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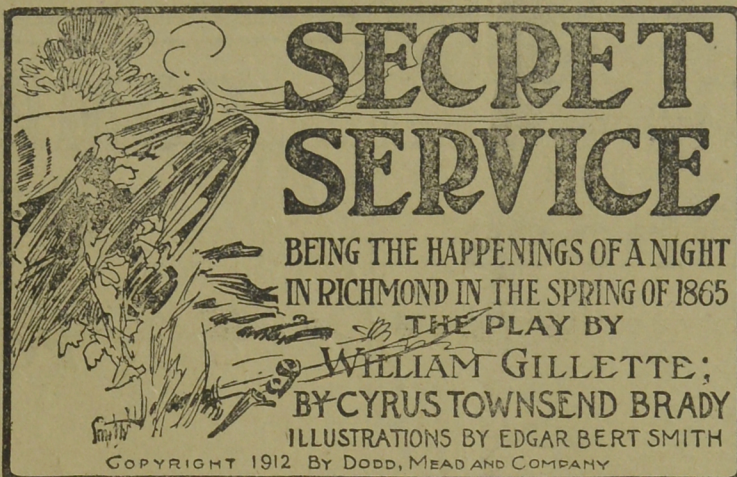
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SYNOPSIS.

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 get the commission, but is prevented by the arrival of Caroline Alford, 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 2. 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 where Thorne and Edith recognize 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, much to his surprise, says: "Corporal here is your prisoner, we had a fight and I shot him."

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 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, however. 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 her self as a chessboard and a pawn in the game. The strength of character which had enabled him to assume the unenviable part he played, because of his country's need, 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 lived, which 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 flutter-

ing 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 victors 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.

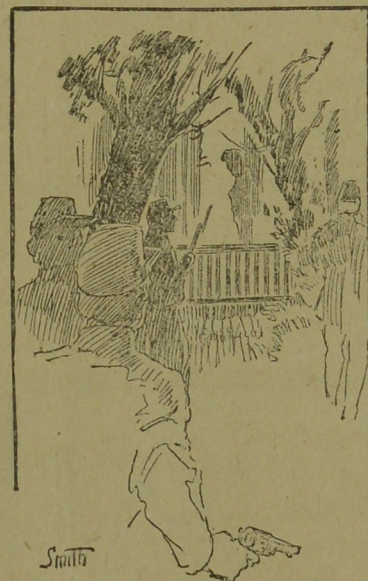
These things passed through his mind as he stood there by the window, with his hand on his revolver, waiting. It was all he could do. Sometimes even to the most fiery and the most alert of soldiers comes the conviction that there is nothing to do but wait. And if he thinks of it he will sympathize with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



The Yard Was Full of Armed Men.

and tumultuous thoughts which ran through his mind in far, far less time than it has taken to record them, he heard a noise at the window at the farther side of the room, as if some one fumbled at the catch. Instantly Thorne shrunk back behind the portieres of the window he was guarding, not completely concealing himself but sufficiently hid as to be unobserved except by careful scrutiny in the dim light. Once more he clutched the butt of his revolver swingingly at his waist. He bent his body slightly, and even the thought of Edith Varney passed from his mind. He stood ready, powerful, concentrated, determined, confronting an almost certain enemy with the fierce heart and envenomed glance of the fighter at bay.

He had scarcely assumed this position when the window was opened, and a man was thrust violently through into the room. At the first glance Thorne, as yet unseen, recognized the newcomer as his elder brother, Henry Dumont. Unlike the two famous brothers of the parable, these two loved each other.

(To Be Continued.)

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THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs congregate; 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."

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

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