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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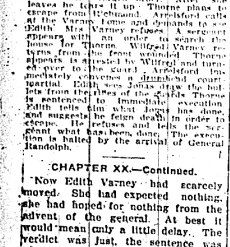
SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has 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 Jessie, 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 2. Secret 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 plan for 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 soon overpowers Wilfred. Caroline Milford, Wilfred's sweetheart, goes to the war department secretary's office to send a message to Wilfred. Arrelsford suspects a double meaning and refuses to let it go through. Edith and Caroline themselves to watch Thorne, whose arrival Arrelsford expects. Thorne takes charge of the telegraph office. Arrelsford and Edith see Thorne intercept 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 by ordering the arrest of Arrelsford. The removal of Arrelsford is stopped by the arrival of General Randolph. Thorne, again posing as Lewis Dumont, tells Arrelsford protests, declaring Thorne is acting under forged orders 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 fatal message. After he leaves he takes it up. Thorne denies the charges from Richmond. Arrelsford calls at the Varney home and overhears Mrs. Edith Miss Varney refuses. A sergeant appears with an order to search the house for Thorne. Wilfred Varney returns from the front on sick leave. Thorne appears is arrested by Wilfred and Randolph. Thorne tells the court Arrelsford immediately convicted a drunken sergeant. Edith sees Jessie drop the bell jar from the globe of the gaslight. Thorne is sentenced to immediate execution. Edith tells him what Jessie has done and suggests he feign death in order to escape. He refuses and tells the sergeant what has been done. Edith tells him is halted by the arrival of General Randolph.

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.

The terse statement of the general caused a great deal of excitement



"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 there were dozens of other charges for which they would 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 position; 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 Forsy!"

From among the group of staff officers who had followed General Randolph, Lieutenant Morsy 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 Forsy promptly, glancing from Arrelsford's thunderstruck 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 Forsy. "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 undelayed 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, under—"

"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 his 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 quite 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."

"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 goodby?"

"No," answered the girl; "only the first." She stepped 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. Quite 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 spread 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 but 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 obdurate 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 Munich 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 Compiegne, and the king bled him most scientifically with his own hands. —London Chronicle.

"Caddie."

(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 "Kedos," 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.

FINALLY GOT RID OF SUITOR

Tired Maiden Accepted His Offered Life, and Under the Circumstances What Could He Do?

He was a theatrical lover, and she didn't like his style in the least, for he was constant in his devotion, which made matters worse. She had tried gentle means to get rid of him, but he had disregarded them with painful persistency.

"Dear one," he exclaimed, hurling himself tragically at her feet, "I love you! My life is yours! Will you take it?"

She did, and not like a murderess, as she responded with calm determination:

"I will."

He gazed at her rapturously.

"Don't do that," she begged, drawing back from him as if in horror. "I have taken your life, as you requested me to do, and you are henceforth to all intents and purposes dead."

He seemed dazed.

"I do not," she continued, turning aside, "desire to have a dead person in the house, and if you do not go away at once I shall send for an undertaker, and have you removed to the nearest cemetery."

Then the dreadful situation in which his own precipitate folly had placed him was revealed, and he removed himself with promptness and dispatch.

Willow Life-Boats.

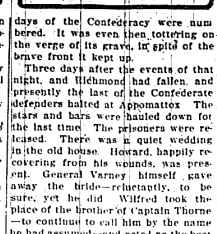
Aboard one of the ships which sail between London and Rotterdam there has been recently installed a species of lifeboat which is quite novel. These boats, which do not weigh more than the ordinary lifeboat of wood, are made to hold thirty-five people and are composed of several concentric layers. The exterior is of willow, then comes a layer of wood, then another of canvas, a second layer of wood, and a second layer of canvas. The interior of the boat is of wood. Experiment has demonstrated that this kind of lifeboat is practically unbreakable, and it is guaranteed to resist the kind of shock which so easily overturns the ordinary lifeboat. It is also expected that this new boat will keep afloat indefinitely in the stormiest weather.—Harper's Weekly.

DIGS HIS OWN GRAVE; LIVES TO TELL OF IT

Mexican Army Officer Arrested as Spy—Reprieve Granted in Nick of Time.

El Paso, Tex.—A California born Mexican, a major under General Orozco and a follower of Madero, is the only man who ever dug his own grave, faced a firing squad in Mexico and lived to tell his experience.

He is Maj. C. H. Echagary, who was held incommunicado for three months in Chihuahua City prison, as a Villa spy, taken at midnight to a lonely burying ground and forced to



Made to Dig His Own Grave.

dig his own grave while being beaten on the back by a saber in the hands of a Mexican captain.

After escaping from his predicament he walked to the nearest railroad station and came to El Paso, never to return.

The Mexican major was arrested in Juarez on a trumped up charge of spying, was taken to Chihuahua and imprisoned in the dark cells with other condemned military prisoners and had nothing to eat but a few beans, thirty-six to be exact, for he counted them, daily, and dry bread. After being left alone in his cell without anyone to speak to and with the vermin crawling over him, he was taken from his cell at night by a detail of soldiers in command of a federal first captain, marched to the graveyard and there given pick and shovel and made to dig his own grave. While this was being done, the federal captain beat him over the back with the flat side of his sabre, swearing at him in vile Spanish all the time. Finally Major Echagary says he could stand it no longer and demanded that he be shot rather than hear his mother's name insulted. Just as the firing squad was lining up in front of him to fire the midnight bells on the cathedral in Chihuahua rang and a courier followed by a trumpet call to cease firing. A reprieve had been granted him and a detail of officers had been sent in an automobile to notify the federal commander, who was about to execute him. He was liberated the next days as it was found that he was not a spy and he slept in the hills until he could board a train and reach the border.

RODENTS CUT OUT CIRCUIT

Rat and Mouse in Electric Switch Shut Off Circuit for Forty-Five Minutes.

Memphis, Tenn.—A mouse and a rat climbed into a switch of the Memphis Consolidated Gas and Electric company lines, created a short circuit and shut off all power for 45 minutes the other night.

More than 500 offices of a telegraph company, between Nashville, Memphis and Texarkana, Ark., and Cairo and New Orleans, were out of commission.

Elevators in hotels and office buildings were "dead" and the other sorts of business were still while men were inspecting sources of trouble and switching power on to other supply cables.

Twenty-five men worked from midnight until four o'clock before the cause of the trouble was found, and in order to be certain of it, the men had to inspect 11 miles of power cables, lifting lids to manholes and testing connections.

About four o'clock, one of the experts found trouble that caused him to climb the pole where the circuit box was attached to an oil box. Taking off the lid, he discovered the charred remains of a mouse and in a hole in the oil box he found half the body of a rat.

The new wires were connected and in a minute every power cable went to working as usual.

BRIDGE OF NANTES FALLS

Famous Pont Maudit Goes Down With a Great Splash When Arch Gives Away.

Nantes, France.—The old stone bridge of Nantes, known as the "Pont Maudit" (fatal bridge), which spans the Loire, and which has been undermined by the water, fell into the river with a great splash.

The authorities had anticipated such an event and precautions had been taken, although traffic was not suspended until the day preceding. The quays alongside the bridge also are showing signs of weakening and have been cleared.

The Pont Maudit was one of the numerous bridges built across the four branches of the Loire, flowing through Nantes, and with the Pont du le Bourse and the Pont Haudandine it connected the center of the town with the industrial quarters of the Prairie au Duc and the Island of Santa Anna. The end of the bridge came when the keystone of one of the arches gave way.

One pretty girl will inspire more feminine envy than a dozen clever ones.

Rex Wineslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

A woman may not even want to know her own mind until after she has changed it four or five times.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Their Practice.

"Hotel boys ought to be good in an emergency."

"Why so?"

"Because they are always coming to the front."

No Doubtful Sound.

Heck—Some women are hard to understand.

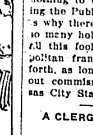
Peck—My wife isn't. She never speaks her mind to me without making herself perfectly clear.

Zero in Various Lines of Endeavor.

"My notion of nothing to be when you have become one," grimly remarks the Old Codger, "is a golf champion. My idea of nothing to believe is a railroad time table's explanation of the cause of a wreck; or nothing to listen to is a reminiscence of the hard winter of eighteen hundred and something; or nobody to hold a reception for is Mrs. Pankhurst, and of nothing to write pieces to the Speaking the Public Mind department about is why there is no gas, why there are so many holes in the pavements, why all this foolishness about the Metropolitan franchise, and so on and so forth, as long as Kansas City is without commission government."—Kansas City Star.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wilton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart flutter-



Rev. E. Heslop.

ing, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move. After using 5 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

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three bottles and it made me well and strong and I avoided a dreadful operation. I now have two fine healthy children, and I cannot say too much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Lina MANGES, R. F. D. 10, Mogadore, Ohio.

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