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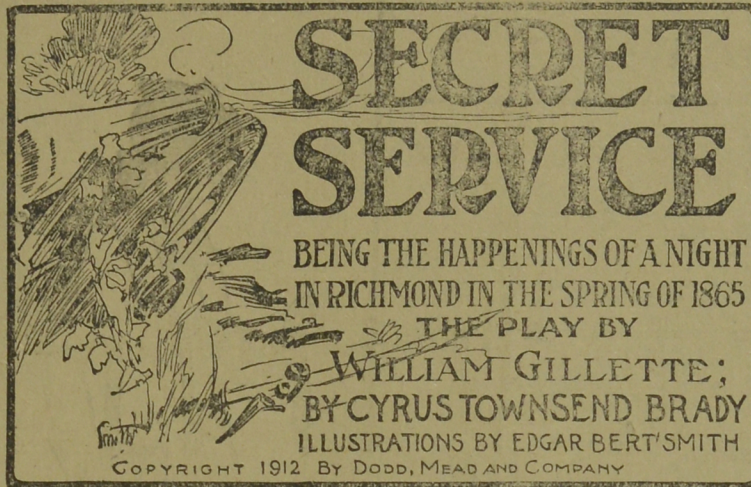
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Presently her curiosity got the better of her sense of propriety. She went to the nearest window, pulled the curtains apart a little, and peered eagerly out. She saw nothing, nothing but the trees in the moonlight, that is: Edith and Captain Thorne were not within view nor were they within ear-shot. She turned to the other window. Now that she had made the plunge, she determined to see what was going on if she could. She drew the couch up before the window and knelt down upon it, and parting the curtains, looked out, but with the same results as before. In this questionable position she was unfortunately caught by Wilfred Varney.

He was dressed in the gray jacket and the trousers which she had repaired. She had not made a skillful job of her tailoring but it would serve. The whole suit was worn, ill-fitting and soiled; but it was whole. That was more than could be said of ninety-nine per cent. of the uniforms commonly seen round about Richmond. Measured by these, Wilfred was sumptuously, even luxuriously dressed, and the pride expressed in his port and bearing was as complete as it was naive. He walked softly up the long room, intending to surprise the girl, but boy like, he stumbled over a stool on his way forward, and the young lady turned about quickly and confronted him with an exclamation. Wilfred came close to her and spoke in a low, fierce whisper.

"Mother isn't anywhere about, is she?"

"No," said Caroline in the same tone, "she's just gone upstairs to see Howard, but she is coming back in a few minutes, she said."

"Well," returned Wilfred, drawing his chest out impressively, "I am not running away from her, but if she sees me with these on she might feel funny."

"I don't think," returned Caroline quickly, "that she would feel very funny."

"Well, you know what I mean," said Wilfred, flushing a little. "You know how it is with a fellow's mother."

Caroline nodded gravely. "Yes, I have learned how it is with mothers," she said, thinking of the mothers she had known since the war began, young though she was.

"Other people don't care," said Wilfred, "but mothers are different."

"Some other people don't care," answered Caroline softly, fighting hard to keep back a rush of tears.

In spite of herself her eyes would focus themselves upon that little round blood-stained hole in the left breast of the jacket. She had not realized before how straight that bullet had gone to the heart of the other wearer. There was something terribly ominous about it. But Wilfred blundered blindly on, unconscious of this emotion or of its cause. He drew from the pocket in his blouse a paper. He sat down at the table, beckoning Caroline as he did so. The girl came closer and looked over his shoulder as he unfolded the paper.

"I have written that letter," he said, "to the general, my father, that is. Here it is. I have got to send it to him in some way. It is all written but the last words and I am not sure about them. I'm not going to say 'your loving son' or anything of that kind. This is a man's letter, a soldier's letter. I love him, of course, but this is not the time or the place to put that sort of a thing in. I have been telling him—"

He happened to glance up as he spoke and discovered to his great surprise that Caroline had turned away from him and was no longer looking at him. "Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing, nothing," answered the girl, forcing herself to face him once more.

"I thought you wanted to help me," he continued.

"Oh, yes! I do, I do."

"Well, you can't help me way off there," said Wilfred. "Come closer."

He spoke like a soldier already, thought the girl, but she meekly, for her, obeyed the imperious command. He stared at her, as yet unconscious but strangely agitated nevertheless. The silence was soon insupportable, and Caroline herself broke it.

"The—the—" she pointed at the trousers, "are they how you wanted them?"

"Fine," replied Wilfred; "they are just perfect. There isn't a girl in Richmond who could have done them better. Now about the letter. I want your advice on it; what do you think?"

"Tell me what you said."

"You want to hear it?" asked Wilfred.

"I've got to, haven't I? How could I help you if I didn't know what it was all about?"

"You're a pretty good girl, Caroline. You will help me, won't you?"

Her hand rested on the table as she bent over him, and he laid his own hand upon it and squeezed it warmly, too warmly thought Caroline, as she

slowly drew it away and was sorry she did it the moment she had done so.

"Yes, I will help you," she said. "But about the letter? You will have to hurry. I am sure your mother will be here in a short time."

"Well, that letter is mighty important, you know. Everything depends upon it, much more than on mother's letter, I am sure."

"I should think so," said the girl. She drew a chair up to the table and sat down by the side of the boy.

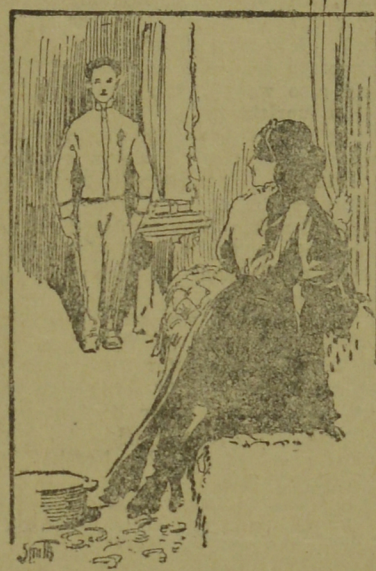
"I am just going to give it to him strong," said Wilfred.

"That's the way to give it to him," said Caroline. "He's a soldier and he's accustomed to such things."

"You can't fool much with father. He means business," said Wilfred. "but he will find that I mean business too."

"That's right," assented Caroline sapiently, "everybody has got to mean business now. What did you say to him?"

"I said this," answered the younger, reading slowly and with great



"I Am Not Running Away From Her."

pride: "General Ransom Varney commanding division, army of Northern Virginia, Dear Papa—"

"I wouldn't say, 'dear papa' to a general," interrupted Caroline decisively. "No? What would you say?"

"I would say 'Sir,' of course; that is much more businesslike and soldiers are always so awfully abrupt."

"You are right," said the boy, beaming again. "General Ransom Varney, commanding division, Army of Northern Virginia, Sir—that sounds fine, doesn't it?"

"Splendid," said the girl, "go on."

"This is to notify you that I want you to let me join the army right now. If you don't, I will enlist anyway, that's all. The seventeen call is out and I am not going to wait for the sixteen. Do you think I am a damned coward—"

#### 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, his father's consent. The federalists making their last assault in an effort to capture Richmond.

CHAPTER II—Edith Varney, secured from President Davis a commission as 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 tell the commission, but is prevented by the arrival of Captain Milford, Wilfred's sweetheart.

CHAPTER V—Mr. Arrelford 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. Arrelford expects it is intended for Thorne. The note reads: "Attack tonight. Plan 2. Use Telegraph."

CHAPTER VI—Edith is indignant when Arrelford tells her of his suspicions regarding 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 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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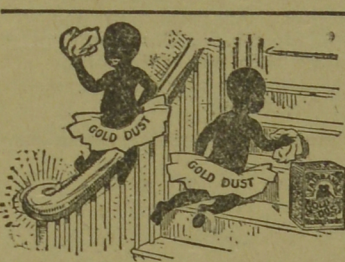
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The  
"Floor-and-Door-a"  
Girl

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