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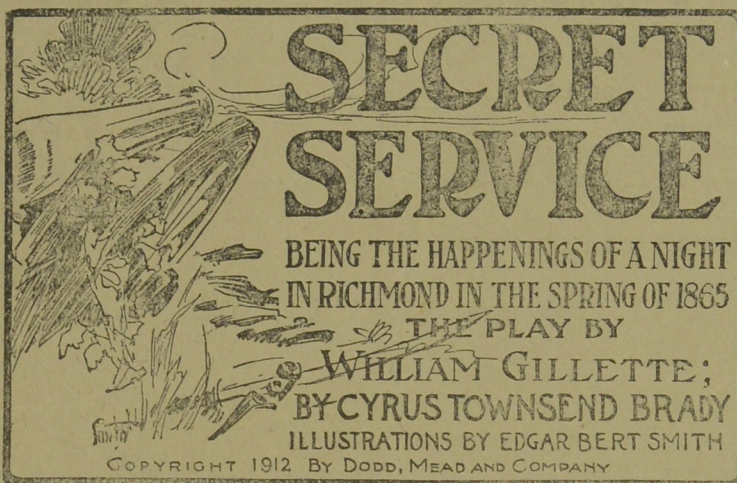
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Edith swayed toward him for a moment, completely influenced by his ardor, but then drew back.

"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 forgotten 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 unsteadily, 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 matter, 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 instant 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 evidence of his surprise and alarm, although 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 prisoner."

"From a Yankee prisoner!" he exclaimed in brilliantly assumed surprise.

"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. 'Attack tonight,' he read again, 'Plan 3, use telegraph!' This sounds important to me, Miss Varney. It looks to me like a plot to use the department telegraph lines. To whom did Jonas give it?"

"To no one."

"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."

"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.

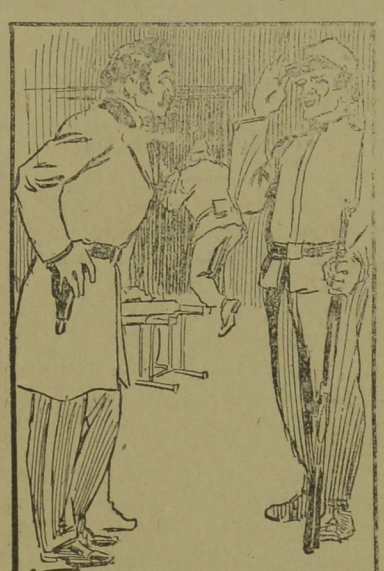
"I must know," he said.

"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



"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 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, they had left him a certain liberty—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.

### 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 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 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.

(To Be Continued.)

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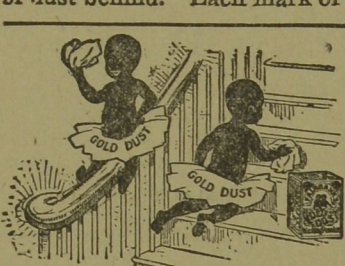
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The  
"Floor-and-Door-a"  
Girl

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 every Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire and fret and wear.



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