## DUNRAVEN RANCH.

## A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.

Copyrighted, 1888, by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and Published by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.



over the broad expanse of prairie when Lieut. Perry and his little party, after a brisk canter down the valley, reached the barbed inclosure of Dunrayen, and the young commander led unhesitatingly to the gateway on the northern line. A

sergeant of his troop and two private third man, by direction of Col. Brainard, had been sent at the gallop in pursuit of the distant speck which the orderly had pronounced to be Dr. Quin, and the instructions which this messenger bore were to the effect that the post surgeon ould ride by the most direct route and join Lieut. Perry at the north gate of the In the few minutes which clapsed be-

tween the announcement of the doctor's departure on his solitary and unexpected ride and the arrival of the little mounted escort, Perry had time to tell the colonel something of the situation down the Monee and to make a rough sketch of the inclosure and the distant buildings. The direction taken by the doctor, up to ment when the black speck disappeared from view in the waning light, would be very apt to lead him, if he rode far enough, to some point on the wire fence which spanned the western limit of Dunraven; but that point would be at east five or six miles south of the valley. Possibly there was no gateway north of -certainly no trail was visible on the prairie; but the more Mr. Perry tht of the matter as he rode away the more was he satisfied that some where far down that western line there least, had the "open sesame."

Perry's orders were, in case nothing was seen or heard of Sergt. Gwynne while on the way thither, to enter the inclosure and make inquiries at the ranch itself. Meautime, the Cheyenne scouts had been hastily summoned from their lodges along the Monee just above the post and sent scurrying forth upon the prairie to trail the horse's foot prints and o work back as far as possible before darkness interposed. Capt. Stryker, too. and a dozen of his best men, had mounted and ridden forth in long, scattered line scross the eastern plain; and these parties were all five miles out from the post before nightfall fairly hid them from view.

One thing the sergeant had to tell Mr. that the sooner they got to Dunraven the quicker they would be at the scene of their comrade's mishap, whatever that might prove to be. He had had no time himself to visit the stables and examine the wounds on the horse's flank, but as they rode away from Rossiter be turned in the saddle and called the non-commissioned officer to his side.

"What sort of wound is it, sergeant, that made the horse bleed so-bullet or

"It doesn't look like either, sir. There are several of them, jagged scratches in the shoulder and along the flank, like thorns or nails"-"Or barbed wire?" suggested the lieu-

tenant suddenly. "Yes, sir, like as not; though we hadn't

thought of that, not knowing of any es hereabouts." "You'll see fence enough presently.

That's where we'll find Sergt. Gwynne, too. Let your horses out a little. want to get there before dark, if possi-

It was dark in the timber, however, as they rode through and reined up at the gateway. It would be half an hour at the very least, thought Perry, before the doctor could join them, if he came at all. It was by no means pertain that the messenger had overtaken him, and, even if he had, was it probable that the doctor would be in great baste to come? His would be in great haste to come? His mysterious inovements of the morning. his undoubted connection with the night signals from the ranch, the fact that he had given his commanding officer no inkling whatever of these outside interests of his, all tended to make Perry distrustful of their post surgeon. He would not speak of it to a soul, or hint at the ibility of such a thing, until he had possibility of such a thing, until he had evidence that was indisputable, but the young officer was sorely perplexed by ese indications of some secret and un lawful enterprise on the part of their new comrade, and he doubted his sympathy in the mission on which they had

Dismounting to examine the gate while still pondering this matter over in his mind, Perry found it locked as securely as he had left it in the morning. The sergeant and his men dismounted, too, at a low spoken word from their officer, and stood at the heads of their panting horses, looking in silent surprise at the strong and impervious barrier that crossed their track.

"The gate is locked and the fence impassable, sergeant," said Mr. Perry. "We cannot get our horses through or over unless we hack down a post or two. You can't cut such wire as this with any tool we've got. I'll leave Nolan here with you and go on to the ranch on foot; It lies about half a mile to the south. If the doctor comes, he can follow me. If do not come or send back in half an our from this you three come after me,

for I'll need you." With that, slowly and carefully, and not without a muttered malediction on the stinging barbs, Mr. Perry wriggled through between the middle wires and finally stood within the inclosure, read his waist belt and holster. Then se took his revolver from its leathern carefully tried the hammer and er, saw that each chamber was aded, and turned once more to the ser-

"Kour pistols all right?"
"All right, sir: fresh loaded when we

"I don't know that they'll be necessary sergeant; but this is a queer place, what I've heard and the little I've sen. Keep your eyes and ears open. come down into the valley if they find

no trace of Gwynne up on the prairie. Watch for the doctor, too." Then, through the deepening twilight he strode, following the trail that led southward up the slopes. Five minutes' brisk walk along the springy turf brought him to the crest and in view of the lights at the ranch buildings, still some six or seven hundred yards away. All through the eastern sky the stars were peeping forth, and even through the gleam of the twilight in the west two brilliant planets shone like molten gold. All was silence and peace on every hand, and, but for those guiding, glimmering lights at the south, all would have told of desolation. Behind him in the valley waited his faithful men. Far beyond the Monee, out on the northern prairie, he knew that comrades were scouring the face of the earth in search of their missing brother. Up the stream, somewhere behind them, the Cheyennes were patiently trailing the hoof tracks as long as light should last; he knew that search must be at an end by this time, and that some of their number, at least, would be riding down to join his men. Whoever found the sergeant was to fire three shots in air; the signal could be heard a long way in that intense stillness, and that signal was to recall the searching par-Every step brought him deeper into the darkness of the night yet nearer and nearer those twinkling lights Already he could distinguish those in

the main building, the homestead, from those more distant still, in the store rooms and office. Far over among the stables and corrals he heard the deep baying of hounds, and he wondered if it was to be his luck to encounter any enterprising watch dogs. An English bull terrier would be a lively entertainer, thought he, with instinctive motion towards the flap of his holster; and it would be a wonder if a ranch that sur-rounded itself with fifty miles of barbed wire fencing were not further environed by a pack of watch dogs of the most approved and belligerent breed. Once having passed the distant barrier of that gate on the Monee, however, his way was unimpeded, and, to all appearance, utterly unmarked; he had arrived within fifty yards of the foremost building. the homestead, before he was brought to a halt. Then he stopped short, sur-prised, half credulous, and all attention, listening to the "concord of sweet sounds" that came floating from the open casement somewhere along the east front of the big, gloomy house.

"One part of the story verified, by Jove! It's a piano-and well played,

Full a minute he stood there listening. Perry was a dancer, whose nimble feet moved blithely to any measured, rhythmical strains, and a soldier whose soul was stirred by meetial music, but with Chopin and Mendelssohn, Bach and Rubenstein he had but slight acquaintance. That any one should be playing a piano here on the borders of the Lland Estacado was in itself sufficient cause for wonderment; that the invisible performer was playing-and playing with exquisite taste and feeling-one of the loveliest of the "Lieder ohne Worte, the "Spring Song," was a fact that conveyed no added astonishment to his soul; he never knew it until one sweet night

However, matters more pressing than music demanded Mr. Perry's attention just here. He had reached Dunraven. after all. Neither dog nor man had challenged. Once within those barbed and frowning barriers, all the encircling objects spoke of security and rest. Far away towards the corrals he heard the sound of voices in jolly conversation; a rich, melodious laugh rang out on the cool evening air; he heard some one shouting genial good night to somebody else, and then the slam of a distant door. Presently a light popped out from a window in what he believed to be a storehouse, and all was still again. Even the piano had ceased. Now was his time, thought Perry; and so, boldly mounting the steps, he stood upon a dark portice and strode to the black shadow in the wall before him where he knew the main doorway must be. was his intention to knock or ring. Up stairs dim lights were shining through the open windows, but on this front of the ground floor all was darkness. His gauntleted hand felt all the face of the door in search of a knob or knocker, but nothing of the kind was there; neither was there such a thing on either door Just as he decided to hammer

with his clinched fist the piano began again.

He waited for a pause, but none came. This time the music was vehement and spirited, and no banging of his on paken doorway would be audible against such rivalry. Uncertain what to do, he con cluded to reconnoiter the castern front. A few steps brought hing to the corner. and there lay the verauda before him, bathed at its farther end in a flood of light that streames from one opened venetian window, and through this curtained aperture poured the grand tones of the melody. "That fellow can rattle more music out of a piano than any man ever heard," muttered Mr. Perry to himself, as he strode down the wooden gallery. "Wonder if it's that boss cow puncher I met this morning." Another moment and he stood at the open win dow, rooted to the spot, and with his frank blue eyes fairly starting from their sockets in amazement at the sight that

met them, all unprepared. Across a spacious room, hung with rich curtains, carpeted with costly rugs of Oriental make, furnished with many a cozy chair and couch, and tables covered with dainty bric-a-brac, and shelves will tempting books, lighted by several large and beautiful astral lamps, some with colored shades of crimson and gold and delicate tint of blue, there stood close to the opposite wall a large piano of the class known as the "grand," rare enough among the railway towns west of the Mississippi states, but utterly unlooked for here, a week's long march from the nearest of the Texan railways. That in itself were sufficient cause for much surprise, notwithstanding the measure of preparation he had had in Mrs. Lawrence's remarks.

The sight that well nigh took his breath away was something far more than the interior of a luxurious and beautifully appointed room. Nothing that had been said or hinted prepared him in the faintest degree for the appa rition facing him, seated at the piano, of a performer utterly unlike the "cow uncher" whom he had met in the morning. The "fellow" now bending over the key board was a young, exquisitely fair and graceful woman. Even as he stood

there in the full glare of the parlor

lights, she lifted up a pair of soft, shaded, lustrous eyes and saw him.

The music stopped with sudden shock. Tannhauser was undone. The firm, white, shapely hands fell nerveless in her lap; a pallor as of faintness shot over the wild eyed face, only to be instantly succeeded by a flush that surged up to her years brown. Startled sho

up to her very brows. Startled she might have been for an instant; scared -not a bit of it! One instant only of hesitation, then she rose and swept gallantly forward to meet him. Instinctively Perry's hand went up to

the visor of his forage cap and bared the bright, curling crop of hair. Speechless with amaze, he could only bow before her and wait her question; but it was a moment before she could speak. Brave as she was, the sudden apparition of a stranger staring in upon her solitude from an open casement was a shock that served to paralyze the vocal cords. He could see that she was making gallant effort to control the tremor that had seized upon her and to inquire the purpose of his coming. He could see, too, that the sight of the uniform had reassured her, and that there was neither in dignation nor displeasure in her beautiful eyes. Reserve, of course, he expected.

"Did you wish to see any one?" was finally the form her question took; and Perry had time to comment to himself, "English, by Jove!" before he answered.

"I did; but let me first ask your par-don for this intrusion. I had no idea there was a woman at Dunraven. My knocking at the front brought no answer, and hearing the piano, I followed the veranda. Believe me, I am as surprised as you could possibly have been."

Perry's voice was something greatly in his favor. It was modulated and gentle when in conversation, and with even a caressing tone about it when he spoke to women. Evidently the sound was not unwelcome to this one. She stood erect, her fingers interlacing as she clasped her hands in front of her and looked him well over with her brave eyes. The color ebbed and flowed through the creamy whiteness of her face, but the roses were winning every moment-the red roses of the house of Lancaster.

"And-you wished to see-whom?" she presently asked, with courtesy in

every word.
"Why, I hardly know," answered Perry, with a smile that showed his white teeth gleaming through the curling blonde mustache. "A sergeant of my troop has been missing since morning. His horse came back to the fort just as we were on parade at sunset, bleeding and without his rider. We have searching parties out all over the prairie, and I was ordered to come here to the ranch to make inquiries."

She hesitated a moment-thinking. "My father is at home, but I fear he is not well enough to see you. Mr. Ewen is with him, and he might know. Will you—would you step in one moment, and I will go and ask?"

"Thank you very much. I wish you would not trouble yourself. I presume I can go over to those stable building, or wherever it is the men sleep; they would be most apt to know if our sergeant has been seen.

"Oh, no! it is no trouble; besides, they are all asleep over there by this time, I fancy. They have to be out so very early, don't you know."

But Perry had stepped inside even as he offered to go elsewhere-a fact that the girl had not been slow to notice, for a quizzical little shadow of a smile hovered for an instant at the corners of her pretty mouth. "Pray sit down," she said, as she vanished into an adjoining room, leaving Ned Perry standing gazing after

He listened to the swish of her trailing skirts through the dimly lighted room beyond, through an invisible hallway, and then to the quick pit-a-pat of her feet up some uncarpeted stairway. He heard her moving quickly, lightly, along the corridor of the upper story until the footfalls were lost at the rear of the house, then a distant tap upon a doorway, and a soft voice, barely audible, calling, "Papa." He heard her speak again, as though in response to inquiry from within; he heard her raise he voice, as though to repeat an answer to a previous question, and this time her words were distinct. "An afficer from the fort," she announced; and then fol-

lowed sensation. He heard a door quickly opened; he heard men's voices in low, eager, excited talk; he heard her sweet tones once more, as though in expostulation, saying something about the sergeant, lost or wounded, and they were merely inquiring for him; he heard a stern, harsh injunction of "Silence! that will do!" some quick, hurrying footsteps, a man's spurred boots descending some staircase at the back of the house, a colloquy aloft in fainter tones, and then-closing doors

and silence. He waited five-ten minutes, and still no one came; but the murmur of voices in subdued but earnest controversy was again audible on the second floor, and at last a door was opened and he heard the same stern tones that had commanded her silence before, and this time they

"That is entirely my affair! I will see the gentleman myself, and let him know my opinion of this impudent and and—burglarious intrusion.

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Perry to himself at sound of these menacing words. 'This is bearding the lion in his den with a vengeance! Now trot out your 'Douglas in his hall,' and let's see what it all means. I've seen the girl, anyhow, and he can't take that back, even if he turns me out." He heard a heavy step, accented by

the sharp, energetic prodding of a cane;

it came slowly along the hall, slowly

and majestically down the stairs, slowly into the lower front room, and presently there loomed forth from the darkness into the broad glare of the astrals at the hanging portieres the figure of a tall, gray haired, spectacled, slimly built and fragile looking Englishman, erect as pride and high spirit could hold a man against the ravages of age and rheumatism; sharp, stern and imperious of mood, as every glance and every feature plainly told; vehement and passionate, unless twitching lips and frowning brows and angry, snapping eyes belied bita, a man who had suffered much, unless the deep lines and shadows under eyes and mouth meant nothing but advancing years; a man who entered full of wrath and resentment at this invasion of his privacy-this forcing of his guarded lines; and yet-a gentleman,

little worth. The young soldier had been standing by a center table, coolly scanning the pictures on the walls, and determining to present a rather exaggerated picture of nonchalance as reward for the hostile language of the proprietor of Dunraven. He expected to hear an outburst of in vective when that gentleman reached the room; but no sconer had be passed the portiere than he halted short, and Mr. Perry, turning suddenly, was amazed at the pale, startled, yet yearning look in his quivering face.

unless Ned Perry's instincts were all of

The moment the young man confronted him there came as sudden a change. It was with evident effort that he controlled himself, and then, after brief searching study of Perry's face, accosted him, coldly and with sarcastic emphasis: "To what circumstance do I owe the

or a cavairy soldier being seen around here during the day?"

Perry was standing holding his horse by the curb as he spoke, facing the parlor windows and confronting the angry group of ranchmen. Within, though nearer the window than he had left him, "I regret you so consider it, Mr. Matt-land, as I believe you to be"— The old gentleman howed with stately dignity. "One of our men, a sergeant, rode down this way quite early this morning and failed to return. His horse came back bleeding at sunset, and we feared some accident or trouble. Searching parties are out all over the prairies and the was the bent form of the owner of Dunraven, leaning on his cane and apparent are out all over the prairies, and the ly impatiently striving to make himself heard as he came forward. Before the manager could answer, he was compel-led to turn about and rebuke his men. "Does your colonel take as for ban-ditti here, and ascribe your desertions and accidents to our machinations?"

"Far from it, sir, but rather as a hospitable refuge to which the injured man had been conveyed," answered Perry, with a quiet smile, determined to thaw the hauteur of Dunrayen's lord if courters.

two of whom were especially truculent and menacing. Finally he spoke:

"I have heard nothing, but I tell you frankly that if any of your men have been prowling around here it's more than probable some one has got hurt. Has there been any trouble today, men?" he asked.

been responsible for the non-appearance

of my stable sergeant. If he is not found

this night you may confidently look for another visit. I say that to you also,

Mr. Maitland, and you owe it to our for-

bearance that there has been no blood-

Old Maitland's tremulous tones were

heard but a second in reply when he was

interrupted by a coarse voice from the crowd of ranchmen, by this time in-creased to nearly a dozen men. Some

of them were gathering about Perry as he sat in the saddle, and an applauding

"Give the swell a lift, Tummy; 'twill

Almost instantly Perry felt his right

foot grasped and a powerful form was bending at the stirrup. He had heard of the trick before. Many a time has

the London cad unhorsed the English

trooper, taken unawares, by hurling him

with sudden lift from below. But Perry

was quick and active as a cat. Seat and

saddle, too, were in his favor. He sim-

ply threw his weight on the left foot and

his bridle hand upon the pommel, let the

right leg swing over the horse's back un-

til released from the brawny hand, then

back it came as he settled again in the

saddle, his powerful thighs gripping like

a vise; at the same instant, and before

his assailant could duck to earth and slip

out of the way, he had whipped out the heavy Colt's revolver and brought its

butt with stunning crash down on the ranchman's defenseless head.

There was instant rush and commotion.

In vain old Maitland feebly piped his

protests from the veranda; in vain the

overseer seized and held back one or two

of the men and furiously called off the

rest. Aided by the darkness which

veiled them, the others made a simulta-

neous rush upon the young officer and

sought to drag him from his plunging

horse. Perry held his pistol high in air.

threatened with the butt the nearest as-

sailant, yet loath to use further force.

He was still in the broad glare of the

parlor lights—a conspicuous mark; eager hands had grasped his bridle rein at the

very bit, and he could not break away;

and then missiles began to fly about his

devoted head, and unless he opened fire

he was helpless. While two men firmly

held Nolan by the curb, half a dozen

others were hurling from the ambush of

darkness a scattering volley of wooden

billets and chunks of coal. He could

easily have shot down the men who held him.

had been struck and stung by unseen

projectiles; but just as the manager

sprang forward and with vigorous cuffs

his rein, there came three horsemen

charging full tilt back into the crowd,

scattering the assailants right and left;

and, this time unrebuked, Sergt. Leary

leaped from the saddle and, with a rage

of fierce delight, pitched headlong into

battle with the biggest ranchman in his

way. And this was not all; for behind

them at a rapid trot came other troopers,

and in a moment the open space was

thronged with eager, wondering com-rades-full half of Stryker's company-

in whose overwhelming presence all

thought of promiseuous combat seemed

to leave the ranchmen. They slipped

away in the darkness, leaving to their

employers the embarrassment of ac-

Leary was still fuming with wrath and

raging for further battle and shouting

vanished head of his opponent. He

turned on the overseer himself, and but

for Perry's stern and sudden prohibition

would have had a round with him, but

was forced to content himself with the

information conveyed to all within hear-

ing that he'd "fight any tin min" the

ranch contained if they'd only come out

where the lieutenant couldn't stop him.

The troopers were making eager inquiry

as to the cause of all the trouble, and,

fearing further difficulty, Perry prompt

Is ordered the entire party to "fall in."

Silence and discipline were restored in a

moment, and as the platoon formed rank

he inquired of a sergeant how they came

to be there. The reply was that it had

grown so dark on the prairie that further

search seemed useless, Capt. Stryker and

most of the men had been drawn off by

signals from the Cheyennes up the val-

ley towards the post, and these men who

had been beyond Dunraven on the north-

ern prairie were coming back along the

and heard voices over at the lower shore.

There they found Leary, who was excit-

ed about something, and before they had

time to ask he suddenly shouted, "They're

killin' the lieutenant. Come on, boys!"

and galloped off with his own party; so

they followed. Perry quietly ordered

them to leave a corporal and four men with him, and told the senior sergeant

to march the others back to the post; he

would follow in five minutes. Then he

keeping some of my men with me, in

view of all the circumstances," he said

coldly. "But after this exhibition of

lawlessness on the part of your people 1

want to say to you that it is my belief

that some of those ruffians you employ

can tell what has become of our missing

man, and that you will do well to inves-

tigate to-night. As to you, Mr. Mait

land," he said, turning to the old gentle

man, who had sunk into a low easy

chair, "much as I regret having dis

turbed your privacy and-that of the-

ladies of your household, you will ad-

mit now that justice to my men and to

the s. rvice demands that I should report

my suspicions and my reception here to

the commanding officer at Fort Rossi

"I wish you good night, sir," said

Perry; but his eyes wandered in to the

lighted parlor in search of a very differ-

ent face and form-and still there was

The manager came back upon the pi

azza and stepped rapidly towards them.

Perry quickly dismounted and bent

"your employer is faint, or—something's gone wrong."

"Why, here!" he suddenly exclaimed,

down over the crouching figure.

There was no reply.

do not propose to take any chances.

"You will have to put up with my

turned to the manager.

ee trail when they saw the lights

into the darkness fierce invective at the

counting for their attack.

iced the men to loose their ho

It was sore temptation, for already he

echo followed the loud interruption:

teach him better manners."

shed here to-night."

"He is utterly mistaken, then," answered the Englishman, "and I resent—
I resent, sir, this forcing of my gates after the explicit understanding we had "By God, there will be if this ranch isn't cleared in five minutes," was the only answer. "Don't make an ass of yourself, Hoke," growled the manager. "They are going last year. As a soldier I presume you had to obey your orders; but I beg you to tell your colonel that his order was an quick enough." "I am going," said Perry, swinging lightly into saddle; "and mind you this, sir: I go with well warranted suspicion that some of these bullies of yours have

affront to me personally, in view of what has passed between us."

"Nothing has passed between you, Mr. Maitland," answered Perry, a little tartly now. "We have reached Fort Rossiter only within the last fortnight, and know nothing whatever of your understandings with previous command-ers. Permit me to ask you one question and I will retire. Have you heard any-

tesy of manner could effect it.

thing of our sergeant?" "Nothing, sir. I would hardly be apt to hear, for my people here are enjoined to keep strictly to our limits, and all we ask of our neighbors is that they keep to theirs. I presume you have destroyed my fences, sir, in order to effect an en-

"Upon my word, Mr. Maitland, you make me rather regret that I did not; but I had the decency to respect what I had happened to hear of your wishes, and so left my horse and my men outside and footed it a good half mile in the

"Ah! that sounds very like it!" replied Mr. Maitland, with writhing lips, for at this moment there came the dull thunder of rapidly advancing hoof beats, and before either man could speak again three troopers with a led horse-all four steeds panting from their half mile race -reined up in front of the eastern portico in the full glare of the lights, and the sergeant's voice was heard eagerly hailing his lieutenant.

"My luck again!" groaned Perry. "I told them to come in half an hour if they didn't hear from me, and of course they



ed face and swollen veins and twitching, clutching hands, old Maitland stood there glaring at the young officer. Before Perry could speak again, however, and more fully explain the untoward circumstance, there came a rush of hurrying footsteps without, and the sound of excited voices. The next minute they heard an eager, angry challenge, and Perry recognized the voice of the overseer or manager

whom he had met in the morning. "What do you fellows want here?" was his brusque and loud inquiry as he sprang from the piazza and stood confronting the sergeant, who was quietly seated in the saddle, and the question was promptly echoed by three or four burly men who, in shirt sleeves and various styles of undress, came tumbling in the wake of their leader and stood now a menacing group looking up at the silent troopers.

If there be one thing on earth that will stir an Irishman's soul to its inmost depths and kindle to instant flame the latent heat of his pugnacity, it is just such an inquiry in the readily recognized accent of the hated "Sassenach." Perry recognized the danger in a flash, and, springing through the open case ment, interposed between the hostile parties.

"Not a word, Sergt. Leary. Here, Mr. Manager, these men simply obeyed orders, and I am responsible for any mistake. No harm was intended"-

"Harm!" broke in one of the ranchmen, with a demonstratively loud laugh "Harm be blowed! What harm could you do, I'd like to know? If the master'll only say the word, we'd break your heads in a minute."

"Quiet, now, Dick!" interposed the overseer; but the other hands growled approval, and Perry's eyes flashed with anger at the insult. What reply he might have made was checked by the sight of Sergt. Leary throwing himself from the saddle and tossing his reins to one of the men. He knew well enough what that meant, and sprang instantly

in front of him. "Back to your horse, sir! Back, instantly!" for the sergeant's face was fierce with rage. "Mount, I say!" added the lieutenant, as the sergeant still hesitated, and even the sense of discipline could not keep the mounted troopers from a muttered word of encouragement. Slowly, wrathfully, reluctantly, the soldier obeyed, once turning furiously back as jeering taunts were hurled at him from among the ranchers, unrebuked by their manager. "Now move off with your men to the gate. Leave my horse, and wait for me there. Go!" added the young officer, sternly; and, with bitter mortifi cation at heart and a curse stifled on his quivering lips, the Irishman turned his horse's head away and slowly walked him in the indicated direction.

"Now, Mr. Manager," said Perry turning flercely upon the younger Englishman, "I have done my best to restrain my men; do you look out for yours. You have allowed them to insult me and mine, and you may thank your stars that discipline prevailed with my people, though you have nothing of the

"Your men have cut down our fences, by your order, I presume," said the manager, coolly, "and it's lucky for them they got out of the way when they did. We have a right to protect our property and eject intruders, and"-"I came here to inquire for a missing

man-a right even an Englishman cannot deny us on these prairies. We had excellent reason to believe him injured. and thought, not knowing you for the inhospitable gang you are, that he might have been carried in here for treatment; there was no other place. Your propristor tells me he is not here. After what I've seen of your people, I have reason to be still more anxious about Scant mercy a single trooper would have had at their hands. Now ask you, Do you know or have you heard

"Hush!" was the low spoken, hurried answer of the Englishman. "Just bear a hand, will you, and help me to lift him to yonder sofa?"

Easily, between them, they bore the slight, attenuated form of the old man into the lighted parlor. A deathly pallor had settled on his face. His eyes were closed, and he seemed fallen into a deep had settled on his face. His eyes were closed, and he seemed fallen into a deep swoon. Perry would have set a cushiou under his head as they laid him down on a broad, easy couch, but the manager jerked it away, lowering the gray hairs to the very level of the back, so that the mouth gaped wide and looked like death itself.

"Just steady his head in that po

"Just steady his head in that position one minute, like a good fellow. I'll be back in a twinkling," said the manager, as he darted from the room and leaped hurriedly up the hall staftway.

Perry heard him rap at a distant door, apparently at the southwest angle of the big house. Then his votce was calling: "Mrs. Cowan! Mrs. Cowan! would you have the goodness to come down quick? the master's ill."

Then, before any answer could be

Then, before any answer could be given, another door opened aloft and trailing skirts and light foot falls came flashing down the stairway. Almost before he could turn to greet her, she was in the room again, and with quick, impulsive movement had thrown herself on her knees by his side.

"Oh, papa! dear father! I was afraid of this! Let me take his head on my arm. so," she hurriedly murmured; "and would you step in the other room and fetch me a little brandy? "Tis there on the sideboard."

Perry sprang to do her bidding, found a heavy decanter on the great caken buffet, half filled a glass, and brought it with some water back to the lounge. She stretched forth her hand, and, thanking him with a grateful look from her sweet, anxious eyes, took the liquor and carried it carefully to her father's

ashen lips.
"Can I not help you in some way? Is there no one I can call?" asked the young

soldier, as he bent over her. "Mr. Ewen has gone for her-our old nurse, I mean. She does not seem to be in her room, and I fear she has gone over to her son's a young fellow at the store house. Mr. Ewen has followed by this

She dipped her slender white fingers in the water and sprinkled the forehead and eyelids of the prostrate man. A feeble moan, followed by a deep drawn sigh, was the only response. More brandy poured into the gaping mouth seemed only to strangle and distress him. No sign of returning consciousness rewarded her effort.

"If Mrs. Cowan would only come! She has never failed us before; and we so lean upon her at such a time." "Pray tell me which way to go. Sure-

ly I can find her," urged Perry.
"Mr. Ewen must be searching for her now, or he would have returned by this time; and I dread being alone. I have never been alone with my father when he has had such a seizure.'

Perry threw himself on his knees beside her, marveling at the odd fate that had so suddenly altered all the conditions of his unlooked for visit. He seized one of the long, tremulous hands that lay so nerveless on the couch, and began rapid and vigorous chafing and slapping. Somewhere he had read or heard of women being restored from fainting spells by just so h means. Why should it not prethought him of burnt feathers, and looked about for the discarded pillow, wondering if it might not be a brilliant ide: to cut it open and extract a handful and set it ablaze under those broad and eminently aristocratic nostrils. Happily, he was spared excuse for further experiment. He felt that life was returning to the hand he was so energetically grooming, and that feeble but emphatic protest against such heroic treatment was manifest.

"I think he's coming to," he said. "He's trying to pull away. Shall I

"Yes, do! Anything rather than have him lie in this death like swoon.' Obediently he clung to his prize, rubbing and chafing hard, despite increasing tug and effort. Then came another feeble, petulant moan, and the hollow eyes opened just as rapid footfalls were heard on the veranda without and Mr. Ewen rushed breathless and ruddy faced into the room.

"Where on earth can that woman have gone?" he panted. "I cannot find her anywhere. Is he better, Miss Gladys?" "Reviving, I think, thanks to Mr .thanks to you," she said, turning her eyes full upon the kneeling figure at her side and sending Perry's heart up into his throat with delight at the gratitude and kindness in her glance. She was striving with one hand to unfasten the scarf and collar at the old man's neck,

but making little progress. "Let me help you," eagerly said Perry. "That, at least, is more in my line." And somehow their fingers touched as he twisted at the stubborn knot. She drew her hand away then, but it was gently, not abruptly done, and he found time to note that, too, and bless her for it.

"I hate to seem ungracious, you know, after all that's happened," Ewen, "but I fear 'twill vex him awful ly if he should find you in here when he comes to. He has had these attacks for some time past, and I think he's coming through all right. See!"

Old Maitland was certainly beginning to open his eyes again and look vacantly

around him. "Better leave him to Miss Gladys," said the overseer, touching the young fellow on the shoulder. Perry looked into her face to read her wishes before he would obey. A flush was rising to her cheek, a cloud settling about her young eyes, but she turned, after a quick glance at her father.

"I cannot thank you enough-now," she said, hesitatingly. "Perhaps Mr. Ewen is right. You-you deserve to be told the story of his trouble, you have been so kind. Some day you shall understand-soon-and not think unkindly

"Indeed I do not now," he protested. "And-whom are we to thank?-your name, I mean?" she timidly asked. "I am Mr. Perry, of the -th cavalry. We have only come to Fort Rossiter this

month. "And I am Miss Maitland. Some day I can thank you." And she held forth her long, slim hand. He took it very reverently and bowed over it, courtles like, longing to say something that might fit the occasion; but before his scattered senses could come to him there was another quick step at the veranda, and a voice that sounded strangely familiar

startled his ears: "Gladys! What has happened?" And there, striding to the sofa with the steps of one assured of welcome and thorough ly at home in those strange precincts, came Dr. Quin.

Continued next Saturday,

"I noticed Mrs. Brown's little girl pick a nice apple out of the barrel while she wa here with her mother," said Mrs. Trouble raiser to the grocer. "I don't see how some people can bring their children up so. You

Not at all, ma'am," replied the groce "I saw her take the apple, and charged her mother for a quart "—Harper's Basar.

NEW YORK FALL FASHIONS. A Bewildering Variety of Bright and
Warm Tinte.
[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, Oct. 81.—The melancholy
days have got here. There are two ways
of finding that out. One is to look at
the almanac and the other is to look in
the street, particularly Fourteenth street,
where every woman who lives in New
York passes at least once a week. The
Indian summer falls upon them, and
straightway they turn to gorgeous colors
in their clothing, their bonnets, and, let
it be added, their dainty tip tilted little
noses.



THE PRETTIEST OF THE SEASON. Down this wide and busy street trip the beauty and youth, as well as the age and adipose tissue, of feminine New York, and beside the slim, graceful young daughters of the millionaires waddle the fat old mothers. Carriages go by with fearfully and wonderfully made coachmen sitting stiff as dead men on the boxes, and all sorts of looking women inside; but perhaps it is one of the compensations of this world that few have handsome carriages until they get too old or have too many chins to make walking comfortable. The "car riage ladies" wear long wraps, and have their dresses more lavishly trimmed than would be admissible for walking. Well, poor things, let them have that comfort. Everybody can't be as handsome as you and I.

The terrible huntresses have made their appearance two or three times lately in dark maroon, brown and gray short dresses, with buttoned leggings, carrying guns and walking along trying to look as though they thought they could make folks believe that they would shoot of their guns for pay. But few do this foolish thing, and not many show themselves or at least yet, in their riding habits in the horse cars or crowded streets. It has become quite a rage for young ladies to ride safety bicycles in the park, and if they don't get the requisite amount of attention there, why, we'll see them it Fourteenth street soon.

Gum is not "out" yet, and it is not likely to be soon. Dentists are all becoming millionaires, and it is a good job They always had hard pulling to ge along heretofore.

This is the time when the short jacke and small shoulder cape are in season, and muffs and long sealskin coats ar not ripe yet. The Russian fur collar which laps over is much worn. It can be fastened on any garment with safety pins and worn with anything. Handsome black faille wraps can be trimmed like the illustration and have a trim ming of narrow but rich passementerie on the long sleeves and in the front, and this Russian collar be worn with it o cold days.

The prettiest suit I have seen this weel was a russet red walking dress worn by Miss Dottie Edison, the inventor's daugh ter. It had the skirt in plain and stripe wool suiting. Made as represented it the picture, and worn with the beaver cloth tight fitting jacket of the same color, braided with black soutache braid The sleeves were hussar shape. Her ha was of velvet, with plumes to match, and Persian ribbon mingled with velve trimmed it. She wore lead colored Sueds gloves. She is of fair complexion and has inherited all her mother's beauty



RAVISHING CREATIONS. I give three hats, or rather one hat an two bonnets. The hat is a "ravishin confection" of white beaver with plume and white ribbon. The toque is o. plush, dark blue with gray-blue ribbon The other is an embroidered chip bonne with velvet flowers in shaded brown and gold and orange, with brown velve strings. Let imagination paint theL OLIVE HARPER. glory!

The Young Coyote Killer. David Monroe, an 18-year-old boy whe lives at Folsom, is the boss coyote kille of the county. He brings in big batcher of scalps every year, and today delivered twenty-one to County Clerk Hamilton receiving a certificate to that effect. The young hunter will receive a bounty of \$105 on the scalps. Monroe has rifle and, it is said, brings down a coyot. at every shot. - Sacramento Letter.

Brooklyn's Crowds.

The Brooklyn club this season has earned the title of champion in point of attendance at its home games. At the sixty-nine championship games played in Brooklyn there were 353,690 present, or fully 50,000 more than have before attended any games in a season. Had the St. Louis club played its full quota of ten games it is prob-able that these figures would have been increased by 25,000. That club has the top rec ord of the season in three particulars. It drew the largest attendance of any series with 95,395 in eight games; the largest crowd in any one game with 20,914, and the largest Sunday crowd with 10,974.

A Septuagenarian Traveler.

Sir Frederick Young, who is over 70 years of age, has returned to London after a remarkable journey. During his sojourn in South Africa he has visited the Kaffirs in their kraals, passed a fortnight in the bush without entering a house, interviewed Mr. Paul Kruger completely traversed the Transvaal, and traveled altogether just 16,000 miles. He has not had a day's illness since he left England. His journey will stand as one of the most remarkable ever made by a man of his age,-New York World.