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Edith swayed toward him for a mo-  
 ment, completely influenced by his  
 ardor, but then drew back.

"No, no," she faltered. "You  
 mustn't." She glanced around the  
 room apprehensively. "No, no, not  
 now!"

"You are right," said the man. She  
 dragged herself away from him. He  
 would not retain her against her will,  
 and without a struggle he released her  
 hand. "You are right. Don't mind  
 what I said, Miss Varney. I have for-  
 gotten myself, believe me." He drew  
 further away from her. "I came to  
 make a brief call, to say good-bye  
 and—"

He turned and walked toward the  
 hall door, after making her a low bow,  
 and it was not without a feeling of joy  
 that she noticed that he walked un-  
 steadily, blindly.

"Oh, Captain Thorne," she said, just  
 as he reached the door, "I—"

He stopped and looked back.

"Before you go I want to ask your  
 advice about something."

"My advice?"

"Yes, it seems to be a military mat-  
 ter, and—"

"What is it?" asked Thorne, turning  
 back.

"What do you think this means?"  
 said the girl, handing him the folded  
 dispatch.

She had intended to look him full in  
 the face as he took it, but at the last  
 moment her courage failed her. She  
 looked away and did not see the in-  
 stant but quickly mastered start of  
 surprise. She was only conscious that  
 Thorne had possessed himself of the  
 document.

"What is it?" asked Thorne, holding  
 it in his hand.

"That is what I want you to tell  
 me," said the girl.

"Oh, don't you know?" said Thorne,  
 now entirely master of himself.

"No," answered the girl, but there  
 was something in her voice which now  
 fully aroused the suspicions of the  
 man.

"It appears to be a note from some  
 one," he said casually, "but it is so  
 dark in here. With your permission,  
 I will light some of the candles on the  
 table, and then we can see what it is."

He took one of the candles from the  
 sconces on the wall and lighted the  
 candelabra that stood on the nearest  
 table. Holding the paper near the  
 light, he glanced around rapidly, and  
 then read it, giving no outward evi-  
 dence of his surprise and alarm, al-  
 though the girl was now watching him  
 narrowly. He glanced at her and then  
 looked at the paper again, and slowly  
 read aloud its message.

"Attack tonight?" he said very  
 deliberately. "Umph, Plan 3? Attack  
 tonight, plan 3! This seems to be it  
 some code, Miss Varney, or a puzzle."

"It was taken from a Yankee pris-  
 oner."

"From a Yankee prisoner!" he ex-  
 claimed in brilliantly assumed sur-  
 prise.

"Yes, one captured today. He is  
 down at Libby now. He gave it to one  
 of our servants, old Jonas, and—"

"That's a little different," said  
 Thorne, examining the paper again.  
 "It puts another face on the matter.  
 This may be something important. 'At-  
 tack tonight,' he read again, "'Plan  
 3, use telegraph!' This sounds im-  
 portant to me, Miss Varney. It looks  
 to me like a plot to use the depart-  
 ment telegraph lines. To whom did  
 Jonas give it?"

"To no one."

"Well, how did you—"

"We took it away from him," an-  
 swered 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."

"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.

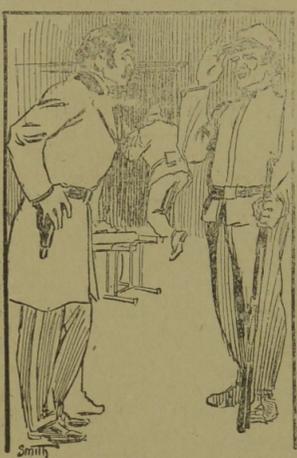
"I must know," he said.

"Let me go," pleaded the girl, "don't  
 you understand—"

But what she might have said furth-  
 er 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



"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 disap-  
 peared.

"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 cool-  
 ly. "I'll look out for this window."

He stepped down the long room to-  
 ward the far window, drew the cur-  
 tains, and with his hand on his re-  
 volver, peered out into the trees be-  
 yond the front of the house.

**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 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 sur-  
 rounded, no escape was possible. He  
 was trapped, virtually a prisoner, al-  
 though, for the time being, they had  
 left him a certain liberty—the liberty  
 of that one large room! It was quite  
 evident to him that he was the ob-  
 ject of their suspicions, and he more than  
 feared that his real affiliations had  
 been at last discovered.

**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 Wil-  
 fred, 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 can-  
 not accept.

**CHAPTER IV**—Thorne decides to es-  
 cape while Edith leaves the room to get  
 the commission, but is prevented by the  
 arrival of Caroline Mitford, Wilfred's  
 sweetheart.

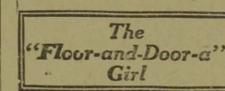
**CHAPTER V**—Mr. Arrelsford of the  
 Confederate secret service, a rejected  
 suitor of Edith's, detects Jonas, Mrs.  
 Varney's butler, carrying a note from a  
 prisoner in Libby prison. Arrelsford sus-  
 pects it is intended for Thorne. The  
 note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan 3. Use  
 Telegraph."

**CHAPTER VI**—Edith is indignant when  
 Arrelsford tells her of his suspicions re-  
 garding Thorne. He declares the letter  
 is Lewis Dumont of the Federal secret  
 service and that his brother Henry is a  
 prisoner in Libby. Edith refuses to be-  
 lieve and suggests that Thorne be con-  
 fronted 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.

**The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy**

THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs con-  
 gregate; the housewife hails each dawning day with grim and  
 harrowing dismay. Says she: "My work will NEVER end;  
 o'er dusty stretches I must bend, until, with aching back and hands  
 I finish what the day demands."



Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, drop-  
 ped in, at time most opportune. An  
 optimist, she knew the wiles of house-  
 hold work—its sighs and smiles. She  
 told of how she polished floors and wood-  
 work 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 ev'ry  
 Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins  
 to share such tasks as tire and  
 fret and wear.



From kitchen floor to bedroom suite, these tireless little chaps make  
 neat, and best of all, the sum expense is measured up in meager cents.  
 They put both dust and dirt to rout and run the last old microbe out.

*The Gold Dust Twins*

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