

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY THE VINIAGE

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Synopsis of chapters already published. Miss Della Coombs, en route to Richmond to interview for her brother, held prisoner charged with having furnished the Federal with a list of Lee's troops...

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

HOKED by the invisible smoke, almost frantic from fear, seeing nothing after that muffled fall, the girl tried to cry out. But her throat seemed dry and hard, no sound issued from her throat...

A stream of white moonlight fell in and made visible the grayish curls of smoke rolling slowly upward. Across the room, beside the door, there was something stretched on the carpet, and over it a dim figure of a man standing...

The moon shining up its barred head, bathed in its ghostly light, and in that frightful moment he seemed to the girl as terrible and splendid and unreal as any scene in a play...

"Quick! quick! Cap'n! Fo' Gawd's sweet sakes!" "Yes," said Grigg, and turned again to the girl. "I don't know why I came tonight unless to see you, and you'll hate me. But you'll remember, too, I came to tell you I was sorry."

CHAPTER XVI.

Captain Coombs Learns His Fate.

N Ninth street in Richmond, in a room of the Mechanics' Institute, which during the Revolution was occupied by the Confederate War Department, were seated three persons—Floyd Coombs, his sister, and his uncle. They were alone save for a sentinel who paced up and down the corridor and occasionally glanced through the open doorway...

Only the girl sat very erect. As she crossed her brother's hand that lay limp upon the lap of her black dress, unshed tears made her eyes luminous and her face like a moon. But whenever the stolid, unemotional expression in butternut paused at the door with musket and glistening bayonet, a little frown of defiance gathered in its unavailing, troubled brows.

"What did you say, Uncle Phil?" the prisoner asked, not turning his eyes from the stern-faced sentinel. "H-m-h-m—I remarked that the squeak of that man's boots is very disturbing. Never mind. We won't have to wait much longer." "How can they hesitate, Floyd?" the girl murmured. "There was so little evidence."

and heaven knows it's had enough already." They relapsed into their former deponent silence. Thus half an hour passed. A sudden scraping of feet and movement of chairs in the next room, as though a session were ended, made them all start. Della sprang up quickly and went to the window to conceal her agitation. The noise ceased, however, and nothing came of it.

"Here's another of President Davis' negroes run away," commented Floyd. "A man named Cornelius." "I'm not interested," murmured Philip Vaughan absently. "Mr. Davis seems particularly unfortunate with his servants."

"I suppose, Floyd went on, bravely attempting to laugh, "that this negro is now safe and sound under the wing of Biddy's friend." "Don't name him. Oh, I wish I'd never seen or heard of that horrible monster! I wish I'd never told you to watch him. I wish I'd never promised to help you. I wish I'd never let you catch and hang him. I do! I do!" The tears that had long been gathering in her eyes fell, and she broke into a subdued but hysterical sobbing.

"Down the corridor sounded the opening of a door, and a brisk approach of footsteps. An orderly stepped into the room. "Sir," said he to Captain Coombs, "the court-martial has reached its decision. It awaits you." "Very well," quietly answered the prisoner. "Too proud, in his boyish soldierhood, to betray either haste or reluctance, he stood up and walked to the door, followed by his sister and his uncle.

Behind a long table, in the large room to the left, the court-martial sat half a dozen Confederate officers of various ranks and branches of the service, their faces sternly composed into a gravity befitting no solemn occasion. For a long, long minute the presiding officer continued to write; the loud scratching of his quill alone broke the hush that reigned in the room. At last he laid the quill aside, took off his glasses, folded them, inserted them in his breast, and with a sudden effort, as if he had been reading aloud from what he had written:

"The commission, after mature deliberation at the evidence adduced, find the accused, Capt. Philip Coombs, guilty of the charge—Guilty. And the commission do, therefore, sentence him, the said Philip Coombs, to be forthwith degraded from the rank he has disgraced, to be dishonorably discharged from the military service of the Confederate States, and to be sent to die in such manner, and at such time and place, as shall be directed by the commanding officer of the district."

Now, for the first time, he ventured to look directly at the condemned man, who, except that he had grown much paler, gave no sign of weakness. "Prisoner, have you anything to say?" "Nothing," replied the prisoner in a low, hoarse voice. "Only to say again, I am not guilty." In the dismal pause that followed a deep sigh could be heard from where his sister stood. That was all. There was no melodramatic scene about it, no wild lamentation. There is a fullness of the heart sometimes that preclude expression.

"Let the prisoner be led out," said the presiding officer, and beckoned to the sentinel to conduct him away. Della slipped forward, put her arms around her brother in a lingering caress, and moaned softly to him. He submitted quite passively, and at length removed her arms from his neck. As he was following the sentinel out, he turned back an instant to touch his uncle's hand. Perhaps he could not trust himself to speak. Afterward, while court rose, old Philip Vaughan remained seated at the table, and the door, began slowly to draw on his mittens, and stared around him.

"I believe," he muttered, "I believe, my dear—there is no further need of our remaining. I have some writing to do. Let us make our apologies." An informal reception followed the ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Miller left Washington for a Northern wedding trip. Mrs. Miller traveled in a tailor suit of tan cloth, trimmed in black satin, with a large black hat. Upon their return to Washington, they will be at home at 115 seventh street.

Relatives of President and Mrs. Taft Come for Silver Wedding Anniversary

Several Members of Family Arrive at the White House Today.

The members of the house party which is being entertained at the White House for the silver wedding anniversary celebration of the President and Mrs. Taft, Monday evening, have begun to arrive. Miss Della Torrey, aunt of the President, came from her home in Massachusetts this morning; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taft and their two sons are expected this afternoon, and Robert Taft also will arrive from Harvard today. Horace Taft, brother of the President, accompanied by Charlie Taft, will also be among the arrivals today. Miss Helen Taft is expected tomorrow morning.

The President occupied the Presidential box at the National Theater last evening to hear the Aborn English Grand Opera Company sing "Martha." Mrs. Charles Anderson and Miss Maria Herron, of Cincinnati, sisters of Mrs. Taft, and Major Butt accompanied the President.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Senator Charles Curtis, of Arkansas, were among those entertaining theater parties last evening at the New National to hear the Aborn English Grand Opera Company sing "Martha."

Miss Jane W. Webster and George E. Duncan took place Thursday evening at 9 o'clock at the rectory of Waugh Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. A. W. Thompson officiating, in the presence of a small party of relatives. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan left Washington for a trip, and, upon their return, will reside in Washington.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Bessie B. Roberts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Roberts, to Arthur G. Miller. The wedding took place Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at the bride's home, 115 Eleventh street northwest, the Rev. J. H. Taylor, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, officiating, in the presence of a gathering of relatives and intimate friends. The bride wore a gown of white satin, trimmed in duchesse lace and pearls. In her hair she wore a wreath of lilies of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss May Roberts wore a pink marquisette gown of silk and carried an armful of bridesmaid roses. J. B. Thompson was best man for Mr. Miller. An informal reception followed the ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Miller left Washington for a Northern wedding trip. Mrs. Miller traveled in a tailor suit of tan cloth, trimmed in black satin, with a large black hat. Upon their return to Washington, they will be at home at 115 seventh street.

A lawn fete will be given under the auspices of the Department of the Potomac Woman's Relief Corps Thursday evening, June 22, from 8 to 11 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Josephine O'Meara, 413 Third street northwest.

Miss Graham to Wed Dr. Carroll S. Alden

The engagement is announced of Miss Meeta Campbell Graham, daughter of Brig. Gen. William M. Graham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Graham, to Dr. Carroll Storrs Alden, of Annapolis. General and Mrs. Graham closed their apartment in the Cairo several weeks ago, and, accompanied by their daughter, went to Annapolis for the summer. The engagement was announced at a dinner given on board the U. S. S. Santee by the brother-in-law and sister of Miss Graham, Capt. A. H. Scales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scales.

The house party which Mrs. H. Claborn Wilkins, of Twenty-eighth street, has been entertaining for a fortnight at her cottage at Cape George, for her daughter, Miss Annie Lind Wilkins, will disband this evening. Among those from Washington who will return this evening will be Miss Marion Edmonston, Miss Miss Elaine Williams, and Miss Georgia Lyons. Miss Carry Kennedy, of Norfolk, Va., will return to Washington with Miss Wilkins and be her guest here for a short time.

Mrs. Dabney, wife of Dr. Virgilus Dabney, will leave Washington today for Loudoun county, Va., where she will spend a month visiting relatives. On July 21, Dr. and Mrs. Dabney will sail for Europe.

Jewells Will Go to York Harbor, Me. Rear Admiral Theodore F. Jewell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Jewell and their son, Commander Charles T. Jewell, U. S. N., who have been stopping at the Grafton since their arrival from Europe, several weeks ago, will leave shortly for York Harbor, Me., where they will spend the season.

Medical Director Frank Anderson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Anderson have as guests Lieut. James B. Berry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Berry and their young daughter. Lieutenant and Mrs. Berry will go to Fort Riley, Kansas, shortly, while the former has been ordered to duty.

Washington Visitors at Alleghany Inn. Among those from Washington who are stopping at the Alleghany Inn, Goshen, Va., are Lieut. James H. Tomb, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tomb and their two children and Miss Mattie Tomb; Commander Joseph Straus, U. S. N., and Mrs. Straus; Maj. J. M. Carter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carter and their two children; Mrs. Francis B. Leter and Miss Leter; H. M. Blandiz, and M. B. MacWilliams.

Mrs. John D. Patten and Miss Patten closed their house on R street today, and have gone to their cottage at Huncricane Lodge, Essex county, N. Y., for the season. Mrs. Samuel C. Lemly and Miss Lemly, who have been spending some time in New York, have gone to Lake George for the season.

Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, who went to New York Tuesday, will sail today for Europe for the summer. Miss Townsend, who is now visiting in Philadelphia, will make a series of visits at the various North Shore resorts.

Mrs. LaGarde, wife of Lieut. Richard D. LaGarde, U. S. A., is visiting her husband's parents, Col. Louis A. LaGarde, U. S. A., and Mrs. LaGarde, at their place in Woodley Lane, D. C.

Capt. Samuel H. Gibson, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Gibson, and the Misses Gibson will close their house in S street shortly and go to Capon Springs, W. Va., for the summer.

Justice and Mrs. Lurton Leave Washington for the Summer.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lurton will leave Washington this afternoon for Knoxville, Tenn., where they will spend a portion of the summer with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Van Devanter. Later in the summer they will go to the Virginia Hot Springs.

The Minister of Costa Rica and Mme. Calvo, accompanied by their family, left Washington this morning for Glencoe, L. I., where they will spend the summer.

Miss Elsie Farnum, of Oakland, Cal., who has been spending some time in New York, will arrive in Washington this afternoon to spend a few days with her cousin, Miss Hazel Cox. Next week Miss Farnum and Miss Cox will leave Washington for California.

Miss Thayer, who is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Thayer, is a sister of Countess Moltke, wife of the Danish minister. Countess Moltke is spending the summer with her mother and sister at their summer place at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Pullman are spending some time at the Baldwin House, Round Hill, Va.

Leroy King has issued invitations for a stag affair to be given Wednesday, June 21, 1911, at Freund's, in celebration of his twenty-first birthday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Minna Heilprin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Giles Heilprin, of Washington, to James W. Horwitz, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Pauline Gans, of Baltimore, is in Washington to attend the Octagon tug ride tomorrow.

Baer-Straus Wedding Takes Place on Tuesday. The wedding of Miss Retta Baer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Baer, and Henry Cullen Straus, of Richmond, will take place Tuesday evening, June 20, 1911, at Raucher's, Rabbi Louis Stern and Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, of Richmond, officiating. Owing to a recent death in the bride's family, only the relatives of the contracting parties will attend the wedding.

Mrs. Simon Lyons and daughter, Miss Flora Lyons, who have been spending the past few weeks in Atlantic City, have left for an indefinite stay with relatives in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Herman, who were recently married in Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending their honeymoon in Philadelphia. They will make their future home in Washington.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME The Sandman's Stories

MISTER FOX TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

It had rained for three days and the whole world seemed one big mud-puddle to Jack Rabbit, when he started for the House on the Hill to pay the delayed visit to Mr. Fox. Jack Rabbit looked very different from what he did the last time he heard of him, for he had been convinced by what Mister Fox had told him that the hawk really intended to eat him and that the promise which he paid to Jack Rabbit's fur and his mustache and his tail and the offers made to curl his whiskers and pluck the dark hairs out of his tail were only intended to get him to come out of his burrow so that the hawk might more easily catch him.

As a result Jack Rabbit had washed all the grease off his coat and his tail, which, you remember, he carried stuck very straight up in the air, he now allowed to lie where it belonged. Mister Fox, who was looking out of the door of his house, saw Jack Rabbit while he was quite a long way off, and came to meet him. "I did not know, but the rain had flooded your burrow and drowned you," he said, as he came up to Jack Rabbit and shook him warmly by the paw. "How did you get on during the flood?"

"I busted myself washing the foolishness off my coat, and the rain was of great assistance," replied Jack Rabbit, and Mister Fox, seeing Jack Rabbit's fur looking just as usual, knew what he meant by "foolishness." "In a few minutes they were seated before the fire, which Mister Fox had built because of the dampness outside, and Jack Rabbit had begun conversation which he hoped would lead up to one of the stories Mister Fox had promised to tell. "I have been as dry as a last year's chicken bone. Come in and make yourself comfortable."

"When you get older," said Mister Fox, "you will be surprised to see how many animals and how many men and women leave what is good for them in search for things that will only do them harm when they are acquired." "I must be off to my luncheon with Mistress Crane. If she serves a good meal I will tell you the next time I see you what I had to eat."

Office Boys Who Are Wonderful Financiers. Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth financier, was talking about New York office boys who work for brokers, speculating on the tips they picked up and accumulated fortunes of \$50,000, \$40,000, and \$30,000. "The twentieth century office boy is a wonderful creation," said Mr. McWade, admiringly. "He is so clever, so daring, and, above all, so honest. A few years ago I had an office boy named—er—er. One day he sent Jasper out to buy me a postcard. I have never seen him since. "But, sir, you don't call that honest!" cried the reporter. "Yes—listen," said Mr. McWade. "Last month I received a postcard containing these words: "Dear Sir: Here is your postcard. I started speculating with the penny you gave me to buy it, and am now worth \$45,000. Thank you!"—New York Tribune.

One or the Other. Howell—What is your opinion on the question of living expenses? Powell—Either they are making the loaves of bread smaller, or the mouths bigger.

Practical. The Deck Passenger—I notice all of the steerage passengers bolt their food. I wonder why? The Steward—they bolt their food to keep it down—Chicago News.

How some sparkling bits of gold. "And when he came to dress him he found that his gizzard was filled with gold. Indeed," said the man, "these hens are worth more dead than alive," and he proceeded to kill the whole flock to get the gold which they had eaten. "I am quite surprised," said Jack Rabbit, "that any hen or rooster should turn away from good corn to eat gold."

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We are sometimes asked by housewives if Fels-Naptha soap is as good for washing clothes in winter as in summer. Better, if that is possible.

The best thing about Fels-Naptha is that you don't have to boil the clothes either winter or summer. And because boiling is more disagreeable in winter, Fels-Naptha is a greater blessing then.

In the winter doors and windows are closed, and the nauseous odor of boiling clothes cannot escape to the open air; then, too, steam loosens and wrinkles wall paper. And chapped hands are caused by dipping them in hot water and then exposing to the cold.

You don't need hot water in washing with Fels-Naptha. But be sure and use it the Fels-Naptha way. Follow the directions on the red and green wrapper.



Anty Drudge Changes Grocers. Grocer Shortlight—"Madam, the whole secret is in the naphtha. Now here's a new naphtha soap—try it." Anty Drudge—"Naphtha nothin'! Couldn't I get a little naphtha of my own, if it was only naphtha? I tell you these imitations don't have the combination that's in Fels-Naptha soap, and won't wash clothes the Fels-Naptha way. Here's where I quit trading with you."

Summer Closing Hours: 5 P. M. Daily; Saturday, 1 P. M. Clearance Sale of Used Pianos 25 Used Square Pianos of Well Known Makes to Close Out Quickly at Prices \$10 Ranging Up from... With one of these used Square Pianos in the house the children will have a chance to take up music. The instruments are in excellent condition musically and they are unusually attractive bargains at the prices we are quoting. In the lot are such well known makes as FISCHER, STEINWAY, CHICKERING, KNABE, HALEL & DAVIS, STODART, GAEBLE, and TRUSLOW. We are also offering a number of bargains in used upright pianos at unusually low prices. Easy terms of payment arranged. F. G. Smith Piano Co., Bradbury 1225 Penna. Ave., Building