

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 lying 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. 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 3. 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 alone with Thorne. 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. Thorne takes charge of the telegraph office. He starts to send a message, but is interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with a dispatch from the secretary of war, Arrelsford and Edith. Thorne alters the secretary's dispatch. Thorne is shot in the wrist by Arrelsford when he attempts to send it. Arrelsford calls the guard, and when they appear Thorne turns the tables by ordering the arrest of Arrelsford.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Call of the Key.

This astonishing denouement fairly paralyzed Arrelsford. With a daring and ability for which he had not given Thorne credit, and which was totally unexpected, although what he had learned of his previous career might have given him some warning, the tables had been turned upon him by a man whom he confidently fancied he had entrapped beyond possibility of escape.

His amazement held him speechless for a moment, but his natural resourcefulness came back to him with his returning presence of mind. He knew the futility of an attempt to struggle with his captors, he therefore decided to try to reason with them.

"Sergeant," he began, quietly enough, "my orders are—"

But Thorne would not let him continue. Having gained the advantage he was determined to keep it to the end and for that purpose he followed up his first blow, ruthlessly pressing his charge hard.

"Damn your orders!" he interrupted furiously. "You haven't got orders



"Get His Gun Away, He'll Hurt Somebody."

to shoot up everybody you see in this office, have you?"

This was too much for Arrelsford, and he made a desperate plunge forward to get at Thorne, who shook his wounded wrist in the secret service agent's face. The soldiers held him tightly, however, and Thorne continued hotly:

"Get his gun away, sergeant; he'll hurt somebody."

While the soldiers—who appeared to entertain no doubt and to have no hesitancy whatever about obeying Thorne's orders, the latter evidently the military man of the two and his

voice and bearing, to say nothing of his uniform, telling heavily against a civilian like Arrelsford—were taking the revolver out of his hands, Thorne once more turned to the telegraph table. His blood was up and he would send the dispatch now before the whole assemblage, before the Confederate government or its army if necessary.

Arrelsford burst out in a last vain attempt to stop him:

"Listen to me, sergeant," he pleaded desperately, "he is going to send out a false telegram and—"

"That'll do," gruffly said the sergeant of the guard, shaking his fist in Arrelsford's face, "what is it all about, captain?"

"All about? I haven't the slightest idea. He says he comes from some office or other. I was sending off some important official dispatches here and he began by letting off his gun at me. Crazy lunatic, I think."

"It's a lie!" said Arrelsford furiously. "Let me speak—I will prove—"

"Here!" said the sergeant of the guard, "that'll do now. What shall I do with him, captain?"

"I don't care a damn what you do with him. Get him out of here, that's all I want."

"Very well, sir. Are you much hurt?"

"Oh, no. He did up one hand, but I can get along with the other all right," said Thorne, sitting down at the table and seizing the key.

"Stop him!" cried Arrelsford, fully divining that Thorne intended to send the message. "He's sending a—wait! A thought came to him. 'Ask Miss Varney, she saw him—ask Miss Varney.'"

But the old sergeant of the guard paid no attention whatever to his frantic appeals.

"Here, fall in there!" he said. "We'll get him out, captain. Have you got him, men? Forward then!"

Struggling furiously the squad of soldiers forced Arrelsford to the door. Thorne paid absolutely no attention to them; he had forgotten their presence. Like his attention, his mind and heart were on their key again. But he was fated to meet with still another interruption.

"Halt there!" cried a sharp voice from the hall, just as the group reached the door.

"Halt! Left face!" cried the sergeant in turn, recognizing that here was a superior whom it were well to obey without question or hesitation.

"Here is General Randolph," said the voice outside, giving the name of one of the high officers of the Richmond garrison.

"Present arms!" cried the sergeant of the guard as General Randolph appeared in the doorway.

Following him were some officers of his staff and by his side was the imposing figure of Miss Caroline Mitford. The humiliation and indignation had vanished from her bearing which was one of unmitigated triumph. She threw a glance at Arrelsford which bode ill for that young man. The general entered the room and stopped before the secret service agent, who stood in front of the guard, although he had been released by the men.

"What's all this about?" he asked peremptorily.

Although he knew that something important was transpiring, and that the newcomer was a man of rank, Thorne never turned his head. At whatever cost, he realized he must get the telegram off, and from the look of things it appeared that his only chance was then and there. He did not care if the president of the Confederate States of America were there in person, his mind and soul were on the order. He was frantically calling the station he wanted, the one indicated by "Plan 3," and he had the doctored dispatch, to which he had pasted the secretary's signature, spread out on the table before him.

"What's all this about refusing to send out Miss Mitford's telegram?" began General Randolph peremptorily. "Some of your work, I understand, Mr. Arrelsford."

"General!" cried Arrelsford breathlessly. "They have arrested me. It is a conspiracy—"

"Stop that man, for God's sake stop him before it's too late!"

At this juncture, Caroline Mitford turned from the room and joined old Martha in the hall, and disappeared. She had only come back with the general to punish Arrelsford, but she did

not care to have her precious dispatch made the subject of discussion before so many people.

"Stop him!" exclaimed the general. "What do you mean?"

It was evident that the dispatch was not to go out then. Thorne had not succeeded in getting an answer to his signal. He left the key, rose and saluted.

"He means me, sir," he said. "He's got an idea some dispatch I'm sending out is a trick of the Yankees."

"It is a conspiracy!" cried Arrelsford. "He is an impostor—"

"Why, the man must have gone crazy, general," said Thorne coolly, holding his position by the table and listening with all his ears for the return signal.

"I came here on a case for—" expostulated Arrelsford.

"Wait!" said General Randolph. "I will soon get at the bottom of this. What was he doing when you came in, sergeant?" he asked of the non-commissioned officer in charge of the guard.

"He was firing on the captain, sir," answered the sergeant saluting.

"He was sending out a false order to weaken our lines at Cemetery Hill, and I—ah—Miss Varney, she was here. She saw it all," explained Arrelsford.

"Miss Varney!" exclaimed the general.

"Yes, sir."

"The general's daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was she doing here?"

"She came to see for herself whether this man was gully or not; whether he was a spy or a traitor."

"Is this some personal matter of yours, Mr. Arrelsford?" asked the general suspiciously.

"He was a visitor at her house and I wanted her to know."

"Where is she now? Where is Miss Varney?" asked Randolph impatiently.

"She must be out there on the balcony," answered Arrelsford. "I beg you to send for her, sir."

"Sergeant," said General Randolph, "step out on the balcony. Present my compliments to Miss Varney, and ask her to come in at once."

In a moment the sergeant returned. "There is no one there, sir," he replied saluting.

At that instant Thorne got the long desired signal. Without a moment's hesitation, he turned to the key. He picked up the dispatch with his wounded left hand and with the other began to manipulate the sounder.

"She must be there," said Arrelsford, "or else she's stepped into the next room, the commissary general's office, the window was open, tell him to—ah!" as the sound of the clicking caught his ear, "Stop him. He is sending it now!"

Mr. Arrelsford's distress was so overwhelming and so genuine that something of the man's suspicion was communicated to the general.

"One moment, captain," he said. Captain Thorne, of course, had no option but to release the key. He stopped sending and dropped the dispatch, saluting.

"Now, Mr. Arrelsford," said the general, "what have you to do with the military telegraph department?"

"This is a secret service case; they assigned it to me, sir."

"What is a secret service case?"

"The whole plot to send the order. It's the Yankee secret service. He is a member of it and his brother brought in the signal tonight."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Thorne, "this dispatch ought to go out at once, sir. It came from the secretary of war and it is very urgent."

"Go ahead with it," said General Randolph.

Thorne needed no further permission than that, dropped to his seat, and once more seized the fatal key.

"No, no!" cried Arrelsford. "Don't let him—I tell you it's a—"

"Silence, sir," thundered Randolph. "Do you know what he is telling them?" persisted Arrelsford.

"No, do you?"

"Yes," returned the secret service agent.

"Wait a moment, Captain Thorne," said the general, impressed in spite of himself by this man's earnestness, which made him disregard all orders, commands and everything else.

"Where is the dispatch?"

Captain Thorne picked up the paper and handed it to the general, and then stepped back. He had played his last card. He played it desperately, boldly and well.

"Well!" asked the general, looking from the dispatch to the accuser, "what has he been telling them?"

"He began to give an order to withdraw Marston's division from its present position," said Arrelsford, making a brilliant and successful guess at the probable point of attack in "Plan 3."

"That is perfectly correct," said General Randolph, looking at the paper.

"Yes, by that dispatch, but that dispatch is a forgery. It is an order to withdraw a whole division from a vital point. A false order, he wrote it himself. This is the turning point of the whole plot."

"But why should he write it himself? If he wanted to send a false order, he could send it without putting it down on paper, couldn't he?"

"Yes," admitted Arrelsford, but he

went on with great acuteness, "if an of the operators came back they would catch him doing it. With that order and the secretary's signature he could go right on. He could even order one of them to send it."

"And pray how did he get the secretary's signature to a forged telegram?" asked General Randolph.

"He tore it off a genuine dispatch. Why, general, look at that dispatch in your hand yourself. The secretary's signature is pasted on, I saw him do it."

"They often come that way, sir," said Thorne nonchalantly.

"He is a liar!" cried Arrelsford. "They never do!"

Thorne stepped forward impulsively, his face flushed at the word "liar," but he controlled himself.

"General," he said, "if you have any doubt about that dispatch, send it back to the war department and have it verified."

It was a splendid, magnificent bluff. So overwhelming in its assurance that even Arrelsford himself was petrified with astonishment. He was morally certain that Thorne was a federal secret service agent and that the dispatch was a forgery, yet it would take but a few minutes to send it over to the secretary's office and convict him out of his own mouth. What could the man mean!

"That's a good idea," said General Randolph. He hesitated a moment and then turned to the guard. "Sergeant," he said, "take this dispatch over to the secretary's office and—"

At that moment, the key which had been silent began a lively clicking.

"Silence, Sir," thundered Randolph.

General Randolph turned toward it, and Thorne made a quick step in the same direction.

"What's that?" asked the general. Thorne stood by the desk listening while the key clicked out the message.

"Adjutant General Chesney," he spelt out slowly.

"Oh, from the front, then?" said Randolph.

"Yes, sir," answered Thorne.

"What is he saying?"

Thorne stepped to the table and bent over the clicking key. "His compliments, sir," he read off slowly. "He asks—waiting for a few minutes—for the rest,—still another pause—of that dispatch—he says it's of vital importance, sir, and—"

The communication which Thorne had made to General Randolph was in itself of vital importance. The general was too good a soldier not to know the danger of delay in the carrying out of military maneuver which was probably part of some general plan of attack or defense of which he was not privy. He made up his mind instantly. He took the dispatch from the hand of the sergeant and turned it over to Thorne again.

"Let him have it," he said decisively. The captain with his heart pounding like mad sat down at the table and seized the key. Was he going to complete the dispatch? Was the plan to be carried out. Had he triumphed in the bold and desperately played game by his splendid courage, resourcefulness, and assurance? His eyes shone, the color came back into his pale cheeks as his hands trembled on the key.

"General!" cried Arrelsford, "if you—"

"That's enough, sir. We will have you examined at headquarters."

At that instant Lieutenant Foray came rapidly into the room.

"Thank God!" cried Arrelsford, as he caught sight of him. "There's a witness, he was sent away on a forged order, ask him!"

Another interruption, thought Thorne, desperately fingering the keys. If they would only give him a minute more he could complete the order, but he was not to have that minute apparently.

"Wait, captain," said General Randolph quickly, and again the key was silent. "Now, sir," he said to Lieutenant Foray, "where did you come from?"

The lieutenant did not all comprehend what was toward, but his answer to that question was plain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNAPSHOTS AT STATE NEWS

All Pennsylvania Gleaned for Items of Interest.

REPORTS ABOUT CROPS GOOD

Farmers Busy in Every Locality—Churches Raising Funds for Many Worthy Objects—Items of Business and Pleasure that Interest.

Fullerton has an epidemic of typhoid fever, with 34 cases.

Ohio cows averaged \$75 a head at a public sale at Kennett Square.

Accused of running a haymow speak-easy at Carlisle, Charles Hall was arrested.

This season 2,000 hunters' licenses have been issued by the treasurer of Schuylkill county.

Manual training and domestic science have been introduced into the public school system of Chester.

Henry A. Kolbe, of Doylestown, has been appointed health officer of New British township.

Clarence Binder, aged 25, was arrested at Emars for refusal to pay taxes to the amount of \$1.89.

Luzerne's county finances are in a bad way since coal companies have refused to pay increased taxes.

Mrs. Harvey Frame, of West Vincent, gathered from her vines a tomato that weighed over 30 ounces.

His hand having been in contact with a rusty wire, Elmer Godshall, of Lansdale, is suffering with blood poisoning.

The "boilers" of the American Caramel Company, at Lancaster, have struck for shorter hours and higher wages.

Federal engineers say that conditions in the Susquehanna River near Wilkes-Barre may cause a frightful flood.

Judges Scott and Stewart have filed an opinion at Easton in which they announce that no more prisoners will be paroled after sentence.

Thomas Hinkle, a Packer township farmer, shot a porcupine in a swamp adjoining his farm this week, thinking it was a raccoon.

Plunging from a balcony when the railing upon which she leaned gave way, Mrs. Clayton Hollinger, of York, was fatally hurt.

The Rev. W. T. L. Kieffer, pastor of Milton Presbyterian Church, resigned to become president of Lincoln University.

Governor Tener has approved the petition of Bethlehem for the establishment there of the town's first National Guard company.

A bee having stung her horse and caused a runaway, Mrs. Samuel Crabtree, of Hemlock, Columbia county, lost her reason.

Police Chief Laub, of West Berwick, fears some gunner will shoot a pheasant whose injured breast he recently sewed up before liberating the bird.

Mrs. Martha Hoffman, of Matamoras, sold her farm at public sale to Tony Magnella, of Matamoras, for \$2,510. It was the old Hoffman house for many years.

Ralph Lloyd, waiting at Collins Station, Lancaster county, to take a train for Middletown to see his sweetheart, was struck by an engine and killed.

After drawing his pay at the Reliance Colliery, near Mt. Carmel, Anthony Eluda started for home, when a train ran over him causing instant death.

Falling from a chestnut tree near Fountain Spring, Theodore Horning, a painter, of Ashland, fractured his skull, broke both legs, and died at the Miners' Hospital.

Sick and melancholy, Mrs. Thomas Lamb, at Dunmore, attempted to kill her husband by shooting. She then killed herself. Lamb is a policeman and after he had retired from his night's duty she got his revolver.

According to reports coming from Forest county, the chestnut crop near Tionesta will be large. In other localities, however, it is said that the blossoms were killed by late frosts in the spring and the burrs killed by early frosts in the fall.

William Fackenthal and Parke H. Davis, Easton lawyers, have brought suit against Dr. Jacob B. Heller, of that city, for \$1,400 and \$1,000, respectively, for defending him at his recent trial when he was charged with performing a criminal operation.

ATTORNEYS.

D. S. PORTWY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. Office North of Court House.

HARRISON WALKER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. No. 10 W. High Street.

A. D. GENTY, Geo. J. BOWEN, W. B. BROWN ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. All professional business promptly attended to.

STETTIN, BOWER & KERRY ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. Attorneys to GENTY, BOWER & KERRY. Consultation in English and German.

E. B. SPANGLER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Orider's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company CENTRE HALL, PA. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier. Receives Deposits... Discounts Notes...

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARK DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Scientific American. MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son (Successors to GRANT HOWARD) Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World... THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST... Office in Orider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS. H. O. STROMMEIER, CENTRE HALL, PA. Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE... MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite.

BOALSBURG TAVERN BOALSBURG, PA. AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR. This well-known hotel is prepared to accommodate all travelers... OLD FORT HOTEL EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor. BELLEFONTE, PA. Rates \$1.00 Per Day.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY, VETERINARY SURGEON. A graduate of the University of Penn's Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones.

QUEER PLANT THAT COUGHS

Works itself into a Rage When Dust is Deposited on Its Leaves.

All have read of carnivorous plants, of laughing plants and of plants that weep, but who has heard of a plant that coughs?

There is the authority of a French botanist, however, for the statement that a plant in various tropical regions actually possesses the power

to cough in the most approved manner. The fruit of this plant resembles the common broad bean.

It appears that the coughing plant is something of a crank, that it easily works itself into rage and that it has a curious horror of all dust.

As soon as a few grains of dust are deposited on its leaves, the air chambers that cover their faces and are respiratory organs of the plant become filled with gas, swell and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles

so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold as to carry a most uncanny sensation to the one beholding the phenomenon.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Gospel of Courage.

Ralph Waldo Trine stated his belief thus in Harper's Bazar: "To get up each morning determined to be happy, determined to be master of the events of the day instead of being mastered by them; to take anew this attitude of mind when

the doleful thought presents itself or the bogey-man attempts to show his face; to look always on the bright side of things, determined to stand always in the sunshine rather than in the shadow—this is that makes life with its daily round and its knotty problems continually easier. This hopeful, optimistic, courage-always-up attitude of mind and heart is to set into operation subtle, silent forces that are continually working along the lines we are going and that opens the way for us to arrive."