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 declines, 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 douns. Mrs. Varney's butler carrying a note from a prisoner in Libby prison. Arrelsford suspects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "After tonight. Plan discovered. 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 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 secrete themselves 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 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.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"There was some mistake, sir," he answered, saluting.

"Ah!" cried Arrelsford, a note of triumph in his voice.

"Who made it?" asked the general.

"I get an order to go to the president's house," returned Foray, "and when I got there the president—"

Thorne made one last attempt to complete his message.

"Beg pardon, general, this delay will be most disastrous. Permit me to go on with this message. If there's any mistake, we can rectify it afterward."

He seized the key and continued sending the message as he spoke.

"No," cried Arrelsford.

General Randolph either did not hear Thorne's speech or heed it, or else he did not care to prevent him, and he continued his questioning.

"Where did you get this mistaken order?" he asked.

But Arrelsford, intensely alive to what was going on, interposed.

"He's at it again, sir!"

"Halt, there!" said General Randolph. "I ordered you to wait."

The dispatch was almost complete. Thorne ground his teeth with rage in his impatience. He had tried audacity before, he would try it again.

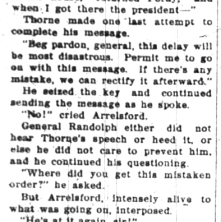
"I was sent here to attend to the business of this office and that business is going out," he said resolutely.

"No," said General Randolph with equal firmness, "it is not going out until I am ready for it."

"My orders came from the war department, not from you, sir. This dispatch came in half an hour ago," answered Thorne angrily, his voice rising, "they are calling for it at the other end of the line. It's my business to send it out and I am going to do it."

"Stop!" said General Randolph, as Thorne began to send the message again. "Sergeant, seize that man and keep him from that machine."

Well, the last hope was gone. As the sergeant stepped forward to execute his orders, Thorne, desperately



"Captain Thorne Has the Highest Authority in This Office."

determined to the last, clicked out a letter, but he was cut short in the middle of a word. The sergeant and two men dragged him away, chair and all, from the table, and two others posted themselves in front of the key.

"I will have you court-martialed for this, sir," said General Randolph angrily.

"You will have to answer yourself," cried Thorne, playing the game to the last, "for the delay of a dispatch of vital importance, sent by the secretary of war."

"Do you mean that?" cried Randolph.

"I mean just that," answered Thorne, "and I demand that you let me proceed with the business of this office. Before these officers and men I repeat that demand."

"By what authority do you send that dispatch?"

"I refer you to the department, sir."

"Show me your orders for taking charge of this office."

"I refer you to the department, sir," answered Thorne stubbornly.

"By God, sir!" continued General Randolph hotly, "I will refer to the department. Leave your men on guard there, sergeant. Go over to the war office. My compliments to the secretary of war, and ask him if he will be so good as to—"

But Arrelsford's evil genius prompted him to interpose again. When affairs were going to his liking he should have let them alone. But fate seemed to be playing into his hand, and he determined to make the most of it and the chance.

"Another witness! Miss Varney," he cried triumphantly, as he bowed toward the window in which Edith had at that moment appeared. "She was here with me, she saw it all. Ask her."

General Randolph turned toward the window and in his turn bowed to the girl.

"Miss Varney," he asked courteously, "do you know, anything about this?"

"About what, sir?" answered Edith in a low voice.

"Mr. Arrelsford claims that Captain Thorne is acting without authority in this office and that you can testify to that effect," was the general's answer.

CHAPTER XV.

Love and Duty at the Touch.

Thorne's case was now absolutely hopeless. By the testimony of two witnesses a thing is established. All that Arrelsford had seen Edith had seen. All that he knew, she knew. She had only to speak and the plan had failed; the cleverly constructed scheme would fall to pieces. His brother's life would have been wasted, nay more, his name also; for well did he realize that the bold way he had played the game would the more certainly hasten his immediate execution. A spy in the Confederate capital.

He could reproach himself with nothing. He had done his very best.

Thorne, in the one word that Edith Varney was to speak, would lose life, honor and that for which he had risked both. And he would lose more than that. He would lose the love of the woman who had never seemed so beautiful to him as she stood there, pale-faced, erect, the very incarnation of self-sacrifice, as were all the women of the Confederacy. And he would lose more than her love. He would lose her respect. His humiliation would be her humiliation. Never so long as she lived could her mind dwell on him with tenderness.

He drew himself erect to meet his fate like a man and waited. The wait was a long one. Edith Varney was having her own troubles. She knew as well as anyone the importance of her testimony. She had come from the commissary general's vacant office and had been back at the window long enough to have heard the conversation between General Randolph and the two men. She was an unusually keen-witted girl and she realized the situation to the full.

Her confidence in her lover had been shaken, undermined, restored and shaken again, until her mind was in a perfect whirl. She did not know, she could not tell whether he was what he seemed to be or not. It seemed like treachery to him, this uncertainty. It would be a simple matter to corroborate Mr. Arrelsford at once, and it occurred to her that she had no option. But coincident with the question flashed into her mind something she had forgotten which made it possible for her to answer in another way. Thus, she understood that the life of her lover hung upon her decision.

With one brief, voiceless prayer to God for guidance, she turned to General Randolph, and it was well that she spoke when she did, for the pause had become insupportable to Thorne at least. He had made up his mind to relieve the dilemma and confess his guilt so that the girl would not have to reproach herself with a betrayal of her lover or her cause, that she might not feel that she had been found wanting at the critical moment. Indeed Thorne would have done this before but his duty as a soldier enjoined upon him the prosperity, the imperative necessity, of playing the game to the very end. The battle was not yet over. It would never be over until he faced the firing party.

And then Edith's voice broke the silence that had become so tense with emotion.

"Mr. Arrelsford is mistaken, General Randolph," she said quietly, "Captain Thorne has the highest authority in this office."

Arrelsford started violently and opened his mouth to speak, but General Randolph silenced him with a look. The blood of the old general was up, and it had become impossible for anyone to presume in the least degree. Thorne started, too. The blood rushed to his heart. He thought he would choke to death. What did the girl mean?

"The highest authority, sir," continued Edith Varney, slowly drawing out the commission, which every one but she had forgotten in the excitement, "the authority of the president of the Confederate States of America."

Well, she had done it for weal or for woe. She had made her decision. Had it been a wise decision? Had she acted for the best? What interest had governed her, love for Thorne, love for her country, or love for her own peace of mind? It was in the hands of General Randolph now. The girl turned slowly away unable to sustain the burning glances of her lover and the vindictive stare of Arrelsford.

"What's this?" said General Randolph, "Umph! A major's commission. In command of the telegraph department. Major Thorne, I congratulate you."

"That commission, General Randolph," exclaimed Arrelsford, his voice rising, "let me explain how she—"

"That will do from you, sir," said the general, "you have made enough trouble as it is. I suppose you claim that this is a forgery, too—"

"Let me tell you, sir," persisted the secret service agent.

"You have told me enough as it is, Sergeant, take him over to headquarters."

"Fall in there!" cried the sergeant of the guard. Two of you take the prisoner. Forward march!"

Two men seized Arrelsford, and the rest of them closed about him. To do the man justice, he made a violent struggle and was only marched out at the point of the bayonet, protesting and cursing.

"For God's sake, he's in the Yankee secret service! He'll send that dispatch out. His brother brought in the signal tonight!"

All the way down the corridor he could be heard yelling and struggling. General Randolph paid not the slightest attention to him. He stepped over to the telegraph table beside which Thorne stood—and with all the force of which he was capable the young officer could hardly control the trembling of his knees.

"Major Thorne," he said reprovingly as Thorne saluted him, "all this delay has been your own fault. If you had only had sense enough to mention this before you would have been saved a damned lot of trouble. There's your commission, sir." He handed it to Thorne, who saluted him again as one in a dream. "Come, gentlemen," he said to his officers, "I can't understand why they have to be so cursed shy about their secret service orders! Lieutenant Foray?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take your orders from Major Thorne."

"Yes, sir," returned Foray.

"Good night," said the general, forgetful of the fact apparently that Edith Varney was still standing by the window.

"Good night, sir," answered Thorne.

Foray moved over to the table at the right, while Thorne leaped to his former position, and his hand sought the key. At last he could send his message, there was nothing to prevent him or interrupt him now, he was in command. Could he get it through? For a moment he forgot everything but that, as he clicked out the call again, but he had scarcely pressed the button when Edith Varney stepped to his side.

"Captain Thorne," she said in a low voice, giving him the old title.

He looked up at her, stopping a moment.

"What I have done gives you time to escape from Richmond," she continued.

"Escape!" whispered Thorne, clicking the key again. "Impossible!"

"Oh," said the girl, laying her hand on his arm, "you wouldn't do it—now!"

And again the man's fingers remained poised over the key as he stared at her.

"I gave it to you to—to save your life. I didn't think you'd use it for anything else. Oh! You wouldn't!"

Her voice in its low whisper was agonizing. If her face had been white before, what could be said of it now? In a flash Thorne saw all. She had been confident of his guilt, and she had sought to save his life because she loved him, and now because she loved her country she sought to save that too.

The call sounded from the table. Thorne turned to it, bent over it, and listened. It was the call for the message. Then he turned to the woman. She looked at him; just one look. The kind of a look that Christ might have

turned upon Peter after those denials when he saw him in the courtyard early on that bitter morning of betrayal. "I saved you," the girl's look seemed to say, "I redeemed you and now you betray me!" She spoke no words, words were useless between them. Everything had been said, everything had been done. She could only go. Never woman looked at man nor man looked at woman as these two at each other.

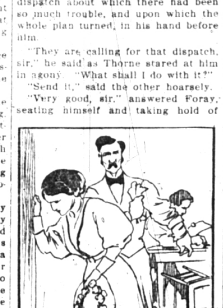
The woman turned, she could trust herself no further. She wept blindly toward the door. The man followed her slowly, crushing the commission in his hand, and ever as he went he heard the sound of the call behind him. He stopped halfway between the door and the table and watched her go, and then he turned.

Lieutenant Foray understanding nothing of what had transpired, but hearing the call, had taken Thorne's place before the table. He had the dispatch about which there had been so much trouble, and upon which the whole plan turned, in his hand before him.

"They are calling for that dispatch, sir," he said as Thorne stared at him in agony. "What shall I do with it?"

"Send it," said the other hoarsely.

"Very good, sir," answered Foray, seating himself and taking hold of



Crushing the Commission in His Hand.

the key, but the first click of the sounder awakened Thorne to action.

"No, no!" he cried. "Stop!" He rushed forward and seized the dispatch. "I won't do it!" he thundered. With his wounded hand and his well one he tore the dispatch into fragments. "Revoke the order. Tell them it was a mistake instantly. I refuse to act under this commission!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rug Selling Up-to-Date.

The possible customer—You claim this is a genuine Turkish rug, do you?

The Wily Dealer—Eet es true, madame. Zee rug is very genuine Turkish.

The Customer—It looks old and ragged. Just see that stain and these holes!

The Dealer—Yes, madame. Zat es ze proof. It shows zat ze rug es very genuine Turkey rug. Look, madame. What you call ze stain es powder burn, and all ze holes are bullet holes! Very genuine Turkey rug, direct from ze seat of war. Only ninety dollars, madame.

The customer promptly softens and pays the price.

Saw Chance for Peace.

Goldstein enlisted in the army. He was sent to the Philippines, and there his regiment was ordered to subdue some natives who were on the warpath. Before an engagement the captain of Goldstein's company addressed his men. "Soldiers," he said, "we will soon meet our enemy face to face. Every man must do his duty." "Couldn't I meet him first?" asked Goldstein. "I'd like to compromise with him."

FORGOT THE LORD'S PRAYER

Evidently Panic-Stricken San Francisco Man Was Not in the Habit of Repeating It.

"A man told me," says a writer in the American Magazine, "that at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, he and his wife knelt down and began the Lord's Prayer, but forgot it in the middle. It takes time to renew an old acquaintance.

"How can a small boy in New York city think that his father is the greatest man in the world?

"A man may promise a wife he loves never to marry a second time, and mean what he says most solemnly, but a part of what he has in his head, and keeps to himself, is likely to be this: Knowing marriage from the inside, and appreciating its possibilities for unhappiness, he thanks God for having escaped a catastrophe and privately resolves never to take a second risk.

"This is something of a boss ridden world, but not altogether so. If you want to find out a few facts, take a sheet of paper and write out a list of those whose actions you can control. Another pleasant way to pass the afternoon is to write out a list of those who you think can manage you."

Good Reason.

"I don't have the kiddie at the theater very often," said an actor who recently returned to New York for the usual brief run in a house where the bill changes weekly, "but during the holidays I let his mother bring him down for a matinee, and arranged to have a box for them. The youngster remained remarkably quiet (for him) during the entire performance.

"That evening at dinner I jestingly remarked:

"'Son, how did you manage to be so good during the show?'

"His answer surprised me.

"'Do you think I wanted you to scold me, daddy, before all those people?'"

Just Like a Husband.

"My husband is one of the most stubborn men in the world."

"He can't be any more stubborn than mine."

"O, yes, I'm sure he must be. Yesterday I had an engagement to meet him at three o'clock."

"Yes?"

"Well, it was nearly 4:30 when I got there, and he won't admit yet that the rest he got while he was waiting did him any good.—Chicago Record-Herald.

For Sunburn, Insect Bites,

Ivy Poison or any other skin inflammation use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and get quick relief. 25c. at druggists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

True Indorsement.

"Look at this piece of goods how the colors ran."

"Well, I told you they were fast colors."

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv

Alas for Art!

"Daubbs tells me he is wedded to his art."

"Good heavens! Another mesalliance!"

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Slow.

Jack—They say he ran through his wife's money in two years.

Jill—What caused the delay.—Argonaut.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Heroic.

"I saved a life this summer."

"You don't say so! Whose was it?"

"My own. I didn't go in swimming."

His Only Opportunity.

"Does your wife talk in her sleep, major?"

"No, I talk in her sleep. It's the only chance I get."—London Life.

SHARKS BLOW SHIP WHISTLE

Then Sailors Know the Much Hated Fish Has Been Caught on Their Hooks.

Sharks are numerous in Magdalena bay, on the west coast of the Peninsula of Lower California, says the Wide World. The monsters at this point seem to take almost any kind of bait, and it is rarely that a warship is seen at anchor without from one to a half dozen lines dangling from its stern. Watching a shark line is a tedious business, but it is strictly necessary in order that the fisherman may know when the monster is hooked, as its frantic rushes, if allowed to go unchecked, are pretty sure to cause some part of the line, leader, or even a part of its own anatomy to give way, and result in its escape.

The old scheme of tying the line around one's big toe and going to sleep would probably work all right so far as rousing the fisherman was concerned, but the sequel might not leave him in a condition to give undivided attention to landing the prize. To this end the officers and sailors have hit on an ingenious plan. Instead of taking in their lines when the dinner gong sounds or when for any reason they are on duty elsewhere, they run a stout piece of marlin twine from the sharkline up to the steam whistle, leaving it for the man-eater himself to announce the event of his being hooked by sounding a toot.

Luxury for Ostriches.

Dealing with the antiplumage campaign in England, the Pall Mall Times in a leading article remarks that: "Were it not for the commercial value of its feathers, the ostrich would today be as rare in civilized South Africa as the hippopotamus. The ostrich is really a much pampered bird, living a life of pure luxury. He is bred and kept in condition merely for the sake of his feathers, and generally he lives to a ripe old age. The feathers are not pulled out from the sockets by the roots, but are cut with as little pain to the bird as is caused to a sheep by the shearer."

Career One of Romance.

Father Ohrwalder, who for eight years was a prisoner among the Afridi can dervishes and escaped, has died at Omdurman. His career is one of the romances of the Sudan. Born at Lana, near Meran, in the Tyrol, in 1856, he went to Cairo in 1879, after being trained as a missionary. In the following year he went up to Khartum, and in 1882 he was captured by the Mahdists in the Dar Nuba. He made many vain attempts before he escaped.

The Usual Way.

"It would never do for the farmers to get into the financial business of the nation."

"Why not?"

"From force of habit they would always be wanting to water their stock."

Sympathetic Affliction.

"That impecunious nobleman's rich wife and his creditors are now sympathizing with each other."

"On what grounds?"

"He beat both of them."

Fond of Telling It.

"Blobbs is a self-made man, I hear."

"You can't help but hear it if you spend two minutes in his vicinity."

1st First in Everything

First in Quality
First in Results
First in Purity
First in Economy

and for these reasons Calumet Baking Powder is first in the hearts of the millions of housewives who use it and know it.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois, and Paris, France, 1912.

Hard to Choose.

"The jury has been out for a long time."

"Yes; and I doubt their ever reaching a verdict. You see, the case is one in which a life insurance solicitor is suing a book agent, and I fancy the jurymen are trying to figure out some scheme for sticking them both."—Judge.

The Reason.

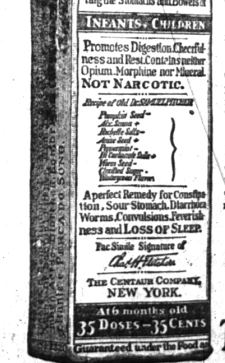
"He looked daggers at me."

"No wonder you feel so cut."

Foley Kidney Pills Succeed because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless: *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food: *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ills., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.