

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 is ordered to give her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army if his father consents. The federalists 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. 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 E. 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 the department 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 taken 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 Milford, 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. Edith secretly tells Thorne to watch Thorne, whose arrival Arrelsford expects. Thorne takes charge of the telegraph office. Arrelsford and Edith see Thorne alter 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 against Arrelsford, beginning the dispatch. Arrelsford protests, declaring Thorne is sending a forged order to weaken the lines of defense. Thorne is saved by Miss Varney, who produces his commission as chief of telegraph. She has 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 on the Varney home and demands to see Edith. Mrs. Varney refuses. A sergeant appears with an order to search the house for Thorne. Wilfred Varney returns from the front wounded. Thorne appears, is arrested by Wilfred and turned over to the guard. Arrelsford immediately convenes a drumhead court-martial. Edith sees Jonas draw the bullets from the rifles of the guards. Thorne is sentenced to immediate execution. Edith tells him what Jonas has done, and suggests he feign death in order to escape. He refuses and tells the sergeant what has been done. The execution is halted by the arrival of General Randolph.

there were dozens of other charges for which they could try him, the punishment of any one of which was death. Besides, he was a spy caught in the Confederate lines, wearing a uniform not his own. It was enough that the woman should learn that he had not taken advantage of her action; at least she could not reproach herself with that. "Why, general," began Arrelsford, greatly dismayed. "I hardly understand what you mean. That dispatch—I saw him myself—" General Randolph turned on him quickly. "I say that dispatch was not sent," he roared, striking the table with his hand. "I expected to arrive in time for the trial. There is one here who can testify. Lieutenant Foray?" From among the group of staff officers who had followed General Randolph, Lieutenant Foray stepped forward before the general and saluted. "Did Captain Thorne send out that dispatch after we left you with him in the office an hour ago?" asked the older officer. "No, sir," answered Foray promptly, glancing from Arrelsford's thwarted and flushed and indignant countenance to Edith Varney's face, in which he saw the light of a great illumination was shining. "No, sir," he repeated; "I was just about to send it by his orders, when he countermanded it and tore up the dispatch." "And what dispatch was it?" "It was one signed by the secretary of war, sir, removing Marston's division from Cemetery Hill." "You hear, gentlemen," said the general, and not giving them time to answer, he turned again to Foray. "What were Captain Thorne's words at the time?" "He said he refused to act under that commission, and crumpled it up and threw it away." "That will do, lieutenant," said General Randolph triumphantly. He turned to Arrelsford again. "If you are not satisfied, Mr. Arrelsford, I beg to inform you that we have a dispatch from General Chesney at the front, in which he says that no orders were received from here. He got an uncompleted dispatch, but could not make anything out of it. Marston's division was not withdrawn from Cemetery Hill, and our position was not weakened in any way. The attack there has failed." There was a low murmur of astonishment from the group of men in the room. Edith Varney did one significant thing. She made two steps in Thorne's direction. That young man did not dare to trust himself to look at her. "It is quite plain," continued the general, "that the court has been acting under an error. The president of the Confederacy is, therefore, compelled to disapprove the finding, and it is set aside. He happened to be with the secretary when the finding came in." Arrelsford made one last desperate effort. "General Randolph," he said, and to do him justice, he did not lack courage, "this was put in my hands, and—" "I take it out of your hands," he said curtly. "Report back to the war office, or the secret service office, with my compliments, and—" "But there are other charges upon which he could be tried," persisted Arrelsford. "He is a spy anyway, and—" "I believe I gave you your orders, Mr. Arrelsford," interrupted the general, with suspicious politeness. "But hadn't I better wait and see—" "By God, sir," thundered Randolph, "do I have to explain my orders to the whole secret service of the Confederacy? Don't wait to see anything go at once, or I will have you escorted by a file of soldiers." Arrelsford would have defied the general if there had been the least use in the world in doing it, but the game was clearly up for the present. He would try to arrange to have Thorne re-arrested and tried as a spy later. Now he could do nothing. He walked out of the room, pride enabling him to keep up a brave front, but with disappointment and resentment raging in his heart. He did not realize that his power over Thorne had been withdrawn. In the great game that they had played, he had lost at all points. They all watched

him go, not a single one in the room with sympathy, or even pity. "Now, sergeant," said the general, as they heard the heavy hall door close; "I want to speak to the prisoner." "Order arms!" cried the sergeant. "Parade rest!" As the squad assumed these positions in obedience to his commands, the sergeant continued, "Fall out, the prisoner." Thorne stepped forward one pace from the ranks, and saluted the general. He kept his eyes fixed upon that gentleman, and it was only the throbbing of his heart that made him aware that Edith Varney was by his side. She bent her head toward him; he felt her warm breath against his cheek as she whispered: "Oh! Why didn't you tell me? I thought you sent it, I thought you—" "Miss Varney!" exclaimed the general in surprise. But Edith threw maidenly reserve to the winds. The suddenness of the revelation overwhelmed her. "There is nothing against him, General Randolph, now; is there? He didn't send it. There's nothing to try him for!" she said. General Randolph smiled grimly at her. "You are very much mistaken, Miss Varney," he answered. "The fact of his being caught in our lines without his proper uniform is enough to hang him in ten minutes." Edith caught her heart with her hand with a sharp exclamation, but General Randolph turned to speak to the prisoner. "Captain Thorne," he said, "or Lewis Dumont, if that is your name; the president is fully informed regarding the circumstances of your case, and I needn't say that we look upon you as a cursed dangerous character. There isn't any doubt whatever that you ought to be shot right now, but, considering the damned peculiarity of your behavior, and that you refused to send out that dispatch when you might have done so, we've decided to keep you out of mischief some other way. You will be held a prisoner of war."

Captain Thorne was almost too dazed to realize the purport of the decree. He mechanically saluted, and from his lips broke a murmured: "Thank you, sir." The general looked at him severely, and then, seeing Edith Varney, turned away and engaged in conversation with his staff. His intention was obvious, and Edith immediately embraced the opportunity. "Oh!" she said; "that isn't nearly so bad as death," and before them all she stretched out her hand to him. "No?" queried Thorne in a low voice. "No," she said, forcing herself to look at him. "After a while perhaps—some time—" "Oh!" said Thorne. "Some time? If it's some time, that's enough." Mrs. Varney, having succeeded in getting Howard quiet and composed, had been in the room since the advent of General Randolph. "Mamma," said Edith, "won't you speak to him, too?" Mrs. Varney approached him, but Wilfred was quicker. "I would like to shake hands with you," he said, with boyish enthusiasm. "What, again?" said Thorne, smiling. "All right," he stretched out his hand. "Go ahead." "And so would I," said Caroline, following the lead of her boy lover. "Don't be afraid now," said Wilfred. "Everything will be all right. They will give you a parole, and—" "A parole!" said Caroline. "Goodness gracious, they will give you hundreds of them, I am sure." But General Randolph turned once more. "One moment, please," said the officer. As he came forward, the others fell back. Only Edith Varney kept her place close by Thorne's side. "There is only one reason on earth why the president has set aside a certain verdict of death. You held up that false order and made a turn in our favor. You are not to be tried as a spy, but held as a prisoner of war. We expect you to make that turn complete and enter our service." "Never," replied Thorne instantly. "That's impossible, sir." "You can give us your answer later," said the general. "You have it now." "You will be kept in close confinement until you come to our terms," continued the older officer. "You make me a prisoner for life, then." "You will see it in another light before many days, and it wouldn't surprise me if Miss Varney had something to do with a change in your views." "You are mistaken, General Randolph," quickly interposed Edith. "I think he is perfectly right." "Oh, very well," said the general, smiling a little. "We will see what a little prison life will do. Sergeant?" "Yes, sir." "I have turned the prisoner over to Major Whitfield. He requests you to take the prisoner to his office, where he'll take charge of him."

"Very good, sir," answered the sergeant. "What is it?" whispered Thorne to Edith. "Love and goodbye?" "No," answered the girl; "only the first." She stopped and looked at him, her face flushed, her heart throbbing, her eyes shining gloriously. "And that every day, every hour, every minute, until we meet again." "Thank God," whispered Thorne. "Until we meet again." "Attention!" cried the sergeant. "Carry arms! Left face! Fall in, the prisoner! Forward—march!"

AFTERWORD. And so the great adventure is over, the story is told, and the play is played. It is hard to tell who lost and who won. It made little difference in the end that Marston's division had not been withdrawn, and that the attack on Cemetery Hill had failed. It made little difference in the end that Arrelsford had been thwarted in his attempts to wreak his vengeance upon Thorne. It made little difference in the end that Thorne refused to enter the service of the Confederacy, preferring imprisonment for life. For the days of the Confederacy were numbered. It was even then tottering on the verge of its grave, in spite of the brave front it kept up. Three days after the events of that night, and Richmond had fallen, and presently the last of the Confederate defenders halted at Appomattox. The stars and bars were hauled down for the last time. The prisoners were released. There was a quiet wedding in the old house. Howard, happily recovering from his wounds, was present. General Varney himself gave away the bride—reluctantly, to be sure, yet he did. Wilfred took the place of the brother of Captain Thorne—to continue to call him by the name he had assumed—and acted as the best man. To whom should be given the coveted privilege of attending the bride and to Miss Caroline Milford! And Miss Kittridge and the few other guests, including General Randolph, saw in the younger couple indications that when a few more years had made it suitable, the two who played the



"I Would Like to Shake Hands With You."

second part on this interesting occasion would be principals themselves. There was much opposition, of course, to the wedding of Captain Thorne and Edith Varney, and many bitter things were said, but there was no restraining the young people. They had lived and suffered, they had almost died together. The years of peace and harmony and friendship that came to the sections at last, and the present happiness that was theirs immediately, convinced even the most obtuse that what they had done was exactly right.

THE END.

First Aid From King Manuel. King Manuel, in rendering first aid to one of the audience at a Muncie theater, follows in the footsteps of his ancestor, Louis Philippe. The king of the French in his early youth studied medicine and surgery at the Hotel Dieu. He habitually carried a lancet in his pocket, and said he had found it useful on many occasions in the course of his wandering life. Even after he came to the throne Louis Philippe's surgical knowledge served him in good stead. In 1839 one of his outriders was struck with apoplexy on the road between Paris and Compiègne, and the king bled him most scientifically with his own hands—London Chronicle.

"Caddy." (1) Is it a corruption of the word "caddy," meaning one who holds the "tee?" (2) Or is it the diminutive cad—a small cad? (3) Or is it from "Kados," the Doric form of the Greek word "Kados," meaning "one who suffers sorrow or affliction; one who mourns; one who attends a funeral procession?" (4) Or is it from another Greek word, "Kados," which may mean either "a collection box," or a cask containing liquor?—World of Golf.

Live Stock

NEW YORK.—Bees—Dressed, 12 @ 13½c. Calves—Steady, \$8@12.50; culls, \$6 @7.50; dressed, 14@18½c. Sheep—\$3.25@4.75; culls, 2@3c; lambs, \$6.25@7.75; culls, \$4.50@5.50. Hogs—\$8@8.30. PITTSBURGH, PA.—Cattle—Choice, \$8.50@8.75; prime, \$8.00@8.40. Sheep—Prime wethers, \$4.70@4.80; culls and commons, \$2.00@3.00; lambs, \$5.00@7.25. Hogs—Prime heavies, \$8.15@8.20; mediums and heavy Yorkers, \$8.30@8.35; light Yorkers, \$7.80@8.05; pigs, \$7.25@7.75; roughs, \$7.25@7.75. CHICAGO.—Hogs—10@15c higher. Bulk of sales, \$7.55@7.80; light, \$7.30 @7.85; mixed, \$7.30@7.95; heavy, \$7.25@7.95; rough, \$7.25@7.45; pigs, \$4.75@7.35.

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Bradstreet's says: "Trade reports are of a twofold character. On the one hand, distributive trade continues to expand, holiday business is growing and the tendency is to increase estimates of yields of Cotton and Corn, but against these factors must be cited the further slowing down of wholesale trade and increased quietude in Iron and Steel. "Some lines that might be active prefer to wait for tariff readjustments, an example being furnished by worsted mills, which deem it good policy to hold back for free wool. However, it is plainly patent that the daily wants of a large population are sufficient to keep things moving along at a satisfactory rate, and even in sections where there is a tendency to pessimism it is conceded that business is equal to that of last year, when activity reigned. "Business failures for the week were 241, which compares with 209 in 1912."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 97c, nominal, c 1 f New York export basis and 98c nominal f o b afloat; No. 1 North Duluth, 93½ f o b afloat. Corn—Spot firm; export, 79½c f o b afloat. Hay—Easy; standard, \$1; No. 1, \$1.05; No. 2, 95@97½c; No. 3, 85@90. Butter—Creamery, seconds, 25 @27c; imitation creamery, firsts, 24 @25; factory, June make, firsts, 23 @23½; current make firsts, 22½; seconds, 21@22; packing stock, June make, No. 1, 22@22½; seconds, 21 @22; packing stock, June make, No. 1, 22@22½; second, 21@22; packing stock, June make, No. 1, 22@22½; current make, No. 2, 21@21½. Eggs—Fresh gathered, extra firsts, 65@70c; firsts, 53@55; fresh gathered, dirties, No. 2 and poorer, 21 @24; refrigerator, special marks, fancy, season's charges paid, 28½@29; lower grades, 22@25; dirties, 19@25. Dressed Poultry—Weak; fresh killed Western chickens, 13½@23c; fowls, 13@19; turkeys, spring, 20@25.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat—Car lots, in export elevator, No. 2 red, spot and October, 90½@91c; steamer, 88½ @89; No. 3 red, 87½@88; rejected "in," 84½@85c; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 95½@96½. Corn—Car lots, for local trade, as to location, No. 2 yellow, natural, \$1 @81½c; steamer yellow, natural, 80½ @81. Oats—No. 2 white, 46@46½c; standard white, 45@45½c; No. 3 white, 44 @44½c; sample, 39@41c; No. 4, 42 @43½c.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red, spot and November, 91½; December, 93½; January, 94½ nominal. Corn—Sales of several hundred bu of new yellow corn, damp, at 65c per bu. One other lot of new yellow at 63c per bu. Oats—Standard white, 44½@44½c; No. 3 white, 43½@44. Rye—Western Rye—No. 1, domestic, 74@75c; No. 2, domestic, 70@71; No. 3, domestic, 65@66; No. 3, domestic, 64@65. Bag lots nearby, as to quality, 60@70c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$19.50; standard timothy, \$19; No. 2 timothy, \$18.50; No. 3 timothy, \$15.50@17.50; light clover, mixed, \$18@18.50; No. 1 light clover mixed, \$17.50@18; No. 2, do, do, \$16@17; heavy, do, do, \$17; No. 1 clover, \$17.50@18; No. 2 clover, \$16@17. Butter—Creamery, fancy, 32@33; creamery, choice, 30@31; creamery, good, 28@29; creamery, prints, 32 @34; creamery, blocks, 31@33; ladies, 22@23; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 22@23. Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 17½ @18½c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 35c; Western firsts, 35; West Virginia firsts, 34@35; Southern firsts, 33; recreated and rebanded eggs, ½c to 1c higher. Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, heavy, 14c; do, old hens, small to medium, 13c; do, old roosters, 10c; do, young, 14c; geese, nearby, 13@14; do, Western and Southern, 12@13; pigeons, young, per pair, 20c; do, old, per pair, 20c; guinea fowl, old, each, 40c; do, young, each, 62½; turkeys, young, 8 lbs and over, per lb, 18; do, old, per lb, 17.

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CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Now Edith Varney had scarcely moved. She had expected nothing, she had hoped for nothing from the advent of the general. At best it would mean only a little delay. The verdict was just, the sentence was adequate, and the punishment must and would be carried out. She had listened, scarcely apprehending, busy with her own thoughts, her eyes fastened on Thorne, who stood there so pale and composed. But at this remarkable statement by General Randolph she was suddenly quickened into life. A low exclamation broke from her lips. A hope, not that his life might be saved, but that it might be less shameful to love him, came into her heart. Wilfred stepped forward also.



"I Say That Dispatch Was Not Sent." He Roared.

and commotion in the room. Only Thorne preserved his calmness. He was glad that Edith Varney had learned this, and he was more glad that she had learned it from the lips of the enemy, but it would make no difference in his fate. He was not guilty of that particular charge, but

ONCE A TERM OF REPROACH Golf "Caddying" Not Always the Respectable Occupation It Is in This Century.

It is delightful to the average citizen to discover that the golf player can display a kindly human sentiment outside the strict rules of "the royal and ancient," and it is cheering to note that that food is just now pouring out toward the caddy. This constant subject for cynical speech and caustic

picture is to be suitably provided for, and an accomplished golfer pleads almost with tears in his voice that "caddies are identified with the one pleasure which helps the elderly gentlemen to feel young." The hearts even of the well preserved middle-aged cannot but be touched by such an appeal; and yet there lingers the haunting memory that the very name of caddy is suffused in some strange fashion with a shade of ne'er-do-well. The earliest known use of the ap-

pellation, and then as "caddy," is to be found in the London Morning Penny Post, when George II. was still on the throne, and "the forty-five" was in very immediate popular remembrance. News from Scotland had it that "one Duncan Grant, a discharged soldier, who had passed in Edinburgh sometimes as a street caddy," had incurred a heavy penalty for a rather trivial swindle in a transaction over herring. He was to be taken from the Tolbooth and "put in the pillory, to stand for the space of an

hour, with half a dozen herrings about his neck, and thereafter to be banished from the City of Liberties forever." It was a rough sort of making the punishment fit the crime, which some irate golfers would desire to revive for their caddies even in this more humane age.—Westminster Gazette. Alas. Ethel—"After you refused Jack, did he propose again?" Maud—"Yes, but it was to another girl."