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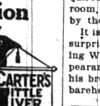

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SECRET SERVICE

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 BERTSCHY

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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 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 relative. Libby prison. Arrelsford suspects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan to use telegraph." Arrelsford declares Thorne is Louis 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. Thorne comes from General Vaney 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, who recognizes him as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. They put up a fake fight and Henry apparently 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. He and Edith secrete themselves to watch Thorne, whose actions arouse suspicion. Thorne takes charge of the telegraph office. Arrelsford suspects that Thorne is sending a forged order to weaken the lines of defense. 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. 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 saved by Miss Varney, 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. A sergeant appears with an order to search the house for Thorne. Wilfred Varney returns from the front wounded.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Captain Thorne Justifies Himself.

After the two women had left him, Wilfred stood motionless for a moment, and then sat wearily down to rest. Scarcely had he done so when he heard shouts far outside in the street, the heavy trampling of feet, cries, directions, orders. He rose and walked over to the window. The cries were growing louder and the footsteps more distinct. Men were approaching the house rapidly. He could tell that they were running. What could they be? What was toward? A suspicion flashed into his mind. It had hardly found lodgment there when Thorne sprang upon the porch, leaped across it, and burst through the other front window into the long room. A pedestal with a bust of Washington on it was standing between the windows. As Thorne sprang back from the window, he knocked against it. It fell to the floor with a tremendous crash.

He stood for a moment toward the window, listening while the noise of the running feet died away in the distance. It seemed that he had distanced his pursuers or eluded them for the time being. It could only be for a moment, however; he had other things to think of. Well, that moment would be enough; it was all he required. He turned to go down the room, only to find himself confronted by the boy.

It is hard to say which was the more surprised of the two—Thorne at seeing Wilfred, or Wilfred at Thorne's appearance. The latter's face was pale, his breath was coming rapidly, he was bareheaded. His brow was covered

"Sergeant of the Guard, Captain Thorne Is Here."

with sweat, and he had the hunted, desperate look of a man at the very end of his resources. Neither at first said anything to the other. It was Thorne who first recovered himself. He sought to pass by the boy, but Wilfred seized him.

"Halt!" he cried; "you are under arrest."

"Wait a moment!" gasped out Thorne; "and I will go with you."

As he spoke he shook himself loose from the weak grasp of the wounded young man, and started down the room.

"Halt, I say!" cried Wilfred. "You are my prisoner."

"All right, all right," said Thorne quietly; "your prisoner, anything you like. Here—" he drew his revolver from his pocket and pushed it into the boy's hand; "take this, shoot the life out of me, if you wish, but give me a chance to see my brother first."

"Your brother?"

"Yes. He was shot here tonight. I want one look at his face; that's all."

"Where is he?"

"Maybe they put him in the room across the hall yonder."

"What would he be doing there?" asked Wilfred, not yet apprehending the situation from Thorne's remarks.

"Nothing," said the other bitterly; "I guess he is dead."

"Wait," said Wilfred. He stepped across the hall, keeping Thorne covered with his revolver. "Don't move; I will see." He threw open the door, glanced in, and then came back. "It's a lie," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Thorne.

"There is no one in there. It is just one of your tricks. Call the guard!"

He shouted toward the hall, and then toward the window, "Sergeant of the guard! Captain Thorne is here, in this house."

He stepped out on the porch and shouted again with astonishing power for one so patently wounded as he. Then the boy felt a dizziness come over him. He sank down on a seat on the porch and leaned his head against the house, and sought to recover his strength, fighting a desperate battle, fearful lest Thorne should escape while he was thus helpless.

It was Edith Varney who first replied to his frantic summons by hurrying into the room. She was as much surprised to see Thorne as he was to see her. Her heart leaped in her bosom at the sight of him, and she stared at him as at a wraith or a vision.

"You wouldn't tell me an untruth, would you?" said Thorne, coming closer to her. "He was shot in this room an hour ago, my brother Henry. I'd like to take one look at his dead face before they send me this one way. Where is he? Can't you tell me that much, Miss Varney? Is he in the house?"

Edith looked at his face, shook her head a little, and moved away from him toward the table. Thorne threw up his hands in a gesture of despair, and turned toward the window. As he did so, Wilfred, having recovered from his faintness a little, called out again:

"The guard! The escaped prisoner, Captain Thorne!"

This time his frantic outcry was answered. At last they were closing in upon the wretched man. He turned from the window and faced the girl, scarcely less wretched than he, and laughed shortly.

"They are on the scent, you see," he said; "they'll get me in a minute; and when they do, it won't take them long to finish me off. And as that'll be the last of me, Miss Varney, maybe you'll listen to one thing. We can't all die a soldier's death, in the roar and glory of battle, our friends about us, under the flag we love. No, not all! Some of us have orders for another kind of work, dare-devil, desperate work, the hazardous schemes of the secret service. We fight our battles alone, no comrades to cheer us on, ten thousand to one against us, death at every turn. If we win, we escape with our lives; if we lose, we are dragged out and butchered like dogs. No soldier's grave, not even a trench with the rest of the boys—alone, despised, forgotten! These were my orders, Miss Varney; this is the death I die tonight, and I don't want you to think for one moment that I am ashamed of it; no, not for one moment."

The sound of heavy feet drew nearer. Wilfred called again, while the two in the room confronted each other, the man erect, and the woman, too. A strange pain was in her heart. At least here was a man, but before she could say a word in answer to his impassioned defense, the room filled with soldiers.

"There's your man, sergeant," said Wilfred; "I hand him over to you."

"You are my prisoner," said the sergeant.

His command was reinforced by a number of others, including Corporal Matson and his squad, and some of the men of the Provost Guard, who had been chasing Thorne through the streets. At this juncture, Arrelsford, panting and breathless, also joined the company in the drawing-room. He came in rapidly, thrusting aside those in his way.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Ah!" he exclaimed triumphantly, as his eye fell upon Thorne, standing quietly, surrounded by the soldiers. "We've got him, have we?"

"Young Mr. Varney, here, took him, sir," said the sergeant.

"So," returned Arrelsford to his prisoner, "run down at last. Now, you will find out what it costs to play your little game with our government telegraph lines."

But Thorne did not turn his head, although Arrelsford spoke almost in his ear. He looked straight at Edith Varney, and she returned his glance.

"Don't waste any time, sergeant," said Arrelsford furiously. "Take him down the street and shoot him full of lead. Out with him."

"Very well, sir," said the sergeant.

But Wilfred interposed. He came forward, Thorne's revolver still in his hand.

"No," he said decisively; "whatever he is, whatever he has done, he has the right to a trial."

"The head of the secret service department said to me if I found him, to shoot him at sight," snarled Arrelsford.

"I don't care what General Tarleton said. I captured this man; he's in this house, and he is not going out unless he is treated fairly."

The sergeant looked uncertainly from Wilfred to Arrelsford. Mrs. Varney, who had entered with the rest of them, and who now stood by her daughter's side, looked her approval at her son. The mettle of his distinguished father was surely in his veins.

"Well done," said the woman softly, but not so softly that those about her did not hear; "your father would have spoken so."

Arrelsford came to a sudden decision.

"Well, let him have a trial. We'll give him a drumhead court-martial, but it will be the quickest ever held on earth. Stack your muskets here, and organize a court," he said.

"Fall in here," cried the sergeant, at which the men quickly took their places. "Attention! Stack arms! Two of you take the prisoner. Where shall we find a vacant room, ma'am?"

"Across the hall," said Mrs. Varney; "where the ladies were sewing this evening."

"Very good," said the sergeant. "Left face! Forward, march!"

Arrelsford and Wilfred followed the soldiers.

"I am the chief witness," said the former.

"I will see that he gets fair play," remarked the latter, as they marched out.

"I must go to Howard," said Mrs. Varney; "this excitement is killing him. I am afraid he will hardly survive the night. Caroline is with him now."

"Very well, mother," said Edith, going slowly up the now deserted room and standing in the window, looking out into the night, thinking her strange, appalling thoughts. They would convict him, shoot him, there was no hope. What had he said? He was not ashamed of his work. It was the highest duty and involved the highest and noblest sacrifice, because it made the greatest demand; and they would shoot him like a mad dog."

"Oh, God!" she whispered; "if some bullet would only find my heart as well."

CHAPTER XIX.

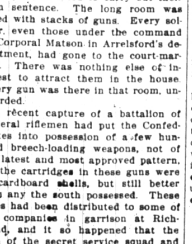
The Drumhead Court-Martial.

It so happened that the soldiers who had thrust old Jonas back in his closet, whence they had taken him a short time before, in their haste, had failed to lock the door upon him. The negro, who had listened for the click of the key in the lock, had at once known of their carelessness. So soon as they had withdrawn from the room, and their search took them to other parts of the house, he had opened the door cautiously and had made his way toward the hall by the drawing-room, which he felt instinctively was the place where the exciting events of the night would soon culminate.

Thorne's entry and the circumstances of his apprehension had been so engrossing that no one had given a thought to Jonas, or to any other part of the house, for that matter, and he had been able to see everything through the hangings. He was a quick-witted old negro, and he knew, of course, that there would be but one verdict given by such a court-martial as had assembled. Now, the men who composed the court would of necessity be detailed to carry out their own sentence. The long room was filled with stacks of guns. Every soldier, even those under the command of Corporal Matson in Arrelsford's department, had gone to the court-martial. There was nothing else of interest to attract them in the house. Every gun was there in that room, unguarded.

A recent capture of a battalion of Federal riflemen had put the Confederates into possession of a few hundred breech-loading weapons, not of the latest and most approved pattern, for the cartridges in these guns were in cardboard shells, but still better than any the south possessed. These rifles had been distributed to some of the companies in garrison at Richmond, and it so happened that the men of the secret service squad and the provost guard had received most of them. Every gun in the stacks was of this pattern.

In his earlier days, Jonas had been



pushed aside the portieres with which he had concealed himself, and entered the room by the back door.

He moved with catlike swiftness in the direction of the first stack of rifles. He knelt down by it, seized the nearest gun, which lay across the other three, swiftly opened the breech-plug, drew out the cartridge, looked at it a moment, put the end of it in his mouth, and crunched his strong white teeth down upon it. When he finished, he had a leaden bullet in his mouth, and the cardboard shell in his hand. He replaced this latter in the chamber and closed the breech-plug. A smile of triumph irradiated his sable features. The gun could be fired, but whatever or whoever stood in front of it would be unharmed.

He had not been quite sure that he could do this, but the result of his experiment convinced him. All the other guns were of the same character, and, given the time, he could render them all harmless. He did not waste time in reflection, but started in with the same process on the others. He worked with furious haste until every bullet had been bitten off every cartridge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Birds of a Feather.

Clem—The suffragettes have captured Michigan.

Lem—Yes, the Michigoose has now the same rights as the Michigander.

HUMAN BEING AS A FACTORY

Writing in Atlantic Monthly, Gerald Stanley Lee Made a Remarkably Comprehensive Comparison.

A human being is a kind of factory. The engine and the works and all the various machines are kept in the basement, and he sends down orders to them from time to time, and they do the work which has been conceived up in headquarters. He expects the works down below to keep on doing these things without his taking any particular notice of them, while he occupies his mind, as the competent head of a factory should, with the things that are new and different and special, and that his mind alone can do; the things which, at least in their present initial formative or creative stage, no machines as yet have been developed to do, and which can only be worked out by the man up in the headquarters, himself, personally, by the handiwork of his own thought.

The more a human being develops, the more delicate, sensitive, strong and efficient, the more spirit-informed, his young master's personal attendant, his body-servant, and as such he had often gone hunting with him. During the war he had frequently visited him in camp, charged with messages of one sort or another, and he knew all about weapons.

As he stared into the long room after the departing soldiers, he did not know Edith Varney was still there, nor could he see her at all, for she was on the other side of the curtain, looking out of the window, and it seemed to him that the room was empty.

Jonas was a very intelligent negro, and while under any ordinary circumstances his devotion to his master and mistress would have been absolutely sure, yet he had become tinged with the ideas of freedom and liberty in the air. He had assisted many and many a Union prisoner. Captain Thorne, by his pleasant ways and nice address, had won his heart. And he himself was deeply concerned personally that the young man should not be punished for his attempt to bring about the success of the Union cause, which Jonas felt to be his own cause. Therefore he had a double motive to secure the freedom of his principal if it were in any way possible.

As he stared at the pyramids of guns, listening to the hum of conversation from the room across the hall—the door had been fortunately closed—a thought came to him. He

When He Finished, He Had the Bullet in His Mouth.

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"And the one with the light hair and pink frock, who is she?"

"Oh, that is Daisy; she's the flower of our family garden."

"And do you ever turn the hose on her?"

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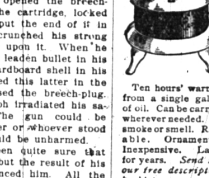

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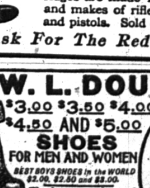

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