


Summer Goods Sale

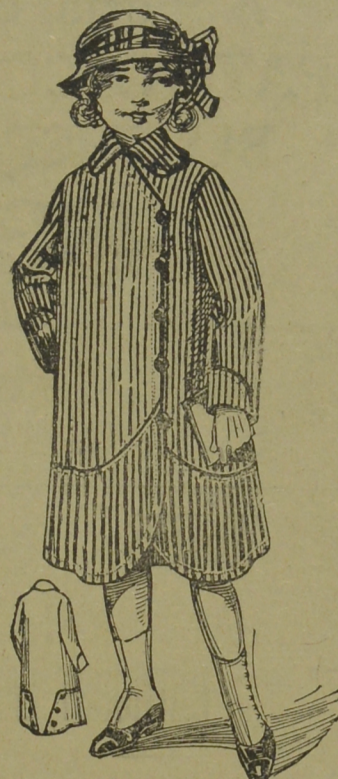
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IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865
THE PLAY BY
WILLIAM GILLETTE;
BY **CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY**
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"Yes," he said quickly, "not yet. We have got to get that paper, and if he's alarmed he will destroy it, and we must have it. It will give us the clue to one of their cursed plots. They have been right close to this town for months, trying to break down our defenses and get in on us. This is some rascally game they are at to weaken us from the inside. Two weeks ago we got word from our secret agents that we keep over there in the Yankee lines, telling us that two brothers, Lewis and Henry Dumont—"

"The Dumonts of West Virginia?" interrupted Mrs. Varney, who was now keenly attentive to all that was said.

"The very same."
"Why, their father is a general in the Yankee army."

"Yes; and they are in the federal secret service, and they are the boldest, most desperately determined men in the whole Yankee army. They've already done us more harm than an army corps."

"Yes?"
"They have volunteered to do some desperate piece of work here in Richmond, we have learned. We have close descriptions of both these men, but we have never been able to get our hands on either of them until last night."

"Have you captured them?"

"We've got one of them, and it won't take long to get the other," said Arrelsford, in a fierce, truculent whisper.

"The one you caught, was he here in Richmond?" asked Mrs. Varney, greatly affected by the other's overwhelming emotion.

"No, he was brought in last night with a lot of men we captured in a little sortie."

"Taken prisoner?"

"Yes, but without resistance."
"I don't understand."

"He let himself be taken. That's one of their tricks for getting into our lines when they want to bring a message or give some signal."

"You mean that they deliberately allow themselves to be taken to Libby prison?"

"Yes, damn them!" said Arrelsford harshly. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but—"

Mrs. Varney waved her hand as if Mr. Arrelsford's oaths, like his presence, were nothing to her.

"We were on the lookout for this man, and we spotted him pretty quickly. I gave orders not to search him, and not to have his clothes taken away from him, but to put him in with the others and keep the closest watch on him that was ever kept on a man. We knew from his coming in that his brother must be here in the city, and he'd send a message to him the first chance he got."

"But Jonas, how could he—"

"Easily enough. He comes down to the prison to sell things to the prisoners with other negroes. We let him pass in, watching him as we watch them all. He fools around a while, until he gets a chance to brush against this man Dumont. My men are keeping that fellow under close observation, and they saw a piece of paper pass between them. By my orders they gave no sign. We want to catch the man to whom he is to deliver the paper. He has the paper on him now."

"I will never believe it."
"It is true, and that is the reason for these men on the back porch that you see. I have put others at every window at the back of the house. He can't get away; he will have to give it up."

"And the man he gives it to will be the man you want?" said Mrs. Varney.

"Yes; but I can't wait long. If that nigger sees my men or hears a sound, he will destroy it before we can jump in on him. I want the man, but I want the paper, too. Excuse me." He stepped to the back window. "Corporal!" he said softly. The long porch window was open on account of the balmy air of the night, and a soldier, tattered and dusty, instantly appeared and saluted. "How are things now?" asked Arrelsford.

"All quiet now, sir."

"Very good," said Arrelsford. "I was afraid he would get away. We've got to get the paper. If we have the paper, perhaps we can get the man. It is the key to the game they are trying to play against us, and without it the man is helpless."

"No, no," urged Mrs. Varney. "The man he is going to give it to, get him."
"Yes, yes, of course," assented Arrelsford; "but that paper might give us a clue. If not, I'll make the nigger tell. Damn him, I'll shoot it out of him. How quickly can you get at him from that door, corporal?"

"In no time at all, sir. It's through a hallway and across the dining room. He is in the pantry."

"Well," said Arrelsford, "take two men, and—"

"Wait," said Mrs. Varney; "I still doubt your story, but I am glad to help. Why don't you keep your men out of sight and let me send for him here, and then—"

Arrelsford thought a moment. "That may be the better plan," he admitted. "Get him in here and, while you are talking to him, they can seize him from behind. He won't be able to do a thing. Do you hear, corporal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep your men out of sight; get them back there in the hall, and while we're making him talk, send a man down each side and pin him. Hold him stiff. He mustn't destroy any paper he's got."

The corporal raised his hand in salute and left the room. The men disappeared from the windows, and the back porch looked as empty as before. The whole discussion and the movements of the men had been practically noiseless.

"Now, Mr. Arrelsford, are you ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Varney rang the bell on the instant. The two watched each other intently, and in a moment old Martha appeared at the door.

"Did you all ring, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Varney; "I want some one to send to the hospital."

"Luthah is out heah, ma'am."

"Luther? He's too small, I don't want a boy."

"Well, den, Jonas—"

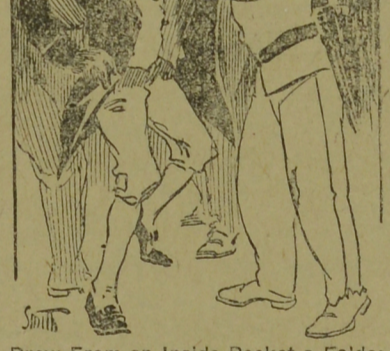
"Yes, Jonas will do; tell him to come in here immediately."

"Yas'm."

"Perhaps you had better sit down, Mrs. Varney," said Arrelsford; "and if you will permit me, I will stand back by the front window yonder."

"That will be just as well," said Mrs. Varney, seating herself near the table, while Arrelsford, making no effort at concealment, stepped over to the window. Old Jonas entered the door just as they had placed themselves. He bowed low before Mrs. Varney, entirely unsuspecting of anything out of the ordinary until his eye fell on the tall form of Arrelsford. He glanced furtively at the man for a moment, stiffened imperceptibly, but, as there was nothing else to do, came on.

"Jonas," said Mrs. Varney, her voice



Drew From an Inside Pocket a Folded Paper.

low and level in spite of her agitation.

"Yes'm."

"Have you any idea why I sent for you?"

"Ah heahd you was gwine send me to de hospitale, ma'am."

"Oh, then Martha told you," said Mrs. Varney.

While the little dialogue was taking place, Mr. Arrelsford had made a signal, and the corporal and two men had entered the room silently, and now swiftly advanced to the side of the still unobserving negro.

"She didn't ezactly say whut you—" he began.

The next instant the two men fell upon him. He might have made some struggle, although it would have been useless. The windows were instantly filled with men, and an order would have called them into the room. He was an old man, and the two soldiers that seized him were young. He was too surprised to fight, and stood as helpless as a lamb about to be slaughtered, his face fairly gray with sudden terror. The corporal flung open the butler's faded livery coat, and for the moment Jonas, menaced now by a

search, and knowing what the result would be, struggled furiously, but the men soon mastered him, and the corporal, continuing his search, presently drew from an inside pocket a small folded paper.

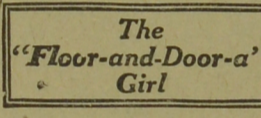
"Jonas, Jonas!" said Mrs. Varney, in bitter disappointment; "how could you?"

"I told you so," said Mr. Arrelsford truthfully, triumphantly, and most aggravatingly under the circumstances, taking the folded paper. "Corporal," he added, "while I read this, see if he has got anything more."

(To Be Continued.)

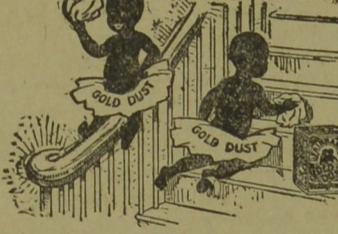
The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

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."



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



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