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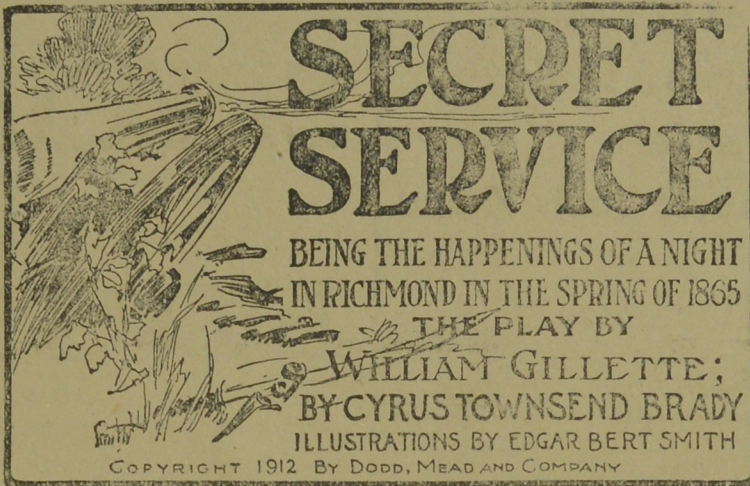
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ORCHESTRA EVERY TUESDAY,
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SYNOPSIS.

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 Mitford, Wilfred's sweetheart.

CHAPTER V—Mr. Arrelsford of the Confederate secret service, a rejecter 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 for his release, but Arrelsford suspects a double meaning. He and Edith secretly themselves to watch Thorne, whose arrival Arrelsford expects.

"Anxious? I should say so. I didn't even want me to see it." "Umph!" said Arrelsford. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Foray, that we are on the track of a serious affair, and I believe she's mixed up in it." "But that dispatch is to young Varney, a mere boy, the general's son," urged the lieutenant.

"I didn't know he had gone to the front. So much the worse. It's one of the ugliest affairs we have ever had. I had them put me on it, and have got it pretty close. We have had some checks, but we will end it right here in this office inside of thirty minutes."

There was a slight tap on the door at this juncture. Arrelsford turned to the door, opened it, and found himself face to face with a soldier, who saluted and stood at attention.

"Well, what is it?"

"The lady's here, sir," said the soldier.

"Where is she?" asked Arrelsford.

"Waiting down below at the front entrance."

"Did she come alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show her up here at once. I suppose you have a revolver here," continued the secret service man, turning to Lieutenant Foray, who had listened with much interest.

"Certainly," answered Foray, "we are always armed in the telegraph office."

From a drawer in the table he drew forth a revolver which he laid on the top of the table.

"Good," said Arrelsford, "while I want to handle this thing myself, I may call you. Be ready, that's all."

"Very well."

"Obey any orders you may get, and send out all dispatches unless I stop you."

"Yes, sir."

"And if you don't mind, I don't care to have all these messenger boys coming back here. I will order them to stop in the hall. If you have any messages for them you can take them out there. I don't want to have too many people in the room."

"Very good, sir. Will you give the order to your orderly when he brings up the young lady?"

"Yes."

Arrelsford stepped to the door, and Foray busied himself with the clicking instruments. After a few minutes' conversation with the orderly, who had just returned, Arrelsford ushered Edith Varney into the room. With not even a glance at the operator in her intense preoccupation, the girl spoke directly to Arrelsford.

"I—I've accepted your invitation, you see."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Miss Varney," returned Arrelsford with deferential courtesy. "As a matter of justice to me it was—"

"I didn't come to oblige you," answered Edith haughtily.

She had never liked Mr. Arrelsford. His addresses had been most unpleasant and unwelcome to her, and now she not only hated him but she loathed him.

"I came here," she continued, as Arrelsford attempted to speak, "to see that no more—" her voice broke for a moment, "murders are committed here—to satisfy your singular curiosity."

"Murders!" exclaimed Arrelsford flushing deeply.

The girl nodded.

"The Union soldier who escaped from prison—" she began.

"Is the man dead?" interrupted Arrelsford.

"The man is dead."

"It is a curious thing, Miss Varney," continued the other with cutting emphasis, "that one Yankee prisoner more or less should make so much difference to you, isn't it? They are dying down in Libby by the hundreds."

"At least they are not being killed in our houses, in our drawing-rooms before our very eyes?"

She confronted Arrelsford with a bitterly reproachful glance, before which his eyes for a moment fell, and he was glad indeed to turn to another orderly who had just entered the room.

"Have you kept track of him?" he asked in a low voice.

"He's coming down the street to the department now, sir."

"Where has he been since he left Mrs. Varney's house?"

"He went to his quarters on Care street. We got in the next room and watched him through a transom."

"What was he doing?"

"Working on some papers or documents."

"Could you see them? Did you see what they were?"

"They looked like orders from the war department, sir."

"He is coming here with forged orders, I suppose."

"I don't doubt it, sir."

"I surmise that his game is to get control of these wires and then send out dispatches to the front that will take away a battery or a brigade from some vital point, the vital point indicated by 'Plan 3.' That's where the mean to attack tonight."

"Looks like it, sir," agreed the orderly respectfully.

"Plan 3," that's where they will hit us," mused the secret service agent, "is there a guard in the building?"

"Not inside, sir," answered the orderly, "there's a guard in front of sentries around the barracks over the square."

"If I shouted they could hear from this window, couldn't they?" asked Arrelsford.

"The guard in front could hear you, sir. But the time is getting short. He must be nearly here; you'd better look out, sir."

Edith Varney had heard enough of the conversation to understand that Thorne was coming. Of course she would never do for him to see her there.

"Where am I to go?" she asked.

"Outside here on the balcony," said Arrelsford. "There is no closet in the room and it is the only place. I will be with you in a moment."

"But if he should come to the window?"

"We will step in at the other window. Stay, orderly, see if the window is open."

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The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

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.

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 wood-

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