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(To be continued)

RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865 THE PLAY BY RUS TOWNSEND BRAD ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH COPYRIGHT 1912 BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

scarcely realized at the time that he

seconded the expression of triumph in

his face. He had the man he hated

"I am not going to stay," she said

Whatever your-feelings may be.

Miss Varney," persisted Arrelaford, "I

"If you won't take me downstairs

will find the way myself," returned

can't permit you to refuse."

the girl as if she had not heard.

She turned resolutely toward

door. Before she reached it the hea

"Too late," said Arrelsford trium-

Edith could hear the approaching

soldiers as well as anybody. The way

was barred, she realized instantly

Well, if she could not escape, at least

turned and opened the nearest window

and stepped out. Arrelsford knew that

she could not go far, and that he could

produce her whenever he wanted her.

He made no objection to her depart

ure that way, therefore. Instead he

at last," he said mockingly, as the

thought you were mighty smart, but

you will find that I can match your

Outside in the hall the men came

to a sudden halt before the door. One

The handle was tried and the door

Quick as a flash of lightning an idea

"Sergeant!" he shouted in a power-

"Break down the door! Break it

In his astonishment he did not no-

tice a swift movement Thorne made

"You want them in, don't you?" the

But Arrelsford recovered himself a

little and again presented his re-

"Stand where you are," he cried

"Smash it down, sergeant," he cried.

but Thorne by this time had reached

ful voice, "Sergeant of the guard!".

was shoved violently, but the brass

of them knocked loudly upon it.

"Let us in!" he cried angrily.

sergeant of the guard without.

"I have you just where I want you

looked at Thorne.

trick every time."

bolt held.

came to Thorne.

"What did you say?"

door, "It is locked and-"

"Arrest that man!"

toward the door.

she could get out of sight.

tramping of the guard was beard.

ried out his public duty.

had been hurt.

There was no possibility of disobe ence. Thorne straightened up and laid his revolver on the table. two confronted each other, and looks could have killed they had both been dead men. The soldier shrugged his shoulders at last, took his hand kerchief out of his pocket, put one end of it between his teeth, and with the other hand wrapped it tightly where he wanted him. It was a splenaround his wounded wrist, did plece of work that he had per

The civilian meantime advanced formed, and in the performance he toward him, keeping him covered sated his private vengeance and car tain?" with his revolver.

"Because you are such a damned vented him from approaching her. He bad shot, I suppose," coolly answered shot a mute look of appeal to her, Thorne between his teeth, still tying which she received with marble face. the bandage, after which he calmly apparently absolutely indifferent to picked up his cigar and began smok- his presence, yet she was suffering ing again with the utmost indifference. searcely less than he. In her anguish

Whatever fate had in store for him she turned desperately to Arrelsford. could better be met, he thought swiftly at this juncture, provided he kept denistvely, "I don't wish to be a his temper, and so he spoke as nonchalantly as before. Indeed his manner had always been most irritating and exacerbating to Arrelsford.

"Maybe you will change your mind about that later on," the latter

"Well, I hope so," said Thorne, completing his bandage and tying the kno so as to leave the fingers of his lef hand free. "You see, it isn't pleasant to be riddled up this way."

"Next time you'll be riddled some where else besides the wrist. There's only one reason why you are not lying there now with a bullet through your

"Only one?" queried Thorne. "Do I hear it?"

"You do. I gave my word of hone to some one outside that I wouldn't kill you, and-"

"Oh, then this isn't a little tete-atete just between ourselves. You have some one with you?" asked Thorne, interested greatly in this new development, wondering who the some one was who had interfered in his behalf. Perhaps that evident friendship might be turned to account later on. For a moment not an idea of who was

there entered Thorne's mind. "Yes, I have some one with me Captain Thorne, who takes quite an interest in what you are doing tonight," returned Arrelsford sneer-

"That is very kind, I am sure. Is the er gentleman going to stay out there all alone on the balcony or shall I have the pleasure of inviting him in here and having a charming little three-handed-"

The third party answered the question, for Edith Varney came through the window with the shattered pane down with your musket butts!" through which Arrelsford had fired . As the butts of the muskets poundand entered. Thorne was shocked ed against the heavy mahogany panbeyond measure by her arrival, not els Arrelsford cried out in great surthe slightest suspicion that she could prise; have been there had crossed his mind. So she had been an eye-witness to

his treachery. He had faced Arrelsford's pistol with the utmost composure; there was something in Edith Varney's look that cut him to the heart, yet she did not look at him either. On the contrary, she carefully avoided his glance. Instead she turned o Arrelsford.

"I think I will go, Mr. Arrelsford," she said in a low, choked voice. "Not yet, Miss Varney," he said per-

The girl gave him no heed. She turned and walked blindly toward the it down!" "I don't wish to stay here any long-

emptorily.

er," she faltered. "One moment, please," said Arrelsford, as she stopped, "we need you."

"For what?" "As a witness." "You can send for me if you need

"I am sorry," said Arrelsford, again

interposing, "I will have to detain you until I turn him over to the guard. It won't take long." The middle window was open and he stepped to it, still keeping an eye fast!" on Thorne, and shouted at the top

"Call the guard! Corporal of the guard! Send up the guard to the tel-

The note of triumph in his voice was unmistakable. From the street the three inside heard a faint cry: "What's the matter?" who calls the guard?"

"Up here in the telegraph office," said Arrelsford, "send them up quick." The answer was evidently sufficient, for they could hear the orders and the had entrapped beyond possibility of tumult in the square below.

"Corporal of the guard, post four! Fall in the guard! Fall in! Lively, men!" and so on.

The game appeared to be up this his returning presence of mind. He time. Mr. Arrelsford held all the win- knew the futility of an attempt ning cards, thought Thorne, and he struggle with his captors, he therefore CARD, LIBRARY AND CENTER was playing them skillfully. He ground decided to try to reason with them. his teeth at the thought that another moment and the order, would have been sent probably beyond recall, Fate had played him a scurvy trick, it had thwarted him at the last move, and he was determined to keep it to the Arrelsford had so contrived that his treachery had been before the woman up his first blow, ruthlessly pressing he loved. Under other circumstances his charge hard. the wound in his wrist would, have Damn your orders!" he interruptgiven him exquisite pain; as it was he

ed furiously. "You haven't got orders to shoot up everybody you see in this office, have you?"

and he made a desperate plunge for ward to get at Thorne, who shook his wounded wrist in the secret service agent's face. The soldiers held him lightly, however, and Thorne coninued hotly;

nurt somebody."

whole assemblage, before the Confed Arrelsford still stood by the win- erate government or its army if nec-

keeping Thorne under close observa-Arrelaford burst out in a last valu tion. The evil look in his eyes and attempt to stop him: the malicious sneer on his lips well

"Listen to me, sergeant," be pleaded desperately, "he is going to send

"That'll do," gruffly said the sargeant

"All about? I haven't the slightest "Do you know why I didn't kill you On his part, Thorne was absolutely idea. He says he comes from some oflike the dog you are, just now?" he beipless. There was that in the bear- fice or other. I was sending ou some asked truculently, as he drew nearer. ing of the woman he loved that pre- important official dispatches here and Crazy lunatic, I think."

> "Here!" said the sergeant of the guard, "that'll do now. What shall do with him, captain?"

> with him. Get him out of here, that's all I want. "Very well, sir. Are you much hurt?"

"Oh, no. He did up one hand, but can get along with the other all right,' said Thorne, sitting down at the table and seizing the key.

"Stop him!" cried Arrelsford, fully divining that Thorne intended to send the message. "He's sending a-wait!" A thought came to him. "Ask Miss Varney, she saw him-ask Miss Varphantly, "you can't go now, the guard But the old sergeant of the guard

paid no attention whatever to his fran-"Here, fall in there!" he said. "We'll

im, men? Forward then!" Struggling furlously the squad

"Get His Gun Away, He'll Hurt

soldier said, as he approached the reached the door. "Halt! Left face!" cried the sergeant in turn, recognizing that here

obey without question or hesitation. the voice outside, giving the name of one of the high officers of the Rich mond garrison.

"What are you waiting for? Batter, peared in the doorway.

The next moment the door gave way with a crash, and into the room poured the guard. The grizzled old sergean had scarcely stepped inside the room when Thorne shouted in tones of the fiercest authority, pointing at Arrels-Before the dazed secret service agent could say a word or press the "He got in here with a revolver." continued Thorne more quietly, "and he had been released by the men. "What's all this about?" he asked General Randolph, looking at the pa is playing hell with it. Hold him

peremptorily.

The Call of the Key. This astonishing denouement fairly paralyzed Arrelsford. With a deri and ability for which he had not given Thorne credit, and which was totally unexpected, although what he learned of his previous career might have given him some warning, tables had been turned upon him by man whom he confidently fancied he

trigger the soldier's were upon him.

CHAPTER XIV.

His amazement held him speechles for a moment, but his natural sourcefulness came back to him with

"Sergeant," he began, quietly snough, "my orders are-"

But Thorne would not let him continue. Having gained the advantage end and for that purpose he followed

so many people.

saluted.

turn signal.

guard.

eral.

"Yes, air."

"Yes, air."

eral suspiciously.

postulated Arrelsford.

out is a trick of the Yankees."

"I came here on a case for-"

"Wait!" said General Randolph.

answered the sergeant saluting.

"The general's daughter?"

he was a spy or a traitor."

wanted her to know."

you to send for her, sir."

her to come in at once."

plied saluting.

ing it now !"

patch, saluting.

And what was she doing here

"Is this some personal matter

yours, Mr. Arrelsford?" asked the gen-

"Where is she now? Where is Miss

"Sergeant," said General Randolph.

In a moment the sergeant returned.

"There is no one there, sir." he re-

At that instant Thorne got the long

desired signal. Without a moment's

wounded left hand and with the other

"She must be there," said Arrels-

next room, the commissary general's

to-ah!" as the sound of the clicking

caught his ear, "Stop him. He is send-

Mr. Arrelsford's distress was so

overwhelming and so genuine that

"One moment, captain," he said.

option but to release the key. He

stopped sending and dropped the dis-

military telegraph department?"

"What is a secret service case?"

a member of it and his brother brought

"I beg your pardon; sir."

and once more seized the fatal key.

"Silence, sir," thundered Randolph

"Do you know what he is telling

"Wait a moment, Captain Thorne,"

Captain Thorne picked up the paper

"Well?" asked the general, looking

"He began to give an order to with-

from the dispatch to the accuser,

draw Marston's division from its pres-

ent position," said Arrelsford, making

"That is perfectly correct," said

"Yes, by that dispatch, but that dis-

patch is a forgery. It is an order to

withdraw a whole division from a vital

point. A false order, he wrote it him-

"But why should he write it him-

self? If he wanted to send a false or-

der, he could send it without putting it

"Yes," admitted Arrelsford, but h

went on with great acuteness, "if any

of the operators came back they would

catch him doing it. With that order

and the secretary's signature he could

go right on. He could even order one

"And pray how did he get the secre-

"He tore it off a genuine dispatch.

Why, general, look at that dispatch in

"They often come that way, sir,"

"He is a liar!" cried Arrelsford.

Thorne stepped forward impulsive

tary's signature to a forged telegram?"

down on paper, couldn't he?"

of them to send it."

asked General Randolph.

said Thorne nonchalantly.

"They never do!"

self. This is the turning point of the

"what has he been telling them?"

and handed it to the general, and then

stepped back. He had played his last

let him-I tell you it's a-"

them?" persisted Arrelsford.

"No. do you?"

"Where is the dispatch?"

ly and well.

"The whole plot to send the order.

assigned it to me, sir."

in the signal tonight.">

Randolph.

"Now, Mr. Arrelsford," said the gen-

communicated to the general.

hesitation, he turned to the key.

picked up the dispatch with

began to manipulate the sounder.

to weaken our lines at Cemetery Hill

ford, "He is an impostor-"

This was too much for Arrelsford

"Get his gun away, sergeant; he'l

While the soldiers who appeared o entertain no doubt and to have no hesitancy whatever about obeying Thorne's orders, the latter evidently the military man of the two and his voice and bearing, to say nothing of his uniform, telling heavily against a civilian like Arrelsford were taking the revolver out of his hands, Thorne once more turned to the telegraph table. His blood was up and he would send the dispatch now before the

dow, glancing out on the square but

out a false telgram and-"

of the guard, shaking his fist in Arrelaford's face, "what is it all about our

"It's a lie!" said Arrelsford furious

ly. "Let me speak-I will-prove-"

"I don't care a damn what you do

get him out, captain. Have you got

oldiers forced Arrelsford to the door. Thorne paid absolutely no attention to them; he had forgotten their presence. Like his attention; his mind and heart were on they key again. But he was

trampling feet came nearer. "You "What's the matter here?" cried the

fated to meet with still another inter-"Halt there!" cried a sharp voice

from the hall, just as the group

was a superior whom it were well to "Here is General Randolph," said said the general, impressed in spite of himself by this man's earnestness, which made him disregard all orders commands and everything else

"Present arms!" cried the sergeant of the guard as General Randolph ap-Following him were some officers of

his staff and by his side was the im | card. He played it desperately, boldposing figure of Miss Caroline Mitford. The humiliation and indignation had vanished from her bearing which was one of unmitigated triumph. She threw a glance at Arrelsford which bode ill for that young man. The general entered the room and stopped before the secret service agent, who a brilliant and successful guess at the stood in front of the guard, although probable point of attack in "Plan 3."

Although he knew that something important was transpiring, and that the newcomer was a man of rank, Thorne never turned his head. At whatever cost, he realized he must get the telegram off, and from the look of things it appeared that his only chance was then and there. He did not care if the president of the Confederate States of America were there in person, his mind and soul were on the order. He was frantically calling the station he wanted, the one indicated by "Plan 3," and he had the doctored dispatch, to which he had pasted th secretary's signature, spread out

the table before him. "What's all this about refusing to send out Miss Mitford's telegram?" began General Randolph peremptorily. "Some of your work, I understand, Mr.

"General!" cried Arrelsford breathyour hand yourself. The secretary's lessly. "They have arrested me. It is signature is pasted on, I saw him do a conspiracy-" He turned toward it." Thorne. "Stop that man, for God's sake stop him before it's too late!" At this juncture, Caroline Mitford turned from the room and joined old

Martha in the hall, and disappeared. She had only come back with the general to punish Arrelatord, but she did

not care to have her precious dispatch ly, his face flushed at the word "liar," made the subject of discussion before but he controlled himself.

"General," he said, "if you have any "Stop him!" exclaimed the general. doubt about that dispatch, send it What do you mean?" back to the war department and have It was evident that the dispatch was it verified."

not to go out then. Thorne had not It was a splendid, magnificent bluff. succeeded in getting an answer to his So overwhelming in its assurance that signal. He left the key, rose and even Arrelsford himself was petrified with astonishment, He was morally "He means me, sir," he said. "He's certain that Thorne was a federal segot an idea some dispatch I'm sending cret service agent and that the dispatch was a forgery, yet it would take "It is a conspiracy!" cried Arrels but a few minutes to send it over to the secretary's office and convict him "Why, the man must have gone out of his own mouth. What could crazy, general," said Thorne coolly,

the man mean! holding his position by the table and "That's a good idea," said General listening with all his ears for the re Randolph. He hesitated a moment and then turned to the guard. "Sergeant," er he said, "take this dispatch over to the secretary's office and-"

At that moment, the key which had will soon get at the bottom of this. been silent began a lively clicking. What was he doing when you came in, General Randolph turned toward it, sergeant?" he asked of the non-com- and Thorne made a quick step in the missioned officer in charge of the same direction.

"What's that?" asked the general. "He was firing on the captain, sir," Thorne stood by the desk listening "He was sending out a false order

while the key clicked out the mes-"Adjutant General Chesney." h and I ah Miss Varney, she was here. spelt out slowly. She saw it all," explained Arrelsford.

"Oh, from the front then?" said

"Miss Varney!" exclaimed the gen- Randolph. "Yes, sir," answered Thorne.

"What is he saying?" Thorne stepped to the table and bent over the clicking key. "His compliments, sir," he read off slowly. "He "She came to see for herself whethasks"-waiting for a few minuteser this man was guilty or not; whether "for the rest,"-still another pause-"of that dispatch—he says it's of vital

importance, sir, and-" The communication which Thorne had made to General Randolph was in "He was a visitor at her house and itself of vital importance. The general was too good a soldier not to know the danger of delay in the carry Varney?" asked Randolph impatiently, ing out of military maneuver which "She must be out there on the balwas probably part of some general cony," answered Arrelsford. "I beg plan of attack or defense of which he was not privy. He made up his mind good quality. instantly. He took the dispatch from "step out on the balcony. Present my the hand of the sergeant and turned

compliments to Miss Varney, and ask it over to Thorne again. "Let him have it," he said decisively. The captain with his heart pounding like mad sat down at the table and selzed the key. Was he going to complete the dispatch? Was the plan to be carried out. Had ne triumphed in the bold and desperately played game by his splendid courage, resourcefulness, and assurance? His eyes shone the color came back into his pale cheeks as his hands trembled on the

ford, "or else she's stepped into the key. "General!" cried Arrelsford, office, the window was open, tell him you-"

"That's enough, sir. We will have you examined at headquarters." At that instant Lieutenant Foray came rapidly into the room. "Thank God!" cried Arrelsford, as

something of the man's suspicion was he caught sight of him. witness, he was sent away on a forged order, ask him?" Captain Thorne, of course, had no Another interruption. thought

Thorne, desperately fingering the keys If they would only give him a minute more he could complete the order but he was not to have that minute eral, "what have you to do with the apparently. "Wait, captain," said General Ran-

"This is a secret service case; they dolph quickly, and again the key was silent. "Now, sir," he said to Lieutenant Foray, "where did you come It's the Yankee secret service. He is

from ?" The lieutenant did not all compre hend what was toward, but his answer to that question was plain.

"There was some mistake, sir," he Thorne, "this dispatch ought to go answered, saluting. out at once, sir. It came from the sec-"Ah!" eried Arrelsford, a note of

retary of war and it is very urgent." triumph in his voice. "Go ahead with it," said General "Who made it?" asked the general "I got an order to go to the presi Thorne needed no further permisdent's house," returned Foray, "and sion than that, dropped to his seat, when I got there the president-"

Thorne made one last attempt to "No, no!" cried Arrelsford. "Don't 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 "Yes," returned the secret service sending the message as he spoke. "No!" cried Arrelaford.

(To be Continued.

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