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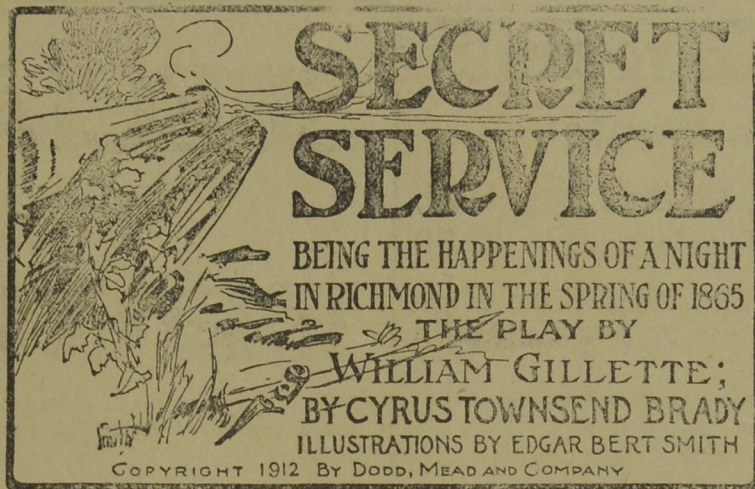
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SYNOPSIS.

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 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.

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 suspecting 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 news, but Arrelsford suspects a double meaning. He and Edith secretly determine to watch Thorne, whose arrival Arrelsford expects.

CHAPTER XII—Thorne takes charge of the telegraph office and after satisfying himself that he alone attempts to send a message, but is interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the secretary of war with a dispatch.

CHAPTER XIII—Arrelsford and Edith see Thorne after the secretary's dispatch. Thorne is shot in the wrist by Arrelsford when he attempts to send the dispatch. He calls the guard and when they appear Thorne turns the tables by ordering the arrest of Arrelsford.

CHAPTER XIV—The removal of Arrelsford is stopped by the arrival of General Randolph. Thorne again begins sending the dispatch. Arrelsford protests, declaring Thorne is sending a forced order to weaken the lines of defense. Randolph demands what Arrelsford says. Thorne has assumed command of the telegraph office. Miss Varney appears.

But Thorne would not let him continue. Having gained the advantage, he was determined to keep it to the end and for that purpose he followed up his first blow, ruthlessly pressing his charge hard.

"Damn your orders!" he interrupted furiously. "You haven't got orders to shoot up everybody you see in this office, have you?"

This was too much for Arrelsford and he made a desperate plunge forward to get at Thorne, who shook his wounded wrist in the secret service agent's face. The soldiers held him tightly, however, and Thorne continued loudly:

"Get his gun away, sergeant; he'll hurt somebody."

While the soldiers—who appeared to entertain no doubt and to have no hesitancy whatever about obeying Thorne's orders, the latter evidently the military man of the two and his voice and bearing, to say nothing of his uniform, telling heavily against a civilian like Arrelsford—were taking the revolver out of his hands, Thorne once more turned to the telegraph table. His blood was up and he would send the dispatch now before the whole assemblage, before the Confederate government or its army if necessary.

Arrelsford burst out in a last vain attempt to stop him:

"Listen to me, sergeant," he pleaded desperately, "he is going to send out a false telegram and—"

"That'll do," gruffly said the sergeant of the guard, shaking his fist in Arrelsford's face, "what is it all about, captain?"

"All about? I haven't the slightest idea. He says he comes from some office or other. I was sending off some important official dispatches here and he began by letting off his gun at me. Crazy lunatic, I think."

"It's a lie!" said Arrelsford furiously. "Let me speak—I will prove—"

"Here!" said the sergeant of the guard, "that'll do now. What shall I do with him, captain?"

"I don't care a damn what you do with him. Get him out of here, that's

all I want."

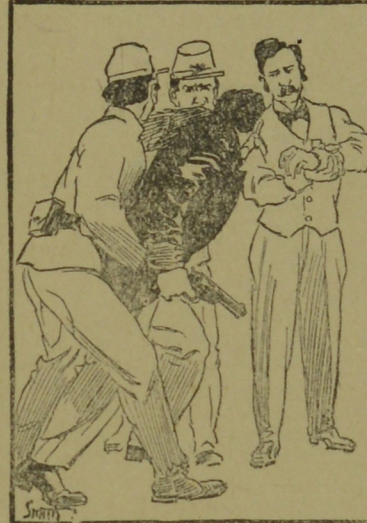
"Very well, sir. Are you much hurt?" "Oh, no. He did up one hand, but I can get along with the other all right," said Thorne, sitting down at the table and seizing the key.

"Stop him!" cried Arrelsford, fully divining that Thorne intended to send the message. "He's sending a—wait!" A thought came to him. "Ask Miss Varney, she saw him—ask Miss Varney."

But the old sergeant of the guard paid no attention whatever to his frantic appeals.

"Here, fall in there!" he said. "We'll get him out, captain. Have you got him, men? Forward then!"

Struggling furiously the squad of soldiers forced Arrelsford to the door. Thorne paid absolutely no attention to them; he had forgotten their presence. Like his attention, his mind and heart were on they key again. But he was



"Get His Gun Away, He'll Hurt Somebody."

fated to meet with still another interruption.

"Halt there!" cried a sharp voice from the hall, just as the general reached the door.

"Halt! Left face!" cried the sergeant in turn, recognizing that he was a superior whom it were well to obey without question or hesitation.

"Here is General Randolph," said the voice outside, giving the name of one of the high officers of the Richmond garrison.

"Present arms!" cried the sergeant of the guard as General Randolph appeared in the doorway.

Following him were some officers. His staff and by his side was the imposing figure of Miss Caroline Mitford. The humiliation and indignation he had felt from her bearing which was one of unmitigated triumph. He threw a glance at Arrelsford while he bode ill for that young man. The general entered the room and stopped before the secret service agent, who stood in front of the guard, although he had been released by the men.

"What's all this about?" he asked peremptorily.

Although he knew that something important was transpiring, and that the newcomer was a man of rank, Thorne never turned his head.

A whatever cost, he realized he must get the telegram off, and from the look of things it appeared that his only chance was then and there. He did not care if the president of the Confederate States of America were there in person, his mind and soul were on the order. He was frantically calling the station he wanted, the one indicated by "Plan 3," and he had the doctor's dispatch, to which he had pasted the secretary's signature, spread out on the table before him.

"What's all this about refusing to send out Miss Mitford's telegram?" began General Randolph peremptorily. "Some of your work, I understand, Mr. Arrelsford."

"General!" cried Arrelsford breathlessly. "They have arrested me. It is a conspiracy—" He turned toward Thorne. "Stop that man, for God's sake stop him before it's too late!"

At this juncture, Caroline Mitford turned from the room and joined of Martha in the hall, and disappeared. She had only come back with the general to punish Arrelsford, but she did not care to have her precious dispatch made the subject of discussion before so many people.

(To Be Continued.)

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