

# 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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"Tom Kittridge has gone. He was killed yesterday at Cold Harbor." "Leave out that about"—she caught her breath, and her eyes fixed themselves once more on that little round hole in the breast of his jacket—about his being killed?" "But he was killed and so was Johnny Sheldon—I have his uniform, you know." "I know he was, but you don't have to tell your father," said Caroline, choking up, "you don't have to telegraph him the news, do you?" "No, of course not, but—" "That's all there is to the letter except the end." "Why, that leaves it just the same except the part about—" "Yes," said Caroline in despair, "and after all the work we have done."

"Let's try it again," said Wilfred. "No," said Caroline, "there is no use. Everything else has got to stay." "Well, then, we can't telegraph it. It would cost hundreds of dollars." "Yes, we can telegraph it," said Caroline determinedly, "you give it to me. I'll get it sent." "But how are you going to send it?" asked Wilfred, extending the letter. "Never you mind," answered the girl. "See here!" the boy cried. "I am

Wilfred Swept His Pen Through It. Not going to have you spend your money, and—" "There's no danger of that. I haven't any to spend." She took the letter from his hand. "I reckon Douglass Foray'll send it for me. He's in the telegraph office and he'll do most anything for me." "No," said Wilfred sternly. "What's the reason he won't?" asked because he won't." "What do you care so long as he sends it?" "Well, I do care and that's enough. I'm not going to have you making eyes at Doug Foray on my account." "Oh, well," said the girl, blushing. "Of course if you feel that way about it, I—" "That's the way I feel all right. But you won't give up the idea of helping me, will you, because I feel like that?" "No," answered Caroline softly, "I'll help you all I can—but that letter, do you mean?" "Yes, about that letter and about other things, too." "Give it to me," said the girl, "I will go over it again."

She sat down at the desk, and as she scanned it, Wilfred watched her anxiously. To them Mrs. Varney entered. She had an open letter in one hand and a cap and belt in the other. She stopped in the doorway and motioned for some one in the hall to follow her, and an orderly entered the room. His uniform was covered with dust, his unburned, grim face was covered with sweat and dust also. He stood in the doorway with the ease of a veteran soldier, that is without the painful effort to be precise or formal which marks the young aspirant for military honors.

"Wilfred," said Mrs. Varney, quickly approaching him, "here is a letter from your father." She extended the paper. "He sent it by his orderly." Wilfred stepped closer to the elder woman while Caroline slowly rose from her chair, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Varney.

"What does he say, mother?" asked Wilfred.

"He says—" answered his mother with measured quietness, and controlling herself with the greatest difficulty, "he tells me that—that you are—in spite of her tremendous effort, her voice faltered here. "Read it yourself, my boy," she whispered pitifully.

The letter was evidently exceedingly brief. A moment put Wilfred in possession of its contents. His mother stood with head averted. Caroline stared with trembling lips, a pale face, and a heaving bosom. It was to the orderly that Wilfred addressed himself.

"I am to go back with you?" "General's orders, sir," answered the soldier, saluting, "to enter the service. God knows we need everybody now."

"When do we start?" asked Wilfred

largely, his face flushing as he realized that his fondest desire was now to be gratified. "As soon as you are ready, sir. I am waiting." "I am ready now," said Wilfred. He turned to his mother. "You won't mind, mother," he said, his own lips trembling a little for the first time at the sight of her grief.

Mrs. Varney shook her head. She stepped nearer to him, smoothed the hair back from his forehead, and stretched out her arms to him as if she faintly would embrace him, but she controlled herself and handed him the cap and belt.

"Your brother," she said slowly, "seems to be a little better. He wants you to take his cap and belt. I told him your father had sent for you, and I knew you would wish to go to the front at once."

Wilfred took the belt from her trembling hands, and buckled it about him. His mother handed him the cap.

"Howard says he can get another belt when he wants it, and you are to have his blankets, too. I will go and get them."

She turned and left the room. She was nearly at the end of her resisting power, and but for the welcome diversion incident to her departure, she could not have controlled herself longer. The last one! One taken, one trembling, and now Wilfred!

The boy entered into none of the emotions of his mother. He clapped the cap on his head and threw it back.

"Fits me just as if it were made for me," he said, settling the cap firmly in place. "Orderly, I will be with you in a jiffy."

Caroline stood still near the table, her eyes on the floor.

"We won't have to send it now, will we?" he pointed to the letter.

Caroline, with a long, deep sigh, shook her head, and slowly handed the letter to him. Wilfred took it mechanically, his eyes fixed on the girl, who had suddenly grown very white of face, trembly of lip, and with a tear of eye-lashes.

"You are very good," he said, tearing the letter into pieces, "to help me like you did."

"It was nothing," whispered the girl. "You can help me again, if you want to."

Caroline lifted her eyes to his face, and he saw within their depths that which encouraged him.

"I can fight twice as well, if—" Poor little Caroline couldn't trust herself to speak. She nodded through her tears.

"Good-bye," said Wilfred, "you will write to me about helping me to fight twice as well, won't you. You know what I mean?"

Caroline nodded again.

"I wouldn't mind if you telegraphed me that you would."

What might have happened further will never be determined, for at this juncture Mrs. Varney came back with an old faded blanket tied in a roll. She handed it to the boy without speaking. Wilfred threw it over his shoulder, and kissed his mother hurriedly.

"You won't mind much, will you, mother, I will soon be back. Orderly!" he cried.

"Sir."

"I am ready," said Wilfred. He threw one long, meaning look at Caroline, and followed the soldier out of the door and across the hall. The opening and closing of an outside door was heard, and then all was still. Mrs. Varney held her hand to her heart, and long, shuddering breaths came from her. He might soon be back, but how. She knew all about the famous injunction of the Spartan woman, "With your shield or on it," but somehow she had no idea of

ing the rear door and drawing the heavy portières, but leaving space between them so that anyone in the dark hall could see through them but not be seen from the room.

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Mrs. Varney watched him with fascinated awe. In spite of herself there still lingered a hope that Arrelsford might be mistaken, and he might under other conditions have aroused her maternal affections, and she was hoping against hope that he might yet prove himself innocent, not only because of his personality but as well because she thought that she might have entertained a spy was repugnant to her, and because of the honor of the Dumont family, which was one of the oldest and most important ones in the western hills of the Old Dominion.

Arrelsford meantime completed his preparations by moving the couch which Caroline Mitford had placed before the window back to the wall.

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"We can't wait," said Arrelsford, stepping forward.

"You must," persisted the girl. She turned to her mother again, "I can't do it, I can't! Oh, let me go!"

"But, my dear," said her mother, "you were the one who suggested that—"

"But I was sure then, and now—" "Has he confessed?" asked Mrs. Varney.

"No, no," answered the girl with a glance of fear and apprehension toward Arrelsford, who stood staring menacingly at her elbow.

"Don't speak so loud," whispered the secret service agent.

"Edith," said her mother soothingly.

Edith is Forced to Play the Game. Caroline's departure was again interrupted by the inopportune entrance from the back hall of Mr. Arrelsford, who was accompanied by two soldiers, whom he directed to remain by the door. As he advanced rapidly toward Mrs. Varney, Caroline stepped aside toward the rear window.

"Is he—" began Arrelsford, turning toward the window, and starting back in surprise as he observed Caroline for the first time.

"Yes, he is there," answered the woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Varney," cried Caroline, "there's a heap of soldiers out in your back yard here. You don't reckon anything's the matter, do you?"

The girl did not lower her voice, and was greatly surprised at the immediate order for silence which proceeded from Mr. Arrelsford, whose presence she acknowledged with a very cool, indifferent bow.

"No, there is nothing the matter, dear," said Mrs. Varney. "Martha," she said to the old servant who had come in response to her ring: "I want you to go home with Miss Mitford. You must not go alone, dear. Good night."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Varney," answered Caroline. "Come Martha." As she turned, she hesitated.

"You don't reckon she could go with me somewhere else, do you?"

"Why, where else do you want to go at this hour, my dear girl?" asked Mrs. Varney.

"Just to—the telegraph office," answered Caroline.

Mr. Arrelsford, who had been waiting with ill-concealed impatience during this dialogue, started violently.

"Now!" exclaimed Mrs. Varney in great surprise, not noticing the actions of her latest guest. "At this time of night?"

"Yes," answered Caroline, "it is on very important business, and—" "Oh," returned Mrs. Varney, "if that is the case, Martha must go with you."

"You know we haven't a single servant left at our house," Caroline said in explanation of her request.

"I know," said Mrs. Varney, "and Martha, don't leave her for an instant."

"No'm," answered Martha. "Ah'll take care 'ob hah."

As soon as she had left the room, passing between the two soldiers, Arrelsford took up the conversation. He spoke quickly and in a sharp voice. He was evidently greatly excited.

"What is she going to do at the telegraph office?" he asked.

"I have no idea," answered the woman.

"Has she had any conversation with him?" said Arrelsford, pointing to the front of the house.

"They were talking together in this room early this evening before you came the first time, but it isn't possible she could—"

"Anything is possible," snapped Arrelsford impatiently. He was evidently determined to suspect everybody, and leave no stone unturned to prevent the failure of his plans. "Corporal," he cried, "have Edginger follow that girl. He must get to the telegraph office as soon as she does, and don't let any dispatch she tries to send get out before I see it. Let her give it in, but hold it. Make no mistake about that. Get an order from the department for you to bring it to me."

As the corporal saluted and turned away to give the order, Arrelsford faced Mrs. Varney again. "Are they both out there?"

"Yes," answered the woman. "Did you bring the man from Libby prison?"

"I did, the guards have him out in the street on the other side of the house. When we got Thorne in here alone I'll have him brought over to that window and shoved into the room."

"And where shall I stay?"

"Out there," said Arrelsford, by the lower door, opening upon the back hall. You can get a good view of everything from there."

"But if he sees me?"

"He won't see you if it is dark in the hall." He turned to the corporal who had re-entered and resumed his station. "Turn out those lights out there," he said. "We can close these curtains, can't we?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Varney, open-



Kissed His Mother Hurriedly.

ing the rear door and drawing the heavy portières, but leaving space between them so that anyone in the dark hall could see through them but not be seen from the room.

"I don't want too much light in here, either," said Arrelsford. As he spoke he blew out the candles in the two candelabra which had been placed on the different tables, and left the large, long room but dimly illuminated by the candles in the sconces on the walls.

Mrs. Varney watched him with fascinated awe. In spite of herself there still lingered a hope that Arrelsford might be mistaken, and he might under other conditions have aroused her maternal affections, and she was hoping against hope that he might yet prove himself innocent, not only because of his personality but as well because she thought that she might have entertained a spy was repugnant to her, and because of the honor of the Dumont family, which was one of the oldest and most important ones in the western hills of the Old Dominion.

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"Are those women in there yet?" he asked peremptorily.

"Yes."

"Where is the key?"

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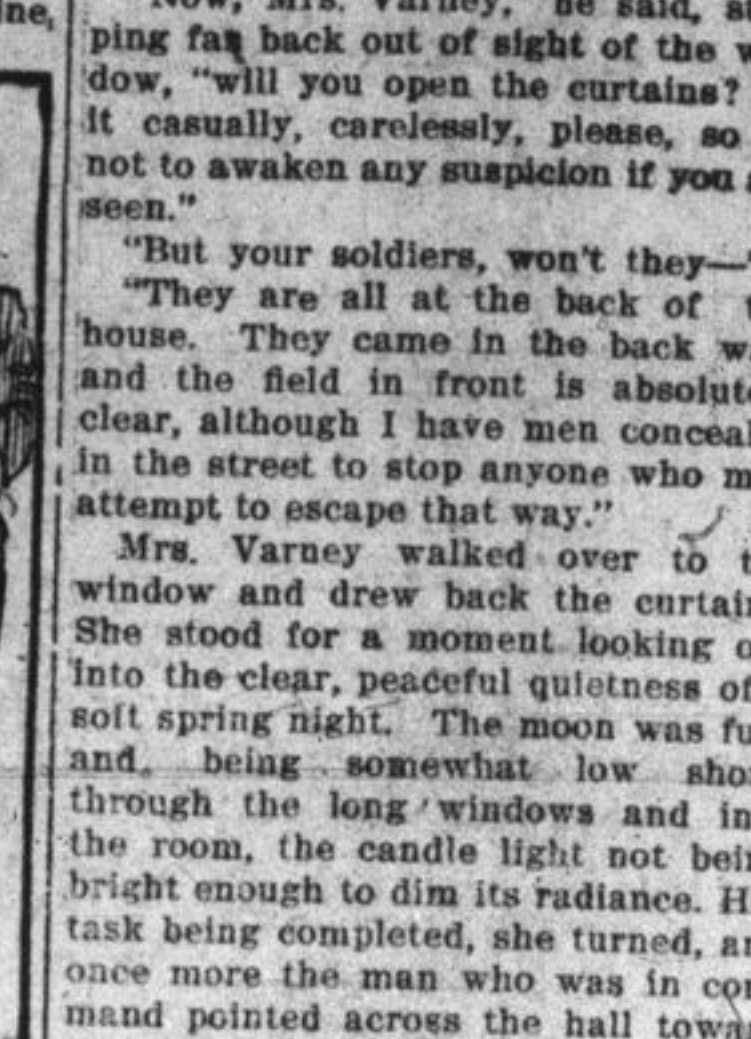
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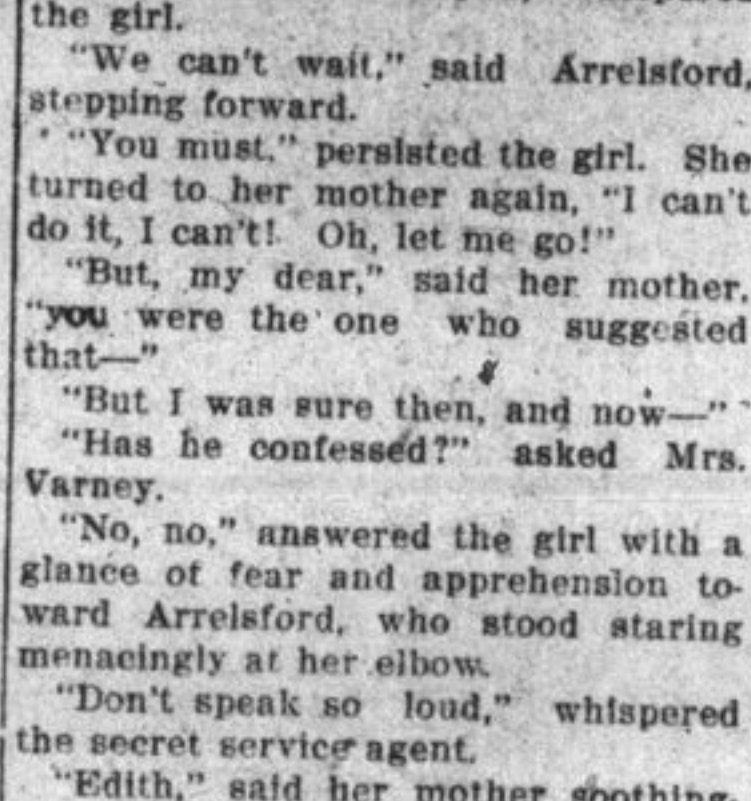
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## Indigestion and Headaches

Arising From Constipation, Cured and Regular Habits Established by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

In the western provinces, where so many thousands live far from doctors and drug stores, very many rely on Dr. Chase's medicines to cure disease and maintain health and strength. This letter gives some idea of what perfect control Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills exert over the most common ills of life.

Mrs. H. K. Haver, farmer's wife, Eastburg, Alta., writes:—"For about ten years I suffered from constipation, indigestion, headache and languid feelings. Treatment from two or three doctors afforded only temporary relief, so I turned to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and with most satisfactory results. Headaches have disappeared, regular habits established and general health very much better. Both my husband and I can speak highly of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as we have both been greatly benefited by them." One pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for \$1.00, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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# for July

## ROSE HAM

After a real good afternoon's fun in the fresh summer air, there's a lot of wholesome comfort in the taste of a ham sandwich. Particularly if it's Rose Ham. It is so mild, so tender and savory that it's a treat in itself even if you took nothing else. And it's not a bit "salty," because it's English cured, you see. Fill the picnic basket with some fruit, a home-made pie or two, and lots of Rose Ham sandwiches, and you needn't be a bit surprised if there's a vote of thanks tendered the "commissariat department" on the way home.

MATTHEWS-BLACKWELL LIMITED  
Everywhere in Canada

# BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

RESOLVED THAT THE BUSTER BROWN STOCKING IS A BOON TO MOTHERS AND A SNAP FOR SANTA CLAUS

BUSTER BROWN

For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girl is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized little stocking that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited  
Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton Ontario  
MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

Did you ever think what a lot of good you might have done had you begun yesterday instead of waiting until to-morrow? After sizing up their husbands, we don't blame some women for being fond of dogs. Opportunity knocks but once—but it's different with the human knocker. Happy is the man who can forget in all the mean things he knows about himself. One can't always judge a woman's complexion by the receptacle it came from.

(To be continued)