

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 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 the 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 Varnoy for Edith 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, who recognizes him as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. They put up a fake fight and Henry accidentally kills himself. Caroline Mitford, Wilfred's sweetheart, 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. Arrelsford and Edith see Thorne after a dispatch from the secretary of war. 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, ordering the arrest of Arrelsford. The removal of Arrelsford is stopped by the arrival of General Randolph. Thorne again begins sending the dispatch. Arrelsford protests, declaring Thorne is sending a forged order to weaken the lines of defense. Thorne is shot in the wrist by Arrelsford who produces his commission as chief of telegraph. She, having seen enough to convince her he is a spy, begs him not to send the forged order. After she leaves he tears it up. Thorne plans to escape from Richmond. Arrelsford calls at the Varney home and demands to see Edith. Mrs. Varney refuses.

"You were sent here to—" began Mrs. Varney. "Yes; sorry to trouble you, ma'am, but we'll have to be quick about it. If we don't find him here we've got to follow him down Franklin street; he's over this way somewhere." "Who are you? What do you want?" "Man named Thorne, captain of artillery," answered the sergeant; "that's what he went by, at least. Here, two of you this way! That room in there and the back of the house. Two of you outside," pointing to the windows. "Cut off those windows. The rest upstairs." The men rapidly dispersed, obeying the commands of the sergeant, and began a thorough search of the house. Caroline Mitford preceded them up the stairs to Edith's room. Arrelsford, after a moment's hesitation, stepped toward the door and went out, followed by his men. Without a word of acknowledgment or even a bow to Mrs. Varney, he and his men presently left the house. As he did so, two of the sergeant's men re-entered the room, shoving old Jonas roughly before them. The man's livery was torn and dirty, his head was bound up, and he showed signs of the rough handling he had undergone. "Where did you get that?" asked the sergeant contemptuously. "He was locked in a closet, sir." "What were you doing in there?" He turned to the old negro. "If you don't answer me, we will shoot the life out of you." He raised his revolver threateningly. "Belongs to you, I reckon," he said to Mrs. Varney. "Yes, my butler; they locked him up. Mr. Arrelsford wants him for carrying a message." "That's all right," said the sergeant. "If he wants him, he can have him. We're looking for some one else. Put him back in his closet. Here, this room! Be quick now! Cover that door. Sorry to disturb you, ma'am." "Do what you please," said Mrs. Varney; "I have nothing on earth to conceal." As the men hurriedly withdrew to continue their search, the voice of a newcomer was heard on the porch. The words came to them clearly: "Here, lend a hand, somebody, will you?" The next moment General Varney's orderly entered the room, caught sight of the sergeant, saluted, and then turned to Mrs. Varney. "I've brought back your boy, ma'am," he said. "Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Varney faintly; "what do you mean?" "We never got out to General Varney's. We ran into a Yankee raiding party, cavalry, down here about three miles. Our home-guard was galloping by on the run to head them off, and before I knew what he was about, the boy was in with 'em, riding like mad. There was a bit of a skirmish, and he got a clip across the neck. Nothing at all, ma'am. He rode back all the way, and—" "Oh, my boy! He's hurt—he's hurt—" "Nothing serious, ma'am; don't upset yourself," returned the orderly reassuringly. "Where did you—" But that moment the object of their solicitude himself appeared on the scene. The boy was very pale, and his neck was bandaged. Two of the sergeant's men supported him. "Oh, Wilfred!" cried his mother; "my boy!" "It's nothing, mother," said Wilfred, motioning her away. "You don't understand. The boy tried to free himself from the men who still held him by the arm. 'What do you want to hold me like that for?' he expostulated, as he drew himself away and took a few steps. 'You see I can walk,' he protested. His words were brave, but his performance was weak. His mother came close to him and extended her arms toward him. "How do you do, mother?" he said. "You didn't expect me back so soon, did you? I will tell you how it was. Don't you go away, orderly. I will just rest a minute, and then I will go back with you." Another outburst of the cannon and the frantic pealing of the alarm bells caught his attention. "See, they are ringing the bells calling out the reserves." He started toward the door. "I will go right now." "No, no, Wilfred," said his mother, taking his arm; "not now, my son."

"Not now?" said Wilfred, whose weakness was growing apparent. "Do you hear those—those—those bells and—then tell me not to go—why—" He swayed and tottered. "Stand by there!" cried the sergeant. The two men immediately caught hold of him as he swayed. They carried him to the lounge. "Find some water, will you?" continued the sergeant. "Put his head down, ma'am, and he'll be all right in a minute. He's only fainted." One of the privates who had hurried off in search of water soon came back with a basin full, with which Mrs. Varney laved the boy's head. "He'll be all right in a minute," said the sergeant. "Come, men." He turned as he spoke, and, followed by the men, left the room, leaving Mrs. Varney with Wilfred and the orderly. It was the latter who broke the silence. "If there isn't anything else, ma'am, I believe I'd better report back to the general." "Yes," said Mrs. Varney, "don't wait. The wound is dressed, isn't it?" "Yes; I took him to the Windsor hospital. They said he would be on his feet in a day or two, but he wants to be kept pretty quiet." "Tell the general how it happened." "Very well, ma'am," said the orderly, touching his cap and going out. The next person to enter the room was Caroline Mitford. The noise of the men searching the house was very plain. Having informed Edith of the meaning of the tumult, she had come downstairs to inquire if they had found Thorne. She came slowly within the door—rather listlessly, in fact. The exciting events of the night in which she had taken part had somewhat sapped her natural vivacity, but she was shocked into instant action when she saw Wilfred stretched upon the sofa. "Oh!" she breathed in a low, tense whisper; "what is it? Is he—" "Caroline dear," said Mrs. Varney, "it is nothing serious. He isn't badly hurt. There, there—" the woman rose from Wilfred's side and caught the girl—"don't you faint, too, dear." "I am not going to faint," said Caroline desperately. She took Mrs. Varney's handkerchief from the latter's hand, and dipped it in the water. "I can take care of him," she continued, kneeling down by her boyish lover. "I don't need anybody down here at all. The men are going all over the house and—" "But, Caroline—" began Mrs. Varney. "Mrs. Varney," returned the girl, strangely quiet, "there's a heap of soldiers upstairs, looking in all the rooms. I reckon you'd better go and attend to them. They will be in Edith's room, or Howard's, in a minute." "Yes, yes," said Mrs. Varney, "and Howard so ill. I must go for a few minutes, anyway. You know what to do?" "Oh, yes," answered the girl confidently. "Bathe his forehead. He isn't badly hurt, dear. I won't be long, and he will soon come to, I am sure," said Mrs. Varney, hastening away. Presently Wilfred opened his eyes. He stared about him unmeaningly and incomprehensibly for the moment. "Wilfred, dear Wilfred," began the girl in soft, low, caressing tones, "you are not hurt much, are you? Oh, not much. There, you will feel better in just a moment, dear Wilfred." "Is there—are you—" questioned Wilfred, striving to concentrate his mind on the problem of his whereabouts and her presence. "Oh, Wilfred, don't you know me?" "What are you talking about?" said Wilfred more strongly. "Of course I know you. Where am I? And as full consciousness came back to him, "What am I doing, anyway? Taking a bath?" "No, no, Wilfred; you see I am bathing your head. You fainted a little, and—" "Fainted!" exclaimed Wilfred in deep disgust. "I fainted?" He made a feeble attempt to rise, but sank back weakly. "Yes, of course, I was in a fight with the Yankees and got wounded somewhere." He stopped, puzzled, staring strangely, almost afraid, at Caroline. "What is it?" asked the girl. "See here," he began seriously; "I will tell you one thing right now. I am not going to load you up with a cripple, not much." His resignation was wonderful. "Cripple!" exclaimed Caroline, bewildered. "I reckon I've got an arm knocked off, haven't I?" "No, you haven't, Wilfred; they are both on all right." "Perhaps it was a hand that they shot away?" "Not a single one," said Caroline. "Are my—my ears on all right?" "Yes," answered the girl. "You needn't bother about them for a moment." Wilfred staked all on the last question. "How many legs have I got left?" "All of them," answered Caroline; "every one!" "Then, if there's enough of me left to amount to anything—you'll take

charge of it, just the same? How about that?" "That's all right," said the girl, burying her face on his shoulder. Wilfred got hold of her hand and kissed it passionately. He seemed quite strong enough for that. "I tried to send you a telegram but they wouldn't let me," whispered Caroline suddenly, raising her head and looking at him. "You did?" "Yes." "What did you say in it?" "But here the girl's courage failed her. "Tell me what you said," persisted Wilfred. "It was something very nice," faltered poor Caroline. "It was, eh?" "Yes." "Was it as nice as this?" asked Wilfred, suddenly lifting his head and kissing her. "I don't know about that," stammered Caroline, blushing a beautiful crimson, "but it was very nice. I wouldn't have tried to telegraph it if it was something bad, would I?" "Well, if it was so good," said Wilfred, "why on earth didn't you send it?" "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Caroline; "how could I when they wouldn't let me?" "Wouldn't let you?" "I should think not. They had a dreadful time at the telegraph office." "At the telegraph office; were you there?" Wilfred made a violent effort to recollect. "I have it," he said in stronger tones; "they told me at the hospital. I must get up." "No, no; you mustn't," said Caroline, interposing. "Don't," said Wilfred; "I have to attend to it." He spoke with a stern, strange decision, entirely foreign to his previous idle love-making. "I know all about Thorne. He gets hold of our department telegraph and sends out a false order, weakens our defenses at Cemetery Hill." The boy got to his feet by this time, steadying himself by Caroline's shoulder. "They are down on us in a moment." A look of pain, not physical, shot across his face, but he mastered it. "And she gave it to him, the commission; my sister Edith!" he continued bitterly. "Oh!" said Caroline; "you know—" "I know this. If my father were here, he'd see her. As he isn't here, I will attend to it. Send her to me." He spoke weakly, but in a clear voice and a most imperative manner. "Send her to me." "No," said Caroline faintly, just as Mrs. Varney re-entered the room. "What is it?" asked the mother. "He wants to see Edith," returned the girl. "Not now, Wilfred," persisted Mrs. Varney; "you are weak and ill, and Edith—" "Tell her to come here, I must see her at once," repeated Wilfred. Mrs. Varney instantly divined the reason. Caroline had told him about the telegraph office, but she could see no advantage to be gained by the interview he sought. "I won't do you any good, Wilfred," she said. "She won't speak a word to anybody about it." "I don't want her to speak to me," returned the boy grimly; "I am going to speak to her." "But some other time, Wilfred," urged his mother. "No, no; immediately," but as no one made the slightest effort toward complying with his demand, "Very well," he continued, moving slowly toward the door, and by a determined effort keeping his feet. "If you won't send her to me, I will—" "There, there," said Mrs. Varney, interposing swiftly; "if you must, you must. Since you insist, I will call her." "I do insist." "Stay with him, dear," said Mrs. Varney to Caroline, "and I will go and call her." "No," said Wilfred, "I want to see her alone." (TO BE CONTINUED)

THE POWERS MUST NOT INTERFERE

Action Antagonistic to U. S. Will be Regarded as Unfriendly.

GREAT BRITAIN MAKES DENIAL

In Sending a Warship To Mexico It Does Not Intend To Embarrass the United States.

Washington.—The United States Government is preparing to notify the nations of the world generally that any interference in Mexican affairs will be regarded as unfriendly to this Government. President Wilson, Secretary Bryan and Counselor John Bassett Moore, of the State Department, has exchanged ideas on what the proclamation to the world should express. It will be communicated to foreign governments everywhere, in line with the policy established earlier of keeping other nations informed of every step taken in its handling of the Mexican problem.

The proclamation, or note, also will serve, it is understood, as an explicit definition of the policy of the United States toward the de facto authorities in Mexico, reiterating the principle that recognition can only be given to governments on this hemisphere founded on law and order. Two things, it is known, have contributed to the determination of the government to define its policy—the presentation by Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister to Mexico, of his credentials immediately after Huerta had proclaimed himself dictator and the dispatch of several war vessels to Mexican waters.

The British Embassy here at the direction of the Foreign Office officially advised Secretary Bryan that the British Government pronounced as unauthentic the now famous interview credited to Sir Lionel expressing the view that the United States did not understand conditions in Mexico. The British Foreign Office based its denial of Sir Lionel's interview on "a denial from Sir Lionel himself." The published interview represented the Minister as unsympathetic with the policy of the United States.

Another incident that was regarded with significance was the assurance that came from Ambassador Jusserand to the State Department that the French Government in sending a warship to Mexican waters did not intend in any way to embarrass the United States. Officials indicated satisfaction over the apparent trend of the French Government's attitude. There is a possibility that if the powers indicate further an unwillingness to embarrass the United States that this government may withhold its pronouncement, but some officials were of the opinion that sooner or later such a declaration, which they regarded as tantamount to a reaffirmation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, would be required.

MILITANT OFFICES WRECKED.

Bristol University Students Avenue Burning Of Sports Pavilion. Bristol, England.—Students of Bristol University avenged the burning of the sports pavilion of the university by suffragettes by smashing the windows of the offices of the militants, dumping the furniture in the streets and making a bonfire of it. The students were cheered by large crowds as they wreaked their vengeance upon the suffragettes.

SQUELCH SUFFRAGE.

Mild Resolution Introduced At Episcopal Conference Soon Dies. New York.—A mild woman suffrage resolution introduced in the House of deputies at the Episcopal General Convention met with such violent disapproval that it was smothered in the committee on social service before it could be read.

HOSPITAL COWS SICK.

Nearly One-Third Of Matteawan Herd Affected By Tuberculosis. Beacon, N. Y.—Twenty-six of the 68 cows at the Matteawan State Hospital have found to be suffering with tuberculosis by Inspector Jackson, of the State Department of Health, who made an inspection of the stock last week. The condemned cows have been separated from the herd and will be treated by a veterinary surgeon.

NO POLICE WOMEN UNDER 30.

Chicago.—Women under 30 years of age need not apply for positions on the Chicago police force. Applicants must be between 30 and 40 years of age, 5 feet to 5 feet 9 inches in height and must weigh between 115 and 180 pounds. These specifications for applicants are laid down by the Civil Service Commission in announcing a coming examination for police woman.



CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Get out of my way," he said curtly; "I have a word or two to say to you after I have been upstairs." "Show me your order," persisted the girl, who made not the slightest attempt to give way. "It's department business and I don't require an order." "You are mistaken about that," said Caroline with astonishing resourcefulness. "This is a private house, it isn't the telegraph office or the secret service department. If you want to go upstairs or see anybody against their will, you will have to bring an order. I don't know much, but I know enough for that." Arrelsford turned to Mrs. Varney. "Am I to understand, madam," he began, "that you refuse—" But before Mrs. Varney could an-



"Get Out of My Way," He Said Curtly. swer, the soldiers Arrelsford had brought with him gave way before the advent of a sergeant and another party of men. The sergeant advanced directly to Mrs. Varney, touched his cap to her, and began: "Are you the lady that lives here, ma'am?" "Yes, I am Mrs. Varney." "I have an order from General Randolph's office to search this house for—" "Just in time," said Arrelsford, stepping toward the sergeant; "I will go through the house with you." "Can't go through on this order," said the sergeant shortly.

MOVING AIR A REGENERATOR

Why One May Sleep on the Ground in Certain Localities Without Any Ill Effect. In these days of apartments many people must sleep rather close to the ground. The ventilation here cannot be as good as it is higher and sunlight is usually almost an impossibility. The renting agent pointed out the fact to a tenant the other day that the sunlight, during part of the day, fell

on the wall opposite and was reflected. Nevertheless, it is true that in any reasonably healthful climate, not infected by swamp miasma, people sleep on the ground in the open not only in safety, but with a distinct hygienic gain. It is particularly true of mountain or high hill regions. Men, out camping, have awakened in the morning to find themselves lying almost immersed in the water of sudden rains, and yet have experienced no ill effect. All of this leads us back to a previ-

ous statement that the system thrives when air has a chance to search in and circulate in contact with the flesh. It stimulates and electrifies. Genial Companion. A man who never reminds his friends of unwelcome facts or tells them unpleasant truths is sure to be liked, and when a man of such a turn comes to old age he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble or flatter in company.

but a man may be very agreeable strictly consistent with truth and sincerity by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon everyone who hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely a gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions. Frequently that which is called candor is merely malice.

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