

Fooke
MANSFIELD
IN STRIPE MIDDLES
BALZAG
both 2 for 25¢

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
COPYRIGHT 1912 BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

should pay did they give him but a chance. Indeed, they were already giving him a chance, he thought to himself as he waited and listened. He was utterly unable to divine why he was at liberty in the room, and why he was left alone, or what was toward. In the very midst of these crowd-



The Yard Was Full of Armed Men.

lently into the room by the soldiers outside. He had been captured, as Arrelsford had said, earlier in the day; he had allowed himself to be taken. He had been thrust into Libby prison with dozens of prisoners taken in the same sort of way. He had not been searched, but then none of the others had been; had he been selected for that unwanted immunity alone it would have awakened his suspicions, but the Confederates had made a show of great haste in disposing of their prisoners, and had promised to search them in the morning. There-

fore Henry Dumont had retained the paper which later he had given Jonas, when by previous arrangement he made his daily visit to the prison. He had been greatly surprised, when about a quarter to nine o'clock a squad of soldiers had taken him from the prison, had marched him hurriedly through the streets with which he was entirely unfamiliar, and had taken him to the residence section of the city, and had halted at the back of a big house. He had asked no questions, and no explanations had been vouchsafed to him. He was more surprised than ever when he was taken up to the porch, the window was opened, and he was thrust violently into a room, so violently that he staggered and had some difficulty in recovering his balance.

He made a quick inspection of the room. Thorne, in the deeper shadows at the farther end of the room was invisible to him. He stood motionless save for the turning of his head as he looked around him. He moved a few steps toward the end of the room, opposite his entrance, passed by the far door opening into the back hall which was covered with portieres, and went swiftly toward the near door into the front hall. The door was slightly ajar, and as he came within range of the opening he saw in the shadows of the hall, crossed bayonets and men. No escape that way!

He went on past the door toward the large windows at the front of the house and in another moment would have been at the front window where Thorne stood. The latter dropped the curtain and stepped out into the room.

For the thousandth part of a second the two brothers stared at each other, and then, in a fiercely intense voice, Thorne, playing his part, desperately called out:

"Halt! You are a prisoner!" Both brothers were quick witted, both knew that they were under the closest observation, both realized that they were expected to betray relationship, which would incriminate both, and probably result fatally for one and certainly ruin the plan. Thorne's cue was to regard his brother as the prisoner whom it was important to arrest, and Dumont's cue was to regard his brother as an enemy with whom it was his duty to struggle. The minds of the two were made up instantly. With a quick movement Dumont sought to pass his brother, but with a movement equally rapid Thorne leaped upon him, shouting again:

"Halt, I say!" The two men instantly grappled. It was no mimic struggle that they engaged in, either. They were of about equal height and weight; if anything, Thorne was the stronger, but this advantage was offset by the fact that he had been recently ill, and the two fought therefore on equal terms at first. It was a fierce, desperate grapple in which they met. As they struggled, both by a common impulse, reeled toward that part of the room near the mantel which was farthest away from doors or windows, and where they would be the least likely to be overheard or to be more closely observed. As they fought together, Thorne called out again:

"Corporal of the guard, here is your man! Corporal of the guard, what are you doing?" At that instant the two reeling bodies struck the wall next to the mantel with a fearful smash, and a chair that stood by was overturned by a quick movement on the part of Henry Dumont, who did not know his brother had already received the important message. In the confusion of the moment, he hissed in Thorne's ear:

"Attack tonight, plan 3, use telegraph! Did you get that?" "Yes," returned Thorne, still keeping up the struggle.

"Good," said Dumont. "They are watching us. Shoot me in the leg." "No, I can't do it," whispered Thorne.

All the while the two men were reeling and staggering and struggling against the wall and furniture. The encounter would have deceived the most suspicious.

"Shoot, shoot," said the elder. "I can't shoot my brother," the younger panted out. "It is the only way to throw them off the scent," persisted Dumont. "I won't do it," answered Thorne, and then he shouted again:

"Corporal of the guard, I have your prisoner!" "Let me go, damn you!" roared Dumont furiously, making another desperate effort—"If you don't do it, I will," he added under his breath, "Give me the revolver!"

"No, no, Harry," was the whispered reply, and "Surrender, curse you!" he shouted again. "You'll hurt yourself," he pleaded. "I don't care," muttered Dumont. "Let me have it." His hands slipped down from Thorne's shoulders and grasped the butt of the revolver. The two grappled fiercely, but the struggle was beginning to tell on Thorne, who was not yet in full possession of his physical vitality. His long illness had sapped his strength.

\$29.50
A bicycle completely equipped, coaster brake, gas lamp, bell, Dunlop style tires; everything guaranteed for the season. Just to give the boys and girls something good at prices never heard of before in Kingston. We won't sell cheap bicycles, but we do sell good bicycles cheap.
SEE OUR WINDOW
Treadgold Cycle and Sporting Goods Co.
86 PRINCESS STREET. PHONE 529. KINGSTON, ONT.

I wantu Gas Iron
One cent worth of gas in three hours. Keep cool when you iron. Try one. Money back if not satisfied.
Price \$3.75 complete With Hose.
DAVID HALL
66 Brock St. Phones 335, 856

Labatt's
ALE --- STOUT --- LAGER
PURE --- PALATABLE --- NUTRITIOUS --- BEVERAGES
FOR SALE BY WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE
LOCAL OPTION—Residents in the local option districts can legally order from this brewery whatever they require for personal or family use. Write to
JOHN LABATT, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons
Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

A NEW BATHING SUIT.
To make this suit requires:
7 yards 36-inch material at 75c yard..... \$5.25
1 yard lining 20 inches wide..... 15
\$5.40
The pieces of the pattern are laid on the open material right side up, with the exception of the skirt, back, collar and shield. These, with the belt also, are laid on a fold of the goods. The bloomers are attached to an under-body of heavy muslin, and this is easily made by taking up the dart in front, as indicated; then closing the under-arm and shoulder seams. Finish edges with narrow hems.
Now, after taking up the darts in the bloomers, turn under extension at right front edge on slot perforations. Close leg and center seams, the latter from upper edge in back to extension in front. Bring the "Y" perforation at upper edge to center-back seam and tack. Hem the lower edge of the bloomers and insert elastic, after which the bloomers are ready to sew to the underbody.
Begin the blouse by sewing the sleeve to front and back as notched. Close the under-arm seams, hem the right side of the front, creasing on fold; then lap right front on left, center even. Remember that the large "O" perforations indicate center-front. The lower edges are now stitched together, after which the cowboy collar is added to the neck, after corresponding small "o" perforations in collar and back of the waist have been brought together to see that the collar is properly adjusted. Close the cuff seam and add to the sleeve, as indicated.
The seam in the back of the skirt is now closed, the hem is turned under at the bottom, the pleats pressed into place and the skirt sewed to the waist. With the adjustment of the belt, the suit is finished, except for the addition of the buttons.

Very stylish model for a bathing suit showing the Russian blouse waist with one-piece raglan sleeves and the new cowboy collar.
Bathing suits for the coming summer are among the most attractive of the new styles. A handsome design is shown here, exploiting the Russian blouse effect, modernized by one-piece raglan sleeves and the new cowboy collar.
Pictorial Review Pattern 15c
or 14, 15, 18 and 20 yards.

Above Patterns Can be Obtained from
Newman & Shaw,
Princess Street

"Well, how did you—"
"We took it away from him," answered Edith.
"This was a very different statement from her original intention, but for the moment the girl forgot her part. "Oh," said Thorne, "I think that was a mistake."
"Yes."
"But why?"
"You should have let him deliver it, but it is too late now. Never mind." He turned toward the door.
Edith caught him by the arm. Was he going out to certain death or what? "What are you going to do?" she asked breathlessly.
"Find Jonas, and make him tell for whom this paper was intended. He is the man we want."
The girl released him, and caught her throat with her hand.
"Captain Thorne," she choked out, and there was joy and triumph in her face, "they have lied about you."
Thorne turned to her quickly.
"Lied about me?" he exclaimed.
"What do you mean?"
He caught the girl's hands in his and bent over her.
"Don't be angry," pleaded Edith, "I didn't think it would be like this."
"Yes, yes, but what do you mean?" Edith sought to draw her hands away from him, but Thorne would not be denied.
"I must know," he said.
"Let me go," pleaded the girl, "don't you understand—"
But what she might have said further was interrupted by the sharp, stern voice of the corporal outside. He spoke loud and clearly, there was no necessity for precaution now.
"This way! Look out for that side, will you?"
Thorne released the hands of the woman he loved and stood listening. Edith Varney took advantage of such

evidently result in failure, as so many previous plans had resulted, because he would not be able to send the orders that would weaken the position. The best he could hope for, in all probability, was the short shrift of a spy. He had staked his life on the game and it appeared that he had lost.

Nay, more than life had been wagered, honor. He knew the contempt in which the spy was held; he knew that even the gallantry and intrepidity of Andre and Hale had not saved them from opprobrium and disgrace.

And there was even more than honor upon the board. His love! Not the remotest idea of succumbing to the attractions of Edith Varney ever entered his head when he attempted the desperate, the fatal role. At first he had regarded the Varney house and herself as a chessboard and a pawn in the game. The strength of character which had enabled him to assume the country's seat, for his country's good, and which would have carried him through the obloquy and scorn that were sure to be visited upon him with death at the end—did not stand him in good stead when it came to thoughts of her. Until he yielded to his passion, and broke his self-imposed vow of silence, he had fought a good fight. Now he realized that the woman who should accept his affections would compromise herself forever in the eyes of everything she held dear, even if he succeeded and his life was unlikely.

He had never, so he fancied, in the least and remotest way given her any evidence that he loved her. In reality, she had read him like an open book, as women always do. He had come there that night to get the message from Jonas, and then to bid her good-bye forever, without disclosing the state of his affections. If he succeeded in manipulating the telegraph and carrying out his end of the project, he could see no chance of escape. Ultimate detection and execution appeared certain, and any avowal would therefore be useless. But he had counted without her. She had shown her feelings, and he had fallen. To the temptation of her presence and her artless disclosure, he had not been able to make adequate resistance.

He was the last man on earth to blame her or to reproach her for that; but the fierce, impetuous temperament of the man was overwhelming when it once broke loose, and he felt that he must tell her or die.

Because of his iron self-repression for so long he was the less able to stand the pressure in the end. He had thrown everything to the winds, and had told her how he loved her.

Out there in the moonlight in the rose arbor, the scent of the flowers, the southern night wind, the proximity of the girl, her eyes shining like stars out of the shadows in which they stood, the pallor of her face, the rise and fall of her bosom, the uttering of her hand as unwittingly or wittingly, who knows, she touched him, had intoxicated him, and his love and passion had broken all bounds, and he had spoken to her and she had answered. She loved him. What did that mean to him now?

Sometimes woman's love makes duty easy, sometimes it makes it hard. Sometimes it is the crown which virtues wear, and sometimes it is the pall that overshadows defeat.

What Edith Varney knew or suspected concerning him, he could not tell. That she knew something, that she suspected something, had been evident, but whatever her knowledge and suspicion, they were not sufficiently powerful or telling to prevent her from returning love for love, kiss for kiss. But did she love him in spite of her knowledge and suspicion? The problem was too great for his solution then.

These things passed through his mind as he stood there by the window, with his hand on his revolver, waiting. It was all he could do. Sometimes even to the most fiery and the most alert of soldiers comes the conviction that there is nothing to do but wait. And if he thinks of it he will sympathize with the women who have left behind in times of war, who have little to do but wait.

The room had suddenly become his world, the walls his horizon, the ceiling his sky. At any exit he would find the way barred. Why had they left him in the room, free, armed, his revolver in his hand?
None but the bravest would have entered upon such a career as he had chosen. His nerves were like steel in the presence of danger. He had trembled before the woman in the garden a moment since; the stone walls of the house were no more rigidly composed than he in the drawing room now. It came to him that there was nothing left but one great battle in that room unless they shot him from behind door or window or portiere, giving him no chance. If they did confront him openly he would show them that if he had chosen the secret service and the life of a spy he could fight and die like a man and a soldier. He held some lives within the chamber of his revolver, and they

CHAPTER IX.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

Prisoner, Sir, Broke Out of Libby." a diversion to dart through the upper door, the nearer one, into the hall. "I don't want to be here now," she said, as she flew away.

Thorne's hand went to his revolver which hung at his belt. He had not time to draw it before the corporal and the two men burst through the door. There were evidently others outside. Thorne's hand fell away from his revolver, and his position was one of charming nonchalance.

"Out here!" cried the corporal to one of the soldiers. "Look out there!" pointing to the doorway through which the two men instantly disappeared.

"What is it, corporal?" asked Thorne composedly.
The corporal turned and saluted.
"Prisoner, sir, broke out of Libby! We've run him down the street, and he turned in here somewhere. If he comes in that way, would you be good enough to let us know?"
"Go on, corporal," said Thorne coolly. "I'll look out for this window."
He stepped down the long room toward the far window, drew the curtains, and with his hand on his revolver, peered out into the trees beyond the front of the house.

CHAPTER X.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XI.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XII.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XIII.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XIV.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XV.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XVI.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XVII.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

Apparently, there would be no opportunity now in which he could carry out his part in the cunningly devised scheme of attack. "Plan 3" would

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Shot That Killed.
A glance through the window showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had entered. There was no doubt but that the back windows would be equally well guarded. The house was surrounded, no escape was possible. He was trapped, virtually a prisoner, although, for the time being, the liberty of that one large room! It was quite evident to him that he was the object of their suspicions, and he more than feared that his real affiliations had been at last discovered.

DUSTLAY DRY CLEANER
No more dust while sweeping. Guaranteed to clean floors and brighten dust-laden carpets and rugs. Every housekeeper should use it. For sale by
D. COUPER,
Phone 76. 341-3 Princess St. Prompt Delivery.

KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
(Limited)
Head of Queen Street
Courses in bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, civil service, general improvement, and all commercial subjects.
Rates moderate. Information free.
H. F. Metcalf, Principal

Fresh Caught Salmoe.. Live Lobster
Dominion Fish Co.
PHONE 639

AUTOS FOR HIRE
At
Bibby's Garage
Moderate Charges
Phone 201 Garage, 917 Residence

Furniture Special
HINTS ON LIVING ROOM PIECES.
ROCKERS, EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, DAVENPORTS.

R. J. REID
Leading Undertaker. Phone 577

R. J. REID
Leading Undertaker. Phone 577

R. J. REID
Leading Undertaker. Phone 577