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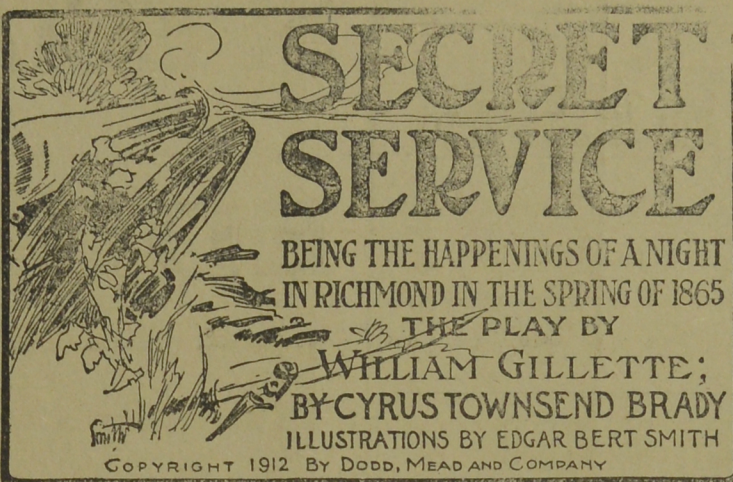
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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and has another 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.

CHAPTER II—Edith Varney secures from President Davis a commission for Capt. Thorne, who is just recovering from wounds, as chief of the telegraph at Richmond.

CHAPTER III—Capt. Thorne tells Edith he has been ordered away. She declares he must not go and tells him of the commission from the president. He is strangely agitated and declares he cannot accept.

CHAPTER IV—Thorne decides to escape while Edith leaves the room to tell the commission, but is prevented by the arrival of Caroline Milford, Wilfred's sweetheart.

CHAPTER V—Mr. Arrelsford of the Confederate secret service, a rejected suitor of Edith's, detects Jonas, Mrs. Varney's butler, carrying a note from a prisoner in Libby prison. Arrelsford suspects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan 3. Use Telegraph."

CHAPTER VI—Edith is indignant when Arrelsford tells her of his suspicions regarding Thorne. He declares the latter 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.

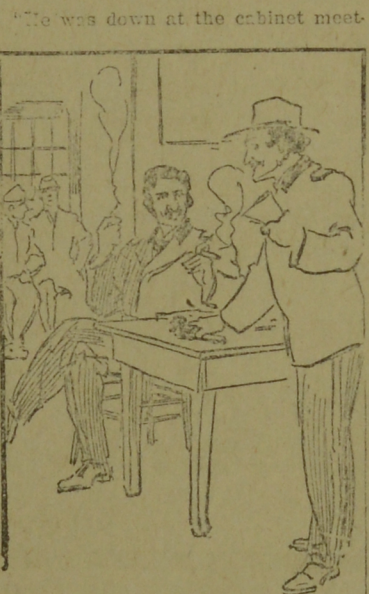
CHAPTER VII—Edith detains Thorne while the prisoner is sent for. An order comes from General Varney for Wilfred to report to the front at once.

CHAPTER VIII—Edith is forced to carry out her part in the test of Thorne. She gives him the message taken from Jonas, which he reads without betraying himself. He suspects that he is being watched.

CHAPTER IX—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. Henry implores his brother to shoot him in the leg. Thorne refuses and Henry accidentally kills himself. Arrelsford rushes into the room with the guard. Thorne nonchalantly says: "Corporal, here is your prisoner, we had a fight and I shot him."

CHAPTER X—Caroline goes to the war department telegraph office to send a message.

CHAPTER XI—Arrelsford refuses to let Caroline's message go through. It is a telegram to Wilfred simply asking forgiveness, but Arrelsford suspects a double meaning. He and Edith secretly themselves to watch Thorne, whose arrival Arrelsford expects.



"Look Out for Yourself, Captain."

ing a little while ago, sir," said the second messenger.

"No difference, take it to his house and wait until he comes."

The instant the departing messenger left him alone in the room Thorne leaped to his feet and ran with cat-like swiftness to the door, opened it, and quickly but carefully examined the corridor to make sure that no one was there on duty. Then he closed the door and turned to the nearest window, which he opened also, and looked out on the balcony, which he saw was empty. He closed the window and came back to the table, unbuckling his belt and coat as he came. These he threw on the table. The coat fell back, and he glanced in the breast pocket to see that a certain document was in sight and at hand, where he could get it quickly. Then he took his revolver, which he had previously slipped from his belt to his hip pocket, and laid it down beside the instrument.

After a final glance around him to see that he was still alone and unobserved, he seized the key, on which he sounded a certain call. An expert telegrapher would have recognized it, a dash, four dots in rapid succession, then two dots together, and then two more (— . . . .). He waited a few moments, and when no answer came he signaled the call a second time, and after another longer wait he sent it a third time.

After this effort he made a longer pause, and just as he had about reached the end of his patience—he was in a fever of anxiety, for upon what happened in the next moment

the failure or the success of the whole plan absolutely turned—the silent key clicked out an answer, repeating the same signal which he himself had made. The next moment he made a leap upon the key, but before he could send a single letter steps were heard outside in the corridor.

Thorne released the key, leaned back in his chair, seized a match from the little holder on the table and struck it, and when another messenger entered he seemed to be lazily lighting his cigar. He cursed in his heart at the opportune arrival. Another uninterrupted moment and he would have sent the order, but a usual he gave no outward evidence of his extreme annoyance. The messenger came rapidly down toward the table and handed Captain Thorne a message.

"From the secretary of war, Captain Thorne," he said saluting, "and he wants it to go out right away."

"Here, here," said Thorne, as the messenger turned away, "what's this?" He ran his fingers through the envelope, tore it open, and spread out the dispatch. "Is that the secretary's signature?" he asked.

The messenger came back.

"Yes, sir; I saw him sign it myself. I'm his personal messenger."

"Oh!" said Thorne, spreading the dispatch out on the table and O.K.-ing it, "you saw him sign it yourself, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. We have to be pretty careful tonight," he explained, "there is something on. You are sure of this are you?"

"I could swear to that signature anywhere, sir," said the messenger.

"Very well," said Thorne, "you may go."

### CHAPTER XIII.

The Tables Are Turned.  
As soon as the door was closed behind the messenger Thorne laid his cigar down on the table. Then he picked up the dispatch from the secretary of war which the messenger had just brought in and folded it very dexterously. Then with a pair of scissors which he found in a drawer he cut off the lower part of the secretary's dispatch containing his signature. He put this between his teeth and tore the rest into pieces. He started to throw the pieces into the waste basket but after a moment's reflection he stuffed them into his trousers pocket. Then he picked up his coat from the back of the chair and took from the inside breast pocket another document written on the same paper as that which had just come from the secretary of war. Spreading this out on the table he cut off the signature and quickly pasted to it the piece of the real order bearing the real signature. He carefully wiped this posted dispatch with a handkerchief, making an exceedingly neat job of it.

As he did so he smiled slightly. Fortune, which had dealt him so many rebuffs had evened up matters a little by giving him this opportunity. He had now in his possession a dispatch bearing the genuine signature of the secretary of war. Even if he were interrupted the chances were he would still be able to send it. So soon as he had doctored the dispatch he sat down at the instrument and once more essayed to send the message.

Now during all this rapid bit of manipulation Thorne had been under close observation, for Arrelsford and Edith Varney had come from the commissary general's office, where they had concealed themselves while Thorne examined the porch, and had stepped back to the nearest window and were intently watching. Fortunately his back partially concealed his actions and the watchers could not tell exactly what he had done, although it was quite evident that he was in some way altering some kind of a dispatch.

Just as Thorne began to send the message Arrelsford accidentally struck the window with his elbow making a slight sound. The instant he did so, he and the girl vanished from sight. Once again Thorne released the key, and his hand moved quietly but rapidly from the instrument to the revolver. The instant it was in his hand he sprang to his feet, whirled about, leaped to the gas bracket and turned off the light. The room was left in darkness, save for the faint illumination of the moonlight through the windows.

(To Be Continued.)

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The  
"Floor-and-Door-a"  
Girl

Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, dropped in, at time most opportune. An optimist, she knew the wiles of household work—its sighs and smiles. She told of how she polished floors and woodwork and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of muddy feet on floors, all fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and the work is such that, when the woodwork has been done, I find said work was only fun." This line of reasoning must show that those who've tried it OUGHT to know. If you, in one day's duties, find that there's a Grouch in every Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire and fret and wear.



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*The Gold Dust Twins*

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