"Obey any orders you may get, and send out all dispatches unless I stop you."

"Yes, sir."

"And if you don't mind, I don't care to have all these messenger boys coming back here. I will order them to stop in the hall. If you have any messages for them you can take them out there. I don't want to have too many people in the room."

"Very good, sir. Will you give the order to your orderly when he brings up the young lady?"

"Yes."

Arrelsford stepped to the door, and Foray busied himself with the clicking instruments. After a few minutes' conversation with the orderly, who had just returned, Arrelsford ushered Edith Varney into the room. With not even a glance at the operator in her intense preoccupation, the girl spoke directly to Arrelsford.

"I—I've accepted your invitation, you see."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Miss Varney," returned Arrelsford with deferential courtesy. "As a matter of justice to me it was—"

"I didn't come to oblige you," answered Edith haughtily.

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passed, stopped and addressed the two at once: "Why, to think of finding you two here together! And I have always wanted to introduce you, because I just know you will just love each other. Mabel, this is Maud, and Maud, this is my dear old Mabel. You are bound to love each other, because you are so exactly alike in disposition!"

Lots There to Capture.

During the civil war there was an Irishman of the Thirty-sixth Indiana,

"Could you see them? Did you see what they were?"

"They looked like orders from the war department, sir."

"He is coming here with forged orders, I suppose."

"I don't doubt it, sir."

"I surmise that his game is to get control of these wires and then send out dispatches to the front that will take away a battery or a brigade from some vital point, the vital point indicated by 'Plan 3.' That's where they mean to attack tonight."

"Looks like it, sir," agreed the orderly respectfully.

"Plan 3," that's where they will hit us," mused the secret service agent, "is there a guard in the building?"

"Not inside, sir," answered the orderly, "there's a guard in front and sentries around the barracks over in the square."

"If I shouted they could hear from this window, couldn't they?" asked Arrelsford.

"The guard in front could hear you, sir. But the time is getting short. He must be nearly here; you'd better look out, sir."

Edith Varney had heard enough of the conversation to understand that Thorne was coming. Of course it would never do for him to see her there.

"Where am I to go?" she asked.

"Outside here on the balcony," said Arrelsford. "There is no closet in the room and it is the only place. I will be with you in a moment."

"But if he should come to the window?"

"We will step in at the other window. Stay, orderly, see if the window of the commissary general's office, the next room to the left, is open."

They waited while the orderly went out on the balcony and made his inspection.

"The window of the next room is open, sir," he reported.

"That's all I want of you. Report back to Corporal Matson. Tell him to get the body of the prisoner out of the Varney house. He knows where it is to go."

"Very well, sir."

"Mr. Foray," continued Arrelsford, "whoever comes here you are to keep on with your work and don't give the slightest sign of my presence to any one on any account. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Foray from the telegraph table in the center of the room.

He had caught something of the conversation, but he was too good a soldier to ask any questions, besides his business was with the telegraph, not with Mr. Arrelsford.

"Now, Miss Varney," said the secret service agent, "this way, please."

He opened the middle window. The girl stepped through, and he was about to follow when he caught sight of a messenger entering the room. Leaving the window, he retraced his steps.

"Where did you come from?" he asked abruptly to the young man.

"War department, sir."

"Carrying dispatches?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know me, don't you?"

"I've seen you at the office, sir, and—"

"I'm here on department business," said Arrelsford. "All you have to do is to keep quiet about it. Weren't you stopped in the hall?"

"Yes, sir, but I had a dispatch from the president that had to be delivered to Lieutenant Foray."

"Well, it is just as well," said Arrelsford. "Don't mention having seen me to anybody under any pretext and stay here. You might be needed. On second thoughts, Foray, let any messenger 'come in.'"

With that Mr. Arrelsford stepped out onto the balcony through the window, which he closed after him, and he and Edith disappeared from view.

"Messenger," said Foray, "step down the hall and tell the private there that by Mr. Arrelsford's orders messengers are allowed to come up as they report."

"All right," said Thorne, and the next moment the operator turned away while the clicking of the key called Thorne to the table. It took him but a few minutes to write the brief message which he addressed and turned to the first messenger, "Quartermaster General."

"He wasn't in his office a short time ago, sir," said the messenger.

"Very well, find him. He has probably gone home and he has to have this message."

"Very good, sir."

The key kept up its clicking. In a short time another message was written off.

"Ready here," cried Thorne, looking at the other messenger. "This is for the secretary of the treasury, marked private. Take it to his home."

"He was down at the cabinet meeting a little while ago, sir," said the second messenger.

"No difference, take it to his house and wait until he comes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pa Knows Why.

"Pa, why is it that dentists call their offices dental parlors?" "Because they are drawing rooms, my son."

"They want me to take a cipher dispatch over to the president's house," he said as he finished.

"Yes," said Thorne, moving to the vacant place at the table. He pulled the chair back a little, tossed his hat on the other table, and otherwise made himself at home.

"I am ordered to stay here until you get back," he began casually, shoving the paper aside and stretching his hand toward the key.

"That's an odd thing, captain," began Lieutenant Foray dubiously. "I understood that the president was meeting with the cabinet. In fact, Lieutenant Allison went over there to take some code work a moment ago. He must have gone home, I reckon."

"Looks like it," said Thorne quietly. "If he is not at home you had better wait."

"Yes," said Foray, moving away. "I suppose I had better wait for him. You will have to look out for Allison's wire, though, on the other table. He was called over to the department."

"Oh, Allison!" said Thorne carelessly. "Be gone long, do you think?"

"Well, you know how it is. They generally whip around quite a while before they make up their minds what they want to do. I don't suppose they will trouble you much. It's as quiet as a church down the river. Good night."

"See here, Mr. Foray, wait a moment. You had better not walk out and leave—no matter," continued

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's Review says:

"Restraint upon business through drift uncertainty is virtually at an end, and merchants and manufacturers appear to be of a hopeful disposition. Expansion is not general as yet, but signs of trade revival are gradually becoming more apparent, and less hesitancy is shown in providing for forward requirements."

Bradstreet's says:

"The events of the week spell progress along general favorable lines. Chief among features were the expansion in fall jobbing trade, breaking of the drought in the corn belt, too late to enlarge the yield, but checking further deterioration and helpful to late forage crops, pastures, stock water supplies and fall seeding; the ending, generally speaking, of the tariff uncertainty by the passage of that bill in the Senate; the realization through the government report of a record yield of wheat and of average yields of most other crops except corn, lower temperatures, stimulating retail trade, and enlarged movements of cotton and spring wheat, which tend to improve collections in sections affected, though room for further improvement is still ample. Enlargement in jobbing trade is reported from all leading markets."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK—Wheat—Spot easy; No. 2 red, 96 1/4 elevator, New York export basis, and 96 c f o b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, new, 85 1/2 c f o b afloat.

Corn—Spot easy; export, 84 1/2 c nominal f o b afloat.

Butter—Firm; receipts, 5,884 tubs. Creamery, held, extras, 31@32c; firsts, 28@30.

Eggs—Strong; refrigerator, seconds, 23 1/2@24c; lower grades, 18@22.

Live Poultry—Steady; Western chickens, 16 1/2c; fowls, 14@14 1/2c; turkeys, 16. Dressed irregular; fresh killed Western chickens, 17@24; fowls, 14 1/2@19; turkeys, 15@20.

PHILADELPHIA—Wheat—No. 2 red, 93@94c; No. 3 red, 91@92c; No. 2 hard, 88 1/2@89 1/2c; No. 3 hard, 87 1/2@88 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 91@92 1/2c; No. 3, Northern, 89@91c; No. 2 spring, 89 1/2@91c; No. 3 spring, 88@89 1/2c; 2 spring, 89 1/2@91c; No. 3 spring, 88@89 1/2c; velvet chaff, 87@91 1/2c; Durum, 87@91c.

Corn—No. 2, 76 1/2@77c; No. 2 white, 77@77 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 76 1/2@77 1/2c; No. 3, 76 1/2@77c; No. 3 white, 76 1/2@77 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 76 1/2@77 1/2c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 44 1/2@44 3/4c; No. 3 white, 42 1/2@43 1/2c; standard, 43 1/2@44c.

Rye—No. 2, 68@68 1/2c.

Barley—60@81c.

Timothy—\$4.50@5.35.

Clover—\$9.00@11.25.

Pork, \$23.00.

Lard—\$11.22@11.25.

Ribs—\$10.75@11.70.

Cheese—Higher; dairies, 15@15 1/2c; twins, 14 1/2@14 3/4c; Americas, 15 1/2@15 3/4c; long horns, 15 1/2@15 3/4c.

BALTIMORE—Wheat—No. 2 red spot and September, 94c; October, 94.

Corn—Fresh shelled yellow corn on track for domestic delivery is easier. Sales included 2 cars yellow, domestic, track, 84c; 2 cars yellow, domestic, B. & O., 84.

Oats—White, No. 2, new, 47 1/2c; standard, new, 46 1/2@47c; do, old, 47 1/2c asked; No. 3, new, 46 sales; do, old, 46 1/2 asked; No. 4, new, 44 1/2@45.

Rye—Western Domestic, new, No. 1, 74@77c; No. 2, 71@72. Bag lots, nearby, as to quality, new, 60@70c.

Hay—Timothy—No. 1, \$17.50; standard, \$17. No. 2, \$16.50; No. 3, \$15@16.

Clover Mixed—Light, \$16@16.50; No. 1, \$15.50@16; No. 2, \$14@15; heavy, \$15.50@16. Clover—No. 1, \$15.50@16; No. 2, \$13.50@15.

Straw—Straight Rye—No. 1, new, \$15.50@16; No. 2, do, \$15. Tangled Rye—No. 1, \$9.50@10. Wheat—No. 1, \$7.50; No. 2, \$7. Oat—No. 1, \$8@9; No. 2, \$7@8.

Butter—Creamery—Fancy, 31@32c; do, choice, 29@30; do, good, 27@28; do, prints, 32@33; do, blocks, 30@32; ladies, 22@23; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 22@23; Ohio rolls, 22; West Virginia rolls, 22; storepacked, 22; Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 22; process butter, 27@28.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per pound, 17@18c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 27; Western firsts, 27; West Virginia firsts, 26@27; Southern firsts, 25. Recrated and rehandled eggs 1 1/2c to 1c higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, heavy, 17c; do, do, hens, small to medium, 16c; do, old roosters, 10c; do, spring, large, 18 1/2c; do, do, small to medium, 18 1/2c; ducks, old, 12c; do, spring, 3 lbs and over, 13@14c; do, do, smaller, 12c; pigeons, young, per pair, 20c; do, old, per pair, 25c; guinea fowl, old, each, 30c; do, do, young, 1 1/2 lbs. and over, 55c; do, do, do, smaller, 40@45.

Live Stock

CHICAGO—Hogs—Weak, 10@15c lower. Bulk of sales, \$7.90@8.45; light, \$8.40@9.10; mixed, \$7.65@9.05; heavy, \$7.40@8.60; rough, \$7.40@7.65; pigs, \$4.25@8.60.

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"I've Accepted Your Invitation, You See."

adays," continued Foray shortly. "But I reckon it's all right. Here's the telegram."

"Did the girl seem nervous or excited when she handed this in?" asked the other; taking the message.

"Do you mean Miss Mitford?" asked Foray reprovingly.

"Certainly, who else?"

"Yes, she did."

"She was anxious not to have it seen by anybody?"

"Anxious? I should say so. She didn't even want me to see it."

"Umph!" said Arrelsford. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Foray, that we are on the track of a serious affair and I believe she's mixed up in it."

BOUND TO LOVE EACH OTHER

Probably Third Woman Was Right, but the Other Two Must Have Felt Somewhat Uncomfortable.

There was a great crowd at the picture exhibition, and empty seats were at a premium, when two pretty women spled and made for a place at the self-same moment. They reached the prize together, both pretending ignorance of the other, and, flopping themselves down, succeeded in squeez-

ing breathlessly and miserably in. There they sat then, each scowling and staring at the rudeness of her respective neighbor, each wriggling and squirming as much as possible in order to crowd that neighbor still further. Finally the situation became acute, and one of the women spoke with fine sarcasm: "I beg your pardon, but do you need the whole seat?"

"I beg yours," the answer came, "but I never talk to strangers."

Just then a third pretty woman

passed, stopped and addressed the two at once: "Why, to think of finding you two here together! And I have always wanted to introduce you, because I just know you will just love each other. Mabel, this is Maud, and Maud, this is my dear old Mabel. You are bound to love each other, because you are so exactly alike in disposition!"

Lots There to Capture.

During the civil war there was an Irishman of the Thirty-sixth Indiana,

who, while on the skirmish line at Dallas, saw a good chance to capture a confederate. He availed himself of the opportunity, captured his man, and was passing to the rear with his prisoner, when one of his comrades called out to him: "Pat, let me have that man. I will take him over to General Cross, our brigade commander."

"Niver mind, me boy," replied Pat. "I left a million back over the hill there. Go yourself and fetch one of the lads over and take him to General Cross."