THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

THE VINTAGE

By JOSEPH SHARTS

A sudden scraping of feet and move

wickly and went to the window to con

negroes run away," commented Floyd.
"A-man named Cornellus."

fell, and she broke into a subdued but historical sobbing.

Down the corridor sounded the opening of a door, then a brisk approach of footsteps. An orderly stepped into the room.

'Sir,' said he to Captain Coombs, "the court-martial has reached its de-

cision. It awaits you."
"Very well," quietly answered the

his sister and his uncle.

Fehind a long table, in the large room to which the prisoner was summoned, sat half a dozen Confederate officers of

was assumed.

He began to read aloud from what he had written:

"The commission, after mature de

prisoner.

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Synopcis of chapters already published. and heaven knows it's bad enough Miss Delia Coombs, en route to Richmond to intercede for her brother, held prisoner charged with having furnished the Federals with a list of Lee's troops on the Rapidan, encounters Col. Elijah Bledsoe, chief of the Confederate secret service, at Cold Harbor, where he is seeking two spies supposed to have the list. While he captures one, Aaron Sliber, whom he releases, and a suspect, the real spy, escapes, aided by Miss Coombs, who believes his story he is a wounded Confederate whom Bledsoe is seeking to kill as the result of a private feud. In Richmond, Fresident Davis permits her to visit her brother, Capt. Floyd Coombs, who protests his innoence, and she seeks and finds the spy, "James Potts," because he had told her only he could save her brother. She undertakes to educate him so he can hold a Government position, and the reader learns Silber, too, is in Richmond.

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

HOKED by the invisible smoke, almost frantic from fear, seeing nothing after that muffled fall, the girl tried to cry out. She shrank against the wall and strove to summon help, unable to comprehend in her panic that the pistol shot itself had aroused the house. After a moment somebody began to move again in the room, for a plank creaked. Her hand, groping along the wall, happened to touch the window-blind, which, at the touch, more by accident than her conscious intention. A stream of white moonlight fell in A stream of white manuel Cornelius. "H-m." murmured Philip Vaughan abseems particularly with his servants. "H-m." murmured Philip Vaughan abseems particularly with his servants. "H-m." murmured Philip Vaughan abseems particularly with his servants. "H-m." murmured Philip Vaughan abseems vith his servants. "I suppose.

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. He had probably been confused by the darkness for the instantiant the standard of the carpet and the standard of the standard of

prisoner.
Too proud, in his boylsh soldierhood, to betray either haste or reluctance, he stood up at once and walked through the hall to the next room, followed by enabled him to see the door he coolly turned the key in the lock. There was a great amount of running and scream-The dim figure apporached her. It walked without a limp, so that at first spic supposed it must be Potts, the cripple, who lay on the carpet. "Oh, oh!" she walled. "You've killed him!"

Behind a long table, in the large room to which the prisoner was summoned, sat half a dozen Confederate officers of various ranks and branches of the service, their faces sternly composed into a gravity befitting so sclemn an occasion. Yet a certain embarrassment was manifest of the service of the s

darkness, for the instant the moonlight

cripple, who lay on the carpet.
"Oh, oh!" she wailed. "You've killed him!"
"No," answered the voice that had grown familiar to her ears theough the long summer and autumn evenings, its dialect dropped, but the same voice still. "He's only stunned. I hit him on the head."
"You!" And she flung out her hands with repellent horror, for the truth broke in upon her mind like a great flood. "You—you are Grigg—you!"
"Yes, I am Grigg," he answered very quietly. "But God knows I mean you and yours no harm. Why, I think I'd give my immortal soul just to please you. I love you more than life—and more than honor, or I shouldn't be here tonight." Then, seeing how she cowered from him he laughed bitterly and drew back. "Of course you must feel that way. Don't be frightened. I won't come any nearer. I just want to tell you, for my time's short. I'm borry for the deceit."

The moon, shining upon his bared head, bathed him in its ghostly light, and in that frightful moment he seem—led to the girl as tearthly composed into a gravity befitting so sclenms an occasion. Yet a certain embarrassment was manifest amovit penditudes of yellow hote-paper scattered on the table object them: two or three cleared their throats, and looked of the table and was busily writing with a table and was busily

to tell you, for my time's short. I'm sorry for the deceit."

The moon, shining upon his bared head, bathed him in its ghostly light, and in that frightful moment he seemled to the girl as terrible and splendid and unreal as Milton's Satan. His hand which as he specks he stretched hand, which, as he spoke, he stretched toward her, showed a dark stain on

"Quick! quick! Cap'n: Fo Gawa's sweet sakes:"

"Yes," said Grigg, and turned again to the girl. "I don't know why I came tonight unless it was to tell you. You'll hate me. But you'll remember, too—I came to tell you I was sorry."

In a confused, tumulations way, Della was aware that the man on the floor had begun faintly to groan and try to lift himself up, that her Uncle Philip's voice, querulous with alarm, was calling her name, and finally that the negro, whose face she could not see, was pushing up the window.

"Quick, cap'n. Dis way! Dah's a "Culck, cap'n. Dis way! Dah's a property of the presiding officer, and beckoned to the senting to conduct him away.

Delia slipped forward, put her arms around her brother in a lingering caress, around her brother in a lingering caress, around her brother in a lingering caress.

was pushing up the window.

"Quick, cap'n. Dis way! Dah's a millyun so'Jers closin' in!"

"Why do you stay here?" Delia cried out. "Go away or you'll be killed."

"Then you care?" he said in a low you'll be sentinel out, he was following the sentinel out, he

"Then you care." he said in a low voice.

"Oh, go quickly!" she cried again. "I hate you!"

He was gone even while she spoke. And her last vague impression of him was that as he stepped out upon the veranda he looked back at her and laughed.

CHAPTER XVI.

removed her arms from his neck. As he was following the sentinel out, he haused just an instant to tough his uncle's hand. Perhaps he could not trust himself to speak. Afterward, while court rose, old Philip Vaughan remained standing in the middle of the floor, began slewly to draw on his mittens, and stared around him.

"I believe." he muttered, "I believe, my dear—h-m—there is no further need four remaining. I have some writing

CHAPTER XVI.

Captain Coombs Learns His Fate.

N Ninth street in Richmond, in a room of the Mechanics' Institute, which during the Rebellion was occupied by the confederate War Department, were selected to draw tim again, smiling, "It is quite odd what I could have done with bellion 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.

Silent, the three sat close together,

Silent, the three sat close together, the girl holding her brother's hand in her lap and now and then softly pressing it between her paims. Philip Vaughn, attired in an old, well-brushed black frock coat, had deposited his ner tap and now and then sortly pressing it between her palms. Philip
Vaughn, attired in an old, well-brushed
black frock coat, had deposited his
all white beaver hat and woolen gloves
on the floor beside him, locked his
thin fingers over the silver handle of
his cane, and let his chin sink inertly
between the flaring ends of his collar; one might have said he was dozing. Floyd, too, had settled into what ap-peared a negligent attitude and steadily regarded the window against which a flurry of snow was being swept by the

wind.
Only the girl sat very erect. As she caressed 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 pitying angel's. But whenever the stolid, ominous apparition in butternut paused at the door with musket and glinting bayonet, a fittle frown of defiance, pathetic in its unavail, troubled her brows.
Once, as the sentinel passed by, the old man muttered something into his neck-cloth.

neck-cloth.

"What did you say. Uncle Phil?" the prisoner asked, not turning his eyes, from the storm-harassed window.

"H-m-ha-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

girl murmured. "There was so little evidence."
"More than enough, though, I fear, Biddy." said her brother with a non-chalant shrug of his shoulders.
"At least they made no reference to that—that man's frequenting our house, as we feared they might. They've never even learned about it."
"How did you manage to keep it from becoming known?"
"Why, when I saw how it must poison all minds against you if it were known your sister had been harboring a spy, I implored Lieutenant Freneau to say nothing."

to say nothing." "Well?"
"And when the patrol that was searching for that—demon, came to investigate the noise, he—Lieutenant Freneau—he told them an awful false-hood. like the gallant gentleman he was."

was."
"Biddy, Biddy." said the prisoner
with a trace of a smile, "I'm afraid
you bewitched the poor fellow." But
he added after a moment: "To have you bewitched the poor reliow. But he added after a moment: "To have let them know, would only have strengthened appearances against me,

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

Arrive at the White They relapsed into their former de-pondent silence. Thus half an hour House Today.

ment of chairs in the next room, as though a session were ended, made them all start. Della sprang up The members of the house party ceal her agitation. The noise ceased. nowever, and nothing came of it. Captain Combs, with an affectation which is being entertained at the White House for the silver wedding anniver sary celebration of the President and of indifference, picked up a copy of the Richmond Dispatch which was lying on the floor and glanced over its columns. The old man continued Mrs. Taft, Monday evening, have begun to arrive. Miss Delia Torrey, aunt nusing as before, his eyelids half of the President, came from her home in Massachusetts this morning; Mr. and "Here's another of President Davis' Mrs. Henry Taft and their two sons are expected this afternoon, and Rob-

Senator Charles Curtis, of Arkansas, were among those entertaining theater parties last evening at the New National to hear the Aborn English Grand to York Harbor, Me. Opera Company sing "Martha."

Miss Jane W. Webster

Bride of G. E. Duncan. The marriage of 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 ter 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, 1416 Eleventh street northwest, the Rev. J. H. Taylor, pas-tor of the Central Presbyterian Church, officiating, in the presence of a gather-ing of relatives and intimate friends. Falms, ferns, and clusters of white roses adorned the house for the occasion, and the wedding music was played by Miss Nellie Roberts, sister of the

bride.

The bride, whose only attendant was her twin, Miss May B. Roberts, were a beautiful gown of soft white satin, trimmed in duchess lace and pearls. In her hair she wore a wreath of lilles of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilles of the valley.

the palm.

"Keep it back," she shuddered. "Its wet with blood."

"Only my own blood," he answered, quickly withdrawing it. "That fellow graised from the rank he has disgraced, find to be dishnonrably discharged from the filter, and the confederate states, and to be put to death in such spring aside, started suddenly unagainst the window, blotting out the moon; a hand tapped on the pane; a negro's agitated voice stealthily exclaimed:

"Quick! quick! Cap'n! Fo' Gawd's sweet sakes."

"Yes," said Grigg, and turned again.

"Nothing," resided the pares as of the commission of the evidence adduced, find the accused, Capt. Floyd Coombs, as of the commission of

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.

Several Members of Family 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 'Jraham, Capt. A. H. Scales, U. S. Miss 'Jraham, Capt. A. H. Scales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scales.

N., and Mrs. Scales.

The house party which Mrs. H. Claiborne 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 King, 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. Virginius 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 to Frederic Winthrop.

On July 21, Dr. sail for Europe. Jewells Will Go

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 Eu-rope, 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
their guests Lieut. James B. Berry,
U. S. A., and Mrs. Berry and their
young daughter.
Lieutenant and Mrs. Berry will go Lieutenant and Mrs. Berry will go to Fort Riley, Kansas, shortly, where the former has been ordered to duty.

Washington Visitors at Alleghany Inn.

Among those from Washington who Ohio ere stopping at the Alleghany Inn, Joshen, Va., are Lleut. 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. Lefler and Miss Lefler, H. M. Blandz, and M. B. Mac-The wedding of Miss Williams

Mrs. John D. Patten and Miss Patten closed their house on R street today, and have gone to their cottage at Hur-ricane Lodge, Essex county, N. Y., for

Mrs. Samuel C. Lemly and Miss Lem-ly, who have been spending some time in New York, have gone to Lake George

Leave Washington for the Summer.

will go to the Virginia Hot Springs.

Washington this morning for Glencove L. L. where they will spend the sum

week Miss Farnum and Miss Cox will leave Washington for California. Emery Cox, a student in the University of Michigan, will also arrive in Washington today. Later in the summer he will go to Woods Hole, Mass., for several weeks.

Leroy King has issued invitations for

Miss Minna Heilprin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gles Heilprin, of Washington, to James W. Horwitt, of Cleveland,

Miss Pauline Gans, of Baltimere, is in Washington to attend the Octagon tug

The wedding of Miss Reta Baer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Baer and Henry Cullen Straus, of Richmond 20, 1911, at Rauscher's, Rabbi Louis

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 Atlantic City. They will make their future home in Washington.

guest of friends in Washington. The wedding of Miss Reta Nattans, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Nattans, and Albert Lowenthal, both of Haltimore, will take place Sunday, June 25, 1911.

Justice and Mrs. Lurton

ville, Tenn., where they will spend a portion of the summer with their son-Devanter. Later in the summer they

Calvo, accompanied by their family, left

of Boston, to Frederic Winthrop, which was announced yesterday.

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.

will attend the wedding.

Nelson Berliner, of Baltimore, is the

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lurton will leave Washington this afternoon for Knoxn-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Van The Minister of Costa Rica and Mme

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

An engagement of much interest to Washington is that of Miss Sarah Thayer, daughter of Mrs. Nathantel Thayer, of Boston, to Frederic Winthrop, which

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

will take place Tuesday evening, June Stern and Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, of Richmond, officiating. Owing to a re-cent death in the bride's family, only time the relatives of the contracting parties

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

MISTER FOX TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

started for the House On the Hill pay the delayed visit to Mr. Fox. ick Rabbit looked very different from what he did the last time we 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 compliment 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 tall were only intended to get him to come out of his burrow so

that the hawk might more easily catch 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 al-lowed 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

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 which we have just had?"

"I busled myself washing the foolishness off my coat, and the rain was of great assistance," replied Jack Rabbit, and Mister Fox, seeing Jack Rabbit, and Mister Fox, seeing Jack Rabbit, and Mister Fox, seeing Jack Rabbit's fur looking just as usual, knew what he meant by "foolishness."

"Well," said Mister Fox, "there is some advantage in having a house up here, since the water running down hill does not wet my cave, and I have been as dry as a last year's chicken bone. Come in and make yourself comfortable."

in and make yourself comfort

able."

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 a conversation which he hoped would lead up to one of the stories Mister Fox had promised to tell on a former wight. promised to tell on a former visit.
"I was thinking," said Jack Rabbit,
of the hen who scratched herself into



useless wealth by digging up the pieces of glass which she thought were diamonds. Did you ever hear what became of her after you let her go?"
"No," said Mr. Fox, "I never bother about what happens to hens that do not stay with me. A good deal of time is wasted by both ani-mals and men in acquiring knowledge which is of no use after they get it."
"Did you not say something about
a rooster who caused the death of a whole flock because he was greedy for something that was of no use to him?" asked Jack Rabbit, he rememhim?" asked Jack Rabbit, he remembering that that was the story Mister Fox had promised to tell.
"Did I say anything about the foolish rooster?" said Mister Fox.
"Indeed you od, and you promised to tell me what happened to him and the rest of the flock."
"Well," said Mister Fox. "it isn't a very long story, so I am going to lunch with my friend the crane at noon and it is now past 11."
"The story of this rooster is a part

moon and it is now past 11."
"The story of this rooster is a part of the famous days of California, when men from all over the world flocked to the Pacific coast in search of gold. One man wiser than the rest took with him a flock of hens, for, knowing how high the price of eggs would be there, he thought that he might make a little money from selling them.

"When he got there and had settled down and his hens were laying well he was much pleased with himself for his forethought, for he was able to keep it down-Chicago News.

T had rained for three days and the whole world seemed one big mud-puddle to Jack Rabbit, when he well.

"But one day the rooster, wandering "But one day the rooster, wandering down to the edge of a creek, saw some sparkling bits of gold in the sand and hastened to run back to the flock and tell them of his discovery. 'Come with me,' he said to the hens, 'and we will feed ourselves on the richest food that any barn fowls ever ate,' and the hens believing in the wisdom of the

hens, believing in the wisdom of the rooster, did as he directed.

"As day after day they fed themselves on the bits of gold instead of the good corn which the man provided, they grew poorer and poorer in flesh and laid fewer and fewer eggs until the man finally decided that since it was man finally decided that since it was costing so much to keep them and they were giving so little in return he would kill some of them, and since the rooster never laid any eggs he decided to kill



And when he came to dress him he ound that his gizzard was filled with old. '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

"'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 ac-

guired."
"Well. 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, working for brokers, speculated on the tips they picked up and accumulated fortunes of \$30,000, \$40,000, and \$50,000.

and \$50,000.

"The twentleth 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 Jasper. One day I sent Jasper out to buy me a postcard. I have never seen him since."

"But sir, you don't call that honest!" "But, sir, you don't call that honest!"
cried the reporter.

"Yes-listen," said Mr. McWade.
"Last month I received a postcard con-

taining these words:
"'Dear Sir: Here is your postcard. I started speculating with the penny you gave me to buy it, and am now worth \$47,000. Thank you!"-New York Trib-

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

Practical.

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.



Anty Drudge Changes Grocers.

Grocer Shortsight-"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 did it. 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."

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.

Clearance Sale of Used Pianos 25 Used Square Pianos of Well Known Makes to Close @ 1 (Out Quickly at Prices DIU

(Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

5 P. M. Daily; Saturday, 1 P. M.

storm.

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're quoting. In the lot are such well known makes as

FISCHER. STEINWAY. CHICKERING. KNABE. HALLET & DAVIS. STODART GAEHLE WAKE. TRUSLOW.

We are also offering a number of bargains in used Up-right Pianos at unusually low prices. Easy terms of pay-

F. G. Smith Piano Co., Bradbury 1225 Penna. Avenue