

THE PLAY BY

BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865

BY WILLIAM GILLETTE,
BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

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SYNOPSIS.
Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate soldier, has just one son and daughter left. Her husband was killed at Gettysburg. She is now in a state of mind that she is ready to do anything to see the army if it is necessary to do so to save her children. She is now in a state of mind that she is ready to do anything to see the army if it is necessary to do so to save her children. She is now in a state of mind that she is ready to do anything to see the army if it is necessary to do so to save her children.

ward the door and summoned Martha to her. She did not leave the room, however, for her way was barred by a young servant in a gray uniform. The newcomer looked hastily at her and the old negro, stopped by them, and asked them very respectfully to wait a moment. He then approached Foray, who impatiently waited until he could send the message. He saluted him and handed him a written order, and then crossed to the other side of the room. A glance put Foray in possession of the contents of this order. He rose to his feet and approached Caroline still standing by the door.

And that was the way it stands. I reckon I can stay as long as he can. She stepped to a nearby chair and sat down. "I haven't very much to do and probably he has."
"But, Miss Mitford," began Foray. "There isn't any good taking any longer. If you have got any telegraphing to do you had better do it. I won't disturb you. But don't you give it to him!"
Foray stared at her helplessly. What might have resulted it is impossible to say, for there entered at that moment a young man whom Mr. Arrelford himself, relieving Mr. Foray, of the further conduct of the intricate case. His glance took in all the occupants of the room. It was to his own messenger that he first addressed himself.

interfere any farther with the business of this office I will have you both sent under arrest. Read that dispatch instantly, Lieutenant Foray."
The game was up now, so far as the women were concerned. Caroline's head sank on Martha's shoulder and she sobbed passionately, while Lieutenant Foray read the following astonishing and incriminating message.
"Forgive me, Wilfred, darling, please forgive me and I will help you as I can."
"It is harmless, as harmless as it was foolish, that message, but it evidently impressed Mr. Arrelford as containing some deep, some hidden, some sinister meaning.
"The dispatch can't go," he said shortly.
"That dispatch can go," said Caroline, stopping her sobbing as suddenly as she had begun. "And that dispatch will go. I know some one whose orders even you are bound to respect, and some one who will come here with me and see that you do respect it." "It may be," answered Arrelford.

CHAPTER XI.
Mr. Arrelford Again Interposes.
Nobody had any time to devote to the messages contained in the perfect copy of messages came and went as she slowly composed her own dispatch. Messages constantly came in while others went out. The lines were evidently busy that night. Finally there came a pause in the dispatches through which she saw the light of the east end of the table where she sat.

"Hold back my telegram!"
"Yes, Miss Mitford," and Foray looked very uncomfortable as he started again at the order and then from the young girl to the orderly, "and that isn't the worst of it."
"What else is there?" asked the girl, her eyes big with apprehension.
"Why, this man has orders to take back your message with him to the secret service office."
"Take back my message!" cried Caroline.
"There must be some mistake," answered Foray, "but that's what the order says."
"To whom does it say to take it back?"
"To M. Arrelford."
"Do you mean to tell me that that order is to take my message back to M. Arrelford?"
"Yes, Miss Mitford," returned Lieutenant Foray.
"And does it say anything in there about what I am going to do in the meantime?" asked the girl indignantly.
"Nothing."
"Well, that is too bad," returned Caroline emphatically.
"I am sorry this has occurred, Miss Mitford," said the lieutenant earnestly, "but the orders are signed by the head of the secret service department and you will see that I have no choice."
"Don't worry about it, Lieutenant Foray," said Caroline calmly. "There is no need of your feeling sorry, because it hasn't occurred, but if it does, it is not going to occur. When it does, it can go around being sorry all you like. Have you the faintest idea of what is going to do with my telegram away with him and show it to the man? Do you suppose—?"
She was too indignant to finish her sentence and old Martha valiantly entered the fray.

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"I don't tell you you could read it!"
The girl, who had evidently forgotten she had never known how telegrams were sent.
"I mean to say that I have got to spell out every word on the key. Didn't you know that?"
"Oh, I did, of course—I—, but I had forgotten," said Caroline, blushing at this unexpected development.
"Is there any harm in my reading the message that I have to send to you?"
"Why I wouldn't have you see it for the world! My gracious!"
"Is it so bad as that, Miss Mitford?" she said laughing.
"Had it isn't bad at all, but I wouldn't have it get all over town for anything."
"It will never get out of this office, Miss Mitford," returned Foray confidently. "We are not allowed to mention anything that goes on here."
"You wouldn't mention it?"
"Certainly not. All sorts of private messages go through here, and—"
"Do they?"
"Every day. Now if that telegram is important—"
"Important, well I should think it was. It is the most important!"
"Then I reckon you had better trust to me," said Lieutenant Foray.
"Now," said Caroline, blushing at a vivid crimson, "I reckon I had."
She handed him the telegram. He opened it, glanced at it, and his lips controlled his emotion, and then his hands reached for the key.

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